EUGENE CITY GUARD.

J. L. CAMPBELL, - - Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

To the Right.

System in little things has an effectual way of simplifying the affairs of daily life. "I don't care if you do call me 'Miss Nancy,'" said a boy whose sisters were wont to tease him for keeping his books and papers in methodical array. "I gain a good half hour every day by knowing where things are."

A lady who supports herself by doing shopping on commission says that she is exasperated a hundred times a day by the persistence with which people stumble over one another in following the wrong direction.

"I go into a store," she says, "or rather I attempt to go in, some seconds before I am allowed to have my way. There are two doors, and I take the right one, in duty bound. A crowd of people are pushing out that very way, however, and I am obliged to wait until the passage is clear.

"If they had but taken the other door, there would have been an unbroken stream of people entering and issuing, and no one would have been delayed.

"The same thing happens within. In the space between the counters, women push their way in this or that direction, quite forgetting the fact that, if the general tendency of progress were always toward the right, the general confusion would be decidedly lessened.

"I wish the fact might be impressed upon the younger generation, at least, that there is common sense and reason in keeping to the right. Even if we older people cannot practice wisdom, they, at least, should learn by our mistakes."—Youth's Companion.

What Puzzled Mr. Luttrell.

Among the members of the Forty-third congress was Hon. John K. Luttrell, of California. The following story illustrates forcibly the condition of affairs then and the justice of the present demand for a reform in the rules of the house:

"When I came to Washington," said Mr. Luttrell to ex-Senator Nesmith, of Oregon, who was then a member of the house, "I thought I was to be a member of a deliberative assembly of representative peers, each one on an equality with the others, each with equal voice in the proceedings. I find that I am mistaken. It is more like a city in its workings. Here are men engaged in finance; here others engaged in commercial pursuits. There are some who buy and sell, there are others interested in foreign matters. Some are gentlemen of elegant leisure. There are rings and rings within rings. There are business sections, the thickly settled portion and the suburbs.

"As for myself I live in the suburbs, so far from the business center that I may rise in my seat every day from December till July without once catching the speaker's eye. Nesmith, I can take an Indian blanket and completely cover with it the men who shape and control the legislation of the nation within this so called deliberate body."

"Luttrell, you always did have a good deal of a fool in your composition," replied the Oregonian. "Why go to the trouble of obtaining an Indian blanket? Why not get a dinner plate and clap it on the head of the speaker?"—Washington Post.

The Proper Length.

Stephen A. Douglas and Mr. Lovejoy were once gossiping together, when Abraham Lincoln came in. The two men immediately turned their conversation upon the proper length of a man's legs. "Now," said Lovejoy, "Abe's legs are altogether too long, and yours, Douglas, I think, are a little short. Let's ask Abe what he thinks of it." The conversation had been carried on with a view to Lincoln's overhearing it, and they closed it by saying: "Abe, what do you think about it?" Mr. Lincoln had a far away look, as he sat with one leg twisted around the other, but he responded to the question, "Think of what?" "Well, we're talking about the proper length of a man's legs. We think yours are too long and Douglas' too short, and we'd like to know what you think is the proper length." "Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "that's a matter I've never given any thought to, so, of course, I may be mistaken; but my first impression is that a man's legs ought to be long enough to reach from his body to the ground."—San Francisco Argonaut.

An Appeal to Delinquents.

The editors are anxious to get up their summer suits, or as much of them as they can. We, therefore, ask our delinquent subscribers to do the square act. Come forward at once and plank down the hard cash so that we can lay in our supply. Owing to the hard times our wardrobe will not be very extensive this season; however, we hope to be able to purchase for cash, a pair of striped homespun breeches and a linen duster each, a couple of straw hats at fifteen cents a piece, a celluloid collar, which will be worn by first one and then the other, two pairs of second hand shoes, Nos. 11 and 13, and possibly a few other minor articles of dress, which if we could only purchase would relieve us of lots of embarrassment and add very much to our personal appearance.—Warrenton (Ga.) Clipper.

He Applied the Proverb.

"See here," said a big man in an angry voice, as he rushed into a cheap clothing store, "you are a swindler—a rank, unmitigated swindler, without any principle or sentiment of honesty—that's what you are."

"My vrendt, vot is de matter?" asked the merchant in a conciliating tone. "You have no right to call me dose names."

"I haven't! Look at this coat I gave you $8 for. It's all pulling apart, and look at this vest, and these pants. They look like a cyclone had put 'em on to go out west in."

"Und for dot you call me swindler?"

"You bet I do."

"My vrendt, you forged one ting."

"What is that?"

"You should nefer shudge a man by his cloding."—Merchant Traveler.

A Healthful Occupation.

Gazzam (reading)—Jean Jacque Versailles, a noted Frenchman, is dead at the age of 107.

Larkin—He must have been engaged in a very healthful profession to have lived so long.

"He was a duellist."—New York Sun.

REMARKABLE COINCIDENCES.

Parallels in the Lives of Shakespeare and Mr. Halliwell-Phillips.

I know well what a keen interest Americans took in my uncle, the late Mr. Halliwell-Phillips, and in his Shakespearean work, and also in Hollingbury Copse—that American Mecca—and I am fully aware how proud he was to number among his friends many of the leading American literary men. Some few years ago he, in merry mood, compiled "a list of a few parallel circumstances in the lives of Shakespeare and Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillips," and upon rare occasions they would be produced after dinner and read amid shrieks of laughter, in which he himself would join most are of a truth most remarkable, and heartily. The thirty-three parallels they are all perfectly true, and not concocted in any way; to my mind one of the most extraordinary is that his eldest daughter "married a gentleman by the name of Hall, Lieut. Hall, R. N., my co-executor.

I send you by this post a copy of the list, and if you care to print it, you are perfectly welcome to do so.

1. He was descended from very small country farmers. So am I.

2. With no pretensions to an aristocratic pedigree. Neither have I.

3. Nor with any really good claim to the use of coat armor. Neither have I.

4. But he purchased a grant of arms from the Heralds college. So have I.

5. His father, not being satisfied with the poverty of his rural life, left the country and commenced business in a town as a glover. So did mine.

6. But he soon got tired of that occupation and commenced speculating with house property. So did mine.

7. His father had a chancery suit respecting a small estate. So had mine.

8. The chancery suit in which his father was plaintiff lasted for nearly twenty years. So did the chancery suit in which my father was plaintiff.

9. He went to school to so little purpose that he learned little Latin and less Greek. So did I.

10. He married very early in life. So did I.

11. And without a sixpence on either side. So did I.

12. He obtained his marriage license at Worcester in a great hurry and in the midst of family disagreements. So did I.

13. He was persecuted by Sir Thomas, a country squire. So was I.

14. He was persecuted because he took a fancy to Sir Thomas' deer (dear). So was I.

15. He was a great admirer of the fair sex. So am I.

16. He purchased the estate of New Place at Stratford-on-Avon. So did I.

17. He sold a load of stone out of the gardens there. So did I.

18. The husband of his second daughter was remotely connected with a yeoman of the name of William Phillipps. So is the husband of my second daughter.

19. A person of the name of William Phillipps owned property adjoining the grounds of Shakespeare's country house. An individual of the same name owns land adjoining the grounds of my country house.

20. Shakespeare at one time of his life was pecuniarily interested in a theatre. So was I.

21. The theatre in which he was interested was destroyed. So was mine.

22. There was a shoemaker by the name of Shakespeare living near his country house. So there is near mine.

23. He owned during part of his life a house in London, a lease of which was granted to Mr. John Robinson. So did I.

24. He bought a moiety of some tithes. So did I.

25. In the course of his literary career there appeared "Much Ado About Nothing." So there has in mine.

26. He sometimes went to the Mitre tavern in Fleet street. So did I.

27. In his journeys between London and Stratford-on-Avon he occasionally stayed a night at Oxford. So did I.

28. He negotiated for the purchase of a small estate at Shottery. So did I.

29. But did not succeed in buying it. Neither did I.

30. He sometimes drunk a little too much at a merry meeting. So did I.

31. He bought one house in London. So have I.

32. One of his friends wanted to borrow £20 of him. So has one of mine.

33. His eldest daughter married a gentleman by the name of Hall. So did mine.

The chief difference between us in our respective careers appears to be that he knew how to write plays and I don't.—Earnest E. Baker in Boston Herald.

Lost Time on Short Days.

She was an humble waiting maid in Oakland. Oakland is the Athens of California, and the ah, there! of San Francisco. She waited upon an Athenian table and cooked Athenian steaks for Athenian appetites. She was not all lost. She had relatives in San Francisco, and she visited them on her off day. It is one long off day in Oakland.

It had been her custom of a forenoon for many months to make this little pilgrimage, and winter approached and the sun rose later and set earlier, in accordance with the rules of the celestial trades union. One day a couple of weeks ago she went to her mistress.

"Please, ma'am, you'll have to let me go an hour earlier now."

"Why?"

"Because, ma'am, I've got to go over to the city, and, you know, ma'am, the days are so short now that I loose more than an hour."—San Francisco Chronicle.

What Londoners Consume.

Taking all London's food together—the fish, the meat, the poultry, the vegetables, the fruit, the groceries and the bread—and it shows an annual consumption of close on a million and a half tons a year. Adding to this the drink—excluding the water—and divided by 365, we have a daily consumption of 5,800 tons.—New York Telegram.

Unpleasant Odors.

Red pepper pods or a few pieces of charcoal thrown into the pot in which onions, cabbages, etc., are being boiled will prevent the unpleasant odor.

An Important Item.

Ponsonby—Have you seen Silby this morning?

Hayslitt—No.

Ponsonby—Well, you ought to. He's a perfect circus! Says he's got a ten pound baby.

Hayslitt (cautiously)—I wonder if he used the same scales that he does when he goes fishing?—Burlington Free Press.

THE INNOCENT SUFFERER.

A Sad Phase of the Maverick Bank Collapse.

THE CLERKS WHO SIGNED NOTES.

They Did So to Oblige Their Employers and May Now Be Financially Crippled for Life—A Sensational Embezzlement at Cincinnati.

There are several melancholy and deplorable features in connection with the recent failure of the Maverick National bank at Boston. To begin with the depositors had unbounded confidence in the concern, based on many years' experience of fair dealing and good faith. The people having charge of its affairs held their heads high as business magnates and social leaders.

They were "Napoleons of finance," with reputations as shrewd and conservative

ASA P. POTTER.

men who still "knew a good thing when they saw it," and were not averse to making an honest dollar if a bold move would bring the coin within their reach. To doubt the stability of the Maverick or to question the motives of its managers was equivalent to doubting the great facts of history or the established mathematics of astronomy.

When Speculator "Nervy" Evans killed himself after a final wrestle with the bulls and bears of the stock market, a breath of suspicion seemed to arise—from what quarter no one knew, but still it existed. This was fanned to a breeze by the announcement that the suicide's brother, Wilmot Evans, president of the Winthrop National bank, had refused to accept a certified Maverick check. About the same time Bank Examiner John W. Magruder, a close friend of "Nervy" Evans, expired, his death being hastened, as was thought, by the impending crash. When another bank examiner came to the front and closed the place pending an examination, President Asa P. Potter made an assignment.

The experts who looked over the books reported, and on the strength of this statement warrants were issued for the arrest of Potter and Directors French and Dana, who were accused of embezzling $2,000,000. They were taken into custody, furnished large bail and now the whole complicated affair is in the courts, where it is liable to stay for years.

When all the issues have been joined and settled and the legal costs and fees provided for, the depositors may get a moiety of their money. Preliminary to this Mr. Potter has "cut down expenses" by discharging his children's private tutors and sending the young folk to the very excellent and widely famed public schools of Boston.

All this of course caused a shock, but worse was still to be heard. The John Boyle O'Reilly memorial fund was swallowed up in the financial earthquake. Besides, there are ugly rumors of forgery, and the bank clerks are in a deplorable plight. It is asserted that they were "invited"—that is the mildest word that can be used—to sign notes for which they received no equivalent. The paper was used by the president and directors, says the New York Sun, to obtain the bank's funds.

"Those who signed at the order of their employers will be required by the receiver to pay these notes to the extent of their ability. Some are for sums large enough to wipe out the savings of years, and will cause the greatest hardships. One instance is related of a young man who was preparing to get married at the time the crash came, but the notes held by the bank with his name to them will bankrupt him."

WILLIAM L. MUNSON.

Cincinnati's sensation in the embezzlement line involves a much less sum, but has brought great sorrow to an honored family. George R. Munson, at one time assistant cashier of the United States subtreasury, stood before the directors of the Fulton Building association one night not long ago and with streaming eyes and faltering voice announced that his son William L. Munson, who had aided him in the management of the association's affairs, had converted over $13,000 to his own use.

The peculation had extended over a space of nine years and the money had been lost at poker playing, horse racing and in other and even less reputable "sporty" ways. The agony of the old gentleman was pitiable to witness, but he did not swerve from taking what he considered the only honorable course, and he left it to the directors to deal as they thought best with his erring son.

It may be noted in this connection that the Chinese empire has seen but three failures of financial institutions in 500 years. An emperor of the Fourteenth century issued a decree that all people responsible for a bankruptcy should be decapitated. Since then monetary enterprises have been conducted in sound and conservative style.

A Patriotic Scot.

Walter Scott tells the story of a blacksmith in the south of Scotland who disappeared from the range of vision of the great novelist and was found afterward practicing medicine in an English city. The astonished novelist asked the blacksmith if he knew anything about the healing art, and the latter acknowledged that he did not, but trusted mainly to "two simples—laudanum and calomel." "Simples with a vengeance," said Scott. "Don't you kill more than you cure?" "Perhaps I do," returned the patriotic blacksmith, "but it will be a long time before I make up for the Scots that the English killed at Flodden."

EUROPE'S MANY CHANGES.

How the Various Countries Have Been Cut Up and Divided.

Rumors of a European war on a grand scale are always rife, and it may be interesting to recall the many and stupendous changes which have modified the map of Europe during the last sixty years. The French revolution, continued by Napoleon I, overturned every nation and modified every frontier limit in Europe. Between 1815 and 1830 the restoration of the eldest branch of the Bourbons in France and the Vienna and Verona congresses had nearly re-established the ancient order of things in the European world.

But in 1830 the revolution which crowned the Orleans cadet Louis Philippe as king of France, and proclaimed him the representative of modern liberalism as against clerical reactionism as personified in Charles X, was the signal of changes all over Europe. The heroic sons of Greece had already begun the struggle for modern liberty and for national independence. They were successful, and the treaty of Adrianople was agreed to by all Europe, and Greece was recognized as a sovereign power on Feb. 3, 1830. Moldavia, Wallachia and Servia were constituted by the same treaty as autonomous principalities, and Turkey ceded to Russia the mouth of the Danube. Belgium separated from Holland and was recognized as an independent power in July, 1831, after long conferences held at London.

In 1834 the kingdom of Poland was suppressed as a result of the heroic but unsuccessful fight of the Poles for liberty. In 1846 the republic of Cracow was suppressed and incorporated with Austria. In 1848 the principality of Neuchatel, which had been given up to Prussia by the treaties of 1814, declared its independence and became a canton of Switzerland. This independence was officially recognized by Prussia in 1857. After the Crimean war, in 1856, Russia lost the southern portion of Bessarabia, along the banks of the Danube, which portion was given to Moldavia. The Solferino victory, in 1859, caused Austria to surrender Lombardy, with the exception of Mantua, to Napoleon III, who made a present of that province to Italy, or rather to the king of Sardinia.

In 1860 the same king came into possession of Modena, Parma, Tuscany, Romagna, Umoria, Naples and Sicily, giving back in exchange to France only the county of Nice and the Savoy. One year later, in 1861, the kingdom of Italy was definitely constituted by the reunion under the same scepter of all Italian states formerly separated, with the exception of the pontifical states and the Rome Campagna. In 1861, Moldavia and Wallachia were united under the name of Rumania. In 1864 the Ionian Islands, which formed a parliamentary republic under British protectorate, were ceded to Greece.

The Gastein convention of 1865, after the war of the duchies, decreed the annexation to Prussia of the duchy of Lauenburg, the title of which was conferred upon Bismarck after his retirement from the chancellorship. In 1866, after the battle of Sadowa, the kingdom of Hanover, the Hesse electorate, the free city of Frankfort, Schleswig and Holstein were annexed to Prussia and the confederation of North Germany was established. In the same year, and as another consequence of defeat at Sadowa, the Vienna government abandoned Venetia and the fortress of Mantua to Italy. The first defeats of the French in the war of 1870 compelled them to evacuate Rome, which then became the capital of Italy. The Frankfort treaty gave Alsace and Lorraine to the newly founded North German empire.

In 1878, after the Russo-Turkish war, and through the operation of the Berlin treaty, great changes were made in the map of Europe. Russia exchanged the Dobroudia district for southern Bessarabia. Servia, by the same treaty, was enlarged and constituted as an independent kingdom, as well as Rumania. Bulgaria became a mere tributary province of Turkey, from which in 1885 she snatched eastern Rumelia. Montenegro received an increase of territory, and Bosnia and Herzegovina were surrendered to Austria, which was authorized to occupy them temporarily, a word which means in diplomacy real possession.

Such is the present international map of Europe; how long will it last in that shape?—Philadelphia Telegraph.

A Snow Plant from the Sierra.

One of the rarest plants known to botanists has been brought to this city by E. L. Swartz and is on exhibition in the windows of a down town florist. It is known as the snow plant and was found by Mr. Swartz growing near snowbanks in the Sierras, 6,500 feet above the sea level. The plant is indigenous to high and frozen altitudes and is a curiosity. It grows to the height of four or five inches, and when it blooms, which is soon after the spring thaw, it bears the appearance of a dark reddish pine cone set upright on the ground. It emits an odor that is not unlike that of the honeysuckle. The value attached to it is on account of its rarity, and the plant secured by Mr. Swartz is doubtless the first ever brought to this city.—San Francisco Examiner.

The East Indian Bride.

The daughters of Caucasian civilization, provided their parents and friends are wealthy, receive many presents of costly gems on their wedding days, but their glittering displays can hardly compare with that made by the East Indian bride of high class. When she weds she is loaded down with jewelry. She has a girdle at the waist, numerous rings, anklets, bracelets and bells, and decorations for the hair. Although she has never seen her intended husband, she goes and sits beside him on the day of the ceremony. The priest takes a corner of the bride's veil and ties it to the groom's shawl, and they are married.

Saved from a Worse Fate.

A man who slept on the government pier so as to get the first fish that bit in the morning woke up so suddenly that he fell into the lake and was drowned. It was lucky for his future state that his fate o'ertook him e'er he had time to relate any stories of his day's successes. Fishing on Sunday is a trivial matter compared to the monumental mendacity which is its concomitant.—Chicago Mail.

The Deadly Mule.

A southern mule trade has resulted in the death of two people, who were shot and killed as an after effect of the transaction. This is probably the first tragedy resulting from overfamiliarity with these long eared anarchists in which a mule has not played an active part. The court directs a verdict of not guilty.—Detroit Free Press.

A NORTH CAROLINA GAME.

A Play That Is Very Popular Throughout the Mountains.

Back in the North Carolina mountains the student of customs may still find material for research. The most unique are the kissing games, which still cling to the soil. A lot of big limbed, powerful young men and apple cheeked, buxom girls gather and select one of their number as master of ceremonies. He takes his station in the center of the room, while the rest pair off and parade around him. Suddenly one young woman will throw up her hands and say:

"I'm a-pinin'."

The master of ceremonies takes it up and the following dialogue and interlocution takes place:

"Miss Arabella Jane Apthorp says she's a-pinin'. What is Miss Arabella Jane Apthorp a-pinin' for?"

"I'm a-pinin' fur a sweet kiss."

"Miss Arabella Jane Apthorp says she's a-pinin' fur a sweet kiss. Who is Miss Arabella Jane Apthorp a-pinin' fur a sweet kiss frum?"

"I'm a-pinin' fur a very sweet kiss frum Mr. Hugh Waddle." (Blushes, convulsive giggles and confusion on the part of Miss Arabella Jane Apthorp at this forced confession. Mr. Hugh Waddle walks up manfully and relieves the fair Arabella's "pinin'" by a smack which sounds like a 3-year-old steer drawing his hoof out of the mud.

Then a young man will be taken with a sudden and unaccountable "pinin'," which after the usual exchange of questions and volunteered information reveals the name of the maiden who causes the "gnawin'" and "pinin'." She coyly retreats outdoor, only to be chased, overtaken, captured and forcibly compelled to relieve her captor's distress.

At one of these entertainments which it was the narrator's fortune to attend there was a remarkably beautiful young woman, who had been married about a month. Her husband was present, a huge, beetle browed, black eyed young mountaineer, with a fist like a ham. The boys fought shy of the bride for fear of incurring the anger of her hulking spouse. The game went on for some time, when symptoms of irritation developed in the giant. Striding to the middle of the room, he said:

"My wife ez pooty 'n' ez nice 'n' sweet ez any gyurl hyar. You uns has known her all her life. This game hez been a-goin' on half an hour an' nobody has pined for her once. Ef some one doesn't pine fur her pooty soon thar will be trouble."

She was the belle of the ball after that. Everybody pined for her.—Washington Post.

Mental Benefits of Exercise.

Inquiries extending over a period of forty years, made of about three hundred members of the Cambridge and Oxford university crews, instituted by Dr. Maclaren, director of the univesity gymnasium at Oxford, have elicited facts which may be accepted as experimental evidence of the value of physical training in a class of cases in which the conditions of life are most favorable, hence affording a test from which practically every element except the purely muscular one is eliminated. The benefits experienced by members of these crews are stated to be an increase of stamina, of energy, enterprise and executive power, and of fortitude in endurance of trials, privations and disappointments—"a goodly list of benefits bearing on the mental and moral as conspicuously as on the physical side of the question," says Dr. Maclaren, "for, in the struggle for existence, failure is more likely to result from inability to endure trials and disappointments than from merely physical weakness—the statistics of suicide bearing out this statement."—Once a Week.

Curious Transmittal of Scarlet Fever.

In 1846 a boy of 8 years, the brother of the narrator's wife, was taken down with scarlet fever and died. One of the principal amusements of his illness had been looking over a large picture book. After his death this with several other useful playthings was packed away in a trunk. Twenty six years later, in 1872, the sister-in law of the editor took this trunk with her on a journey which she made to England, where he was then residing. The trunk was opened the second day after its arrival and the picture book was taken out and presented to the editor's 2-year-old son. During the next fortnight the little fellow was attacked by scarlet fever. It was a wonder to the doctors who were called in consultation how the disease had been contracted, as there had been no scarlet fever in the town for years. At last it occurred to the editor that the picture book might have transmitted the disease, and the medical men in attendance, on being told the facts connected with it, agreed that it had retained the poison for twenty-six years and communicated it to the child.—Boston Post.

An American Woman.

A Boston lady, knowing that the translation of Dante had just then appeared, and having heard that the aged monarch (the king of Saxony) was proud of his literary ability, had a good opportunity of alluding to his chef d'œuvre, which she immediately seized. The king addressed her in turn, saying: "You are from America, I believe. I think I have seen you in the Grosse Garten. Why have you not been presented before?" "I am from America, sire," she replied, "where we have no kings. I have waited for the proper time to be introduced to your majesty; and now may I be permitted, as an American, to say that I feel it less an honor to be presented to the king of Saxony than to 'Philistrates,' the translator of Dante, whom I trust I may be allowed to congratulate on the successful achievement of the work." The king had published the translation under the above sobriquet. He was much pleased with the compliment thus bestowed, laughed with delight and said the lady had been prompt in examining the new publication.—Boston Post.

Socialism Spreading in Germany.

You would be astonished to see the progress which socialism has made among the rustics here in Germany. A mile below the castle is a little village in which there were sixty socialist votes at the last election. Three miles away in the opposite direction is a village of paper making mills, in which there were 300 socialist votes at the February "poll." The state church in Germany is not in touch with the masses of the people. And it never will get the masses until it takes a different attitude toward institutions and especially toward socialism.—Munich Letter.

CARRISTON'S GIFT.

By HUGH CONWAY.

Author of "Called Back," "Dark Days," "A Family Affair," etc.

[TOLD BY PHILIP BRAND, M. D., LONDON.]

He was very ungrateful—so much so that my desire to kick him was intensified. I should not like to swear. I did not to a slight degree yield to the temptation.

"Push a handkerchief in his mouth," cried Brand, suddenly. "A lady is coming."

With right good will I did as the doctor suggested.

Just then Carriston returned. I don't want to raise home tempests, yet I must say he was accompanied by the most beautiful creature my eyes have ever lighted upon. True, she was pale as a lily—I object thin and delicate, and her face bore traces of anxiety and suffering, but for all that she was beautiful—too beautiful for this world, I thought, as I looked at her. She was clinging in a half-frightened, half-confiding way to Carriston, and he—happy fellow!—regardless of our presence, was showering down kisses on her sweet pale face. Confound it! I grow quite romantic as I recall the sight of those lovers.

A most curious young man, that Carriston! He came to us, the lovely girl on his arm, without showing a trace of his recent excitement.

Carriston came to us with the lovely girl on his arm.

"Let us go now," he said, as calmly as if he had been taking a quiet evening drive. Then he turned to me.

"Do you think, Mr. Fenton, you could without much trouble get the dogcart up to the house?"

I said I would try to do so.

"But what about these people?" asked Brand.

Carriston gave them a contemptuous glance. "Leave them alone," he said. "They are but the tools of another—him I cannot touch. Let us go."

"Yes, yes. But why not verify your suspicions while you can?"

Just like Brand! He's always wanting to verify everything.

In searching for the key we had found some papers on our prisoner. Brand examined them, and handed to Carriston an envelope which contained what looked like banknotes.

Carriston glanced at it. "The handwriting is, of course, disguised," he said, carelessly, "but the postmark shows whence it came. It is as I always told you. You agree with me now?"

"I am afraid I must," said Brand, humbly. "But we must do something about this man," he continued.

Here upon Carriston turned to our prisoner. "Listen, you villain," he said. "I will let you go scot-free if you breathe no word of this to your employer for the next fortnight. If he learns from you what has happened before that time, I swear you shall go to penal servitude. Which do you choose?"

I pulled out the gag, and it is needless to say which the fellow chose.

Then I went off, and recovered the horse and cart. I relighted the lamp, and with some difficulty got the dogcart up to the house. Carriston must have exactly anticipated the events of the night. The parcel he had brought with him contained a bonnet and a thick, warm cloth cloak. His beautiful friend was equipped with these; then leaving the woman on the house to untie her husband at her leisure and pleasure, away we started; the doctor sitting by me; Carriston and the lady behind.

We just managed to catch the last train from C——. Not feeling sure as to what form inquiries might take to-morrow, I thought it better to go up to town with my friends, so, as we passed through Midcombe, I stopped, paid my bill, and gave instructions for my luggage to be forwarded to me. By 6 o'clock the next morning we were all in London.

DR. BRAND IN CONCLUSION.

When I asked Dick Fenton to relate his experiences I did not mean him to do so at such length. But there, as he has written it, and as writing is not a labor of love with him, let it go.

When Madeline Rowan found the bed, by the side of which she had thrown herself in an ecstasy of grief, untenanted, she knew in a moment that she was the victim of a deep-laid plot. Being ignorant of Carriston's true position in the world, she could conceive no reason for the elaborate scheme which had been devised to lure her so many miles from her home, and make a prisoner of her.

A prisoner she was. Not only was the door locked upon her, but a slip of paper lay on the bed, at bore these words: "No harm is meant you, and in due time you will be released. Ask no questions, make no foolish attempts at escape, and you will be well treated."

Upon reading this the girl's first thought was one of thankfulness. She saw at once that the reported accident to her lover was but an invention. The probabilities were that Carriston was alive, and in his usual health. Now that she felt certain of this, she could bear anything.

From the day on which she entered that room to that on which we rescued her Madeline was to all intents and purposes as close a prisoner in that lonely house on the hillside as she might have been in the deepest dungeon in the world. Threats, entreaties, promises of bribes availed nothing. She was not unkindly treated—that is, suffered no absolute ill-usage. Books, materials for needlework and other little aids to while away time were supplied. But the only living creatures she saw were the woman of the house, who attended to her wants, and, on one or two occasions, the man whom Carriston asserted he had seen in his trance. She had suffered from the close confinement, but had always felt certain that sooner or later her lover would find her, and effect her deliverance. Now that she knew he was alive she could not be unhappy.

I did not choose to ask her why she had felt so certain on the above points. I wished to add no more puzzles to the one which, to tell the truth, exercised, even annoyed, me more than I care to say. But I did ask her if, during her incarceration, her jailer had ever laid his hand upon her.

She told me that some short time after her arrival a stranger had gained admittance to the house. While he was there the man had entered her room, held her arm, and threatened her with violence if she made any outcry. After hearing this I did not pursue the subject.

Carriston and Madeline were married at the earliest possible moment, and left England immediately after the ceremony. A week after their departure, by Carriston's request, I forwarded the envelope found upon our prisoner to Mr. Ralph Carriston. With it I sent a few lines stating where and under what peculiar circumstances we had become possessed of it. I never received any reply to my communication, so, wild and improbable as it seems, I am bound to believe that Charles Carriston's surmise was right—that Madeline was decoyed away and concealed, not from any ill-will towards herself, but with a view to the possible baneful effect which her mysterious disappearance might work upon her lover's strange and excitable organization; and I firmly believe that had he not in some inexplicable way been firmly convinced that she was alive and faithful to him the plot would have been a thorough success, and Charles Carriston would have spent the rest of his days in an asylum.

Both Sir Charles—he succeeded to his title shortly after his marriage—and Lady Carriston are now dead, or I should not have ventured to relate these things concerning them. They had twelve years of happiness. If measured by time the period was but a short one; but I feel sure that in it they enjoyed more true happiness than many others find in the course of a protracted life. In word, thought and deed they were as one. She died, in Rome, of fever, and her husband, without, so far as I know, any particular complaint, simply followed her.

I was always honored with their sincerest friendship, and Sir Charles left me sole trustee and guardian to his three sons; so there are now plenty of ties between Ralph Carriston and his desire. I am pleased to say that the boys, who are as dear to me as my own children, as yet show no evidence of possessing any gifts beyond Nature.

I know that my having made this story public will cause two sets of objectors to fall equally foul of me—the matter-of-fact pronic who will say that the abduction and subsequent imprisonment of Madeline Rowan was an absurd impossibility, and the scientific man, like myself, who cannot, dare not believe that Charles Carriston, from neither memory nor imagination, could draw a face, and describe peculiarities, by which a certain man could be identified. I am far from saying there may not be a simple natural explanation of the puzzle, but I, for one, have failed to find it, so close this tale as I began it by saying I am a narrator, and nothing more.

THE END.

The First Jewish Peer.

[New York Tribune.]

The elevation of Sir Nathaniel de Rothschild to the British peerage is in many respects significant. Mr. Gladstone has the credit of creating the first Jewish peer; for though Lord Beaconsfield was a Jew by race, he was not a professor of the Hebrew faith, and, in fact, has done what was possible to efface his connection with his own people. But the Rothschilds represent Hebraism all over the world, and their family has for many years been doing the actual fighting against the venerable prejudices which for so many centuries refused to the Jews throughout Europe either social or political positions. Even in this age of toleration it has taken more than a generation to conquer inherited antipathies; but it is instructive to observe that in England the house of lords has always been behind the commons in this as in so many other points. Thus when in 1849 Baron Lionel de Rothschild was returned to the house from London, and being refused his seat the Jews' oaths of abjuration bill was introduced to remove his disabilities, the bill passed the house, but was rejected by the lords, and in 1855 and 1859 the same measures repeatedly passed the house, only to be as steadily thrown out by the upper chamber.

But it was not until 1871, after the abolition of tests, that a Jew was made master of arts at Oxford; and even when Disraeli was premier of England and in the zenith of his reputation there is reason to believe that he died and a peerage in favor of his wife, not because he did not desire the honor, but because he feared the political effect of his elevation. At a later period he accepted the distinction, though there was much grumbling among the Conservative peers, but he was not regarded as a thorough Jew.

The elevation of Sir Nathaniel de Rothschild, therefore, marks a decided advance. It must be concluded that the old prejudices have nearly disappeared. For though the special distinction of the Rothschilds is their financial position, and though this has often enabled them to control the course of powerful governments and to command at least the outward show of homage and [illegible] from the haughtiest aristocracy, their judaism has always been strongly marked [illegible] they have never made any concess[illegible] in that particular.

The Objects of Bathing.

[Saturday Review.]

The object of bathing is fourfold: To produce a certain amount of nervous shock, that should be followed by reaction and an increased circulation of the blood on the surface, resulting in a more rapid change of tissues; to lower the temperature of the body; to cleanse the skin; and to produce pleasurable feelings, and, in connection with swimming, the beneficial effects of one of the best forms of physical exercise. The nervous shock and the reaction from it, following the first contact with the water, are important points, and to obtain them the plunge or the douche is preferable to any other form of bath. To wade up to the middle and stand shivering and fearful of the momentary feeling of discomfort is neither healthy nor pleasant, and timid persons who dare not plunge boldly into the water should be content with the douche bath. A large garden hose, with a high pressure of water, held at a distance of fifteen or twenty feet from the body, will give an idea of this most delightful curative and bracing agent. Sea bathing differs from out-door fresh-water bathing in the greater specific gravity of sea-water and its consequent greater buoyancy and more uniform temperature, while the pure air, sunshine, and better sanitary surroundings of seaside places contribute largely to the results. Mineral baths, as such, have no particular superiority over other baths of the same density and temperature. In addition to the greater healthiness and enjoyableness of outdoor bathing, it is probable that the simple exposure of the body to the sun and fresh air is of real benefit, and contributes to the sum total of the good results. Cramps are considered one of the great dangers of bathing, but when they are fatal it is probably the result of syncope or fainting, from failure of the heart's action. A good swimmer, in vigorous health, would hardly be wholly disabled by a cramp of only a part of his limbs.

Butchers' Meat and Headaches.

[Popular Science Monthly.]

The prescription of a diet largely vegetarian has long been known to be good for persons subject to attacks of headache. Alexander Haig relates, in The Practitioner, a case that came under his treatment which indicates to him that this disease and its attendant phenomena are largely the result of a poison circulating in the blood, which poison is a product of the digestion of certain foods, especially butchers' meat, and that a cure is best effected by cutting off entirely the noxious food and aiding the elimination of the poison by the kidneys. The patient was a chronic sufferer from headache, and the afflictions that usually accompany it. He was a hard student, and was most troubled in winter. On the adoption of a strict vegetarian diet the attacks, which had been severe, ceased at once, and for six months of the cold half of the year there were only one or two slight ones, although they had been recurring weekly. A less strict diet was subsequently allowed, and gave practical immunity, provided butchers' meat was avoided. It was also found that two or three tumblers of hot water taken every night at bedtime gave increased immunity and enabled the patient to take even a little butchers meat occasionally without fear of an attack. The disease was evidently caused by impure blood, and that by imperfection in the digestive process. The connection with butchers' meat was indicated directly by the facts in the case.

Encouraging.

He—I am crazy when away from you.

She—Ah, yes. "Out of sight, out of mind," you know.—New York Herald.