EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL, - - Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

ALONE.

My life puts forth to sea alone;
The skies are dark above;
All round I hear gray waters moan—
Alas for vanished love!

"O lonely life that presseth on
Across these wastes of years,
Where are the guiding pilots gone—
Whose is the hand that steers?"

The pilots they are left behind
Upon yon golden strand;
We drift before the driving wind;
We cannot miss the land—

That land to which we hurry on,
Across the angry years;
Hope being dead, and sweet Love gone,
There is no hand that steers.
—Philip Bourke Marston in New York Truth.

Optical Lanterns.

For exclusively parlor use a good lantern may be obtained for $15, which will give a picture 6 or 8 feet in diameter. For $25 one may purchase a sciopticon suitable for use in small halls and capable of producing a picture 10 or 12 feet across. A sciopticon of the highest class, with an oil lamp or lime jet, would cost $100 or more, and would give a picture 20 feet in diameter at a distance of 125 feet. A pair of sciopticons used together for dissolving views form a piece of apparatus known as a stereopticon. Prices of stereopticons range from $50 to $500, and a triple lantern, used for fancy effects, will cost you from $150 to $1,000, according to the needs of your business. For hall exhibitions, however, the low priced lantern does all the work of a high class one, and a pair of good $25 sciopticons may be used very effectively in dissolving.

About lantern screens. A clean white wall is an ideal surface upon which to project a lantern image. Next to this a tightly drawn muslin sheet without wrinkles. Paper with a dead finish makes a good screen, but it is apt to be lacking in durability. If it is desired to place the lantern behind the screen, as in the case of the screen being in a large doorway, with the lantern in one room and the spectators in the other, it should be stretched very tight and thoroughly wet to make it translucent. This plan, however, I do not recommend, as the cloth will not permit all the light to pass through.—Entertainment.

Some Old Georgia Superstitions.

Here is a contribution in the shape of folk lore gossip as heard among the Georgia crackers. It is a survival of the old English superstitions.

When it is ebb tide the slits in a cat's eyes are horizontal; when it is flood tide they are vertical. Kill a frog and it will rain hard for three days. If a cock walks in at the door, turns around and crows, he announces a death in the family. Potatoes will not thrive unless they are planted in the dark of the moon, and a child born at the full of the moon will be a boy.

If you open an umbrella in a house the only person present will die, and the same thing will happen if you hang a coat or hat on a door knob or a door bell. It is not wise to set a hen during a certain part of August, because the life of the world is at its lowest then. If two persons going hand in hand meet an obstacle which divides them the one on the left will go to hell and the one on the right to heaven.

If you drop a pair of scissors and one point sticks in the floor a visitor will come from the direction toward which the other leg is extended. A child that has never seen its father can cure whooping cough by blowing down the patient's throat. To get rid of freckles count them and put an equal number of pebbles into a paper. Whoever steps on the paper will get the freckles.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Spectral Light.

"One stormy night in October," said a well known railroad conductor recently, "I was in mortal fear that the bridges, of which there are a good many on the line, would be washed away by the swollen rivers. Fortunately we passed nearly all of them safely, but just as we drew near the last bridge I happened to be crossing from one car to another and noticed a strange, weird looking blue light dancing up and down in front of the train. I don't know what possessed me to do it, but I rang the bell and brought the train to a stop. The engineer, brakeman and I then set out to discover the cause of the light, but it had entirely disappeared and not a trace of it was left. We went down the track as far as the bridge, and found that it had been completely washed away by the stream, which was swollen, only a few timbers remaining to bear evidence that a bridge had once spanned the stream. We were kept there for over two days, until another bridge could be built, and, although the other trainmen laugh at me for it, I earnestly believe that that spectral blue light was placed by a divine Providence to save us from an awful fate."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Village Lamplighter.

In some surburban villages the lamplighter makes his rounds in a sulky. He may not have a greater number of lamps to light than his city brother, but it may be that they are further apart, and to get over the ground in time he must drive. He does not carry the inclosed torch that is commonly used in the city, for he doesn't need it; driving up under the lamp, he is, when standing in the sulky, high enough above the ground to reach the burner, and he lights the gas with a match.—New York Sun.

The ray, or skate fish, has a mouth set transversely across its head, the jaws working with a rolling motion like two hands set back to back. In the jaws are three rows of flat teeth, set like a mosaic pavement, and between these rolling jaws the fish crushes oysters and other mollusks like so many nuts.

Probably the liveliest railway junction in the world is at Clapham, in England, where the London, Brighton and South Coast and the London and Southwestern railways cross. Between 7 o'clock in the morning and 10 at night, 1,000 trains pass this junction—an average of one every fifty-four seconds.

The celebrated Erasmus, although a native of Rotterdam, had such an aversion to fish that the smell of it threw him into a fever. Ambrose Pare had a patient who could never see an eel without fainting, and another who would fall into convulsions at the sight of a carp.

Clouds consist simply of water divided into minute globules or drops. They differ in no essential respect from the steam emitted by a tea kettle, or the mists and fogs that fill river valleys at sunrise. These forms of water are all produced in the same way.

Sir William Siemen's method of applying electric light to grow flowers and fruit by night or on cloudy days has been employed with good success on board a West Indian steamer to keep alive exotic vines and other plants.

The Truckee *Republican* says ice men have everything in readiness for the harvesting of the ice crop whenever the same is ripe enough to cut, which is not likely to be for a month yet. The past season has been a good one for the companies, and only about 25,000 tons remain on hand.

OLD MAN GILBERT.

By ELIZABETH W. BELLAMY,

("KAMBA THORPE.")

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

CHAPTER XXV.

PERSUASION.

Glory-Ann was the possessor of "a loose six bits," as she termed the small floating capital of seventy-five cents that did not form part of the hoard she cherished in the toe of a stocking; and with this sum she hired a mule, which she equipped with the side saddle borrowed from "Miss Myrtilla," and in the afternoon she set out alone for Thorne Hill. Being minded, however, to pay a visit to an old acquaintance on the way, she did not reach her destination until the next morning. She held a private interview with Missy, as soon as the colonel rode out to inspect his fields; and when he returned, the old woman was jogging on her way back to town. She had done her part; it remained for Missy to manage the colonel, if that were possible.

"You are very cruel," she said, hoarsely.

Winifred was in the parlor, alone, when her father came in, and it needed but a glance to show him that something had happened to move her deeply. Her face was very pale, but in her eyes was a wistful look that made him uneasy.

"What is the matter, Winifred?" he asked.

"Mom Bee has been here," she said, after a moment's pause, and almost in a whisper. This did not seem to her at all what she had meant to say, but she uttered the first words that came.

"Well," said the colonel, with a smile, "have your own way about Mom Bee, Winifred; make what bargain you like to induce her to stay. Provided you are pleased, I shall be satisfied."

Winifred uttered a faint ejaculation and clasped her hands. "She has been to see me about Brer Nicholas."

The colonel started; his color came and went in violent alternations, and he sank helplessly into the nearest chair. "What does this mean?" he asked.

"Capt. Fletcher"——

"And does he make a go-between of one of my old slaves?" thundered the colonel, springing to his feet. "A meddlesome puppy!"

"No, father; it was Mom Bee who went to him of her own accord, for my sake."

The colonel sat down again, and Winifred went on to tell the captain's story. Her father heard her without interruption; what he felt she could not divine, for, the first shock over, his countenance gave no indication of his thoughts.

"It must be true!" she exclaimed, passionately, when she had ended. "What will you do about it?"

Col. Thorne did not immediately reply. He could be as impulsive as Winifred herself, but he could not be confiding. "We have no assurance that Nicholas still lives," he said, at last.

Winifred clasped her hands. "Let us hope!" she whispered.

"I am very tired, just now," the colonel sighed. "I will lie down until dinner is ready."

"He does not care!" thought Missy, bitterly. How was she to know that he sought the privacy of his own room to hide the storm of mingled emotions that shook his very life? He would fain have Nicholas at home again, but he could not bring himself to say so.

When he reappeared at dinner he was calm, and immediately afterward he ordered his horse and rode away. Missy supposed that he was going to see her Aunt Pauline and Flora.

It was long past 10 o'clock that night when the colonel returned, and it gave him a thrill of unaccustomed joy to find his daughter sitting up alone, to keep his supper warm. At most did he hope that she would scold him; but Winifred was not actuated by anxiety on her father's account; she had the utmost confidence in his ability to take care of himself; her object in sitting up for him was to win his favor for her brother. What unspeakable comfort it would have given her could she but have known that he had ridden to Tallahassee expressly to see Capt. Fletcher; but her father did not tell her; he only bade her go to bed. He had had his ride in vain, for Capt. Fletcher was away, on a long delayed visit to St. Mark's, and Col. Thorne preferred to wait for an answer to the note he had left for the captain before saying anything to Winifred.

The news brought by Glory-Ann made Miss Elvira very uncomfortable. She was a creature of habit, and she had formed the habit, in the past eight years, of living without her nephew. She had practically forgotten him. Every hope that centered in him had died the day she heard of his marriage with Dosia Furnival, and she could not see now that his return, granting that he lived, was to be desired. Indeed, Miss Elvira preferred to believe him dead, since never, never again could he be the Nicholas of old. She had long persuaded herself that the colonel would do his whole duty if he made some provision for Nicholas in his will; the prospect of having Dosia and her children at Thorne Hill was regarded by Miss Elvira pretty much as she might have regarded an invasion of the Barbarians.

"You don't reflect how times are changed, Winifred," she fretted. "And there's no denying that Dosia cannot be congenial; she isn't one of us."

"Let us find them first," said Winifred, reddening; "all other questions can be settled afterward."

"How are you going to find them?" Miss Elvira asked, with provoking meekness. "Nicholas is either dead or he has forgotten us. For my part, I'd rather believe him dead. He must be so changed!"

Winifred shuddered. "You are very cruel," she said, hoarsely. "If my father would but have Capt. Fletcher here once, just once, we might find some clew."

"Winifred Thorne! Do you not know that if your father were to bring that man here your Aunt Pauline and your Cousin Flora never would cross this threshold again? It is you who are cruel; Think of Aleck, killed at Chickamauga!"

The tears sprang to Winifred's eyes. "It is life that is cruel," she said, sadly. "But you need not be uneasy. It is three days since Mom Bee came to us with the news about Brer Nicholas, and I asked my father yesterday if he did not intend to see Capt. Fletcher, but he said I was never to ask him that again. And I am but a girl. What can I do but assault heaven with my prayers?"

Col. Thorne had not seen fit to acquaint his daughter with the fact that Capt. Fletcher had written to decline the invitation to visit Thorne Hill, conveyed in that note the colonel had left with Mrs. Scott a few days before.

A week later Glory-Ann took up her permanent abode at Thorne Hill. She announced her willingness to accept the house the colonel had offered her, and she was not backward in demanding the cow and the pigs, nor did she hesitate to hint that a few chickens, by the way of a start, would be acceptable.

It would be hard to say just what it was that induced Mom Bee to return. She had been heard to tell Chaney, who was temporarily presiding over the Thorne Hill kitchen, that "sence mawster could tek care of ole Dicey, he mought jes' ez well tek care o' Glory-Ann;" and, also, she had been heard to declare that she "wouldn' give a handful o' cow pease fur dese young niggers o' freedom what had plum' los' track o' dey manners;" but if her solemn assertion was to be believed, her return was prompted solely by affection for "little Missy." She informed Mrs. Herry, when she carried back the side saddle, that she felt in duty bound to look after "dat chile." The colonel, she explained, being only a man, couldn't be expected to know how to look after a girl; "en' ez fur Missle-virey—well, Miss Myrtilla, you know Missle-virey ain't got no succullation"—whatever Glory-Ann might mean by that.

Thus settled again at Thorne Hill, this faithful nurse kept a sharp eye upon "little Missy," admonishing that young lady as she saw fit, and criticising her visitors freely, for Missy was "sweet and twenty" now, and had admirers not a few. But the right man was slow to put in an appearance, or Glory-Ann was hard to please. This one was stingy, that one was wasteful, another had no manners—Glory-Ann was exacting as to "manners"—and yet another had no money, an insuperable objection, in Glory-Ann's opinion.

"I shall never marry," Winifred would say, gravely. "I am not like other girls."

"No, dat you ain't, my honey."

"I shall spend my life for my Brer Nicholas."

"Don't you go promus dat too fas' now chile; yo' time ain' come," said Mom Bee, with an air of prophecy that gave Missy a vague uneasiness, remembering how many of Mom Bee's sayings had come to pass.

But something happened soon that Mom Bee had never prophesied.

CHAPTER XXVI.

AN UNEXPECTED GUEST.

"All right, sir," said the colonel. "What is your name?"

As Col. Thorne was riding homeward, one day, at noon, he was startled by the sight of a powerful black horse, saddled and bridled, but riderless, galloping furiously in the direction of Tallahassee; a little farther on, as he turned the corner of the brier patch where old Gilbert used to gather sassafras roots, his own horse shied violently, and the colonel was hardly surprised to find a man lying on the edge of the road, motionless, with his head against the obtruded roots of an overhanging oak. His face was hidden by his position, but his hat had fallen off, revealing a well shaped head, and fair, closely cut hair.

The colonel dismounted, and lifting the unconscious head, discovered the face of a stranger, a well dressed, well made man, of two or three and thirty, perhaps, and unmistakably a gentleman. He revived, in a measure, as his head was moved to a more comfortable position, and muttered, indistinctly, "Lost my way."

"All right, sir," said the colonel. "What is your name?"

There was an effort to answer, but the voice died away in an inarticulated murmur.

Col. Thorne, having made a pillow of his overcoat for the stranger's head, remounted his horse and galloped back to the field, where some negroes were at work, to order the construction of a litter of pine boughs, upon which the injured man was borne to Thorne Hill.

A messenger was dispatched to town to summon a doctor, and to leave at the hotel a statement in writing that an unknown man had been found unconscious, on the road near Thorne Hill, and carried to Col. Thorne's house.

Nothing was found on the stranger's person to give any clue to his identity, but had he come heralded by unimpeachable introductions he could not have been made more welcome. Miss Elvira bestirred herself with eager alacrity to have a room put in readiness; the colonel gave his personal attention to his unconscious guest, using such skill as he possessed for his recovery; while Missy, watching at one of the front windows for the doctor, who she thought would never come, sighed to think that there was so little she could do.

As thus she sat alone in the fast gathering gloom of the wintry evening, her thoughts wandered away to her long absent brother, who himself had been a sufferer among strangers. Alas! where was he now? When should she see him again?

"Missy, is dat you?" It was Glory-Ann's voice that penetrated the shadows, and presently Glory-Ann's withered hand was laid on Missy's arm. "De doctor done come, honey," she said, in an awesome whisper.

"When?" exclaimed Winifred, starting up in alarm.

"Bless yo' soul, 'bout a half hour ago. He come de short cut, en' is gone strer upstairs, by de back do'. Tell you, Miss Winifred, honey, he tuk one look at dat man, en' he shuk his head, en' Missle virey, when she hear dat, is plum gin up wid de headache. De grit o' de Thornes was lef' outen her makeup, you better bullieve; dat hukkom I ain' tellin' Missle-virey what I gwan tell you. Missy, chile, don't you know who dat upstairs?"

"No," said Winifred, seized with a violent trembling. "I did not see; I could not bear to look at him; how should I know?"

"Hit's de Fed'ral gemman," Mom Bee announced, in the voice of fate.

"Oh, Mom Bee!" broke from Winifred's white lips, a cry of mingled dismay, reproach and disappointment; for one wild moment the baseless hope that the stranger might prove to be Nicholas had completely mastered her; it left her faint and ill. She sank back in her chair, clasping her head in her hands.

"Dullaw, Missy," said Glory-Ann, impatiently; "thought you wuz gwan be dat glad ter git speech wid him 'long o' Mawse Nick? 'Pears lak you hates him mo' fur a Yankee den you kin thank him fur a frien'. I'se s'prised at you; I is dat."

"Don't let him die," said Winifred, rallying with a sudden sense of satisfaction that it had fallen to her father's lot to cancel the obligation to Capt. Fletcher on Nicholas' behalf.

"Don't you be no ways oneasy," said Glory-Ann. "Doctors got away o' shakin' dey heads; hit meks 'em 'pear lak de know mo'n de do. He gwan git over it, honey; but it gwan be a tough pull, I'm skeered."

Dr. Lane now came in, rubbing his hands, and Glory-Ann precipitately retired, to give her attention to the supper table, seeing that Miss Elvira was incapacitated.

"Well," said the doctor, brusquely, "here's a queer state of things! Suppose you've no idea who your guest is? Nobody less than that Yankee, Fletcher, whom your father declined to receive. Odd, isn't it, that the colonel had never even seen him? Good joke, eh, Miss Winifred?"

But Winifred did not even smile. "Is he badly hurt?" she asked, gravely.

"Pretty serious case;" and Dr. Lane went into details that Winifred could not understand. "So, you see, you may have him on your hands for some time to come," he continued, in conclusion. "But we'll save him, if we can, eh, Miss Winifred, though he is a Yankee?"

Winifred made no reply; but the colonel, who had come in a moment before, said, a little stiffly:

"It is an unfortunate occurrence, much to be regretted. We must hope that the accident may have no untoward ending."

"Look out, Miss Winifred!" cried Dr. Lane, laughing.

Winifred was very angry. "There is no occasion to say that to me!" she retorted.

"Well, I hope you won't find him an insurmountably objectionable guest," said Dr. Lane, good humoredly. "He is a friend of your aunt's, I understand, colonel?"

"Yes," the colonel answered, still with stiffness; "but under the circumstances any man would be entitled to my hospitality, sir."

This was a sentiment in which Miss Elvira fully concurred, though she was dismayed beyond measure when she learned who was the guest an untoward accident had sent to Thorne Hill. "It is really a great embarrassment," she lamented to Winifred. "Of course, your Aunt Pauline and Flora can't come to see us now."

"It isn't a matter of choice to have Capt. Fletcher here," said Winifred, with an impatient sigh.

"That is true," Miss Elvira agreed, in a tone of relief. "We had, indeed, no choice; it was altogether providential."

This view of the situation she repeated to Mrs. Theodore Scott, who called the next day. It had been Mrs. Theodore Scott's deliberate choice to have Capt. Fletcher at her house, Miss Elvira reflected, with a comfortable sense of superiority.

Mrs. Theodore Scott, with heightened color, hastened to assure Miss Elvira that she likewise had had no choice; she had extended hospitality to this soldier of the northern army from a sense of duty.

"I know very well that people have thought hard of me," she said, tearfully; "but the man was ill; he came to Tallahassee for his health, and here he was, for his dear mother's sake; and this I can say for him—he is a gentleman."

"Of course," said Winifred, crisply. "My Aunt Winifred's friend must be a gentleman."

"If it had not been for the war!" Mrs. Scott exclaimed, with a bitter sigh. "As my husband says, Capt. Fletcher has come too late for the old times, and too soon for the new. Mr. Scott, you know, dear Miss Elvira, is such a sufferer from that wound he received at Shiloh—hardly ever leaves the house, and the captain is so kind about playing chess with him. Of course we avoid all discussions of the war, and so I would advise you to do, Miss Winifred."

"I am among strangers. And his mother was my friend, dear Miss Winifred," she continued, addressing herself to the young girl, as to a more sympathetic listener; "what could I do?"

"You know best, of course, Mrs. Scott," said Winifred, coldly.

"Yes, she was my friend!" Mrs. Scott repeated, with some asperity, feeling that she had not received the hearty indorsement she had hoped for from Winifred. "I was a poor, friendless little thing at school, and Adelaide Hardy, who was a good deal older than I, was always my champion. And this was not all; her father was rich and mine was poor, and it was through her kindness and liberality that I enjoyed advantages I could not otherwise have had. She is dead now, but I don't forget all she did for me."

"No," said Winifred, "you could not forget that." She rose and moved restlessly about the room, and at last came and stood beside Mrs. Scott's chair; she felt a strong, incomprehensible impulse to stoop and kiss that lady, but she resisted it.

"I am a southerner, and I have the sentiments of a southerner," Mrs. Scott continued, with some excitement, "as Capt. Fletcher knows; but I receive him

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IER FLIEGENDE HOLLAENDER.

Music, that breathes across the soul
As a dim sea wind spreads along,
Where the drenched moonlight is not strong,
Where leaden clouds and surges roll;
A heart whose yearnings strive and toll
Till the dank darkness is one song
Where helpless hopes make moan, and throng,
Winged for a vain and shifting goal.

A ship, whose wailing cordage sways
In tune with straining, restless spars,
As through the nights, between the days,
She reels, grown hoar with weathered scars,
In leagues on leagues of spray and haze
Past headlands vague beneath the stars.
—Edward Lucas White in New York Sun.

THE DOCTOR'S YARN.

I don't suppose that there is in the wide world a happier wife and mother than Lady Dartmoor. I don't suppose that between the four seas there exists a woman who is prouder and fonder of her husband and her children, and she has very sufficient excuse for her pride and her fondness. Dartmoor is a distinctly handsome man—he is also a distinctly clever man—and when the Duke of Westcountry said that Dartmoor, who was his son and heir, should marry and settle he was of course the great prize, the "catch," of the season, and he fell to fortunate Linda Verner.

The most striking peculiarity about Lord Dartmoor is his thoroughness. When he goes in for a thing he does go in for it; he is the sort of man who feels, as the vulgar old song said, that "he is bound to go the whole hog or none." Of course he is a genius, because he has the capacity for taking an infinite amount of trouble. He distinguished himself at the university not merely in the schools, but also on the river and in the cricket fields. Then he traveled through Central Asia with that very eccentric personage, Captain Brittles, generally known as Hadji Brittles, the great orientalist. And then he became private secretary to Lord Grindstone. Lord Grindstone was reported to have killed several private secretaries; but no amount of work was too severe for young Dartmoor. He knew perfectly well that his career as the future head of the great house of Westcountry was necessarily politics.

Lord Dartmoor was a fluent speaker and a hard worker, and he quite understood that as Lord Grindstone's private secretary he would be initiated into the business of a practical politician, and learn all the tricks of the trade. He had two years with Lord Grindstone. Then he entered the house as member for Clodworthy. He had attended far too often, both in the house of commons and in another place, as Lord Grindstone's private secretary, not to understand all about the forms of the house; and he was a glutton for work, and members were continually proposing to "add the name" of the member for Clodworthy to this committee and that committee.

Linda Verner was one of the belles of the London season when she became engaged to Lord Dartmoor. That was nothing more than her right, because Miss Verner was really very beautiful. She was only eighteen, but she was straight as a dart, her figure well developed, and her complexion clear; her hair, which was the color of the ripened wheat, was genuine and plentiful; and as for those tender blue eyes of hers, as we say in my profession, "they accelerated the cardiac action." I am not going to describe her in detail; it is perfectly unnecessary, because you always see Lady Dartmoor's photographs in the shop windows, and her portrait by Paris, R. A., was the picture at the academy seven years ago. I was her family doctor.

When she married Lord Dartmoor I think that the poor child was a little disappointed, because, though it was an absolute love marriage on both sides, yet Dartmoor had so many irons in the political fire that he could not give a proper amount of attention to his beautiful wife. You see he was a member for Clodworthy; he had just been made an under secretary of state; and what with the affairs of his constituents, and the affairs of the nation, and his determination to be a great political success, the man, though he loved and honored his young and beautiful wife, really had not time to cherish her or make a fuss, his business engagements were so very numerous. Of course, the beautiful Lady Dartmoor went a great deal into society, and she was even more admired as Lady Dartmoor than she had been as Linda Verner.

Captain the Honorable Reginald Blackadder, generally known as Adonis Blackadder, was a professional ladykiller. Young Blackadder had lots of money, and when I say that he was a sort of Lovelace, with a dash of Casanova, you can understand the sort of man he was. He was received everywhere because he was exceedingly well connected, but he was a distinctly dangerous man and a libertine by choice. His complexion was of an ivory like pallor. Women always admire that; they forget that it is usually produced, as in Captain Blackadder's case, by dissipation and late hours. Women said that "he waltzed like an angel;" men looked upon him as a conceited numskull. He did waltz like an angel, and he was a conceited numskull, and a thorough good kicking would have done Captain the Honorable Reginald Blackadder a world of good. But it is difficult for an injured father, or even an injured husband, to administer a thorough good kicking to an officer in the Guards who stands six foot one in his socks.

For a year before her marriage Captain Blackadder had paid Linda Verner marked attention, but Miss Verner gave him no encouragement; after her marriage the captain's attentions became still more strongly marked. He danced with her as often as possible, and women liked to dance with Reggie Blackadder. He would talk to her in whispers about nothing, and most women felt a profound satisfaction in monopolizing the attentions of so handsome a man as Captain Blackadder. He played the very strongest card that can be played in the game of fascination, and posed as Lady Dartmoor's friend.

Lord Dartmoor did not trouble himself one jot about the fascinations of Captain Blackadder; he merely looked upon him as an ass—an ass who talked well, who danced well. If he could only have pretended to have been a little bit jealous all might have been well; but Dartmoor had not time for jealousy, much less for shamming it. When he could escape from the house, if he had time, which he very seldom had, he would drop in at the ball or carpet dance, at which his wife might be engaged, and dutifully drive home with her, as a husband should; but he was generally so tired, poor fellow, that he dropped off to sleep before they got to the house.

It was at this time that I was called in professionally to see Lady Dartmoor. I had known her all her life, you see, and I was supposed to understand her constitution. She complained of loss of appetite; there was considerable mental depression. I prescribed tonics and change of air. She took the tonics, but Lady Dartmoor declined to leave London till the season was over. At his lordship's desire I saw Lady Dartmoor every day. At first she was not inclined to be confidential. I suspected that there was something on her mind, and I implored her to give me her confidence. After a while she did so. Her grievance was that she fancied her husband neglected her. In vain I pointed out that a man in Lord Dartmoor's position, as the heir to the dukedom of Westcountry, as the member for Clodworthy, as an under secretary of state, naturally had his hands pretty full.

"Dr. Swansdown, he has ceased to love me," said Lady Dartmoor. Lady Dartmoor was getting morbid.

"Lady Dartmoor, you should make allowances," I said. Lady Dartmoor declined to make allowances and the matter dropped.

One night I was sent for suddenly to see Lady Dartmoor. She was suffering from a sudden attack of brain fever, evidently brought on by intense excitement. There was a good deal of wild delirium, and Lady Dartmoor had clearly something on her mind. She had had a violent fit of hysterics at Lady Doublechin's ball. I sent for her mother, Mrs. Verner; I warned her not to leave her daughter's bedside for an instant. "In your daughter's state, my dear madam," I said, "you must take no notice whatever of any absurdities she may utter in her ravings." I directed that no one but the nurse and Mrs. Verner was to enter Lady Dartmoor's room.

I live in Harley street. There is no garden to my house in Harley street. The fact of there being no garden to my house in Harley street is a great trial to Maria, who is very fond of flowers, but, like John Gilpin's wife, she has a frugal mind. She does not buy her flowers at the florist's; she deals with the barrowmen in the street. She does not pay in cash; she "swaps" my old clothes for floral treasures. It is no use my remonstrating with Maria—she will do it.

Two days after the commencement of Lady Dartmoor's illness my wife rushed into my consulting room. "Oh, Ananias!" she cried (Maria is very fond of me, and she will call me by my Christian name), "look what I have found." Then she held out a magnificent three stone ruby ring. I recognized the ring at once; it was Lady Dartmoor's.

"Ananias!" cried my wife, "I got rid of your old shawl dressing gown today; I bartered it for ferns. One of them actually came out of the pot, it was so dry, poor thing; and between the pot and the earth was this beautiful ring."

I congratulated Maria, and I took charge of the ring. When I called professionally upon Lady Dartmoor that day her mother, Mrs. Verner, was very much depressed.

"She has been raving all night about Captain Blackadder and her ruby ring," doctor. She seems perfectly conscious now, but she does nothing but shed tears, doctor, and stare at her left hand. And," added Mrs. Verner dismally, "her ruby ring is missing, Dr. Swansdown."

Then I went up to see my patient. She was perfectly sensible, but her mental depression was intense and tears were flowing freely from her lovely eyes. I got rid of Mrs. Verner on some pretext or other. Then I stooped, and, pretending to pick it up from the floor, I handed her the ruby ring.

"Oh, Dr. Swansdown," she cried, in a voice of genuine gratitude, "then it was all a dream—a dreadful, dreadful dream. I must tell you, doctor," she cried in her excitement; "I must tell you. Somebody," she said—"somebody who shall be nameless—has been persuading me for ever so long that Dartmoor neglects me, and I dreamt a dreadfully vivid dream, Dr. Swansdown, and I thought I was sure this my dream was a reality, for I had lost my ring; and I dreamt that when I was sitting out with him in the conservatory at Lady Doublechin's ball the other night he asked me to elope with him that night. At first I indignantly refused. Then I dreamt that I hesitated; I told him I leave me; that if I consented I would put the ring in a flower pot that held a fern which was standing behind us; and then I dreamt—and my dream seemed real, doctor—that I made up my mind that Dartmoor no longer loved me, and that I placed my ring in the flower pot, close to the edge, and that just then Dartmoor appeared to take me home. And then I remember nothing more until late last night. And then I found the ring was gone; and, oh! Dr. Swansdown, I loathed myself."

"Calm yourself, calm yourself, my dear young lady," I began, with a genial, professional smile. "Late hours, my dear Lady Dartmoor, late hours and London air have much to answer for. It was a lucky thing, though, that you found your ring; and now your mind is thoroughly disabused of the—um—monstrous hallucination. You must try to dismiss these ridiculous ideas from your mind. Ah! we are much better this morning, much better. Are we not, Lady Dartmoor?" I said, with a smile that was childlike and bland, to Mrs. Werner, who just then entered the room.

I did not tell Lord Dartmoor how very nearly the happiness of his young wife's life had been wrecked; but I ordered the Dartmoors off on a voyage round the world; and they started within the fortnight in Sir John Binnacle's big steam yacht, which Dartmoor purchased.

When I got home I told Maria that I had lost the ruby ring, and I added that I did not believe that they were rubies.

"Oh, Ananias!" cried Mrs. Swansdown in her just indignation, "you are a perfect fool!"

What became of Captain the Honorable Reginald Blackadder? Why, Jarnac, the French deputy, spitted him upon the sands of Blackenberghe because he was a great deal too attentive to Mme. Jarnac, and he died upon the field of honor. Serve him right, the beast! They manage this sort of thing so much better in France.—St. James Budget.

A Black Silk Petticoat for Two Dollars.

A black silk petticoat, trimmed handsomely with black lace, is a luxury that not every woman can afford when the prices of them range from twenty to thirty dollars, and even more. This is how one was made, and a beauty it was at that, for two dollars.

A young woman started out with ten dollars to get the long envied article. She went from shop to shop; nothing quite suited her, and it seemed such an awful lot to give for the flimsy things, with their poor lace and pinked ruffles, that were set before her.

So, giving up in despair, she took the elevated home, and gliding over the Brooklyn bridge a waft of fresh air blew an idea into her wearied brain. On getting home she found an old red silk underskirt which she had intended to be knit up into a woven portiere. On another dress was an old black lace flounce, which, with sponging, pressing and darning, was made nearly as good as new, while the red silk skirt was going through the dyeing process. The two were put together, and for two dollars the sum for dyeing, she had a much prettier petticoat than any she had seen for ten dollars.—New York Evening Sun.

A New Drama by Dumas.

A comedy on which Alexandre Dumas has been at work for more than a year is now approaching completion. Last winter the brilliant dramatist spent several weeks at Monte Carlo, where he watched intently the operations of the gaming tables, and it is conjectured that the casino will figure among the scenes of the forthcoming play, but it is not likely that his Monte Carlo will equal his father's Monte Cristo in general interest.

A seeker after curious and little known facts has discovered that all the presidents of the United States save William Henry Harrison had blue eyes.

Knew the Sex.

Good Minister—I am exceedingly gratified at the wonderful increase in the attendance of men at our Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evening prayer meetings. For the past three weeks the church has been thronged with men.

His Wife—It's house cleaning time.—New York Weekly.

Mrs. Harrison is said to be very fond of the Bible, Washington Irving's works and the poets of America. She prefers old books to the current literature, and reads none of the new novels and very few periodicals.

HOW TO BECOME BALD.

A GERMAN PHYSICIAN GIVES SARCASTIC ADVICE.

He Speaks of Many Dangerous Fads That Are Very Common, Especially Among People Who Pride Themselves on Being Cleanly—Hints to the Bald.

A clever writer, the possessor of a bald head, has proved that baldness is a product and sign of civilization. According to this savant a man's loss of hair lessens in proportion to his advancement in civilization. He declares that every anthropologist could prove the assumption by examining the crania of the old Romans then buried. The bald head from a wrong point of view when they only paid half price for a wig with a shining pate."

If baldness is a sign of culture, anything "devoutly to be wished" to perform a public service in showing this condition can be quickly done. Non-scientific people will possibly question our advice in order to do the opposite and thus keep their hair as long as possible. We protest at once against such misuse of our wisdom.

Before enumerating the ways to become bald, it may be better to say a few words regarding the necessity of an art to accomplish that end. Doubters might think there was no art in becoming bald, that time and age would accomplish the desideratum without other aid, or, "as in the course of time," said Voltaire, "we lose our teeth, our hair and our ideas."

That may be true as far as the last two ideas are concerned, but we cannot yet depend upon losing our hair. There are many aged men with heavy heads of hair. The hope, therefore, that age will make one bald is deceptive.

Persons who long for the possession of nature must resort at once to methods of art. It is not even possible to depend upon the loss of hair after sickness, as it usually comes again when health has returned. Art alone accomplishes other results.

EFFECT OF HEAD COVERING.

The first good rule is to keep the head warm. In summer if you wish to be bald do not wear a straw hat. On the contrary, let your headgear be a felt or a silk hat, a derby or a stovepipe. In winter always wear a fur cap. While in the house at all times of the year do not fail to wear a fez or an oil cap. Women, who wear hats do not wear off the hair quickly enough, may accomplish that end by wearing heavy switches of false hair.

A roll of false hair will work even more rapidly than a fur cap, as the hair will fall out by the hundreds when the cap is heavy enough. The beloved nightcap, dear to our grandmothers, is to be recommended also. The helmet of the officer and policeman is also a splendid invention.

What is the effect of these headgings? They make the head perspire. Moisture is the deadly enemy of hair. In the temples and the back of the head, the neck, usually untouched by the hat and caps, it is seldom that one sees baldness. On the other hand, the hair usually falls out on the parts of the head which are covered. A bald ring often marks the position of the hat or cap.

As perspiration destroys the hair, frequent use of steam baths is to be strongly recommended. The habitues of the Russian and Turkish baths can show, as a rule, without exception, beautiful hair. As stated above, moisture is the great enemy of the hair. Consequently, danger when one is in bathing or swimming is a praiseworthy practice. The douche is still more effective. I cannot praise it too greatly.

RAPID MEANS EASILY AT HAND.

The custom of many women of drying their wet hair to dry in the airshafts is to be mentioned here. The moisture remains longer in the hair when allowed to dry, and acts accordingly. The wisest practice of washing the head is a bad thing also. A comb with moderately narrow teeth will clean the head if properly used.

However, as it does not destroy the hair rapidly enough, it is advisable to use it frequently. Ellinger has proved by statistical reports that eighty-five out of a hundred fortunate possessors of bald heads have been accustomed to washing the hair from early childhood. That is encouraging.

The various hair waters, hair oils, pomades, coloring substances and other inventions of the barbers and perfumers must be considered also. They are praiseworthy. The pomades and lotions accomplish their purpose in various ways. The warmth of the head makes them rancid and sticky. The scalp becomes contaminated and makes washing necessary. The other cosmetics for the hair contain poisonous chemicals.

The fluids for coloring the hair, for instance, are made almost invariably, in part, of salt of lead, which not only poisons the roots of the hair, but the whole body in the course of time. The same is supposed to aid the growth of hair, is usually admirably adapted to destroy the bits that may be left on the head of the user.

COMBING, BRUSHING, SINGEING, ETC.

All pulling, tearing, rubbing and singeing of the hair aids it in falling out. We commend, therefore, the frequent use of hard brushes, such as steel brushes. The young dandies who "curry" their hair every morning with two brushes, and in the course of the day comb their hair whenever they see a mirror, are on the direct road to baldness.

That is also true of women who comb their hair to be combed by unpracticed servants. As to combs, those which have fine teeth are the best, as they tear out hair by the dozens. Rubber combs have an advantage in making the hair electrical, but in that condition it often falls out by the handful.

Singeing the hair causes it to fall more. The use of curling paper is also advised. The principal thing is to avoid all that tends to rest. Baldness sets in. The use of hairpins is also a good thing. The hairpins keep the hair drawn and injure it in the same way as does pulling.—Dr. Alex Winckler in Illustrirte Welt.

Fun in Town Meeting.

A town warrant was tacked upon the school house door in a neighboring town recently ordering a town meeting to act on the issue therein stated. Some wag read it, added among the articles of the warrant, "And to see how much the voters are appropriate to have Jim Blank's horse," meaning a well known character whose hair had never been cut. The article was read by the moderator in a business manner with the rest, and he inquired what action would be taken on it. If he discovered anything wrong he was there himself, and it was all the town could do to keep him from cleaning them out.—Belfast (Me.) Age.

Two Queer Strikes.

Strikes penetrate far and wide into all kinds of professions. Now the dancing girls in a temple at Srinagar, in Bengal, have struck because the priests curtailed some of their privileges. In France there is a lawyers' strike in a provincial town near Toulouse caused by a dispute with the head judge of the courts.

Not Exactly.

"I am sorry to learn your mother is ill," said the sympathizing teacher to the girl who had come in late. "Is she abed?"

"Not quite," replied the truthful girl. "She's just sick a-sofa."—Chicago Tribune.