EUGENE CITY GUARD L'run letar I. D. CAMPHELL. EUGENE CITY OREGON.

THE PLEASURES OF RANCHING.

Life in the Cattle Country-Clouds of Musquitoes-In a Rain.

For bedding, each man has two or three pairs or blankets, and a tarpaulin or small wagon sheet. Usually, two or three sleep to-gether. Even in June the nights are generally cool and pleasant, and it is chilly in the early mornings; although this is not always so, and when the weather stays hot and musquitoes are plenty, the hours of darkness, even in midsummer, seem painfully long. In the Bad Lands proper we are not often bothered very seriously by these winged pests; but in the low bottoms of the Big Missouri, and besids many of the reedy ponds and great sloughs out on the prairie, they are a perfect scourge. During the very hot nights, when they are especially active, the bedclothes make a man feel absolutely smoth-ered, and yet his only chance for sleep is to wrap himself tightly up, head and all; and even then some of the pests force their way in. At sunset I have seen the musquitoes rise up from the land like a dense cloud, to make the hot, stifling night one long torture; the horses would neither lie down nor graze, traveling restlemly to and fro till daybreak, their budies streaked and bloody, and the insects settling on them so as to make them all one color, a uniform gray; while the men, after a few hours' tossing about in the vain attempt to sleep, rose, built a fire of damp sage brush, and thus endured the misery as best they could until it was light enough to work. But if the weather is fine, a man will never sleep better nor more pleasantly than in the open air after a hard day's work on the round up; nor will an ordinary shower or gust of wind disturb him in the least, for simply draws the tarpaulin over his head and goes on sleeping. But now and then we have a wind storm

that might better be called a whirlwind, and has to be met very differently; and two or three days or nights of rain insure the wet-ting of the blankets, and, therefore, shiver-ing discomfort on the part of the would-be For two or three hours all goes well, and it is rather soothing to listen to the steady patter of the great rain drops on the But then it will be found that a corner has been left open through which the water can get in, or else the tarpaulin will begin to leak somewhere, or perhaps the water will have collected in a hollow underneath and have begun to soak through. Soon a little stream trickles in, and every effort to remedy matters merely results in a change for the worse. To move out of the way in sures getting wet in a fresh spot, and the best course is to lie still and accept the evils that have come with what fortitude one can. Even thus the first night a man can sleep pretty well; but if the rain continues, a second night, when the blankets are already damp, and when the water comes through more easily, is apt to be most unpleasant. Theodore Roosevelt in The Century.

Burmese "Pickled Tea."

The Indian Forester publishes the diary of an expedition which recently ascended the Chindwin river, in Upper Burmah. The writer describes a village called Kawya, on the river, where the people are wholly de-voted to the cultivation of tea, and which may be considered as the southern limit of the tea plant in this region. Before planting the ground is cleared of all undergrowth, but high trees, even those of the densest foliage, are left standing. The seedlings, which are usually raised indoors, are planted out in rows at the beginning of the rains, and the first pickings take place when the plant is 3 or 4 years old. When it grows too large it is cut down, and three or four new stems shoot out from the stool. The leaves are plucked

tongue, an' it kin wag. Come, drive up. ole man! It won't be the fust time a woman's tongue has wagged at a stiffnecked sinner." "Gee! Brandy!" shouted old Gilbert, and staggered on, drunk, so to say, with "the wine of astonishment." "Pretty doin's," continued Miss White "Big pot in the little pot, an' all Leon county dancin' to the tune o' fiddles in the colonel's house, an' feastin,' an' the colonel's son scufflin' for bread yonder

By ELIZABETH W. BELLAMY.

("KAMBA THORPE,")

Author of "Four Oaks," "Little Joan-

na." Etc.

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New York.1 "'I'm bound fur Col. Thorne," she an-

colonel 'bout his son Nick, what married

out of hand my cousin 'Mandy's daugh-

The start with which Gilbert heard

this gave a jerk to the reins that brought

amazement at the woman who would

dare name the colonel's son in the colo-

nel's presence; and yet he felt that if

such mention it might be this masterful

"Ain't I, though?" retorted MissWhite.

"Tell you what, thar ain't that son o'

Adam stalkin' this yeth what I'm too

peeked to look stret in the face an'

speak my mind toe. I ain't never wronged nobody, an' I ain't goin' to see

nobody wronged, ef speech o' mine kin

set 'em squar. The Lord give me a

woman; but he gasped out the words:

"Ye ain't-sho'ly?"----

ter.'

sunced. "I'm fair set to tackle the

to Tampa. Not but what he does the best he kin. But Job Furnival ain't no mo' in condition to work with the fallin' of a sill onto his backbone; laid up helpless he is fur the rest o' his days. An' whyn't the colonel do somethin' fur his own flesh an' blood, befo' the boy kills hisself tryin' to mek a livin'?" "Is Mawse Nick ailin' agin?" old Gil-

bert faltered, with a sudden appalling memory of the vow Missy had exacted, concerning which he had not felt called upon to take action as yet.

"Well, he ain't never goin' to be extry strong, I don't reckon," said Miss White composedly. "Leastwise, he ain't the kind to git a livin' thouten niggers an' lan', Nick Thorne ain't.

"Now mind you set me down to the corner, old man, so's I kin git in roun' by the front. I ain't a speck ashamed o' my errand, an' I ain't the kind to go creepin in by nobody's back do'."

But Miss Roxanna White was saved the trouble of "goin' in round by the front;" for just as they came to the corner where she had wished to be "set down" a buggy was seen approaching along the private road that led from Mrs.

Leonard Thorne's place. "Deh mawster, now," said old Gilbert, with mingled satisfaction and uneasiness. He had a burning curiosity to know what the colonel would say to this bold interceder for Mawse Nick, and yethe quaked in prospect of the storm that was likely to follow. "Hit's mawster, sho's you live, en' Midsle-virey. De been over ter de sister-in-law's place."

called a Roxanna Whi

ing man who married your relative; and I bid you good evening." The next thing Roxanna White knew the colonel had driven away, and she was left, defeated. And defeat was very

bitter to Roxanna White; it was an experience she had never heretofore known; her strength of purpose and her vehemence of tongue had invariably served to win her the victory of every encounter, and never had she felt herself so deserving of victory as in this instance. It had been a grievance that Nicholas and Dosia did not confide in her, but none the less did she sympathize with them, and desire, unselfishly, to serve them. This woman, who had missed the great blessing of love in her own youth, had still a soft spot in her heart for foolish young

lovers, when once their folly had become old Brandy to a dead halt. The ox stood an accepted fact. There was something still, while the old man gaped with exalting in the sufficiency those two young people found in each other, rendering them so gayly indifferent to poverty and hardship, and there was someanyone could venture successfully upon thing appalling as well. Roxanna, who knew the storms and struggles of life, trembled at the prospect before them. She had followed them to Tampa, when she heard of Job Furnival's accident, and

she had returned to Leon county of her own accord, and without consulting any one, for the express purpose of softening Colonel Thorne's heart. She had expected to find this an undertaking demanding all her powers of persuasion, but she had not counted upon failure, and she sat down on the roadside and cried like a child, with rage against the colonel, and with pity for Nicholas and Dosia. "Dullaw, mistis! Dullaw, mistis!" said

old Gilbert, with plaintive, impotent sympathy. "lone!" cried Roxanna, vi "Lemme

ciously. "Ef you'll git back inter de yox cyart, mistis," old Gilbert nevertheless ventured

to suggest, "de beas' ain't dat ti'ed but 1 mought mek out ter drive ye ez fur". "No you don't nuther!" Miss White de

clared, bouncing up. "I kin walk, I'm thankful. Do you s'posen I'm goin' to be ridin' in Col. Thorne's ox cart, driven by his ole nigger, which both on 'em is sleek an' fat, an' his son, Dosia's husband, awaitin' fur starvation, mebbe? I'm got ter look after Nick Thorne an' his wife, an' I'm goin' back to Tampa.'

And Miss White strode away and lost in the shadow of the woods.

"Well, tubbe sho," old Gilbert sighed, "Mawse Nick ain't gwan lack help intirely, ef she gwan look atter him. De Lawd reward her!"

> CHAPTER XVIL. A CHRISTMAS FLIGHT.



Col. Thorne was in the office, as the separate small building was called in which he transacted all matters of builness; but apparently he was unoccupied when old Gilbert entered, for he sat in

his leather covered arm chair, stroking his beard and staring at the fire. His thoughts were busy about Miss Roxanna White's appeal-not that it moved him in the least; it had served but to empha size his conviction that he was a deeply injured man; his pride, his affection, his dignity had been wounded, not merely by his son's folly, but by his duplicity in concealing his marriage, leaving the moentous secret to be discovered through a child's inability to keep silence. And yet, after this lapse of time, Nicholas as not willing to make overtures. The colonel, forgetting that he had refused to allow Nicholas to say a word in his own defense, was resolved that he would not take the initiative toward reconciliation; yet his thoughts turned incessantly to his son. But he thrust his painful musings aside when he heard old Gilbert's familiar salutation, and said, with an effort at gavety:

"Well, old man, what foolishness are you up to now?"

"Hit's business, mawster, ef you please, suh, dis time," old Gilbert made answer, twirling his hat by way of relief to his embarrassment. "Tse been studyin' on a trade, ef you'd git yo' cawnsent, sub.

"Wall?

"Dat ole white muel, Zip, sah. I wuz studyin' det you mought be minded ter tek sixty dollars fur him; he is a ole muel."

"What? You've saved up sixty dollars!" exclaimed the colonel. want to buy old Zip to feed him on my corn and fodder, eh?"

"You wouldn't miss what he'd eat, suh, nur nairy 'nuther muel," old Gilbert said deprecatingly, unconscious of the comparison he made, but which the colonel perceived and smiled at grimly. "I don't see what you want with the

mule," he said. "Old Brandy and the ox cart about belong to you now.' "Ole Brandy en' de yox cyart ain't so survisable for ploughin'," Gilbert explained. "I don't want your money," said the

colonel, shortly. There followed a pause, during which old Gilbert stood stock still. as if suddenly paralyzed. Not a fiber of him stirred. except his eyes, that roved from one

part of the room to another, returning again and again to rest upon the colonel.

last, and he repeated, "I don't want your showing us some piece of goods. If you show

pointment in his tone. He ingered an instant, as if he meant to say more, then turned and went his shambling way cut the group of the shambling way cut of the office. When he had gone down much below the first, the steps, he looked back to say, "Ain't

I heard you tell de oberseer what Zip is wath 'bout sixty dollars, suh?" "I suppose he may be worth about

that," the colonel answered, absently. It wanted now but a few days of Christmas, which the colonel desired to forth with his right hand, and so makes the celebrate just as usual. The turkeyshad long been fattening, the beef was killed long been fattening, the beef was killed. the bonfires were piled ready for lighting. If Nicholas' absence was felt, no

one alluded to it, and jest and jollity went on without him. On Christmas morning the Hill re-

ers, the shooting of guns and the repeat- their heads. When they find a good place to

IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

SOME OF THE STRANGE SIGHTS SEEN IN ITS STREETS.

The Turk's Fez and Funny Trousers. ing a Bargain.

One of the first things you will notice is the fex, worn by all the Turks. It is a red most flush with the earth. Avits right shand felt cap with no visor, with a flat top and black silk tassel. Turkish haw requires every Without being observed by the man, the solonel detached himself from the group and male subject of the sultan to wear this kind main subject of the wear very funny trousers, of a cap. The men wear very funny trousers, There are no close fitting pantaloons, such as dow right back of the agent, and the colonel There are no close fitting pantaloons, such as men wear in America; but loose, baggy con-trivances, which look like two large bags one move for his life until I get a gun! A fastened together at the top. These are rattlesnake has crept out of the rose

big, yellow animals, and live in the streets. They have no owners, but shift for them-selves as well as they can. You will stumble over them if you are not careful, for they seem to think that the street belongs to themselves. They lie down anywhere, before a shop or in the middle of the street, and evi-dently expect us to turn out for them. These dogs organize themselves into bands, and each company has its own district. It is dangerous for a dog to leave his proper territory,

and he is likely to pay dearly for trospassing within his neighbors' limits,

CANINE GENEROSITY. The dogs are generous to each other. At the soldiers' barracks the dogs receive the fragments after every meal. One day when "And you the food was brought out only two dogs were in sight. These might have had a grand feast by themselves. They did not take a mouthful, but started off at full speed in opposite directions. Soon their barking sum-moned the whole pack, and they ate their

dinner together. I know you will laugh at the shops in Con stantinople. They are not like the beautiful stores you have seen in our cities, with large plategiass show windows and long rows of elegant counters. In Constantinople the principal stores are in bazaars. These principal stores are in bazars. These bazars are large one story buildings, with streets running through them in every direc-tion. On each side of these streets are the little shops. The floor is about two above the street, and the owner usually sits above the street, and the owner usually sits on the floor with his legs crossed under him. The room is small, so that he can reach many of his goods without rising. As we pass along we can look in at the various shops and examine their goods. Let us stop at this dry goods store. As

soon as the man sees us looking at his goods "You can take the mule at any time he takes his pipe from his mouth and begins you may need him," the colonal said at to chatter away in a very lively fashion,

any desire to make a purchase, he will name "Thankee, mawster, thankee suh," old Gilbert responded, but there was disap-pointment in his tone. He lingered an With a way

> THE CARPENTER'S SHOP. One of the strangest places is the carpente

shop. Here you will see a man seated on the floor behind a turning lathe. Instead of using a treadle as our workmen do, he has bow and string which he draws back and his bare toes. Is that not a strange way to use a turning lathe?

You might think, where the stores are a close together and the streets so narrow, that peddlers would have a poor chance. Still there are a great many of them who sell sounded with the popping of fire crack. fruit. These men carry trays of fruit on A BUSY BOOK AGENT.

Was Valuable and Rattlers Couldn't Keep Him Awake,

We were visiting at a ranch about six miles out of Dennison, Tex., and one day there were five or six people on the veranda, when a man on a nule came along and halted and introduced himself as a book agent. Crooked Streets and the Dogs Thereof. Shops and Feddlers of All Sorts-Driv-be took a chair, lifted his feet to the railing and lighted a cigar for a smoke. He quite a little apart from the rest, and at the end of the veranda, the floor of which was althe fer, worn by all the Turks. It is a red most flush with the earth. At his right hand, under the stranger's chair and is coiled to

fastened together at the top. These are rattlesnake has crept out of the road bata gathered around the waist with a colored in the stranger's chair and is colled to under the stranger's chair and is colled to strike!" We all looked that way and nothing was to be seen, but as each one understood the colorel's game, we acted, so far as looks were concerned, as if a serpent was in plain view. The agent never flinched in the slightest. He was looking away down the road, and he kept his eyes there as he observed:

"Durn my luck, but I'm allus running up agin snaix! How big is this feller!" "He's a whopper," answered one of us

"And this is August, when they are half blind and the most deadly ?"

"Did the kurnel say he was going after his abooter !"

"Yes." "How long will it take him "

"About ten minutes, but may be fifteen." "Humph! Well, gents, I'm a busy man, ad I can't afford to lose no fifteen minutes.

You jess pass that prospectus around and git ready to give me your orders, and I'll try and catch a little wink o' sleep while waiting for the kurnel to pop this durned viper !" And sure's I'm a living man he down in his chair to woo the drowsy god, and I'd bet a thousand to one that he fell sure the snake was there, just as we pretended .- New York Sun.

An Unfortunate "Cracker."

The phosphate beds produce lots of funny instances. A tall, lank cracker entered a chemist's office the other day with a handkerchief full of rock and sand, and in a husky and excited whisper, said:

"Mister, be you alone?" "Yes, sir." "Can I lock this door!"

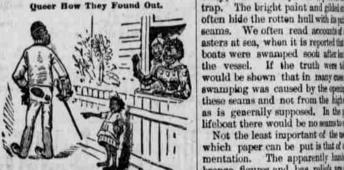
"Yes, if you wish to.

After locking the door and seeing that no me was hiding anywhere, the cracker slowly andid his handkerchief and handed some rocks to the chemist for his inspection and asked: "What do you think of that?"

The chemist carefully examined it and said: "I do not think much of it," at the same time pouring some acid on it which caused it to effervesce like a seidlitz powder. Cracker-What does that show!

Chemist-That shows it is a first class sam ple of lime, with no bone phosphate about it. Cracker-Boss, are you sure about stuff? Chemist-Yes, very sure.

Cracker (with a long drawn breath)-Well. I've married a widder with a hill plumb full of that stuff, an' I thought it was phosphate. I'm in fer it, ain't I/ Good-by .- Gainesville Advocate.



CZAR OF CIVILIZATION what King Paper Promise

Course of Hum When we look back to narvelous to recall the rat aper as a substance of pr e arts and manufactures of But the limit of the uses to a nay be put is undefinable fears ago paper was almost a factor of manufacture. Tolar for the composition of car when boats, domes, coffins and a thous

one different articles. The advantages of paper wood and other substa The greatest point in its fare, w its durability. The famous my in the British museum are way papyrus, which is nothing and aper made by the Egyptian 100 ago. Paper may be exped to weather without the possing cracking or splitting, as, and iron, it has no grain a Furthermore, it is one of the mon-conductors of heat and add in and the constant changes of tany peculiar to our latitudes have be

effect on it. The Proudfit observatory of the selaer Polytechnic institute is con-with a paper dome, which has via the torrid heat of summer and the and snows of winter for a denk as strong and perfect today as the was first taken from the mile prop rty of withstanding the iss prop rty of withstanding the idea weather is one of the principal for the rapid introduction of page wheels. Many terrible accident been caused by the breaking of a wheel on account of from Bin troduction of paper wheels the dam casualties on the rails are greatly in Moreover, recent experiments in t many have produced a sumshing rail, and it seems only a question of the great rails of the country will be spon with paper rails, paper wheek an

paper cars. There is no denying the fact that is much stronger and more restants wood. Experiments have show to bullet from a revolver at dis a failed to penetrate a paper targin failed to penetrate a paper targin same bullet passed entirely tand two inch plank under the ana tions. Some years ago, at a hape New York, Admiral Farrage part that the time would come to that the time would come when its war would be sheathed with per place of steel and iron. The per vantage of such an armor would be elasticity. The manufacture d boats is now confined to the cost

of pleasure and racing craft, butam ment is on foot toward the built life and ships' boats. It needs but a cursory glass an existing so called lifeboats to days they are merely such in name mi majority of them are unfit for se The handsome lifeboat hanging im davits, in conformity to the lav, parently a model of strength mild bility, 1 ; in reality it is a priori trap. The bright paint and gides often hide the rotten hull with ing seams. We often read accombid asters at sea, when it is reported for boats were swamped sook after in

would be shown that in many cas swamping was caused by the open these seams and not from the high as is generally supposed. In the lifeboat there would be no same Not the least important of the which paper can be put is that d = mentation. The apparently ha bronze figures and bas reliefs are merely embossed papier mache, a

fail to give forth the metallicrit

would expect. Some kinds of pa

now made as soft and pliable as h

and are used as such. Paper tink

made, which possesses many man

vantages than wood and ret is int

sive, and thus the old idea of lin

paper houses bids fair to become

thing more than idle talk; not all

we live in paper houses, with past

niture and utensils, but our ga

and sewerage will be conducted in

tensively manufactured are pour

made absolutely vermin prof. In can also be made for very little not

and in view of the crussele against

by some of the clergy, this will be

important consideration, Paper of

In the manufacture of various

from paper it may be said that the

three main processes. The first and

est is the pressing of papier main

pulleys and boats are made time

third and last way is the shring

pulp paper, wat from the machine the required shape. Examples a

process are the heavier graded

It is a fact that nearly all article

manufactured of wood can be

better advantage of paper, and #

The Old Man's Goss.

Too Young to Be Observing

Revenge.

"How old are you, witness?"

"Ah! When were you born, their

"I really can't recollect, Herr Jain

Millionairess-I hear that you

repted Jack Pott. Why, I refused bit

Jack's Fiances-Oh, yes, Jack toll "

whenever he was short of funds he p to you.-Life.

Explanatory. Wife-George, who is this Gen. O

who has been made captain general

Husband (with the conscious prise

ton Star.

"Twenty-three years."

"Father," said a senator's son wie b

domes, caskets, etc.

Ornamental in

made fireproof, and the governme

travagant funerals recently imag

some peculiar advantages; the

The paper burial caskets now a

paper pipes.

and immediately steeped in boiling water for a short time; they are then taken out, trained, thoroughly knowled with the hands and pressed into bumboo baskets, when they are ready for market, and fetch locally four rupees per 100 pounds. This "pickled tea," as it is called by Euro-

peans, lepet being the Burmese name, is floated down the river in baskets or hollow bamboos, which are carefully kept below the surface of the water to preserve the quality of their contents. Lepet is a favorite among the Burmese, who mix salt, sesamum oil and other ingredients with it. To the ordinary opean its taste is as bad as its smell, which is saying a good deal. The soil along the Chindwin is eminently suitable for tea cultivation; the plant grows wild on all the hills and attains enormous dimensions. One tree which was found neglected in a corner measured eighteen inches in girth at one foot from the ground, and was fully twenty feet high -- Chicago Times.

Indebtedness of European Nations The wonderful increase of the public debt of European states within the last few years suggests the question, "Whither will this ten-dency lead them?" In 1870 the total indebtedness was \$15,000,000,000. This has been ined to the amount of \$33,000,000,000 in 1886. In sixteen years, therefore, the public debt has increased \$\$,000,000,000. During this period the reduction of interest has been going on just as it has done in the United States. England is now arranging to reduce her interest from 3 to 25; per cent, ; and the other European governments are attempting to reduce the rate of interest from 5 and 6 to 8, 4, and 434 per cent.

The immense reduction of interest, how-ever, does not seem to benefit the people, for the governments take advantage of it to increase their total indebtedness. Here we are paying off the debt and reducing the interest at the same time; in Europe they are reduc-ing the rate of interest, but are increasing the nominal capital of the debt, so that no reduction of taxes can take place. The total annual interest upon European indebtedness is about \$1,070,000,000, while the total annual expenditures of the war and navy departments of the same government reaches the enormous sum of \$906,000,000. The European powers are all of them troubled with fina difficulties. They are immensely in debt; yet the political situation is such as to require increased armaments. They cannot go to war because they have not the financial credit to extend their indebtedness; and the question now is: "How can this intricate ituation be relieved P-Cincinnati Times

Queer Sign Posts for Streets.

Formerly all the streets in Merida were distinguished in a manner peculiar to Yuca-tan by images of birds or beasts set up at the corners, and many still retain the ancient sign; for example, the street upon which we are living is called La Calle del Flamingo, because of a huge red flamingo painted the corner house. Another is known as the street of the Elephant, and the representation of it is an exagerated animal, with curved trunk and a body as big as a barrel. There is the street of the Old Woman, and n its corner is the caricature of an aged female, with huge spectacles astride her nose. The street of the Two Paces has a fould faced human head; and there are others equally striking. The reason for this kindergarten sort of nomenciature was be cause when the streets were named the great mass of inhabitants were Indians who could not read, and therfore printed signs would have been no use to them, but the picture of a buil, a flamingo or an elephant they could not make - Yountan Car. Manufactor famingo or an elephant taka - Yuontan Cor.

Judge Allen H. Morril of Alabama is Judge Allen H. Morrill of Alabama is mentioned as likely to fill the vacancy on the Interstate Commerce Commission caused by the death of General Bragg. Judge Morrill was formerly a law partner of Senator Pugh, who will urge his ap-

scrambled out of the cart to take her position by the road side, like an army drawn up for battle. She raised her hand as the buggy drew near, a signal for it to stop, and the colonel reined in his

horses. "Good evenin' to you, Col. Thorne,' said she, in the high key of excitement. The colonel listed his hat with stately

politeness and bowed, but did not speak. "You don't 'pear to know me, but 1

know you," said Miss White, the un-terrified. "How do, Miss Thorne?" she nodded familiarly, even a little condescendingly, for she regarded Miss Elvira as "ruther a po' weakly minded crittur." Mis Elvira bowed very slightly in re-

turn; it was not in her power to adapt herself to such people as Roxanna White; but the colonel made amends by a sec ond bow, more gracious than the first; for Col. Thorne knew well enough how to obscure the odi profanum vulgus upon occasion, and he was inclined to be vex-ed with himself that he could not re-

member having ever met this woman. "I'll tell you who I am," Miss White proceeded sturdily. "My name's Roxanna White, second cousin to Amandy Jarvis, what married Job Furnival, as

you got cause to mind." The blood rushed to the colonel's face and the next instant left it pale. Miss Elvira gave a frightened gasp, and said nervously:

"Perhaps we'd better drive on?"

But the colonel sat rigid. He deemed it inconsistent with his dignity to manifest any sensitiveness at the name of Furnival; and Miss White, ignoring Miss Elvira's suggestion, proceeded:

"I ain't minded to waste time multiplyin' of words, colonel. It's yo' son Nick Thorne Chat I come to talk about. He's yo' own flesh an' blood, an' it's a natchul question: What you goin' to do to set him up?"

Miss White made a barely perceptible sause, but seeing the colonel so slow to take advantage of it she promptly resumed-

"I ain't sayin' nothin' 'bout Dosia though I mought. It's all along of Nicholas Thorne, I'm a-liftin' up of my voice.'

The colonel interrupted her: sent you on this errand?" he asked, coldly.

No one could have divined, from voice or look or manner, the hope that struggled in the depth of his heart-the hope that Nicholas, even through this uncouth woman, this relative of the girl he had married, might be making overtures for pardon and reconciliation; far, indeed, true state of the case. She was offended at the question.

"Who sent me?" she cried, shrilly, "Why, the Lord A'mighty, i reckin! Sent me to warn you beginst jedgment day. Nick Thorne warn't raised to git a livin' offten anythin' but land and niggers; an' sence you've made him what is, all mankind an' the Lord in heaven 'll hold you bounden to set him up-

This was too much for the colonel's scant patience; if he relented towards his son, it certainly would not be at the dictation of this virago, whom he strongly suspected of being instigated to this demand for property by Job Furnival

"Well, old man, what foolishness are you ed shout, in every variety of tone, of stool, take their scales from their shoulders

membering, at last, the money he had drew from his pocket an old leathern purse, clinking the coins and chuckling at the sound. "Dis po' old no 'count nigger kin mek money yit," he said, exultingly. Slowly he counted over the sum, and tied the money in a rag. This performance having restored his appetite in some measure, he raked from the ered up there to keep warm, and with a bit of fried bacon, set away in the broken bit of fried bacon, set away in the broken skillet, he made a satisfying supper.

With the glimmer of the dawn next morning he rose, threw a blanket over his shoulders, took his staff in his hand and went out before any one else was stirring; for Gilbert had now to visit the hollow in the wood, in order to deposit the money he had recently gained by the sale of his wares.

The more his treasure grew the greater grew old Gilbert's dread of discovery, the sharper his lookout for any sign of intrusion upon his hiding place. Even now, in the dim light that struggled through the trees, the old fellow's practiced vision perceived indications that made him uneasy. "Somebody been a-huntin' in ow woods," he muttered. "Drat dat Jesse Furnival en' his yaller dog! Laws-a-massy, jes' ter tink dem is Mawse Nick's kin!"

A more careful scrutiny, however, soon satisfied him that the spot where his money was buried remained intact.

"But de ain't no tellin' how long dis gwan stay safe," he moralized. "De mo' I studies, 'pears lak de mo' I doan know what de bes' ter do. Money what you ain't a-spendin' is a power o' trouble, tubbe sho!"

Col. Thorne had offered to take care of his money for him, but Gilbert distrusted, not his master, but his master's practice of depositing in banks, for banks had a way of "bustin'-en' den whey yo' money?

"Gwan ketch roomatiz, wuss sort," he grumbled, "out-cher fo' sun up. Fas got

He covered over the iron pot with a the colonel was not responsible for old the rubbish, and rose stiffly to take his

homeward way. "Ef Mawse Nick wuz jes' home spen' mos' o' my time study in' 'bout him." likewise.

The immediate effect of all his "studyin"" was that old Gilbert found it impossible to settle to any work. He strolled about his little domain, investigating his peach trees, his bean arbor, his pig sty and his hen house, moralizing as he went: "Us po' worldly critturs o' dust en' ashes do git might'ly welded ter yethly possessions, tubbe sho; when any day hit mought be pleasin' ter de Lawd ter

call us away. En' I doan know but de hebenly mawater is a callin' me now, I doan know. 'Pears lak somethin' been a-callin' me ever sence Missy made me promuss dat wow. En' vit I ain't so le, nuther, 'Pears lak I mought live a long time yit. I'm gwan ter de gret

house, talk wid mawster 'bout de pu'chase muel, en' wuth money-some."

report of Nicholas' condition; but re- "catch" Glory-Ann "Chris'mas gif'!" for have seen them made simply of two wooder which impertinence they were promptly saucers, suspended by strings from a straight received for his mats and brooms, he rewarded with a cuff on the ear. Missy stick. The bar was held by another string stood on the back gallery and presented china mugs, gay handkerchiefs, strings of beads and pipes and tobacco; while Miss Elvira, aided by Glory-Ann and peddlars have large, luscions grapes, and will Daphne, ladled out egg nog from a huge give you all you can eat for a cent or two. punch howl, and distributed gingerbread There are fresh green figs which do not look from an inexhaustible basket. And that Christmas morning, far away boxes. The quinces are large and the people

> a kiss, my Dosia, only a kiss for a Christmas gift!" stow.

A large party dined at Thorne Hill that ous merriment, in which the colonel bore hands to attract attention. his part.

Elvira aside, she demanded the necklace and bracelets her father had brought her from New York. "I ain't never showed

'em to Mom Bee, nor nobody," she said. "But, Winifred, you might break them," Miss Elvira demurred.

Nevertheless, Missy, as usual, carried her point, and Miss Elvira returned to the parlor to forget all about the jewelry until next day. Missy, when inquired of, responded that she was old enough now to be trusted with her own things: and by dint of forbearing to press the question, Miss Elvira came soon to forget

the chain and bracelets altogether. In the afternoon of the second day after Christmas Glory-Ann took occasion to ask:

"Missle-virey, is you sont old man Gil bert off anywhey?" Of course Glory-Ann knew all about

those secret expeditions with the ox cart, first to Eden and then to Tallaha

"Where should I be sending him?" said Miss Elvira, coloring guiltily. "Dunnome," Glory-Ann answered. with mystery. "Maybe hit's mawster is

sont him?" She was consumed by curiosity; for old Gilbert had been missing since the morning after Christmas. His

ter put some o' dat money out ter intrust in a muel, dat's what."

studied carelessness in the disposition of Gilbert's disappearance, as he was heard to ask if the old man had made himself

ill on Christmas cheer. When the mat-Laws-a-massy! I been studyin' 'bout ter was further inquired into, it was found was Roxanna White from suspecting the Mawse Nick cawntinual. 'Spect I gwan that the old white mule Zip was mis

The colonel received this inform with a stare at first, and then burst out laughing; though why he laughed nobody knew, for he had told no one of old Gilbert's proffered trade. But this laugh gave the impression that Gilbert had taken advantage of some jest of his mas ter's to treat himself to a prolonged holiday, and his absence ceased to be won dered at, even when nearly two weeks

had gone by. TO BE CONTINUED.

John D. Rocke'eller, who has been confined to his home at Forest Hill for some weeks past, is a very sick man. Several physicians examined him, and declared him to be free from organic diso' dat ole white muel Zip; he's a fair ease, but decided that his nervous system needed absolute rest.

"Chris'mas gif', mawster!" "Chris'mas gif', and are ready for business. They seallalmest and are ready for business. They seallalmest and are ready for business. They seallalmest gif', Missle-virey!" "Chris'mas gif', everything by weight and are usually care-in deep despondency over Miss White's Missy!" Even some few ventured to ful, though the scales may be very rude. I fastened in the middle, and the eye mus judge when the two scales balanced. The weights may be bits of iron or even broken pieces of stone or brick. On the tray these much like the dried ones that come to us in

cooked with meat and potatoes in a very nice

Other men carry tanks of water or le day, and there was feasting with decor-ous merriment, in which the colonel bore hands to attract attention. The funniest way to carry water and wine is in the skins Missy disappeared after dinner, but at of hogs or buffaloes. When full these look dark she rushed in, and calling her aunt Elvira aside, she demanded the necklace has been taken. Thus you may often meet a man with what looks like one or two hogs on

his back. The men who carry these wine skins, as well as other burdens, have queer saddles fastened to their backs, and put the load on these.

In the eating rooms you may see little stoves with soup cooking ou them, or hits of meat roasting on a spit over the coals. The odors are inviting; but you may go hungry, unless you can talk their strange language. In Constantinople almost every language of the world is used .- Detroit Free Pr

Said Ever So Many Things.

"Oh, George!" cried young Mrs. Merry, running to meet her husband at the door. mething the best to tell you." "Fres "Nor" said George, "what is it!" "Why, don't you think-the baby can talk

Yes, sir, actually talk. He's said ever and ever so many things. Come right into the nursery and hear him."

George went in. "Now, baby," said mamma, persuasively, "talk some for papa. Say 'How do you do, Paparn

"Goo, goo, goo, goo," says baby. "Hear him!" shrieks mamma, ecstatically Wasn't that just as plain as plain can bell George says it is, and tries to think it is

"Now say, 'I'm glad to see you, papa." "Da, da, boo, bee, boo." "Did you ever!" cries mamma. "He can just say everything! Now you precious, little, honey, bunny boy, say, 'Are you well,

"Boo, bs, goo, goo."

"There it is," said mamma. "Did you ever know a child of his age who could really talk know a child of his age who could ready take as he does! He can just say anything he wants to; can't you, you own doar, little, daring precious, you?" "Goo, goo, dee, dee, di, goo." "Hear that? He says 'Of course I can,'

just as plainly as anybody could say it. Oh, George, it really worries me to have bim so phenomenally bright. These very brilliant babies near- always die young "-Woman

An Undutiful Son

Mrs. McCrackle-How can Mr. Jim uffering from sunstroke this time of the year! McCrackle-He was hit by his unfilial boy, Dick .- Munsey's Woekly.

Astrological. "Had my horoscope cast yesterday." "How was it?" "Plenty of horror. Little scope."

my's Weekly. Chess Notes.

Yeast-Do you play cheast Crimonbeak-Well, no; I can't say that 1 play it. I work at it occasionally.-Yonkers

Rejected Suitor-For de lan's sake! Eberyody seems to know dere's been an onpleasantness atween me and Dinah, an' it on'y happened twenty minutes ago. I wunner how it is?-Life.

Didn't Write It.

An old negro who had business in a lawyer's flice was asked if he could sign his name. "How is dat, sah?"

"I ask," the lawyer answered, "if you can write your name?"

"Wall, no, sah. I neber writes my name I jes dictates it, sah."-Arkansaw Traveler.

Outshone. Waistcut-What's the matter, Siedy?

Siedy-Trying to look at my coat in this onfounded mirror, but somehow it don't reflect worth a cent."

Waistcut-I say, Siedy! You ought to take off your coat and look at the mirror in it. It's mmense!-Burlington Free Press.

More Comfortable.

successfully experimented with a First Passenger (rising politely)-Won't you powder barrels. Paper cartridg ake my seat, sir! are now used almost exclusively, m Second Ditto (who has been standing and on account of their being increase tramping rather promiscuously about)-Are but because of their not becoming you going to get out! when fired, like brass shells, First P.-No, but I prefer standing on my

wn feet.-West Shore.

How the Weazel Goes. -What sort of an animal would prefer to be, Miss Northcote-that is, if you had to be an animal?

means of molds. work is made in this manner. De She-Oh, I don't know, I am sure. But 1 ond method is that of placing lass know what sort of an animal I would like to paper one upon the other quired thickness is obtained. Carvi

have you be. He (curiously)-What? Sho-A weazel. Ho-A weazell-and pray why! She-Don't you remember the old nursery rhyme "Pop goes the weazel"-Burlington

Free Press. How the Trouble Hegan. Kate (laying down a novel) - That's a spien did story, Jack. Have you over read its se

quelf becoming an extensive subside iron. Even gold has been fered to Jack-Ob, yes; I have read stories not only its equal, but far superior. cumb to paper money as a commethod of exchange. There is not Kate-I say, have you read its sequel? Jack-And I say, I have read its superiors. Kate-Its sequel, Jack, its sequel? sity of waiting for future develop Paper is already king.-Paper Ma Jack-Its superiors, Kate, its superiors and don't you forget it.-New York World.

A Gourmand. arrived in Washington, "I fully rais Graves-Does Feedwell live in good style! He hasn't much of an income, I fancy. Merriman-Livel You should see the table he sets! I would like nothing better than to have him rich, and then board with him.— tell me about it."—Washington Pat. Lowell Citizen.

How It Happened. A .- You are so modest I don't see how you ever came to propose to your wife. B.-That was very simple. I said nothing cause you know I was so young at the -Philadelphia Times. and she said nothing, and so one word brought on another. - Texas Siftings.

Appropriate to the Occasion He (time 4:30 a. m.)-Sing something, dear! She (sings)-"Oh, birdie, I am tired now. How do you like that? He-Good! Where is my overcoat?-Lowell

Citizen. Classified.

"Isn't a crime, judge, to loosen a swarm of bees on a fellow !" "Not a crime. We might call it a bee set-

ting sin."-New York Sun. Why, Certainly.

rior intelligence)-Why, my dan man the overcoat is named after. Jaggs-What kind of tobacco do you smoke,

Baggs-Smoking tobacco.-St. Paul Globe.

Billy-Cholly said he didn't think ? His Property. TOR. A man in the town of Franklin, this co is taxed nine cents on real estate and \$3.50 on dogs.-Malone Pallodium.

Nellie-That doesn't signify. The never thinks much, anyhow

Forgiveness.