EUGENE CITY GUARD.

I. L. CAMPBELL, . . . Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

Big Connecticut Pumpkins.

Some farmers go away from Connecticut and settle in the west, saying that the old state is played out in an agricultural way, but the Nutmeg state is still somewhat on pumpkins, or else Walter Crissey, of Southington, is mistaken. Crissey set out to raise pumpkins this year and succeeded. He planted eight acres with field corn and in every other hill dropped a pumpkin seed. He has just harvested the pumpkin crop, and there are 5,000 of them, as big and round and yellow and mellow as the full harvest moon looked to be a week ago.

Having gathered the 5,000 pumpkins Crissey hardly knows what to do with them, unless he builds them into a yellow pyramid like Cheops. The village arithmetic man of Southington has done some figuring, and computes that each one of Walter Crissey's pumpkins will make five ordinary pumpkin pies, and five pies multiplied by 5,000 pumpkins ought to yield pies enough to pave the whole main street of Southington. If the pies were strung along the country in single file, tin touching tin, there ought to be more than four miles of pumpkin pies, so the mathematician calculates.—Cor. New York Sun.

The Cut of the Fall Coat.

The Prince Albert coat has not realized the promise that its infrequent appearance in light summer fabrics gave of its probable reinstatement in the fall. In fact, this coat of demi-dress has been superseded by the four button black thibet cutaway—the fourth button not intended to close in front. The lapel of this coat has an unskimped appearance, and buttons low enough to favor a three inch Ascot or De Joinville scarf, upon which the best tailors now do their reckoning for waistcoat openings.

The collar is also cut so as to be ample, and to achieve this effect is wider at that point immediately in the middle line of the back of the coat. There is a slant pocket for the 'kerchief and a change pocket with flap. The coat is cut well in to the figure, and the cutaway not too sharply made, the skirts being of good length. The buttons are of silk braid, and there is a narrow row of stitching running as close as possible to the edge of the garment. It is an agreeably suave and most useful garment to the man fortunate enough to be able to possess one.—Clothier and Furnisher.

An Undertakers' Combine.

The Kansas undertakers have concluded that there are enough men engaged in that business in the state to bury all the dead and propose to form a combine against new firms. Some hundred or more of them have been quietly in convention, and a scheme has been formulated by which the men now in business will monopolize the trade. No publicity has been given the meeting, and when questioned by newspaper correspondents they declare the organization was simply to "elevate the business."

In speaking of the business transacted one of the members said: "We simply perfected an organization which will keep down the number of men in the state who engage in the undertaking business. Our scheme will be to boycott those firms which sell to them, and frown down in every way on new firms. It is simply a matter of self protection for us, as there are already more undertakers in the state than the business demands."—Cor. Kansas City Times.

An Extraordinary Tow.

The Leary raft towing venture is about to be cast in the shade by an ocean journey with a fleet of flat boats. The powerful ocean tugs Haviland and Helperhausen have left the harbor here for the purpose of towing the great Nicaragua canal plant to the scene of operations.

An ocean voyage with a mammoth dredge and a dozen scows will be made along the coast to the West Indies and thence to Greytown, Nicaragua. The dredge is now awaiting the big propeller at Charleston, S. C., where it was constructed. After the big tugs put to sea with their cargo it is estimated that three weeks' tugging will be necessary to bring the unwieldy burden into Greytown harbor.—New York Telegram.

Fourteen Thousand People Present.

When Hiram M. Miltenberger led his blushing fiancee, Miss Nora M. Coulter, out on the race track of the Elkhart County Agricultural society at Goshen, Sept. 25, and was there married to her in the presence of 14,000 people, he was the hero of the biggest wedding, so far as attendance is concerned, that ever occurred in northern Indiana. The happy couple were the recipients of presents valued at $400, donated by the merchants of the city.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

His Fifty-seventh Vote.

Uncle Kenniston, of Appleton, Me., voted for the fifty-seventh time in a state election Sept. 8 last. He cast his first vote for Andrew Jackson for president, and has never missed going to the polls and voting. As a uniform performer of a public duty he should have the attention of younger men.—Lewiston Journal.

A Brooklyn jury has given Alexander Ellis a verdict of $60 in a suit brought against a druggist who furnished extract of carbolic acid when a "solution" was called for. Ellis put the stuff on a bunion, and gets the $60 as a salve for his feelings.

The latest "boy orator" to come forward is Irving Jay Steeninger, the child phenomenon of Rochester, Ind. He is only quite 6 years old, but he can deliver a fifty minutes address with astonishing eloquence and self possession.

It is reported from Fort-de-France, in Martinique, that the court has condemned to a fine and one year's imprisonment the woman Adeline Hercule, in whose house the conflagration of June 22 originated.

[illegible] perfect opal, with a movable drop [illegible], was found in California [illegible] recently. [illegible] at the Kimberly [illegible] Africa) diamond mines found [illegible] of the same character in 1888. [illegible] the bonds

[illegible] recent maneuvers of the French [illegible] Champagne the Service de [illegible] employed a portable hospital in[illegible] by M. Espitallier, a command[illegible] [illegible] 16 meters by 5 meters [illegible] [illegible] receive twenty beds. [illegible] of the investment by manual labor [illegible] business labor h[illegible] whatever.

OLD MAN GILBERT.

By ELIZABETH W. BELLAMY,

("KAMBA THORPE,")

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

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"Ah, then, you came back to say good-by!" exclaimed Winifred.

"To say good-by, if that be your pleasure," he answered gravely; "but—to say something else first. I came to confess myself—a coward."

Winifred looked at him in surprise.

"When I saw you last," he went on, impetuously, "in this very room, beside this very table, I let a mere uplifting of your hand impose silence upon me, though I had a right to speak—the right of every man with a heart to feel. I was a coward not to tell you then what I have come to tell you now. Alien though you deem me, I love you; were you to proclaim a thousand times that the war is not over, still, still I love you."

Winifred turned her face away.

"Between you and me there is a great gulf fixed," she faltered.

"I love you," he repeated, and came and stood beside her chair. "I love you with a love that can bridge over any gulf."

"You forget—you—forget!" she sighed; but her voice died away; she could not tell him again that the war was not over.

"I do not forget; I told you that I should never forget Col. Thorne's uncompromising daughter. Whether you wish it or not—you are all the world to me."

Winifred uttered a little cry and raised her hand, as if in protest; but John Fletcher did not choose now to obey that gesture; he clasped her hand in both his own and Winifred did not take it away. She said to herself that all this availed nothing—that they must part, must surely part presently—must say good-by forever, since all the world, on her side and on his, would be against their union; but she would not deny this little moment its fleeting happiness. She shivered, and then lifted her eyes to his.

How had it come to pass that this man, but a little while ago a stranger, should stand between her and all that she held dearest—father—brother—home? How had he kindled in her passionate and devoted heart a tenderness that dwarfed every affection she had known? She was forced to own to herself that she was not unwilling to love him, she had struggled hard against it; but she did love him, alas! Why had he not stayed away? And yet, though her heart should break in parting from him now, all her life long she should rejoice and be glad that he did come, that this moment at least had been her own in which to enjoy her empire. Come what might, this moment at least was hers, now and forever, and she bowed her head upon the two hands that clasped hers and cried out, with passionate lament:

"If you knew how I have hated you!"

"That makes no difference, if you love me now!" John Fletcher declared, with an exultant smile.

"I have not wished to love you," Winifred said, as she lifted her head, and withdrew her hand.

"Must I say good-by then—forever?" he asked.

She turned her face away, and there was a long silence. John Fletcher waited; he desired that Winifred should take her own decision. At last, "I cannot help it," she exclaimed. It was not a radiant face that she turned toward him, but John Fletcher knew that he need not say good-by. "I would not have hated you so if I had not loved you!"

She turned very pale and bowed her head on the arm of her chair. She had braved the shadow that waits on Love, and was ready to defy Sorrow for Love's dear sake, but Love's glad eyes she could not meet.

John Fletcher bent over her with a smile ineffable, and laid his hand upon her head. "Dearest, look up," he whispered. "Do you think I cannot understand? Some must be the first to clasp hands across the bitterness of these sad days; why not you and I?"

"Yes," said Winifred, and she put her hand in his again.

Just then—just then—

Enter the colonel!

He stood within three feet of them and stared as if petrified. "What does this mean?" he asked in a deep voice of ominous calm.

"It means that I love your daughter, Col. Thorne," John Fletcher said, entreatingly.

Winifred stood up. "And I love him," she said, in a low but distinct tone. She met her father's angry eyes unflinchingly, and stood up with glowing cheeks and brow at the boldness of her confession.

The colonel regarded her an instant with a stony stare. "You are a fool! You are a child!" he exclaimed, furiously.

"No, my father," said Winifred; "I am not a fool; I am not a child."

The colonel softened. "My little daughter," he said, with a tremulous smile, "this is all nonsense; a passing fancy; I am not angry with you."

"It is no passing fancy," said Winifred.

John Fletcher essayed to speak, but the colonel would not hear him.

"Ingrate!" he stormed. "Would to God you had died with a rebel bullet in your traitorous heart, or perished out there on the roadside, before you came to my roof to work this evil!"

Winifred threw herself upon her father's breast and he folded his arms around her.

"Oh, not so!" she cried. "Bless him! Bless him, oh, my father! You know not of what you speak, and oh, my father, I am your child, yet I love him—and I love you, my father!"

"Do not tell me that, Winifred. Let him leave my sight—my house."

"Do not press me first, Col. Thorne," John Fletcher entreated. "I have a right to be heard."

"I will not stay to hear. Nothing you can say will atone. Winifred, I order you to this room."

"No," said Winifred, in a low but steady voice. "If you send him away forever—forever."

"What! You threaten me!" said the colonel, angrily.

"No, no. I love my dear father now too well to threaten him," Winifred answered, and the tears rose to her eyes.

"But"—

"Wheedling is worse!" the colonel said, with unabated anger. He held his arms around her, but this his father to assert his right against John Fletcher's.

"But if you send him away"—Winifred repeated.

"You would dare to follow him?" the colonel interrupted fiercely, as he loosened his clasp of her slight form.

This was near being a word too much for a spirit as keen and unyielding as his own. Winifred's face was deadly white, but not from fear, when she replied, in a voice that did not falter, and with a look that did not waver—

"Whether I would follow him or not there would be a difference, and you would feel it. You would be sorry."

"Don't reiterate this sentimental trash to me, Winifred!" cried the colonel, and in his angry impatience he threw her from him. He did not mean to be rough, but he forgot, for the moment, that she was lame; but John Fletcher did not forget it, and so it came to pass that Col. Thorne threw his daughter straight into her lover's arms!

There was an instant's pause, and in that instant Winifred's angry father saw that his cause was lost.

For Winifred's beautiful head rested against John Fletcher's heart; its tumultuous throbs half frightened her, but his strong arms held her. She was very pale and her eyes were closed, but she smiled with supreme content.

"Is she hurt?" the colonel asked, in a tone of horror.

Winifred opened her eyes and laughed. "No, not hurt," she said, and the color came again to her face. She stretched out her arms as her father bent over her, and clasped him around the neck. "Nothing can make me love you less, dear father," she wispered. "The more I love him, the more must I love you."

The colonel sighed and turned away. He could not bring himself, all at once, to yield consent.

"Well! well! tubbe sho!" moralized old Gilbert. "When we gits ole hit ain't no use wrastlin' beginst de headiness o' young folkses. Mawster, he tried hit, en' he wrastled pow'ful. He had less o' de grace o' givin' in den aire man ever I see; yit he is gwan 'bout now wid one chile married ter dem ez he ain't choosened, en' Missy done promused ter a Yankee what fit beginst the souf. En' de curiousest part is, hit rarely doan seem ter mek no speshul diffunce; de is all settled down ter be satisfied wid one 'n'oder. De mo' I studies de mo' hit do 'pear ter me de worl' is mos'ly made fur dem what comes after we is dade en' gawn. What you rekin, Glory-Ann?" he asked, affably.

"I doan rekin nothin'," returned Glory-Ann, ungraciously; "I keeps my thoughts ter myse'f. Dat's my notion o' manners."

"Well! well!" the old man said, with a subdued chuckle, "I gwan ax Missy. Her manners ain't so—puppendiklar."

THE END.

New Orleans and San Jacinto.

Each of these battles ended a war, otherwise disastrous, in a blaze of glory; and the commander who fights a battle that does that is thenceforth the Wellington, the Jackson, the Houston of his country. Let him err as he may on subsequent measures, no political combination can stand against him. "Go to Waterloo," said Wellington when the mob of London were storming his windows; "go to Waterloo and learn how trifling this affair seems to me," and those who heard were powerless to hurt. "Go to San Jacinto," said Houston when, in 1862, he was required to show a pass, "and learn my title to travel in Texas;" and the guard lowered his rifle while tears came into his eyes.

The man of San Jacinto was a protege of the man of New Orleans, his pupil, his friend, long his fellow Tennessean and unfaltering political ally; and almost the first thought of the wounded Houston after San Jacinto was that news of the victory should speedily reach his old friend and commander, then president of the United States.

This parallel might be extended far. Like Jackson, Houston became president of the country he had so ably served, and his spirit ruled long even after his retirement. The American loss at New Orleans, as all the world knows, was but seven killed and fourteen wounded (one mortally), while the British loss of each class was as many hundreds! At San Jacinto the Texan-Americans had exactly the same number killed as the Americans at New Orleans and inflicted a loss almost exactly one hundred times as great.

Both battles were fought on the edge of swamps, and most surprising of all was the similarity of description by the victors of the field after the battle. "The wind suddenly rose," says Maj. Smiley, of the Kentuckians at New Orleans, "and the smoke floated away, and then I saw the awful field, all red with British uniforms, as the ground for rods at a place was hidden by their corpses, while far down the plain, just getting into the fog, was a faint red line rapidly retreating." "At the deep part of the morass," says Lieut. Sylvester, a volunteer at San Jacinto from Cincinnati, "the Mexicans had rushed into the mire and died by scores. Men and horses lay piled together till they made a perfect bridge, and already [the day after the battle] decay was so complete that we could not bury them."

Another paragraph must complete the parallel: Jackson and Houston were both of Scotch-Irish blood, their ancestors from that hardy population around the "Rock of Fergus;" they fought side by side against the Indians; as allies they advanced with almost equal steps in political preferment in Tennessee, and after many sorrows and combats met in Washington and Tennessee with the same mutual and unselfish friendship as in youth.—J. H. B.

Keep Your Hat Shiny.

"I haven't had my hat ironed since I bought it two months ago," I heard a gentleman say as he handed it to the attendant of a well known hat store to have it dressed over. "You seem to have the common idea that ironing spoils a silk hat," replied the hat man. "That is a great mistake. No one wears a silk hat over a year, while the majority of men change with the spring and fall styles. You might iron a hat every day for six months without wearing off the nap or injuring it unless you should burn it in ironing, which rarely happens. The leading hat store proprietors do not care to disseminate much information on this subject because they sell hats with a guarantee to iron them for you at any time free of cost. If it were not for the common idea that ironing hurts the hat, the stores would be crowded with the mere business of ironing hats."—New York Press.

A COOL MILLION.

"A cool million!" said Mrs. Archbald, of New York, oracularly. "I know it is not less than a cool million." She was very exact, you will observe, in stating the precise temperature of this large sum of money.

She meant John Warbeck's fortune, made in Colorado, with which he was now on his way, after long years of absence, to his sister's home. There certainly never was a family in such a state of excitement over an approaching event as was ours now. Nothing else had been talked of for weeks. The only person who appeared the least bit calm was Mr. Archbald, but then he, you know, was a nonentity.

After his wife had spoken the above words he folded up the letter he had been reading, sheathed it in its envelope, and resumed his breakfast.

Mrs. Archbald eyed him impatiently for some time, and then said rather severely: "Well, Mr. Archbald, if you can find time to tell me, I should like to know what my brother John says. When will he arrive? Pray don't choke!"

"To-morrow morning," answered the old gentleman, "but not with a cool million."

"Something very near it then—only a little less."

"Considerably less, my dear—a twenty-dollar note."

"What? Please talk sensibly, Mr. Archbald. I hate jokes and riddles; I don't understand them."

"He said he never had more than two hundred thousand dollars, and that he lost last week in St. Louis at cards. You know his weak point. He always would play. Everybody gambles at the mines. He sat up two days and two nights over the game they call faro, and left the table with fifty dollars in his pocket. When he arrives here he will have about twenty. He intends to begin the world again, and I suppose we shall have to take care of him till he can get an opening."

Mrs. Archbald had turned deadly pale. She seized her husband's letter and hastily read it through. Yes, it was quite true, and John Warbeck was coming back after so long an absence, just as he had gone—a beggar.

"Very well," said his affectionate sister. "I'll take care to teach the gentleman that this is not the almshouse. He always was a fool, but he shall find that I am not one at any rate."

Fanny eyed her mamma with some curiosity. All the past week she had heard nothing but praises of Uncle John's shrewdness and industry, and particularly of his self sacrifice and good sense in never marrying.

"If anything should happen, my love—he is old, you know, and has led a wearing life—it would—distress me beyond measure. I should never recover, I fear. But you see, Fanny, everything—positively every penny he has—would go to you. You must be very attentive to your uncle, darling."

So mamma had previously often said, and now the change of sentiment was as startling as it was sudden. Instead the new instructions were: "Your uncle has no claim upon us, child. You must take very little notice of him."

Fannie was a pretty and also a good girl, and she felt very much distressed at the idea of ill treating her poor old uncle, and so when Lucius Mallory came that evening she confided everything to him.

Lucius was her admirer, under strong protests from the maternal head of the house, as his pecuniary prospects were at present rather dismal, but he was allowed to visit the young lady once or twice a week, strictly as a friend, and I think it needs no conjurer to tell us that the two young people were not dreaming of any such thing as marriage. As to the ring in the little trunk up stairs, kept always locked up, where it came from and what it meant, I express no opinion.

"Indeed it would be a shame, and really a sin, Fannie," said Lucius firing up, for he was young and chivalrous. "If you must treat the old gentleman coolly in public—I mean before your mamma—you ought to let him know the reason in private."

And this is just what Fannie determined to do.

So the next morning Uncle John arrived. He was tall and raw boned and gray, and certainly very rough in his appearance; but he had an honest, smiling face, and a wonderfully hearty way about him that certainly would have won the kindness and sympathy of almost anybody except Mrs. William Archbald.

William Archbald himself shook hands with the old man, and was rather cordial despite the menacing eye of his wife; but she was grand and distant, and assuredly so marked in her bearing that its meaning could not be misunderstood.

When Fannie kissed her uncle the mamma's fingers tingled to inflict a certain nursery chastisement long disused, but the elder lady commanded her temper and only said, "Fannie, you have not watered the flowers, I think."

Uncle John seemed rather surprised. He had received reams of letters from his sister Clara imploring him to pay his long promised visit, and how he boasted to his friends of the kind hearts that were beating with so much warmth and good feeling toward him.

"They will eat me up!" he had said, over and over and over, his corded and weather beaten face radiant with happy anticipations. "It makes a fellow feel joyous to think there's somebody cares for him. Let's wind up ag'in, boys."

I fear it was because he was entirely too well wound up that he parted with his money so speedily at St. Louis. But did he care now?

"I've a home and good friends to take care of me the rest of my life," he said, and this speech considerably annoyed the gentlemen who heard it, for they remarked among themselves, "That old fogy has piles of money hidden away somewhere. What we've won isn't a drop in the ocean. Let's go for some more."

But Uncle John declined to play again, and nothing could persuade him to break his resolution. He went to bed and had a good rest, and then, as we know, started at once for his sister's.

He was surprised, as has been said, and not without cause. He really could not understand it. Had he omitted any polite form in his reintroduction to civilized society, or was the whole matter merely fancy after all? No; certainly that hauteur and those cold monosyllables were as unpleasant realities as one could experience; and that neglect by the servants, that consignment to the stuffy little attic in the back building, that second table and those cold dishes—these were the grimmest kind of facts. So in a day or two poor Uncle John was perfectly miserable. No one had anything to say to him, and he moped in his miserable little den alone, wishing he had remained at the mines, at St. Louis, anywhere, rather than have come here. But one evening there was a tap at the door which interrupted the most dismal reverie he had yet had, and who should enter but Miss Fannie!

She threw her arms around the old man's neck and began to cry a little, and he, rather bewildered, responded by such soothing words as he could command; and presently she said: "Oh, Uncle John, what must you think of us all? You are treated so badly! I am going to tell you the truth, dear Uncle John; it's mamma's fault. Lucius says it's a sin and a shame, and so it is, and I won't encourage or take part in it."

There was a good deal more sobbing, rather unintelligible and very afflicting to the listener, but the truth soon peeped out, and John Warbeck in a flash saw all.

The revelation was the greatest grief of his life. His sister, the pretty, kind Clara of long ago, changed to this!

"She loved my money and not me!" he thought. "It is worth a quarter of a million, and more, to find out a thing like this. Now, what shall I do about it?"

Fannie's countenance soon cleared up, seeing he was more cheerful, and so they talked a long time in the soft twilight of that little room, and she told him, as he tenderly smoothed her pretty hair, a little secret. It was, of course, something in regard to Lucius. She and Lucius were secretly engaged to be married.

"And you see this pretty ring, Uncle John? Well, he gave me that—isn't it beautiful?—and it's a pledge, you know, of his fidelity and truth. We are going to wait for each other ever so long!"

And truly they were, if poor Fannie was going to wait for the accumulation of that "easy competence" upon which her mamma insisted as a sine qua non, but which as yet was a thing seriously projected and not begun.

All this was very delightful to old John Warbeck, a poetical romance in which he instantly became profoundly interested, to the entire exclusion of his own affairs. He got up, went over to his trunk, and took from that capacious receptacle a pair of old fashioned earrings and a breastpin. The breastpin was a large locket set with diamonds, and there was a faded daguerreotype in it of a lady—some one, perhaps, whom Uncle John had once admired.

"Yours, my child," he said, tenderly pinning the gift to her dress, and placing the earrings in her hand. "When you look at them sometimes you'll think of old Uncle John, won't you?"

These things were antique enough, it is true, but worth I dare not calculate how much. Fannie kissed her uncle so often, between crying and laughing, that for the first time he realized the coveted sensation of "being eaten up." And so she left him and slipped down stairs to show them to mamma.

Mrs. Archbald's large eyes opened in the greatest amazement.

"The handsomest I ever saw!" she ejaculated with a gasp; and that evening John Warbeck was invited to sup with the family—"to try the fried chicken!"

Somehow he had a sort of instinct that enabled him to see humiliation in anything that savored of resentment, and so he complied and greatly relished the fried chicken. Fannie's little confidence, however, was not without its effect. He no longer remained moping in his room, but went out every morning with great regularity, and seldom returned till nightfall. He also became very intimate with Lucius, and whatever their secrets were, Fannie, I suspect, was not excluded from sharing them.

"Clara," said Mr. Archbald one day to his wife, "who do you think I met in Spurrier's banking house this morning, making a deposit, too?"

"I don't know, Mr. Archbald, I'm sure."

"John Warbeck."

"John!"

Her husband nodded. Mrs. Archbald became thoughtful, and something startling seemed to have occurred to her. That night John Warbeck was agreeably surprised to find that he was no longer to occupy the little back attic room.

"Why you will insist on that horrid room, John, I can't imagine," said his sister, "when you know there are three or four vacant chambers on the second floor."

"Well, Clara, it's all one to me," he answered good humoredly; "but, now that we are alone, I want to be frank with you. I've been here for some time, and—and it"—he hesitated—"it goes against my grain to live at any place without paying for my accommodation, you know. I don't feel independent. Now, here's a hundred dollars—not for my board, you know, Clara—but just as a present. I want you to buy a dress or something with it."

"John Warbeck," said Mrs. Archbald indignantly, "I do not deserve this insult. Your home is here as long as mine is. I feel honored—I felt touched, John," she continued, tears starting to her eyes, "when you wrote that you intended to spend the evening of your days under my roof; and now to offer money—to your own and only sister—who has always loved you"——

And she quite broke down and sobbed violently.

John put away the money and soothed her as well as he knew how, but she left him apparently deeply wounded.

By the time she reached her husband's study her feelings were evidently under better control, for she burst in upon that elderly gentleman, who was quietly reading his paper, with the words, "William Archbald, you always would have your own way, and now see the result! My poor brother, John Warbeck, has been in this house weeks—weeks, sir—and treated like a dog! You would have us all believe he was a pauper, though I knew from the first he was a man of enormous wealth! He is worth a cool million today if he is worth a penny!"

"Do you think so, my dear?" gasped William Archbald, truly astonished.

"I was sure of it from the first, and but for you, Mr. Archbald, would have pursued a very different course from the shameful one you have made your family follow. It was only a little subterfuge on John Warbeck's part. His fortune is intact, and he only wished to test us. Eccentric wealthy people do those sort of things every day."

"Bless me! Do they?" ejaculated the old gentleman in real wonderment. "Well, let us make amends as quickly as possible. He is not gone yet, luckily."

"It will be difficult, I fear, to repair the harm done, but I shall try, for our dear Fannie's sake. He is very fond of her: that is evident from his giving her that handsome present. And who else can he leave his money to? I consider it settled upon her already; and so, by the way, that young Mallory had better cease his visit here. He keeps more eligible people away; and now that Fannie is such a distinguished heiress," continued Mrs. Archbald, rather sanguinely, "she must make a most brilliant match."

"But," timidly suggested Mr. Archbald, "hadn't you better find out if your brother really contemplates leaving her all his fortune? Nothing like being on the safe side, you know."

"I shall attend to that, Mr. Archbald, as I do to everything else that concerns the interest of this family," answered the lady, with gloomy sarcasm.

Thus it happened that John Warbeck was sent for that evening by his sister, and pressed to pass an hour or so in the parlor listening to "dear Fannie's music. She plays so beautifully, John, and I think it so unkind that you have never expressed a wish to hear her."

Poor Uncle John had never had the audacity to even dream of entering such a sacred spot as the parlor. However, he accepted the present invitation gratefully, and Fannie played all the lively airs she knew—he liked simple and cheerful music—for an hour, and then mamma contrived to get the man alone near the window, where they could not be overheard, and diplomatic proceedings began.

"My dear girl will be a treasure to the man she marries: don't you think so, John?"

"Deed do I, Clara; and I fancy I can guess who'll be the lucky fellow that'll get her," answered Uncle John, making free somewhat on the prompting of recent events.

"You surely don't mean young Mallory?"

"I do, indeed; and he's worthy of her. He's a treasure, that young man is, Clara, honest and industrious; and if he marries Fannie he'll become a rich man, mark me."

"What does he mean by that?" thought mamma. "But he is too poor at present, John; nothing but a trifling salary."

"So he may be," laughed her brother; "but he ain't dead yet, nor is he aged. They're suited for each other, sister, and somebody ought to help 'em to come together."

Mrs. Archbald became radiant. She laid her hand gently on John's arm, and leaning toward his shoulder said, with ever so sly an emphasis. "And would you help them, John?"

"I'd be proud to do it, Clara. I tell you if I was to see those two married I'd leave 'em everything I have. Now, what would you do for 'em, sister?"

He looked her rather defiantly in the eyes, smiling, and yet sharply, too, and it was as if he were playing his favorite game of "poker" and just bet on a good hand.

Mrs. Archbald often said she was a business woman, and let us admit it in justice.

She answered: "John, if you promise me to make your will in Fannie's favor, leaving her at your—in fact, at your decease—everything, I will not only consent to her marriage with Lucius Mallory, but will see that Mr. Archbald shall settle upon them $20,000 on the day the wedding takes place."

"Done!" cried John Warbeck. "I want the use of my money during my lifetime; but at my death every penny I leave shall go to them."

And so two months afterward Lucius and Fannie were made man and wife, and began their matrimonial experience upon a handsome capital. The greater portion of this Lucius invested directly in accordance with the advice of John Warbeck, who carried on a branch business in Colorado, whither he had returned. A great deal of money was made, and things were going smoothly as could be wished, when poor Uncle John died. His will was eagerly opened, and it was found true to his word, that he had left Fannie everything.

The fortune amounted to several hundred dollars, which he had accumulated first by working as a clerk while he lived in New York with his affectionate sister, which was what occupied him all day so mysteriously, and second by acting as Lucius Mallory's agent in Colorado afterward. Mrs. Archbald was naturally very indignant. She felt that she had been imposed upon; but this was not the case, for John Warbeck had fully carried out his bargain.

Several hundred dollars you will find a very respectable sum of money if you happen to be in need, and the amount is not accessible, but, after all, it is really not quite so magnificent a thing to contemplate as "A Cool Million."—New York World.

The National Museum.

Probably the articles which attract most attention from the average visitor to the National museum at Washington are the Washington relics and the many swords and other presents made to General Grant during his trip around the world. In a large case are the veritable coats and other articles of clothing worn by the first president during the war of the Revolution and on state occasions. Even these old knee breeches, worn and dusty, seemed hallowed by their association with the immortal Washington. One's imagination is easily carried back to the struggle of our forefathers by a look at Washington's camp chest, containing his cooking utensils and medicines, the same chest which he carried through all his campaigns. It is a quaint collection—the old knives and forks, the battered spoons and the whisky flask, the gridiron and the copper teapot—and the long and arduous campaigns, the weary marches, the dreadful winter at Valley Forge, the final victory and the rewards of heroism all pass before one like a panorama while gazing at these mute witnesses of the struggle.

They have a very ingenious way of exhibiting the china and other fine pottery in the museum, by means of which, without handling, the visitor may see all sides of the piece. This is accomplished in one way by the use of a small slanting mirror, and in another by placing a vertical mirror directly behind the specimen, which rests upon a stand whose surface is of plate glass, half an inch below which is a second diminutive mirror. By this arrangement you have a look at the whole surface of the object, outside and inside, and can even read the maker's name on the bottom.

Sarcastic College Boys.

The sophomores, much to the chagrin of the freshmen, have succeeded in painting upon the town water tower "94" in bright green colors. The tower is 120 feet high and the space painted measured 20 feet by 8.—Princeton Letter.

The Roumanian government has offered prizes to the architects of all nations for the best plans for its new assembly and senate chambers. The first prize for each building is $3,000; the second, $1,500; third, $600.

Early Autumn.

The country lanes are bright with bloom,
And gentle airs come stealing through,
Laden with native mint perfume
Of balm and mint and honey dew,
And o'er the summer's radiant flush
Lies early autumn's dreamy hush.

In wayside nooks the asters gleam,
And frost flowers dance about the sod,
While, lapsing by, the silent stream
Reflects the hue of golden rod,
That flower which lights a dusky day
With something of the sun god's ray.

The grapevine clambers o'er the hedge
In golden festoons; sumacs burn
Like torches on the distant ledge,
Or light the lane at every turn,
And ivy riots everywhere
In blood red banners on the air.

A purple mist of fragrant mint
Borders the fences, drifting out
Of fostering corners, and its tint,
As half of cheer and half of doubt,
Is like the dear delightful haze
Which robes the hills these autumn days.

And strange wild growths are newly met,
Odd things but little prized of yore,
Like some old jewel well reset,
Take on a worth unseen before,
As dock, in spring a graceless weed,
Is brilliant in its autumn seed.

The cricket and the katydid
Pipe low their sad prophetic tune,
Though airs pulse warm the leaves amid,
As played around the heart of June;
So minor strains break on the heart,
Foretelling age as years depart.

The sweet old story of the year
Is spinning onward to its close,
Yet sounds as welcome on the ear
As comes in time of op'ning rose.
May life for all as sweetly wane
As comes the autumn time again!

—Dart Fairthorne in Harper's Bazar

A Shotgun Toll Gate.

A bold highwayman appears to have established a shotgun toll gate in the Pipestone pass, about twelve miles south of Butte, Mont., and is demanding his tolls with a regularity that smacks of the good old days.

About a month since a slender, soft voiced young man, wearing a piece of overalls for a mask, commenced asking for contributions from people passing this point, and all were made tributary, not even the wood haulers being exempt, and he made up in numbers what was lacking in individual amounts. This was kept up for a few days, then the Pipestone was deserted, and the Champion stage was brought under the persuasive influence.

Today word comes to this city that this modern Claude Duval has returned to Pipestone, and that five new victims have been added to the list. The amounts taken in each instance have been small, but the frequency of the demand has made it burdensome, and the people living in that section are organizing to endeavor to discourage his efforts in that line.—Cor. Minneapolis Tribune.

A Clock You Need Never Wind.

T. G. Farrar, of Columbus, O., has invented one of the most peculiar clocks of the Nineteenth century. It consists of a plate glass dial suspended from the ceiling, and all the parts of it that are visible are the two hands, the pivot upon which they swing and the dial. Mr. Farrar worked on the invention for six years before he succeeded in perfecting it. He alleges that the only motive power is the gravitation of the earth, and that the clock will run on forever without winding.

The hands are of tin and are hollow, and perfectly balanced on the pivot. Mr. Farrar says that they are moved by the gravitation of the earth, and it puzzles the spectator to account for the power that raises them after they reach 6:30. All kinds of theories are afloat to account for this. But Mr. Farrar keeps his secret. He insists that electricity is not the motive power.—New York Journal.

A Rattlesnake's Skin for a Belt.

Capt. Wright, the raisin superintendent for Logan & Adams, had a close call the other day. He was running a hand basket along under the vines, and throwing Muscats in it as he picked them. Suddenly he heard a click or snapping sound, as though some part of the basket had broken. Lifting it up he was surprised to find an ugly, wriggling rattlesnake follow. It had struck Capt. Wright's hand and buried its fangs in the wicker handle of the basket an inch from the captain's forefinger. No time was lost in killing the deadly reptile, and its skin is now being fashioned in a belt for a Phœnix journalist's sweetheart.—Phœnix (Cal.) Herald.

Deer Slaughtered by a Locomotive.

The Eastern Minnesota railway's limited train left Mansfield north bound twenty-seven minutes late. Five miles this side of the station, while the train was running nearly sixty miles an hour, an immense herd of deer dashed across the track at the entrance of a cut. It was too late to stop, and the train struck into the herd, killing a great number. The train passed through the herd, throwing them right and left, but did not stop. When the train arrived here a magnificent specimen buck deer was found dead on top of the engine pilot. The engineer estimates the herd at over 100.—Duluth Cor. St. Paul Globe.

Ned Buntline.

The noted story writer, Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., was not so successful pecuniarily as was another writer of sensational stories who died a few years ago. That was Mr. E. Z. C. Judson—known everywhere by his nom de plume of Ned Buntline—a most remarkable man, and perhaps the most fluent and versatile writer of sensational matter this country has produced. Buntline's earnings one year were as high as $40,000. But if he got more immediate pecuniary returns than Mr. Cobb did, his stories have not stood the test of time as have those of The Ledger writer, and perhaps in the long run Cobb's may be found to be the most profitable after all.

Raising Turtles.

A Dexter youth has recently been engaged in a novel enterprise. By hook or crook he captured a pair of dignified mud turtles and confined them in an old tub. One morning when he went to examine his treasures he discovered that the turtlette had industriously laid a nice batch of eggs. The boy kindly remembered his friends with ovate souvenirs of the occasion, and contemplates an extensive system of hatching, as far as the remainder of the litter is concerned.—Dexter Gazette.

The slight market for fancy waistcoats is to be accounted for in the fact that the vest openings are so much larger than used to be the case, and the neckwear is so much more voluminous that there is really no necessity for the display.

In Bloomfield, N. J., a few days ago was buried Adam Metz, a well known citizen. In accordance with his dying wish his funeral procession was headed by a brass band, and fourteen societies and about one hundred coaches followed.