

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

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EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

A WIFE TO HER ANGERED HUSBAND.

Today, if I were dead, and could not feel your kisses, or your tears upon my face; If all the world could give of love, or wealth, I could find within my heart no resting place; You would not think of my letter past; You would not chide me for a careless word; You could not be so cruel, at the last, As to condemn me, unconfessed, unheard.

If I were lying, wrapt about in white, With flowers all around me, on my breast, And in my hands, and on my face the light, That angels shed upon their dead, at rest; If I were lying thus, and one should say, Such better things as you have said to me, With sternest anger you would drive away That one, and swear 'twere all base calumny.

If I were lying underneath the ground, And all the white snow heaped above my head, And you, amid the many, one had found Who dared to say such things about me dead; You had not words to tell how false were they; How most unkind was he of unkind men; Yet all the cruel words that he might say Would not have power to hurt me, grieve me then.

If you in coming back today should find That death had entered and had called me hence, How would it be for you in your own mind? Would you for my grief could you find recompense?

The lips that you refused to kiss were still; They had no chiding, erst they did not smile; Nor tell their grievances, closed by a firm will, Held in dominion by a stern pride.

Oh, God, that one must live and live and live, And try to be contented with the hope That he who knows all, somewhere, will give The fullest love to fill the widest scope.

Yet here, oh, how I wish should the days grow long, And through unkindness bitter? Death is near. If you will love me when I'm dead, I pray Grant me somewhat of love and kindness here.

I'll not rebuke you though my heart be full; I have not children, I too, may be a stray; Experience yet may teach a bitter school— Me what to do, and what, perchance, to say. And yet I ask you humbly, tenderly, If should answer never more your love call, Would you not grieve of all most bitterly For words and deeds that are beyond recall?—Fourth Church Record.

Artificial Curiosities.

A writer in New York says that although in the curio stores in the west bison's heads cost from \$150 to \$200, in New York "they can be got for less, and will continue to be cheaper as long as any old buffalo robes that now exist continue to resist the moths. This is because a taxidermist who cannot make a splendid bison's head with a piece of fur or block of wood and a pair of horns is not considered an adept in his profession. If the head of any rare animal is asked for in the proper quarters the customer will be told that there are no such heads as he wants, but if he will wait one can be procured from some other city. If he orders it the chances are ten to one that the head will be carved out of wood, covered with the right fur, fitted with horns, and delivered. The imitations of the mouths and nostrils of wild beasts require skillful work, but are masterful in most cases."—Rochester Democrat.

It Was Not He That Worried.

"Now, sir," cried Mr. Bagwig ferociously, "attend to me! Were you not in difficulties a few months ago?" "No." "Now, sir! Attend to my question. I ask you again, and pray be careful in answering, for you are on your oath, I need hardly remind you. Were you not in difficulties some months ago?" "No; not that I know of."

"Sir, do you pretend to tell this court that you did not make a composition with your creditors a few months ago?" A bright smile of intelligence spread over the ingenious face of the witness as he answered: "Oh, ah! That's what you mean, is it? But, you see, it was my creditors who were in difficulties, and not me."—Exchange.

Pride of Station.

It appears that there are in France at the present moment no fewer than 49,000 mountebanks—i. e., persons of both sexes who get their living out of learned pigs, guitar playing, sea lions, decapitated folks who talk, clever monkeys, somnambulists who men who swallow razors, a class of people whom Home in his time called "Ambularum Collegium," or associations of Bohemians. A member of this fraternity, a Hercules, who earns a livelihood by lifting sixty-pound weights with outstretched arms, remarked to a circle of his admiring friends, "You may say what you like, but I'd ten times rather be the eminent professor I am than a member of the Paris municipal council."—London Tit-Bits.

German Beer Gardens.

I saw a singular notice posted up in a German university by the rector or president. It was a request that the boys should not make so much noise in the beer garden near by while the recitations were going on. It seemed to me that was different from the way an American college president would treat such a matter. But you must understand that a beer garden in Germany is very different from an institution of that kind here. Literary societies meet in them and theological students discuss questions of doctrine in them.—Indianapolis Journal.

Many persons suffer from astigmatism, a defect which prevents the rays of light from converging at the same focus. The trouble may be slight or severe. The afflicted person is sometimes born with it, but sometimes it develops after adult age is reached. Any one who has astigmatic eyes should consult a skillful oculist.

Horses, cows, sheep, goats, hogs and many of the wild animals eat apples with avidity. The elephant and deer are fond of them, while others become accustomed to them after a trial or two. All the domestic fowls, and many of the wild birds are fond of apples.

Army officers at Spokane attribute but little importance to the Indian scare in the Pend d'Oreille country. Indian Agent Cole has gone to the scene of the reported danger, and General Carlin will do nothing further until he hears from him.

OLD MAN GILBERT.

By ELIZABETH W. BELLAMY,

("KAMBA THORPE.")

Author of "Four Oaks," "Little Joanna," etc.

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Now Missy, hidden in the clump of Palma Christi that ornamented the front of old Gilbert's garden, had heard the whole of the conference between these two. When it was concluded she crept out and hurried to the house, over the garden fence, fired with the wild resolve to run away with old Gilbert and join her brother. She made up a small bundle of her clothing and hid it under the wardrobe, and when she went down to tea she secreted a biscuit by way of provision for her breakfast. Her next idea was to lie awake all night in order to rise with the dawn on the morning, to which end she insisted upon hearing Glory-Ann's whole repertoire of zoological legends; but in spite of this, Missy slept the sleep of a tired child. When she awoke the glimmer of the dawn was in the east and Glory-Ann was snoring on her pallet.

Missy sprang up. She had to dress herself, which she never yet had done. It was an arduous undertaking, but at last it was accomplished. Her shoes and stockings she took in her hands, with her little bundle, and stole softly and swiftly down stairs. As she could not unlock the hall door, she climbed out of one of the dining room windows, and ran down the lane to old Gilbert's cabin. Alack! it was shut fast, and the ox cart was not under the shed.

When Missy comprehended that old Gilbert was gone, she threw herself on the ground with a scream of rage and disappointment; but presently she reflected that if this attempt at flight should be discovered, every possible means would be taken to prevent her putting her intention into execution on any future occasion that might offer; perhaps even she might be locked up and fed on bread and water, like a little girl in a story she had read; and however decided Missy might be as to dying of starvation, she had no mind to live on bread and water; so she made haste back to the house, and was lucky to get in unseen.

Glory-Ann was still snoring, and Missy stuffed her bundle under the wardrobe again, tore off her clothes, and curled herself up in bed. It was a mystery to her how she was never able to explain how Missy's clothes came to be scattered all over the room; but she had her suspicions, when, a few hours later, she discovered the bundle under the wardrobe.

"Who in de lan' put dis here?" she inquired. "Me," said Missy. "What fur, I'd lak ter know?" "Cause," and no coaxing could make Missy say further.

Meanwhile old Gilbert pursued his journey sadly. Once in the silent woods he essayed to sing, for his comfort: Zion! Zion is my home! I'm a trav'lin' do bebeny road; but he ended with a sigh, and drove on, mute.

Toward sundown Miss Roxanna White, sitting on the top step of the porch, and enjoying her evening "dip" in solitude, espied the ox cart coming along the road. In that primitive and secluded hamlet the passage of an ox cart was an exciting event. Miss White watched it with an interest that was almost breathless. It seemed too good to be true that this cart, with the strong, black ox and the very respectable old negro driver, was actually going to stop before the house where, for the time being, she had her abiding place.

"Whose ole nigger are you?" she demanded, in shrill excitement, as Gilbert dismounted. "Is Gilbert, ma'am; Kernel Thorne's man Gilbert, fuv over in Leon," he responded, removing his hat and bowing low.

"In the name of peace an' plenty!" exclaimed Roxanna, rising to the full extent of her numerous inches, and peering at the cart from the height of the top step. "Brought Nick Thorne's trunk, eh?" "Yes, mistis."

"Well, tain't no mo'n simple justice, 'cordin' to my way of thinkin'; but as an officer of justice, you're powerful laggard in yo' movements. Whyn't you come a day sooner?" "I cum soon ez de circumstances wuz qualified, ma'am," old Gilbert explained, deferentially.

"An' you come too late, Nick Thorne ain't cher," Miss White announced, compactly. Old Gilbert stood agape and stupefied. "Why—why he den, mistis?" he stammered. "That's mo'n I kin tell. He kited off to Sunrise plantation yestiddy, two hours be-foon, an' as I hear tell, he sold that black hawse of his'n to the overseer for a hundred an' fifty, which it was wuth five hundred, if it was wuth a dime; an' he come back with Johnson's rickety ole buggy an' bin' mare, an' dis mawwin', by daybreak, him an' Dossia tuk up their line of march to ketch their fortune, I s'pose. They kin't sail nair word to me. They're a pair of turkie doves, to-be-shure; what kin you expect but what they'd fly? But what they'll light I don't understand to prophesy. All I know is, they're gone, an' I'm left alone, mo' lakly, a buzzard on a rail—considerin' of my size."

"Tubbs sho!" old Gilbert ejaculated, with polite assent. He looked to the right and he looked to the left, up at the sky and down at the ground, rubbing his forehead with his horny forefinger. "What I gwan do, nex'?" he sighed. "You kin carry that trunk back, an' wait fur occasion," said Miss White. "It's a mighty foolish business, this narryn' 'bout security fur meat 'n bread, but cussin' 'nound me 'nend it none, an' you kin tell Colonel Thorne I soso."

"Dallaw, mistis!" said old Gilbert, with uplifted hand. "I wouldn't so much ez name Mawse Nick to mawster—not fur freedom!" Miss White cackled harshly. Gilbert, recalling Miss Elvira's instructions as to the contents of the provision basket, thought that it might be well to make a propitiatory offering to this severe giantess, who seemed somehow to be linked with his young master's fate.

"Dey is a little matter of goodies out yander in de cyart," he said, with hesitating humility; "mebbe you mought lak ter tak 'em?" Miss White spat viciously. "No, thanks," said she. "They'd sour on my stomach."

"You mought set 'em aside ontel Mawse Nick come back," said old Gilbert suggested, timidly. "He ain't a-comin' back!" Miss White declared, with decision so energetic that old Gilbert's heart sank with the fear that his young master was turned out of doors on all sides. "En' me a-coun'tin' on old Mawse Job Furnival ter tek care on him," thought the old negro, sadly, as he stood twirling his hat, and casting furtive glances at the inexorable Amazon on the doorstep; but Miss White had said her say, and was silent.

At last he turned to go. "I wish you well, ma'am," he said; "en' I'm bleeged ter you." "You're welcome," said Roxanna. "Thought what you got to be thankin' me is mo'n I kin see."

CHAPTER XIII. LABOR IN VAIN.



"Never!" shouted the colonel. Silence and gloom had settled upon Thorne Hill. Tom Quash no longer picked the banjo in his moments of idleness; Griffin Jim rattled the bones no more when work was done; Amity ceased her capering to the tinkling of the gourd fiddle, and the talk in the kitchen was hushed; it was as if Mawse Nicholas had died. Mrs. Leonard and Miss Elvira instinctively shunned each other; Flora forsook the piano, and Missy stalked in corners; but the colonel held his head higher than ever, hiding his mortification under a cloak of pride and silence that forbade sympathy.

No one named Nicholas; even Missy, though her heart clamored for her brother, found her tongue refuse its office in presence of her stern father. The child understood intuitively something of the fierce tumult that raged in the colonel's breast. A great awe, not of her father, but of what he suffered, took possession of her, and compelled her to silence; but her sole object in life now was to follow her brother. To Missy this seemed an easy undertaking if she could only get away from Thorne Hill; but she was afraid to venture alone any farther than the big gate at the end of the avenue. Here she sat gazing wistfully through the bars, and hating herself for cowardice, on the morning of the day that old Gilbert was returning from his bootless errand; here had she been ever since breakfast, and it was now nearly eleven o'clock; but she had not yet made up her mind to venture outside, when she espied a carriage coming along the road. This sight created a sudden diversion in Missy's bitter thoughts.

"It's Cousin Myrtilla!" she exclaimed aloud. "She's brought Lottie and Bess!" A vision of wild frolic down by the spring rioted in Missy's brain, as she sprung to open the gate; but when the carriage passed through only Cousin Myrtilla looked from the window.

"You didn't bring Lottie and Bess?" cried Missy, in deep reproach. "Well, no, I didn't," said Mrs. Henry. "Came off in such a swifter. Never mind, bring 'em next time. Open the door, Larkin," she commanded the driver, "and let me take this child in."

Missy made no objection. She was fond of her Cousin Myrtilla, and she admired that lady's showy dress. Such beautiful pink fribbons within the bonnet brim that framed the faded old face, such lovely yellow roses outside; such a bewildering lilac organdie, with its tumultuous puffs and frills; and those purple shoes! How Missy wished for a pair just like them! But these pumps and vanities soon palled, and Missy's thoughts reverted to her trouble. "Bret Nicholas is gone away!" she said abruptly. "He's married to Dossia Furnival, and he can't never come home no mo'." And Missy began to cry.

This was no news to Mrs. Henry; she had learned all about it. "Tut! tut!" she said. "Who says he'll never come home again? Don't cry; I'm going to see what can be done about it."

This consoled Missy, and by the time the carriage arrived at the house she was quite cheerful again. "Cousin Myrtilla is come! Cousin Myrtilla is here!" she announced, joyfully rushing into her aunt's presence; and Miss Elvira, in the fond belief that Cousin Myrtilla would prove a tower of strength, hastened to the parlor.

"Oh, cousin!" she said with tears, "you've come to a house of mourning." "Now, Elvira," remonstrated Mrs. Henry, "why should you talk as if Nicholas were dead?"

"It is worse than death!" sighed Miss Elvira. "My poor brother!" "Well, yes," said Mrs. Henry, with an answering sigh. Her son also—an only child—had not been a credit to the family; neither had he been accepted acceptably; but Cousin Myrtilla had overruled all that, and today was fat and rosy and happy. "An' I suppose Jasper Thorne is doing all he can to make things worse with his stiffness, and thinking himself a philosopher when he is only a fool."

"Oh!" Miss Elvira said reproachfully. "I've known him, my dear," continued Mrs. Henry, "man and boy; I've known Jasper more than forty years. He never was wrong in his life." Miss Elvira looked bewildered.

"But I came here to talk to him, not about him. I've a message for my cousin, the colonel." "Oh," stammered Miss Elvira; "if it's about Nicholas, I'm afraid!" "It is about Nicholas, and I am not a bit afraid," Mrs. Henry declared, stoutly. "You miserable coward, Elvira; just because Jasper Thorne has heavy eyebrows and a high and mighty air, you don't dare hold an independent opinion. Go, call your brother; I have that to say to him it is best he should hear."

Miss Elvira obeyed; that is, she sent Missy to tell Glory-Ann to tell Griffin Jim to tell Tom Quash to hunt up the colonel, and bear him the information that Mrs. Henry wished to see him. The colonel made no delay in answering the summons, but he was very ceremonious in his greeting; he overdid everything now in his desire to appear unmoved.

Mrs. Henry, however, had not known him so many years to be easily deceived. "It will kill him," she said to herself, "unless he can be persuaded to reconciliation." Then she spoke out: "Cousin Jasper, there's no need for pretension between you and me. I'm older than you are, and I've seen trouble about a son of my own. It is best to—with a thing of my own. The Nicholas things squarely in the face. Nicholas has made an unfortunate marriage, but—"

"Madam!" said the colonel, in a deep and angry voice, with a hand uplifted in protest. His face had turned a ghastly pallor that made his black brows look blacker than ever, underneath which his eyes gleamed like lightning. Missy, who had refused to be sent away, sat gazing at him, fascinated; and Mrs. Miss Elvira shrank visibly; but Mrs. Henry never faltered. "Dossia will make him a good wife," she proceeded, in a calm and even voice; "she would make you a good daughter, if—"

"Never!" shouted the colonel. He seemed to wish to say more, but speech failed him.

"None of us, indeed, would have chosen her for Nicholas," Mrs. Henry continued; "but she is a good girl, and all this is something for you to consider and be thankful for. Life has more remunerative work to offer than nursing a wrong, and Nicholas isn't alone to blame."

"Will you oblige me," the colonel interrupted coldly, "by talking of something else?" "No," said Mrs. Henry, with heat; "I've nothing else to talk of, and I've yet more to say. Nicholas is at my house."

"I will receive no embassy!" the colonel declared. "Don't you know your own flesh and blood better than that?" exclaimed Mrs. Henry, impatiently. "Nick is a Thorne, every inch of him. He'll make no overtures. He has married the girl he loves, and he is insanely happy, poor fool; but—he is desperately ill."

Miss Elvira clasped her hands, but uttered no sound. "He is desperately ill," Mrs. Henry repeated. "He rode all night in the rain; and exposure, fatigue and excitement have told on him. Nicholas is very ill."

Missy burst out crying. "I want to go home with Cousin Myrtilla!" she wailed. Except for this there was a dead silence. The colonel thought his son's illness a ruse. "That man, or that woman," said he, after a long pause, "who harbors him, is no friend of mine."

"As you please," said Mrs. Henry, rising. "He is your only son; you cannot take away his name, nor his blood. And take away his name, nor his blood, and for me—I can get on without you, Col. Thorne. My house is my own, and I'll entertain whom I see fit. Sit was thoroughly angry now. "If your brother did but know it," turning to Miss Elvira, "the only thing to do now is to forgive Nick's marriage. Let him try the other way, that's all! But he ought to remember that he is not blameless himself. He has always worked wrong with poor Nick, keeping him at a frowning distance, when he ought to have grappled him close; banishing him to that Sunrise Plantation, when he ought to have had him here at home. It isn't Nicholas that is alone to blame."

But the colonel did not hear all this; he had left the room in great wrath, and Mrs. Henry, overcome by indignant sorrow, and vexed at her defeat, declared that she would not remain a moment longer. "I am going back to that poor boy," she said. "You may call it a weakness, if you like, but thankful am I that I forgive my son. I've gotten more good out of that, Elvira, than ever you'll get out of Bishop Ken."

And Mrs. Henry departed. Missy, at least, had derived some comfort from this visit; to know that her brother was at Cousin Myrtilla's was to feel him near—within reach. Though he was ill, he need not die, and some day she could go to see Lottie and Bess—and, once there, what could hinder her staying forever with Bret Nicholas?

But, alas for this cheering hope! the colonel returned to the parlor when Mrs. Henry's carriage had disappeared, and said, sternly: "Elvira, you will oblige me by ceasing from this time forth to hold any communication whatever with Mrs. Henry and any of her family. For myself never will I cross her threshold again, save in case of some calamity."

"And that means I am not to play with Lottie and Bess any more!" wailed Missy. The colonel sighed bitterly. He felt himself a deeply injured man. He was remotely sorry for Missy's childish disappointment regarding her playmates; but what was that compared with his anguish? Yet nobody realized his position, nobody considered his wounded dignity.

CHAPTER XIV. OLD GILBERT'S VOW.



Laughing at Love Letters. Why do people, old and young, and of all sorts and conditions, rush in crowds to the courts and almost travel over each other's heads to bear love letters read, and then go home and laugh at them as if they had found something unique in the way of fun? Why do grave men and sober women skip all the sensible reading in a newspaper if it happens to contain a love letter, and, having read that, laugh at it as if it were the latest and best of Gilbert's comic jokes? Ten to one if all the old trunks in all the old garrets were called to give up their treasures they would convict these grave men of just such silliness; if they please to call it so, as that which excites their risibles. No man or woman was ever thoroughly in love—and not to have been there, we are informed, is to have missed some happiness, at least—who didn't say so and do silly things. Why, then, does everybody feel such an irresistible inclination to deride the manuscript love making of an unfortunate whose letters get into the courts and papers? Why ridicule a universal trait—Kansas City Journal.

"Tom and Jerry." A Kentucky newspaper claims the invention of the drink known as Tom and Jerry for Jack Singler, an eccentric old shoe-maker who originated it a third of a century ago and named it after Thomas Jefferson and the biblical prophet Jeremiah.—Chicago Herald.

A Hopeless Case. Galligan, Doctor, haven't you been attending on old man Giffulaw? Doctor—Yes. How is he today? He is beyond the reach of medical assistance, I fear. What is he dying of? Oh, no; he's broke.—Exchange.

His Inferior. "You shouldn't consider any one beneath you," said the kind old gentleman to one of his employees. "How about Moke McCarthy?" "Who is he?" "He's the man that mounds the engines down in the boiler."—Washington Post.

EAT THE SIMPLEST FOOD.

How Jay Gould Stands the Strains of Business—A Good Dietetic Rule. The very best living is compatible with the greatest simplicity, and the complex variety of the set fashions of today is, as a matter of fact, incompatible with really good living. Jay Gould, talking about eating, says any man who can stand the strains of a large business must eat the simplest food he can get. I do not care for what are called fancy dishes. Plain meats and vegetables, good bread, good butter and good milk are my staples. I don't butter that I do not like soup, but I am lucky cannot eat with impunity, but I am lucky enough not to care much about them. I remember once at a public dinner I ate some dish which was very good to the taste, but I was sick for a week after it.

"Now, when I go to a heavy dinner, I take a little soup if it is plain, a piece of roast meat or game, and some plain potatoes of peas—or, in fact, any vegetable that is served simply, and the rest of the time I sit for me. Then for with something on the table at the table, just the time as I can."

What is Jay Gould's opinion about food any better than that of any other man? Simply because he has succeeded better than most men in associating causes with effects, and is beyond question a leading expert as to causes, and food is a prime cause.

Simplicity, then, is inevitable as a characteristic of good food. It is also a characteristic of the most refined gastronomy, for there is a simplicity of elegance as well as a simplicity of coarseness. The ash cake and molasses of the Alabama field tend to a simple meal. The ash cake is merely a lump of paste of corn meal and water buried and baked in hot ashes. But a canvas bag, plainly and properly cooked, with a glass of two or three, pure old wine, is just as simple. Nothing but the best is good enough for any man who can get the best, and it is well to remember that quality being equal, the simplest food is the best of any. What, then, shall we eat? There is the best medical authority for saying, "eat whatever you want." The rule, like all others, has its limitations. A man who is suffering from the gastronomic crimes of the past, who has little by little destroyed his healthy appetite and substituted therefor a morbid craving for abhorrent mixtures, may if longer go on in his sins without fresh pang for every fresh offense. But the real remedy is a fast diet, "eat what you want," and the whole theory becomes an absurdity.

Not so fast, if your stomach is already ruined, you are exempt. But if it be ruined, you will please remember that it was not ruined by intelligent eating, or eating in compliance with the real demands of your stomach and your appetite. It may have been because you ate when you didn't want to, or did not eat when you did want to, or from some other cause than eating. Perhaps your ancestors spoiled it for you, but don't make the mistake of supposing that nature, unless it is interfered with, will give you an appetite for any food that your stomach can't take care of.—New York Mail and Express.

Waste of Ammunition. In the new school of the soldier, called for because of the adoption of the magazine rifle, a principal difficulty, and one not yet met, is the prevention of reckless and wasteful extravagance in ammunition. A decided inclination has been observed among old soldiers as young soldiers to be less saving than formerly. The German or French soldier, if he likes, may fire twenty rounds in a minute, and he reduction of the size and weight of the bullet and powder enables him to carry half gain as many cartridges as before. In times of excitement, should he lose his head, that is to say, his wits, he might empty his cartridge box and also his and other short notice, so short, indeed, that when the enemy should really come up, and quick firing would be of vital moment, he would be practically powerless.

A famous American revolutionary general commanded his men to "wait till you see the whites of their eyes," referring to the enemy, and this he made sure there would not be any ammunition wasted. After the same idea the German and French officers are trying to instruct their men, but they have discovered that a soldier lives with more or less care, according to the difficulties of loading his piece and the number of shots he has left him.—Scientific American.

An Antwerp in Social Life.

Two ladies who live neighbors on Trumbull avenue have never called on each other because, as they both moved there at the same time, they could never decide which one was to make the first call.

For the same reason they have never spoken to each other, but have waited to be formally introduced. A few days ago there arose a slight disturbance between the children of the two families, and the least ceremonious of the two ladies took this occasion to step over to her neighbor's veranda and offer an olive branch of peace.

"I am sorry that my little girl should have annoyed yours. She acknowledges that she was in the wrong. I will see that it does not happen again."

The other lady stared listlessly through her gold eye-glasses, and, turning to the nurse girl at her side, inquired in her most superior tones: "Is she speaking to me?" The girl repeated what had been said to her mistress.

"Tell her I accept the apology," said that lady haughtily, and, turning, she withdrew to her room.

Could royalty have been more arrogant!—Detroit Free Press.

DEAD FROM FRIGHT.

A Sober Quaker's Little Joke and Its Awful, Startling Result. There is a white haired old whose face wears an expression of deep sorrow that seems given there. Friends who have known him for twenty-five years have seen the first smile to see on his broad, furrowed face. He is a wonderfully benevolent and kindly old Quaker, especially to the colored people, who come to him from miles around for counsel and assistance.

There is a shadow on the old man's life of which few of his friends have any idea. It was cast way back in the war times. His home had been a station on the "underground railway," and to his home one bleak night came a bright eyed, ebony skinned little runaway of about fourteen years. He was such a quick witted, chipper little chap that the kind hearted Quaker concluded to keep him to run errands and do chores about the farm, especially as he pleaded so hard to be allowed to stay. It was not long, however, before he developed into the most incorrigibly mischievous little "darkey" that ever came out of slavery.

Pleading, lectures and scoldings had no more effect on him than the whistling of the wind through the trees. A good birch switch would hold him in check for an hour or two, but his reformations would disappear with the sting. One day the Quaker went on a railway journey and took the little colored lad with him. On the road was a long tunnel, and before they reached it it occurred to the Friend that its terrors might be utilized in bringing about a reformation in the black bundle of mischief beside him. So he bawled: "Cesar, I have tried to befriend thee, and you give me only disobedience and trouble in return. Ingratitude is a black sin, and now I fear thee must answer for it."

Just before they reached the tunnel he rose and said gravely, "Cesar, I leave thee to thy punishment." The train dashed into the blackness of the tunnel with a shriek from the locomotive like a triumphant fiend, and when it emerged into the light Cesar was lying in a heap on the floor, between the seats. They picked him up tenderly.

The mischievous little darkey was dead.—Philadelphia Press.

He Got the Job.

He called at the house and asked if she had any carpets to beat, adding that he had been in the business over twenty years.

"How much to beat the parlor carpet?" she asked. "One dollar." "Why, that's awful! There was a man here yesterday who offered to do the job for fifty cents."

"Exactly, madam. But how was he prepared?" "He had a club in his hand." "I presume so. He intended to take the carpet out on a vacant lot, didn't he?"

"Yes, sir. Our yard is too small, you know." "Exactly. That is tapestry Brussels carpet. It is badly worn. It has numerous holes in it. He would make a great show in getting it out and in there. Out on the lot he would give you away to every one who asked who the carpet belonged to. Is that the way to do a job of this sort?"

"How do you do it?" "I take the carpet out through the alley. I wheel it home. I beat it in a yard surrounded by a high board fence, and while I am returning it, all nicely rolled up and covered with a cloth, if any one asks me what I have I reply that it is a velvet carpet for 224 Blank street. If no one asks me any questions I call at houses on either side of you and ask if they have just ordered a new Wilton. They watch me and see me come in here. Madam, in the language of the Greek, do you twig?"

He was given the job.—Dry Goods Chronicle.

Queens or Something.

A correspondent from Bristol, R. I., contributes the following: It was at the time the King's Daughters were having special meetings in Newport. Our driver was a man of the old school, and he considered it his duty as well as his privilege to entertain us with racy comments on matters of contemporary human interest. "I took a whole party down to Miss Vanderbilt's last night," he began. "Folks say they are getting up a new religion in New York," he continued, following some thread of relevancy to us invisible.

"And the head of it is down here in Newport now." (Much interest on our part.) "I believe they call themselves Queens. Say, it's going to be a big thing. Git an."—New York Tribune.

Has Walked 110,000 Miles. R. M. Duffield, aged seventy-two years, has traveled more miles on foot during the past ten years than any other man probably in the country. He is the mail carrier on the route between Jackson, W. Va., and Buffalo, supplying twelve offices on the way and making two trips weekly, covering 210 miles a week.

He has since his appointment, ten years ago, walked 110,000 miles.—Cor. Pittsburg Dispatch.

The stream from a 6-inch nozzle, with 470 feet of vertical pressure, delivers a blow equal to 338,735 foot pounds per second, equivalent to 1,070 horse power. When one comprehends this fact he will be abundantly prepared to believe almost anything that could be said about the power exerted by such a stream.

Henry Fawcett, the political economist, delighted in walking, and even during the years of his life when he was totally blind his inherent love of the fields impelled him to seek the haunts of his pleasant youthful saunterings.

THE DANGERS OF POLITICS.

A Good Story About an Ex-Governor. Ex-Governor and Representative of Kentucky, is said to be the only one in the country. On one occasion he was the guest of a lady of the house and she asked him to wish coffee or tea. The governor said: "Coffee, if you please, madam."

His fondness for hot coffee is known to his friends, who can well imagine his horror when the hostess informed him that she had neglected to warm the coffee, and that it was cold. Even this confession of the cook's neglect did not affect the governor's politeness, and with a smiling air he replied: "How fortunate, madam. Do you know, I am so accustomed to drinking cold coffee, and do not care for it in any other way. Your cook's neglect is a blessing to me."

The relief of the householder was understood as the housekeeper handed him coffee, which he sipped with perfect equanimity.

The weather the next day was not so bracing. It was just such a day as the heart of a coffee drinker long for the favorite drink. Governor McCracken had gotten the incident of the night before, and he sat down to breakfast. But if it had happened his memory it had not that day.