EUGENE CITY GUARD.

I. L. CAMPBELL. - - Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

His Last Concert.

One of the most pathetic of sights was that seen in the Boston music hall at the last concert given by Mario, the once famous tenor. He was poor, and the hall was filled with persons who had been ardent admirers of his wonderful art, and now that he had lost his art were willing to put money in his purse.

The tenor tried one of his great songs, but his decayed voice refused to sing the notes. Again he tried, and again he failed. Then, with a sad smile, and a slow, mournful movement of his head, he suffered the orchestra to play through the air, and retired from the stage amid the silence of the pitying audience.

Another pathetic story is told of Bottesini, a famous violinist, concerning his last concert at Parma:

It was a rainy evening and the managers had forgotten to send a carriage for the veteran, who set out on foot, and had gone some distance before a passing friend perceived him and made him enter his carriage.

Arrived at the concert room, Bottesini tuned his instrument and began to rub his bow with rosin. The rosin crumbled in his hands, and, turning to his friends with a sad half smile, he said, "See, it is so that Bottesini, too, will break up."

Then he grasped his loved instrument and drew the bow across the strings, but instantly stopped with a wondering look, for he felt something strange in the tone; his touch was answered less readily and certainly than of old.

Once more he tried, and once more stopped, this time with a smile, saying only, "It answers no more." His audience perceived nothing unusual in the performance, which they applauded as warmly as ever, but Bottesini seemed to feel the shadow of death.

On the following day he was stricken with illness, and soon after the wonderful hand was stilled forever.—Youth's Companion.

How Gold Rings Are Made.

Gold rings are made from bars nine to fifteen inches long. One of these bars, fifteen inches long, two inches wide and 3-16 of an inch thick, is worth $1,000, and will make 400 fourpennyweight rings. A dozen processes and twenty minutes' time are required to convert this bar into merchantable rings. First a pair of shears cuts the bar into strips. Then by the turn of a wheel a guillotine like blade attached to the machine cuts the bar into slices, one, two or three sixteenths of an inch wide. A rolling machine next presses out the slices and makes them either flat or grooved. Each strip is then put under a blow pipe and annealed. The oxide of copper comes to the surface and is put into a pickle of sulphuric acid, after which the gold is stamped "14 k," "16 k" or "18 k," according to quality. Next it is put through a machine which bends it into the shape of a ring of the size required. The ends are then soldered with an alloy of inferior fineness to the quality of the ring. Many people think that rings are molded because they can't see where they are soldered. The ring spins through the turning lathe, is rounded, pared and polished first with steel filings, then with tripoli and rouge.—Rehoboth Herald.

How She Foiled the Thief.

Some years ago one of the present congressmen from New York state and his brother were examining the stock of a pawnshop in London with the hope of picking up some curiosities. They came across a necklace of green glass beads, which the New York man purchased for $2.50, intending to bring it home to his little daughter. The brother was surprised to find in the shop a counterpart of this necklace, which he brought home to his little girl. Two months later the latter showed her gift to a jeweler, who pronounced the glass beads to be emeralds, and who sold them afterwards for several thousand dollars. The member of congress, upon hearing this, took his necklace to the same dealer, who pronounced it to be composed of glass beads. The London pawn dealer had purchased them of a thief, who had stolen them from a wealthy woman. The latter kept the emeralds in a safe, and wore their glass counterparts. Of course no one could tell the difference when the necklace encircled her throat.—Exchange.

Gobelin Tapestry.

"When you hear people talk about getting Gobelin tapestry," says C. R. Clifford, of The Upholsterer, "they usually don't know what they are talking about. The Gobelin works are in France, and are subsidized by the government. They turn out goods designed for state gifts, and the same goods are not made in Philadelphia, although as the manufacturer of tapestries she is the metropolis of the world. It is not that we cannot make tapestries as valuable as the Gobelin, but who would buy them? We could make them without immense subsidy. Chevreul, the great centenarian chemist, used to be the director of the Gobelin works. They spend a year in turning out as much of the article as could be made in a day or two at our rate of working. People frequently talk about Gobelin tapestry, but they apply the word to some fancy work done by the women. There is no manufacturer of it here."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

[V]arious Ways of Bookkeeping.

The bakers here have a rather original way of keeping accounts which may be called a kind of bookkeeping by double entry. When the carrier delivers a loaf of bread, which, by the way, is about five or six feet long, he is handed a wooden lath about a foot long by the person to whom he delivers the bread. From a collection of laths of the same size, one for each customer, he picks out this particular customer's one, and placing the two parallel, he cuts a notch across the two. In the final adjustment of accounts both laths have to have the same number of notches. Cheap, but ingenious.—Prolles (France) Cor. St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Mr. Spurgeon was only 19 when he preached his first sermon. Even then his eloquence was remarkable, and within a few years he had gathered about him a large congregation. At this time he was a pale and slender stripling, with a noticeably large head. His rotundity of body came many years later.

OLD MAN GILBERT.

By ELIZABETH W. BELLAMY,
("KAMBA THORPE,")
Author of "Four Oaks," "Little Joanna," Etc.

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"Dear! Dear!" sighed Miss Elvira, as she shut up Bishop Ken; "I never will be away from home with that child again, unless I have Glory-Ann."

When supper was over and Missy did not appear Mrs. Herry demanded, with visible annoyance:

"Why does not Winifred come in?"

Then Lottie told what had happened.

"Except for cutting off her hair, this behavior is nothing out of the way for Winifred," said Miss Elvira, placidly. "I never know what to do with such a child, so I let her alone. I hope she'll grow wiser as she grows older. I wouldn't worry about her, Cousin Myrtilla; she won't come until she chooses."

But Mrs. Herry could not resist a grave uneasiness; she suspected a deeper purpose in Missy's flight than mere child's play, and she hastened to send her coachman and her dining room boy to explore the premises, while two of the women were dispatched to inquire among the neighbors.

All this made Miss Elvira suddenly very nervous, and she began to walk the floor, wringing her hands.

It was drawing near to 8 o'clock, and Mrs. Herry was sure she heard the stage horn. "I trust Missy may not be run over," she said to herself, for this seemed the most formidable danger that could threaten the child.

This thought had not long occurred to her when there was heard a shuffling of many feet on the back piazza, a murmur of many voices in subdued lament, and Larkin, the carriage driver, followed by every negro on the place, came hurrying in, to announce solemnly:

"Somethin' is happened, mistis; prepar' yo' min'."

Then the front gate was heard to slam; some one ran up the front steps, rushed in at the open door, and Mrs. Herry was clasped in her beloved grandson's strong young arms. He, at least, was safe! No harm had befallen Paul, this glorious boy of 17, on whom her fond old eyes rested with proud delight.

But this was no moment for rejoicing. "Something is happened, dear grandmother," said Paul, gravely, before he stooped to kiss his clamorous brothers and sisters. "Something has happened to Winifred Thorne; they are bringing her in here."

CHAPTER XX.

WHAT HAD HAPPENED.

"Dat chile is Mawse Jasper Thorne's darter."

The impulse that directed Missy's flight was but the culmination, under a favoring suggestion, of that agony of longing and regret which had possessed her soul for a year past. The mention of Paul Herry's return had been like a match to a train of powder; Missy's resolve was fired instantly; time, opportunity, her disguising dress—all invited. It was but the work of a few seconds to cut off her hair. Desperation lent wings to her feet, and soon she was out of sight—and out of breath, behind the quince bushes, where she paused an instant, striving to devise some plan by which to elude the children; for here in Tallahassee, Missy felt herself nine miles on the road to Tampa, and her fear of the great, unknown world that lay outside the familiar limits of her life was proportionately abated.

Fortune favored her; the children gave up the pursuit, and Missy, having climbed over the fence, ran down a back street, as laughable a little figure as ever appeared in unaccustomed clothes four sizes too large for her; but in the gathering dusk she passed unseen. Her aim was to overtake the stage in which Paul Herry was expected and by some means to hide herself therein. Once away from Tallahassee, Missy felt sure of her route, for with her all roads led to Tampa.

By dint of wandering she came at last to the postoffice, in front of which the stage had just stopped. The sight of it thrilled her with exultation. She felt herself at last on the way to rejoin her father and Brer Nicholas. There could be no hindrance now, she felt sure, to her journey. She dashed across the street and reached the stage coach unobserved, for all the bystanders were gathered around the postoffice, expectant of the mail. A quartet of young lads were dragging another lad from the coach with hilarious greetings, and no one saw the small figure that clambered up by the hind wheel on the opposite side and stationed herself on top.

There a terrible sense of isolation possessed her. She stretched herself out, face downward, and to keep from wailing aloud, stuffed the skirt of her hanging blouse in her mouth, loathing her cowardice. But her purpose gave way at last. After all, she was only pretending to be a boy; and how could she, a poor, quaking little girl, ever hope to find Brer Nicholas [illegible]

In despair and self contempt she began to climb down with perilous haste; the driver cracked his whip, the coach gave a lurch, Missy lost her hold and fell, with a wild scream, between the wheels.

The horses were checked instantly, and there was a rush to the spot whence that frantic cry proceeded. Paul Herry, who had started to walk home accompanied by his young friends, turned back to join the little crowd assembled around Missy, lying unconscious in the dust.

No one recognized the child, and a looker on had just hazarded the conjecture that the outlandish little creature must have arrived on the stage, unknown to the driver, when Larkin came upon the scene.

"Lemme see!" he shrieked. "Fur de love o' heben, mawsters, dat chile is Mawse Jasper Thorne's darter, little Miss Winifred Thorne."

There was a murmur of incredulity, but Larkin insisted, apologetically. "Tubbe sho, hit doan look lak hit, but hit's so. Hukkom she's in sich a rig she been playin' suscus. Lawd! Lawd! Is she killed, mawsters?"

They lifted Missy from the ground and carried her into a neighboring drug store, where she recovered consciousness. "I'm Winifred Thorne," she said, and essayed to move, but fainted again.

"Any bones brukt?" Larkin asked anxiously of the doctor bending over her.

The doctor thought not; but there was probably serious injury somewhere; and Larkin was ordered to return and inform Mrs. Herry.

Paul Herry had hardly told his grandmother what he knew of the accident when Missy was brought in on a litter, where she lay, deadly pale, with her eyes closed, and moaning piteously.

Miss Elvira came and looked at her. "Oh, Winifred," she lamented, "what will your father say?"

"Hush!" Mrs. Herry warned her; but Missy heard and opened her eyes.

"I was—tryin' to find—Brer Nicholas," she panted.

"Poor child!" Mrs. Herry sighed, with tears falling over her cheeks like rain.

Miss Elvira staggered back to the sofa in the parlor and wept and wrung her hands.

"Some one must go for the colonel," Mrs. Herry said.

One of Paul's young friends, who had helped to bear the litter, offered to ride to Thorne Hill, and some time past midnight Col. Thorne alighted at Mrs. Herry's gate.

He had ridden hard and he had ridden alone, for he would not allow the breathless messenger who brought the tidings of Missy's fall to return with him; nor was it so much the instinct of hospitality that made him insist upon the young fellow remaining the night at Thorne as the desire to escape all witness of the anguish he could not hide. He had ordered Griffen Jim to make ready the double buggy and follow immediately with Glory-Ann, but he himself rode out in the night as furiously as his son had ridden away just one year before. The colonel remembered this and groaned aloud: he remembered, too, with a shudder his declaration that he would never again cross Mrs. Herry's threshold save in case of some calamity; and the calamity had come, but not to Mrs. Herry.

The lights were still burning in the parlor and in the hall, and there was a light also in one of the rooms upstairs. The colonel, as he dismounted, scanned the windows of that room with a fevered effort to read there some sign of his child's condition, before he strode up the path.

His violent ride had not subdued his excitement, though to the physician who met him at the door he presented the impenetrable, distant demeanor that had always characterized him; the only sign of feeling he showed was his utter inability to frame in words the questions that burned in his eyes.

"I am of the opinion that the injuries will not necessarily prove fatal," the doctor said, and paused.

The colonel bowed.

"But lameness may be the result."

An angry flush darkened the colonel's face, but he heard all the doctor said in silence, and then, turning abruptly away, went upstairs.

At the door of the room where Missy lay Mrs. Herry met him.

"What is the matter?" he demanded.

"Has not Dr. Lane told you?" Mrs. Herry said, glancing at the child on the bed.

"One doctor!" exclaimed the colonel, wrathfully. "I will have all the doctors in the state! I don't believe the injury will result in lameness; I won't believe anything of the kind."

"My dear cousin," said Mrs. Herry, "we must hope for the best. Let me give you some coffee after your long night ride? Or a glass of wine?"

The colonel refused; he wanted nothing, but he would see the child now.

He stood by the bedside and looked long at Missy. The doctor had given an anodyne, and she lay asleep, with her hands crossed on her breast; and her father, overpowered by the sight, turned away and left the room.

In the morning he came again. Missy had not stirred. "When will she wake again?" he asked, despairingly. But when Missy awoke his distress increased. She had been so little caressed by him, so seldom noticed except to be reprimanded for some childish fault, that he was the last person she wished now to see.

"Take him away!" she entreated. "Don't let him touch me! It hurts me to touch me; and it won't do a mite of good to scold me."

"Winifred, I will not touch you; I will not scold you," the colonel assured her.

For answer Missy covered her face with her hands and screamed and sobbed, and it became necessary to take the colonel away.

But remain away the colonel could not and would not. When she was quieted he came again and sat down with his hands behind him, in order to show that he did not mean to touch her. If she would only smile! But the troubled look he wore was not calculated to win smiles. "Where hurts you, Winifred?" he asked. "Don't you feel better?"

"Nowhere hurts," answered Missy. "And I don't feel better."

The colonel sighed. "Is there anything you would like to have?" He struggled for some term of endearment, but his lips, long unused to affectionate utterances, refused to frame the words he sought. "You shall have anything you ask, Winifred," he declared, pathetically.

Missy closed her eyes and did not answer. She was silent so long that her father thought her asleep, and was growing uneasy at what he fancied might be a fatal symptom, when she suddenly opened her eyes, and looked at him with great earnestness. "No, you won't," she said, "no, you won't."

Mrs. Herry had just come into the room to say that the doctors were down stairs, but the colonel signed to her not to speak.

"You said it once before," continued Missy. "You didn't stick up to your word."

To hear such a charge brought against him, even by a child, was an indignity the colonel could not brook. "I am at a loss to understand—" he began swiftly; but Missy's interruption made him unmindful.

"I don't want nothing but just Brer Nicholas," she asserted, defiantly. "And I set out to find him because Daddy Gilbert said Miss Roxy White brought word Brer Nicholas was 'most a-starvin'; and that was what you told him to do. And I ain't a bit sorry for anything I've done."

The colonel covered his face with his hands and stifled a groan. In his judgment, it was Nicholas alone who was responsible for Missy's fate; but he was not ready now to make any concession Missy might demand.

"Do you know where Nicholas is?" he asked, desperately, of Mrs. Herry, to the utter astonishment of that lady and of Missy. It was the first time he had named his son since the night he had repudiated him.

Mrs. Herry shook her head. "Unhappily, I do not know," she answered, sadly.

The colonel was wholly unprepared for such an answer. Knowing that Mrs. Herry had always taken Nicholas' part, he had felt sure that she was in correspondence with him; and angry as he had been in this belief, he was even more angry now to find himself mistaken.

"I never received a reply to any of my letters," Mrs. Herry explained; "and at last I wrote to the postmaster at Tampa; from him I learned that Nicholas was gone, no one knew where."

She forgot Missy, and Missy forgot herself. "If you don't find him, I shall die!" cried the child in the vehemence of her grief. She had raised herself in the bed, but instantly fell back with a scream.

CHAPTER XXI.

A NEW PLAN.

"It seems that what you say is bound always to come true, Mom Bee."

The doctors summoned to Winifred Thorne's bedside were unanimous in the opinion that she should not be moved for some time to come; so, for two months or more, Col. Thorne and Miss Elvira took up their abode with Mrs. Herry.

Missy's case excited universal sympathy, though Missy herself did not make an attractive invalid; she was exacting and self willed to a degree that taxed the utmost patience of all who waited upon her, the colonel alone excepted, who, of all her attendants, was to Missy the least acceptable. Misinterpreting his anxious countenance, she resented his watchfulness as though it were intended to rebuke her rash escapade, and again and again she repeated that she was not sorry she had tried to go to her brother. Yet at times a strange, dull anguish, to which she would give no utterance, weighed upon this ardent young spirit, when for hours she would lie in silent, hopeless contemplation of the changed life that awaited her. For by dint of Glory-Ann's oft repeated admonition, that if she did not keep very still she would never walk again, Missy had come at last to understand what was her doom.

"It seems that what you say is bound always to come true, Mom Bee," she sighed. "Don't you remember the night my father drove Brer Nicholas away, and I ran out in the rain, you said then I was goin' to be all crippled up, so I could never dance."

Mom Bee's heart smote her. "Dullaw, now, honey, hukkom you 'members all sich ez dat? Don't you know yo' ole mammy jes sesso ter mek you obey? Doctors is got a heap mo' sense den mos' on us; en' you jes' min' what de say, you gwan hop offen dat bed spry ez a cricket, come bombye."

But in this prophecy Missy put no faith. Lying weary and helpless upon her bed, she pondered many things in her small brain with a seriousness beyond her years. Striving to picture to herself what life would be on crutches, she had begun to find a sort of pleasure in making plans for such a life. It seemed now to Missy that, since she could no longer run about at will, and climb trees, and wade in the "branch," she might as well take kindly to quiet, young lady ways, and submit to be educated. Therefore, when at last she was allowed to return to Thorne Hill, she astonished her father and her aunt Elvira by the announcement that she would like to have a governess "right away."

The colonel, anxious to gratify her every whim, and greatly rejoiced that her desires had taken so commendable a direction, wrote to his aunt in New York, begging her good offices in the selection of a governess much as he would have written for any bale of merchandise.

The colonel's aunt, Mrs. Lorrimer, was as fixed in her opinions as the colonel was in his, and she positively declined the responsibility of selecting a governess for Winifred Thorne. The colonel, she argued, was not yet past the prime of life—wherefore should she send a woman to Thorne Hill at the risk of bringing about a matrimonial crisis? But, as she felt an interest in the child that bore her name, she earnestly entreated her nephew to let her have charge of Winifred in New York, where she could have the benefit of treatment by specialists and at the same time receive the best instruction.

The colonel acknowledged the wisdom of this plan, but he was loath to send Winifred away from him just yet; and while he was still pondering this necessary step Christmas came round again.

To Missy this Christmas was a grievous disappointment. She had cherished the hope that Nicholas would return at this season, and when the day came and passed without him she was in a state of almost frenzied distress.

"Father! Father! Where is Brer Nicholas?" she cried, pushing away the gifts that had been lavished upon her.

It was a question the colonel could not answer.

"Don't you ever think of him?" pleaded the little sister, with her slender hands pressed against her aching heart. "I think of him all the time. I don't ever forget him. Oh, father, suppose he is hungry this Christmas day!"

Her father turned upon her a face stony in its despair. "We must forget him," he said, hoarsely. "He is not to be found for any search of mine. To forget is all that is left us."

"Oh, what does this mean?" cried Missy, wringing her hands.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AFTER TWENTY YEARS.

My wife's a winsome wee thing,
Wed twenty years or mair,
And aye the bonnier growing,
As baith mine eyes declare.
'Tis love that made her bonnie,
And love that keeps her sae,
In spite o' time and fortune,
On life's uncannie way.

Love scares awa' the wrinkles
From off her smooth, white brow,
And duty done through good and ill
Aye keeps her conscience true—
And yields her happy peace of mind,
If e'er the world goes wrong,
And turns the murmur of lament
Into a cheerful song.

The kisses gather on her lips
Like blossoms on the rose,
And kindly thoughts reflect the light
That in her bosom glows—
As wavelets in a running stream
Reflect the noontide ray,
And sparkle with the light of heaven
When rippling on their way.

She is a winsome wee thing,
And more than twenty year
She's twined herself about my heart
By all that can endear;
By all that can endear on earth
Foreshadowing things above,
And lead my happy soul to heaven,
Rejoicing in her love!

—Charles Mackay.

A PERILOUS RIDE.

Along in the early forties some of the best farms of today in western Ontario were still covered with virgin forest, and the few scattered settlements gave little promise of ever growing into the flourishing towns which now dot the country. Over the rough roads farmers had hard work to get produce to market. Game was plentiful in the dense woods, but so were bears, panthers and wolves—altogether too plentiful at times, and very little traveling was done after dark.

Among the first settlers of what is now called the garden of Canada were two cousins, named Tom Shepton and Hugh Mallet. Their farms adjoined and they were the best of friends. But it so happened that they both fell in love with pretty Mary Huston, and Tom won her. Hugh was passionate by nature, and he vowed he would never speak to either of them again.

Tom and Mary were married one fine July day and went to keeping house at once; but though the houses of the cousins stood not a hundred yards apart, and the nearest neighbors were miles away, Hugh would not look at his successful rival and wife.

Everything went well with the young couple until one evening when Mary was taken suddenly alarmingly ill. It was in the latter part of January; snow drifts blocked the road to the settlement where the doctor lived; a blizzard had been blowing for some days, and it was intensely cold.

The farms of the cousins were about seven miles from the settlement, and the most of the way lay through the forest. It meant at least two, and perhaps three, hours of hard work for the best team to reach it, and Tom dared not leave his wife. Far from the necessaries of ordinary civilized life, hardy pioneers who lead the van of progress in the wilds have to depend much on the good will of each other.

Tom saw himself forced to ask a favor of Hugh, and much as he disliked to accept one from a man who would not take a kind word from him, he stepped into his cousin's house and told him of his distress.

Hugh heard him in silence, and then went out and hitched his team to a cutter. He piled in a heap of buffalo robes and put a six shooter in his pocket. Then, without a word, he drove off, followed by the grateful thanks of his cousin.

The sun had set an hour ago, and the stars were sparkling and glittering in the deep blue black sky, but later on the moon would rise and light the way home.

It was bitterly cold, and the frigid gusts of wind stung Hugh's face like cuts from whip lashes. He knew he had a risky journey before him in going to the settlement by night.

The winter had been a hard one, and at such times wild beasts begin to hang around the houses and to prowl about the roads.

He kept a sharp eye on the horses, for when it comes to sniffing danger a horse can give a man points.

They floundered through innumerable drifts and over many a stump and fallen tree, but yet made such good time that in an hour they reached a better piece of road about two miles from the settlement.

Urging the team to a trot, Hugh settled back among the robes, congratulating himself on the safe and quick trip they had made.

For a few hundred yards his meditations flowed along uninterrupted, but when a certain low growth of bushes was reached, the horses snorted loudly and reared back on their haunches. Hugh was nearly thrown out by the sudden stop.

"Get up!" he cried.

And as he had no whip, he lashed them with a rope halter he had in the cutter, one end of which was tied to the seat to keep it from being lost.

Crack! crack! went the rope, but the horses would not move forward. Their ears pointed right ahead, and they stood shivering with fright.

Drawing his revolver, Hugh peered beyond them in a vain attempt to discover the source of their scared appearance.

"Go along!" he yelled again, smacking the lines on the horses' back—"go along!"

Just then they swerved sharply, and a great, dark body sprang out of the bushes and landed right in the cutter.

It was a panther, and so sudden and unexpected was its leap that Hugh had no time to fire. Its great fore paws came against his breast and arm, knocking the revolver out of his grasp and tearing half his clothes off. Its foul, steaming breath poured into his face, and the great, glistening fangs were not six inches from his throat.

The horses had bolted, and before the panther could do any further damage the violent jolting of the cutter threw it off his chest.

Hugh grabbed the only weapon at hand—the rope halter—and struck wildly at the big brute. By a lucky chance the noose slipped over its head, and as Hugh tried to strike again the halter tightened around its neck.

A fearful struggle began. Gathering up the buffalo robes, Hugh sought to protect himself from the wildly clutching claws of the infuriated panther and to push it off the cutter.

As the frightened horses galloped along at full speed over the rough road, the cutter swung from side to side, bumping and smashing against the trees.

Every minute threatened to bring about a collision which would dash it to pieces. The combatants were thrown over and over, the robes were soon in tatters and Hugh was bleeding from a dozen wounds and getting weaker every minute.

The panther got his left arm in its jaws and crunched it savagely, making blood spurt out in streams. Then Hugh, for the first time, saw the rope around its neck. Grasping it desperately with his free hand, he pulled on the noose with all his might.

The suffocating pressure caused the beast to let go his left arm, but in its agony it tore pieces of flesh off his right and threw him to the bottom of the cutter.

With a frightful roar it crouched over him, and its great paws tore at his breast. All seemed lost, when the runaway team turned a sharp corner. The cutter swung too short and was overturned. Out pitched Hugh, and the panther on top of him. But they did not remain together a second, for while Hugh lay still, exhausted, bruised and bleeding, the panther was whisked off his feet and jerked head over heels after the cutter.

The rope was tied to the seat, as mentioned before, and the furious gallop of the scared team tightened its hold round the panther's neck and gave the beast no chance to regain its feet.

Choked, battered and torn, it was rolled and dragged and yanked after the cutter until every bone in its body was broken.

When within a hundred yards of the village the cutter collided with a tree and was dashed to pieces.

The arrival of two runaway horses alarmed the people, and they set out to search the road a piece. They soon found the broken cutter and the dead body of the panther, and not long afterward they met Hugh, limping along in the snow.

His wounds were dressed, and a few hours later the doctor reached Tom's wife.

For a week Hugh had to stay in the settlement, but as soon as his wounds would allow it he went back to his house.

Tom's wife had in the meantime wholly recovered, and under her loving care Hugh's wounds were speedily healed—not only those of his body, but also those of his mind—and the three neighbors have remained the best of friends ever since.

Hugh has still the torn skin of the panther, and entertains a high regard for the trophy of that perilous sleigh ride.—Zu Befehl in Saturday Night.

All Get the Same Pay.

Denman Thompson, the "Old Homestead" genius, makes it a rule to pay the same amount of salary to each member of his company. "I tried the old way," says he, "but I lost faith in it. The fellow who got only $20 a week couldn't help envying the other fellow who, on a salary of $40 a week, could gratify tastes which were beyond the reach of his associate. This feeling begot jealousies and discontent, and I made up my mind to do away with all cause for envy by instituting a one price system. I find that this system pays in my company. I don't pretend to say that in other companies it would be practicable, but so far as my experience goes actors get along amicably so long as they share equally at the box office."—Chicago News.

A Medical Consultation.

At the time when Josephine Wessely, the great singer, excited so much enthusiasm at Leipzic, a student called on the famous Dr. Thiersch, complaining of a severe pain in his right arm. On examination Thiersch found that one of the sinews of the arm was displaced, and asked the student how it happened. The young man stated that he, with several companions, had taken the horses out of the carriage of the fair artiste and had dragged it from the theatre to her hotel. The doctor, who had no kind of sympathy with such doings, dryly replied:

"My good friend, in that case I can do nothing for you; you will really have to consult a veterinary surgeon, who understands the treatment of horses and asses!"—Pinturicchio.

A Horse in a Forty Foot Well.

A curious accident occurred to a rider at Westminster, N. C. While seated on his horse at the depot, a train rolled up, at which the horse became so frightened that he backed upon the rotten plank covering of an old well, which broke and let both horse and rider through. An old rail was sticking in the muddy bottom, on which the horse was impaled. His struggles were fearful, and his rider, who, strange to say, did not get unseated, had a narrow escape from being crushed to death. As it was, he was severely hurt before being rescued. The well was forty feet deep, and the horse died before he could be pulled out.—Philadelphia Ledger.

In the Language of Love.

"Chewing pickets" is the term now in vogue by those who express themselves in slang as applied to young lovers who linger long over their good nights, and has supplanted the well worn one of "holding up the front gate." A reporter heard the new slang for the first time from the lips of a young man whom he met on the street, and whose teeth were chattering as if he was suffering from a fit of ague. When asked what was the matter with him, the young man replied in a shaky voice: "I've been chewing pickets with my best girl for an hour. I'm nearly frozen to death, but I hadn't the heart to tear myself away."—Middletown Mercury.

Silver Collar, Cuffs and Belt.

Who in New York can boast of a real silver belt, collar and cuffs? And yet there is such a set, and a most remarkable one. It belongs to May Yohe, the girl with the beautiful eyes and the deep contralto voice, and was made for her in California. Of course it is solid silver. The design is open, and shows here and there a four leaf clover surrounded by a floriated pattern. The girdle is a deep point in the back and front, reaching far up on the bodice and the same distance below the waist line in front. At the sides it is about two inches wide, and the fastening, on one side, is almost invisible. The collar and cuffs are pointed, and will fit right over the cuff of the sleeve or the collar of the gown. It is specially effective when worn, as it frequently is, over a Grecian costume of white wool.—New York Sun.

Of the newly endowed sees in England, Liverpool is the richest, the gross yearly income, derived entirely from dividends on invested capital, being $16,225. The average annual income of the other five new sees—Newcastle, St. Albans, Southwell, Truro and Wakefield—is $12,225.

A Dead Cat Mine.

It was the man on whose land gas was first struck in the Findlay district, and he was telling about it as we waited in the depot Columbus.

"Wall, you know," he began, son Bill was a great hand to read, day he laid away a book he had reading and says to me:

"'Dad, I've been reading up on gas and I'm goin' to find some here on our farm.'

"'Shoo, Bill,' says I, 'but you strike nothing outside of cobble and worms.'

"But he went at it and began and bore and fool around and to hoe the corn, and one day he sunthin'. There cum such a smell that both of us was drove house, and then the smell got that we was drove to a neighbor's we had to let the hogs out of they would have keeled over.

"'Bill,' I says, when I got could breathe again, 'you said strike sunthin', and you have. wasted three months' time to whar Christopher Columbus about a thousand tom cats, all been driv off the farm in It's my turn now to strike you kin git ready for the all- in' a boy ever got.'

"I give it to him, gentlemen, I went spookin' around to find who'd buy the farm at about the barn. A feller who seemed catarrh and didn't mind the up a deal with me, and I had I walked off with his money arm. I kept on grinnin' fur week, but then I heard some stopped me, and I guess it's since I've opened my mouth Them dead cats was worth a thousand dollars to me, and for $800 and walked around self on the back fur bein' so cute."—New York Sun.

Miss Braddon as "My Lady"

Among the new knights are the ers of two novelists, Miss Braddon Miss Olive Schreiner. It has curred to me that it would be found an order for women which give those possessing it the right fix "Lady" to their names. make the people's songs and I ern them with ease," said And if any minister had the create "Ladies" my impression would remain minister for a siderable time. What Jones, M. P., have if Mrs. Jones that it only depended on his ness for her to blossom forth Jones?

Putting, however, aside this advantage, why should men be made knights and women not be made ladies? to have knights with ribbons their necks and across their would be only fair if these were also conferred on their am entirely against woman I see no objection to women all this sort of decorative and assuredly, if they merit a absurd that the only way for obtain it is to give one to their bands. Mr. Braddon, I make is deserving of the prefix of "Sir" his sister, Miss Braddon, has at equal right to the prefix of "Lady"—Exchange.

A Successful Unknown Book

I was talking with a subscription lisher, and in the course of our sation he reached in his library pulled out a book the title of never heard. It was called "God, Home and Heaven," a book as pretentious size as in title. "What is there about the book? Well, I will Of that work there have been one million copies," said the "and yet I'll wager that there are men in the biggest New York never heard of the book, and you there is no such work printed."

This struck me as rather odd termined to make the test. I six of the largest book stores York that day and asked for "God, Home and Heaven." exactly as my friend predicted. countered only one man who of the book, and he said he had where I could get a copy. out of print for years," he added yet within two blocks of that there was at that time printing tion of 50,000 copies of the book presses!—Edwin W. Bok's Letter.

Mary Anderson's Photographs

The reason that actresses cessfully photographed is that derstand the laws of photography conform to them. They usually the direction of the performance themselves, and the photographer ing to let them. Mary Anderson superintends every detail of the tion that puts her features Her London photographer says ure of her face, except in direct was ever made without having tive changed so as to make the of the cheek a little flatter urally is. Miss Anderson contour of her full face is enough, and so she is careful photograph of her shall remedy perfection.—New York Evening

The First Bank.

The Bank of England was in 1694, and is older than any of stitutions of the class in any great nations. It was not the the important financial house, The Bank of Venice was created that of Genoa in 1407, that of in 1619 and that of Rotterdam In 1803 the Bank of France was lished.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Origin of a Common Expression

"Barking up the wrong tree" common expression in the west inated from the fact that a dog at the foot of a particular tree cate to his master where the located. While endeavoring animal he discovers it on another and it finally escapes him altogether its application it denotes that has mistaken his object or is it in the wrong place.—Detroit Press.

Rev. James W. Ford, for half a century a missionary and founder of the first Christian in that country, says: "After the Chinese language for translated the New Testament religious works. I began to way immediately after I but though I have studied for I do not yet think that I have the Chinese language."