EUGENE CITY GUARD.

J. L. CAMPBELL, - - Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

Bog Butter.

Numerous specimens of ancient butter are to be seen in the Irish museums, which were discovered during the past century by peasants engaged in digging peat. Some of them were dug from depths of ten, fifteen and even eighteen feet below the surface of the ground, and considerable antiquity must be allotted to the finds, although no absolute data exists by which the average increase of bog soil may be calculated. Examples of this butter weigh as much as thirty and forty pounds and upward, and are identified by the numerous hairs of reddish color as being the product of the cow.

The butter is found packed in hollowed vessels of wood and in masses of irregular form. The latter are usually surrounded with a layer of moss and at times have an additional covering of linen cloth. The object of thus burying butter in peat or immersing it in bog water would appear to be its preservation under circumstances and in districts where salt could not be procured.

Chemical examination still demonstrates the presence of those oily acids obtainable from ordinary butter and the absence of common salt. This is characteristic, for in the County Cork butter is still made without the subsequent addition of salt. The practice has long passed into oblivion and even the tradition is forgotten by the descendants of the race who must in former times have employed it as an ordinary and familiar proceeding.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Russia's Home for Foundlings.

The czar and general government of Russia shelters and provides well for at least one portion of its subjects, and the Russian army will never lack recruits so long as the present system of foundling homes is kept up, as each day many bring additions to this great army, who pass muster in these institutions, where they are tended with the most perfect care, not infrequently by the very mothers of the waifs themselves. These mothers, having no way of providing for their unfortunate children, bring them to the home, secure the number placed around the neck of the child and then apply for the nurse's position, thus securing the care of their own babies, while many bring them here and never see or hear of them again.

The government of Russia greatly encourages these institutions by providing for them in a most substantial and comfortable manner. We visited the home in Moscow, where we saw 1,000 of these little soldiers, none of them ten days old, two in each crib or in the nurse's arms, all out in the sunshine, and struggling for a life that had been so ruthlessly thrust upon them. They are brought into the institution at the rate of sixty per day. That number was in waiting in the anteroom to have their names and numbers entered in the book of fate for a home within its walls.—Denver News.

The Two Blarney Stones.

Five miles west of the city of Cork, where two streams meet, is the little valley of Blarney, with its castle, whose fame is world wide, for high on the northeastern side is set the famous "Blarney stone." It is said that he who is adventurous enough to reach it and has faith enough in it to kiss it will henceforth have a gift of marvelous efficacy. Honeyed words will flow from his lips and persuasive powers hang on his utterances. He will win his way everywhere and with everybody, and when mankind, and much more, womankind, are taken captive by the witchery of his tongue people will say, "He has kissed the Blarney stone."

There are two stones, however, each of which are claimed to be the real talisman, the other being on the summit of the castle. The stone last named is about two feet square and bears date of 1703. The one mentioned in the opening as being set in the wall on the northeastern side of the castle bears date of the building of the structure, which is 1446. To kiss this the votary must be let down from the top of the building some twenty feet by means of ropes. This has the effect of making most every one believe, or pretend to believe that the stone on the roof of the castle is the true "Blarney stone."—American Notes and Queries.

Equals.

Every incident should be welcomed which, in a country where offended "honor" must be satisfied by questionable means, tends to make the practice of dueling absurd. Many a sensible man has escaped the lifelong remorse attendant on "bringing down his man" by the simple method of throwing cold water on the person's injured sensibilities in the beginning.

One day a distinguished notary, while breakfasting with a friend at a cafe in Paris, indulged in some stinging comments on the public acts of Marshal Marmont. Suddenly another gentleman, dining at a neighboring table, arose and approached them, his mustache bristling with anger.

"Sir," cried he, tragically, "you shall give me satisfaction!"

"Are you Marshal Marmont?" quietly asked the notary.

"I have not that honor," was the reply, "but I am his chief aid-de-camp."

"Give me your card, then, sir," said the notary. "I will send you my head clerk."—Youth's Companion.

It Was Loaded.

A sad case was that of a friend of mine who went to a gunsmith's to buy a revolver previous to going abroad. The man behind the counter handed him a number of new revolvers to choose from, and my friend kept on trying the pulls, when one of them went off, killing the salesman instantaneously. At the inquest it appeared that the revolver was one of a number that had been sent on approval to a gentleman, and before sending them back he had evidently overlooked a cartridge in one of the chambers, with this dire result.—London Tit-Bits.

Doctors and Lawyers' Mistakes.

While cross examining Dr. Warren, a New York counsel declared that doctors ought to be able to give an opinion of a disease without making mistakes. "They make fewer mistakes than the lawyers," responded the physician. "That is not so," said the counselor; "but doctor's mistakes are buried six feet underground, a lawyer's are not." "No," replied Warren, "but sometimes hung as many feet above the ground."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Spinsters.

Among our industrious and frugal forefathers it was a maxim that a young woman should never be married until she had spun herself a set of body, table and bed linen. From this custom all unmarried women were termed spinsters, an appellation they still retain in all our law proceedings.—London Tit-Bits.

Consecrated a Bishop.

Returned Traveler—How do you do, my little dear? Is your father still the rector of this church?

Little Girl—Oh, no, sir—not now. He's been concentrated a bishop.—Good News.

About Right.

Once Tommy was silent at the request of his elders for many weary minutes, and when he could no longer contain himself he was told that silence was golden. "Yes," quoth he, "but you know we want change sometimes."—London Truth.

WIND SWEPT HEADS.

A Physician's Scheme for Detecting the Presence of Insanity.

Dr. Peter McCahey, of Philadelphia, has found that by placing a stethoscope to a person's head he can distinctly hear the sound of an air current within, and by the character of the sound can tell whether a person is sane or insane; and he positively avers that in the cranium of a big headed idiot this wind current can be distinctly heard loudly whistling.

The doctor is convinced that the brain breathes as well as the lungs. For many years he has been investigating air as a mechanical agent in the human body, and about a year ago conceived the novel idea of a rubber tip to the ordinary stethoscope, whereby the instrument can be fitted so exactly to the subject's head that the sound of this brain respiration cannot escape, but may be undeniably heard. That it differs in sane and insane persons the doctor is convinced, and by means of the stethoscope he feels sure that he can distinguish, as a rule, between healthy brained people and those who are insane or idiots.

The little rubber tip, which is Dr. McCahey's discovery, is a novelty, and its story was unfolded by Dr. McCahey himself.

"My general theory," declared Dr. McCahey, "is that the great mechanical agent employed by all the animate world, animal or vegetable, to permit of growth against the continual resistance of the atmosphere is heated air. Within the interstices of the tissue of the body is air, and this air, becoming heated by the processes of life, exercises a greater expansive force than the outer atmosphere, and thereby enables the animal to grow against it. You can squeeze this air out of tomato and pepper under water and see it come up in large bubbles. In the tissue and hollow organs of men this air is used as the direct mechanical function. The expulsive force in spitting, coughing and sneezing we know to be air.

"A free supply of air to the brain is just as necessary as a free supply to the lungs, and any interference with this brain respiration will cause serious disturbance of the cerebral functions, even insanity. Insanity may be caused by a tumor or by a congestive blow, but post mortems almost invariably disclose no resident cause of insanity. That people become insane and are permanently restored and that there is a recurrent insanity points to a functional derangement.

"This disturbed function I claim to be the cranial respiration. Air taken into the lungs passes to and from the brain through minute pores at the base of the skull. The normal circulation of blood through the brain depends upon this normal air current. If from any cause these tiny pores become closed or stopped to an abnormal degree, the current is impeded or destroyed. The air that is shut in becomes overheated and congests the brain."

By means of the doctor's rubber tipped stethoscope wonderful things come to light. In the head of a healthy person two distinct sounds can be heard, coincident with the inhalation and exhalation of air by the lungs. These sounds are practically of the same tone in all healthy heads, but are altered or absent in all classes of insane or idiots. The sounds of the heart and voice in these mentally weak and deranged unfortunates are also different from those in sane persons. As these are grades of insanity so there are degrees of sound.

As a rule the noise of the wind current of an insane or idiotic brain is more markedly perceptible than that of a sane organ, and in big headed idiots it whistles loudly. The major portion of insanity is caused by derangement of the cranial wind apparatus. Where it is not due to a tumor, a blow or some kindred direct injury to the brain or its covering, insanity is traceable to this "ill wind," and the rubber tipped stethoscope may yet become the champion insane expert in the world.—Newark Journal.

Greek Stories.

The controversy on "Compulsory Greek" in the universities has received a characteristic contribution from Mr. Labouchere, who says: "Once the late Mr. Peter Rylands hazarded a long Latin quotation in the house. I got up after him, when I said, 'My honorable friend evidently knows dead languages; I will therefore reply to his arguments in Greek—a language, no doubt, familiar to him.' Then I recited about the only line in the 'Iliad' that I knew. No one (Mr. Gladstone was absent) liked to admit that he did not understand my Greek, and consequently accepted the fact that I had replied conclusively to Mr. Rylands' arguments. So much for the knowledge of the dead languages possessed by the members of the august assembly at Westminster.

Mr. Labouchere was about as audacious and unscrupulous as that Welsh preacher who settled down among a congregation in a small town in the western states. A stranger dropping in to the meeting house one Sunday heard this ingenious preacher giving string after string of "the original Greek" of the pure passages bearing on his subject, all in pure and sonorous Welsh. The stranger, being a Welshman, was visibly amused, whereupon the preacher addressed him directly in Welsh, saying, "Don't give me away. They think its Greek, and its just as good for them."—Yorkshire Post.

The Silk Threads Not Always Sure.

It is a mistake to suppose that the presence of two threads in paper money is absolute evidence of genuineness, for while it is practically impossible for counterfeiters to get hold of paper with the threads running through it, it is quite common for them to split open paper, insert threads and then join the sections together again. An expert can easily find traces of this process, but it is done so neatly that the average eye is easily deceived. An experienced bank teller can feel the difference between paper which has been split and rejoined, and he can also detect a little roughness at the edges. For all that a split note is occasionally passed among others, and a man not accustomed to handling much paper money will take it without question.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Not Hard to Fit.

New Girl—Please, mum, while you're down town, would ye be so kind as to order me a pair o' shoes?

Mrs. De Style—I—er—do not know your size.

New Girl—Nor I, mum; but I think if ye get them about the size of yours they'll do.

Mrs. De Style (hesitatingly)—Do you think you could wear them?

New Girl—Oh, yes, mum. After new shoes is wet they shrinks.—New York Weekly.

When One Club Dines.

At a dinner of the London Thirteen club every visitor was told that they "must conform to the rules of the club, and, if requested, must walk under the club ladder, spill salt, cross their knives and forks, shake hands across, wear a peacock's feather, open an umbrella in the dining hall, and do other things deemed unlucky and of evil omen."

Carbonic Acid Gas in Liquid Form.

At the Guinness brewery in Dublin an attempt is being made to utilize the carbonic acid gas liberated during the process of fermentation. As some 25,000,000,000 gallons of this gas are produced annually in the breweries of the United Kingdom, a great saving will be effected if the new enterprise proves a success in a commercial way. The gas is to be condensed into the liquid form, in which form it sells at eight cents per pound. The makers of soda water, mineral waters, wines "with a pop" and other like drinks will rejoice in the prospects of cheap carbonic acid gas in a convenient form.—New York Telegram.

A MASTER OF MILLIONS

Here's a Man Who Can Give Jay Gould Pointers.

SHREWDNESS OF AN "APOSTLE."

How Dr. Cyrus Teed, Chief of the Koreshans, Got Control of the Vast Fortune Accumulated by the Economites—Gigantic Plans.

TEED, Cyrus Teed! That is the name of a man who has accomplished more at one coup than any Rothschild, Gould or Vanderbilt has achieved in a lifetime of shrewd financial scheming. He has got his hands on $150,000,000 of accumulated wealth, and he proposes to put it into circulation. He plans to establish co-operative stores, to build a six track railway across the United States and in various ways to cheapen communication and to lessen the cost of life's necessaries.

Who is Dr. Cyrus Teed? Well, he is a remarkable man—a man who has founded a celibate society known as the "Koreshans;" a man who claims to be immortal and who arrogates to himself powers usually associated with divinity alone. He has had a varied career since he was born in a New York village fifty-two years ago—a career that according to common repor has been open to criticism.

After separating from his wife, who had just given birth to a boy, Teed branched out (the date being 1870) on a western experience that is without parallel in the history of creeds or credulity. Buddha never claimed greater purity, Confucius never spoke more authoritatively, Mohammed never laid down the spiritual law with greater earnestness, and Brigham Young never had such "revelations" as this man Teed. His Chicago "College of Life" became the center from which the Koreshan doctrine spread. Branches were established at various points in the United States, the San Francisco colony being the most notable because of the earthly scandals that have of late attracted to it public attention.

DR. CYRUS TEED.

Teed's initial revelation disclosed the fact that the world is hollow, that mankind lives on the inside and that the sun is the center of the globe. As to his personal experiences they are thus recounted by an enthusiastic disciple:

"When he was baptized the Holy Spirit descended on him as a dove, and he heard a voice calling to him. Nobody heard the voice or saw the dove but himself. Subsequently he was caught up into heaven and lived for a time among the angels. Wonderful revelations were made to him. He learned that God became incarnate once in each era of the world's history. God or divinity became incarnate first in Adam, and subsequently in Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Elijah, Jesus and others. Each meridian covered a period of 2,000 years. Christ came in under the sign of Aries, the Ram or Lamb. After the era of the Lamb came the era of the Fishes. The Christian era has been under the constellation of Aquarius. Christ understood this when he chose fishermen for his disciples.

"Each dispensation overlaps the other. The beginning of the last lap was when Christ was born; the middle or meridian line was the day he was crucified; the end of the lap was the date of the destruction of Jerusalem. A similar overlapping of the constellations is now going on. The beginning of the lap was in 1870, when Dr. Teed was caught up into heaven; the

JOHN DUSS.

meridian line will be in 1891, when Teed will be translated and disseminated; the end of the lap will be the date when the new order of things is perfected—when the golden age is fairly inaugurated under the rule of the sexless sons of God—or about 2000."

Celibacy, by the way, is to result in the production of 144,000 sexless immortals who are to rule the earth for 75,000 years. As for Cyrus, although he has to hurry if he intends to be "translated" during the year 1891, he has of late been attending to secular affairs with a vigor already spoken of as phenomenal.

Nearly every one knows something of the record of the colony which owed its origin to the mystic teachings of George Rapp. He came to America in 1805 with a band of 600 German adherents. They founded the town of Harmony in Pennsylvania, and a decade later removed to Posey county, Ind., where they established another community of the same name. Malaria drove them from their second home, and in 1825 the remnant of the band returned to Pennsylvania, where they formed what is still known as the village of Economy.

Soon after reaching America the doctrine of celibacy had been promulgated and accepted by Rapp's followers, and it is in force today. One by one the immigrants died off, but a few of their places were filled with converts. In a material way the society prospered more than any other association of a religious nature the world has ever seen. Whatever the Economites undertook brought them financial profit. A veritable shower of gold seemed to rain on the little hamlet where wants were few and fleshly desires were curbed. Now a score or so of aged men and women are by survival the rightful owners of real estate, oil and gas wells, coal mines, securities, bank stocks and ready cash thought to aggregate in value at least $150,000,000.

John Henrici, the chief trustee, is eighty-eight years old and bedridden. Associated with him, however, as manager of this immense estate, is John Duss, a Cincinnati man, who has had a checkered career, and who was admitted to membership in 1889. Duss only recently passed life's thirtieth milestone, yet despite that and brief acquaintance he has the confidence of his ancient brothers and sisters. All checks are signed and all business is done by Henrici & Duss, in which firm is legally vested the entire possessions of the Economites.

A GLIMPSE OF ECONOMY.

So far the tale is a plain one. Now comes the complication. It seems that long since Cyrus Teed became cognizant of the methods and beliefs of the Pennsylvania community and started his Koreshan scheme along the same lines of celibacy and revelation. He adhered to Rapp's plan with such fidelity and secured such a following that when he visited Economy the other day, aired his pretensions and declared his mission, he was hailed as the immortal who was to continue and complete the task of establishing a sexless race on earth.

He has arranged to merge the rich Harmonists with the poor Koreshans, and to inaugurate a vast commercial and industrial enterprise, of which he is to be the chief. "Henrici & Duss" will disappear as a financial potency, and in their place Dr. Cyrus Teed will blossom out as the controller and manipulator of millions. Just how this tremendous earthly undertaking will harmonize with the imminent translation of the doctor to a celestial sphere has not yet developed. Perhaps, in view of his good luck, the chief of the Koreshans may be induced to postpone for awhile his contemplated departure to the realms of beatitude. He indicates such a course himself in a recent statement, from which this extract is made:

"I will in the near future establish a store in Pittsburg on my system of equitable commerce. I will establish a big central house in Chicago and expect my co-operative system to come into general vogue in ten years. Eleven years ago I prophesied that I would come to Economy in 1891.

"The Economite institution has been placed here for my especial use. They will do for me whatever I wish. Their resources are at my disposal. Of course I shall go slowly and cannot tell very much that is definite. However, I did not come here for their money. I want their moral support and credit.

"Through their influence I expect to bring closer to me the other five celibate societies in this country. There are about 10,000 celibates in the country outside of the Roman Catholic church. The new order of things is approaching rapidly and will come in time. I am not going to die."

Perhaps the people who regard Dr. Teed and his plans with the most disfavor are the tramps. They say that he is "out for the stuff" and that when he gets the reins in hand his first move will be to abolish the Economy "palace." This palace is a big structure near the village hotel, where all wanderers are welcomed, fed, bathed and lodged. Three thousand vagrants partook of the society's hospitality last year. If Dr. Teed does away with this charity he is liable to secure the enmity of a rather useless but extremely dangerous class of men. Indeed they may put his claim of immortality to a decidedly disagreeable test.

FRED C. DAYTON.

Some Excellent Work Done.

The department of agriculture first introduced the Russian apple, which has had such great success in the north and west. It introduced the Japan persimmon, which is largely cultivated in Florida and California. The celebrated Washington navel orange of California was propagated from a tree grown in the hothouse of this department. Good judges have said that the introduction of this one tree was worth more than the entire cost of Uncle Sam's work in the agricultural field. The original plant came from Brazil. Three years passed before success was obtained, and then the result was but a single tree. From the progeny of this one tree have come crops worth millions yearly.

A Coon Hunt That Failed.

It is sad that the claim that women are the equals of men in all sorts of occupations should occasionally be disproved. But perhaps hunting doesn't count. The story, at any rate, is a good one. A party of young women of Fulton, Mo., got up a coon hunting party a few days ago. The boys were rigorously excluded. The party started out with four dogs, two guns, two axes and a big basket of lunch. Early next morning the whole neighborhood sallied forth to hunt the hunters, and found them deep in the woods, all sitting in a row on a log, crying dreadfully. They admitted that they got hopelessly lost within a couple of hours after the start.

Well Paid for Mourning.

A rich Englishman had 400 acquaintances whom he deemed friends. When he died all were bidden to the funeral, but only twenty-nine went. Eight days afterward the lawyer of the estate announced that, according to the will, each person who had attended was entitled to a bequest—£320 to each woman and £200 to each man. There are several delightful things about the affair—the cynicism of the testator, who probably knew what "friendship" generally means; the delight of the mourners and the sorrow of those who did not grieve at the proper time.

Paper Made of Corn Husks.

Corn husks boiled in caustic soda are being utilized for the manufacture of paper. The cooking process results in the formation of a spongy, glutinous paste, which is subjected to heavy pressure so as to eliminate the gluten, the fiber remaining being made into paper in the ordinary way.—Yankee Blade.

The custom of throwing obstacles in the pathway of the bridegroom as a prelude to the marriage ceremony is of very ancient origin. Mythology has its tales of suitors whose courage and skill were tested before they were allowed to take their brides; in certain remote districts, even in civilized lands, some form of such usages still exists.

In some sections of this country there is a superstition that when a death occurs in a house the mirrors in the different rooms must be carefully covered until after the funeral, lest the face of the corpse be photographed in the glass.

South Carolina produced more than one-third of the entire amount of phosphate rock mined in the world in 1890, the output being 600,000 tons.

Above all, study, study, study! All the genius in the world will not help you along with any art unless you become a hard student.

Mistress Dorothy's Ghost.

And such a delightful little room it was when we reached it! A carpet soft as velvet and of some rich dark mosaic pattern covered the floor. A few choice chromos and engravings enlivened the walls, which were papered of a soft French gray. A bouquet of delicious hothouse flowers stood before the mirror on the marble topped dressing table, among the exquisitely tinted silver mounted perfume bottles. A coal fire burnt in the low polished grate, and near the lace draped windows that looked out on the matchless view of hill and dale and bosky ravine stood a little low rocking chair that caught my eyes in an instant.

"You see I did not forget that comical little Yankee weakness of yours, Sydney dear," she laughed, as I sank into it with a delicious little sigh of satisfaction; "and I am going to make you confess that, if there is one thing more than another in which thy soul delighteth, it is a rocker."

"I don't want to deny it, my dear. And you and your strait laced countrywomen have my full permission to sit on stiffbacked chairs and laugh as much as you like," I magnanimously returned, rocking away as hard as I was able. Everybody knows that a rocking chair is about as necessary to your true born Yankee as a swaying tree branch to a ringtailed monkey. Another proof, I should not wonder, of our monkey descent! I am surprised Mr. Darwin did not think to mention it; but he is welcome to the suggestion.

My toilet accomplished, I went downstairs to be made acquainted with Sir George, Miss Amhurst and several other guests who had been invited to dinner. With Sir George, a dear old gentleman with a bald head, a shining sweet face and courtly old school manners, I fell in love at first sight; but with Miss Amhurst I was far less favorably impressed.

"A splendid dolt, destitute alike of wit, of talent, or feeling," I decided during the first hour of our acquaintance; but subsequent observation induced me to suspect that under her cold, passionless exterior there lay an undercurrent of shrewd cunning that might possibly on a pinch serve Miss Amhurst in place of intellect.

On the following day Mr. Edward Pomfret arrived, and for a time Daisy brightened and improved so visibly in the happiness of his society that I began to hope the mysterious cloud darkening her life had been dispelled.

"Who is that lady in the powdered hair and pointed stomacher?" I inquired, as Daisy and I went up to our room together one night, pausing as I spoke in front of a life size painting of a beautiful woman with a pale, proud face and a baleful light in the cold gray eyes with which she seemed always to follow our movements as we came and went up and down the great hall staircase, on the landing of which it hung.

"An ancestress of mine, Sydney, who lived and had her being nearly three centuries ago—one Mistress Dorothy Drasdale—a woman with a horrible history, about which I hate to think," she replied, shudderingly shrinking away.

"Is that so? How very delightful! If there is one thing I like better than another it is a story with a spice of the horrible in it," I thoughtlessly remarked, holding up the lamp to study the cold, handsome features, to which the flickering light imparted a strangely lifelike play. "It must be perfectly splendid to have ancestors who have mysterious histories. Now there is mamma; she is very much given to talking about her family. But they have all been so dreadfully respectable, according to her, that I have never been able to get up any great amount of interest in them—all the way down from the first originator, who came over with Columbus, or Capt. John Smith—or was it Capt. Kidd?—the man who married Pocahontas, you know, or whatever the woman's dreadful name was. I am afraid I am not very well up in the history of my country; but, all the same, I am surprised at his taste in marrying an Indian. I always did detest the sight of a squaw myself! But come, Daisy, tell me all about this mysterious lady in brocade and powder."

"Oh, Syd, it is such a horrible, horrible story!" she returned in low, frightened tones. "In a frenzy of mad jealousy, it is said, she actually poisoned her own cousin, a beautiful girl who was to have been married on the following day to the man with whom she was secretly in love; and then, having dressed herself in the costly bridal robes intended for her victim and rival, she killed herself with the remainder of the deadly drug; and so, attired in all her snowy splendor, she was found on the morning of the intended bridal, as cold and lifeless as the poor little bride herself. It must have been a dreadful tragedy. I never hear the story without a shudder. And from that day to this, so runs the legend, Mistress Dorothy's ghost is given to prowling at night about the old abbey, leaving the curse of her crime on her race, for, of all the women of her name who have had the misfortune to behold the bridal specter, as it is called, not one has ever lived to wear her own wedding dress."

"Come now, that's what I call a very respectable family legend! And every old family ought to have its legend, every old house its ghost. But, good Heaven, Daisy, you don't mean to say that you believe one word of all this?" I exclaimed, surprised to see how pale she had grown, and that her teeth were absolutely chattering as she spoke.

"I don't know. Shakespeare was a wise man, and even he felt that there more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy. Above all, I am a Drasdale, and the Drasdales always have believed in it. But, for pity's sake, come away, Sydney! I hate that picture; its still, cold, baleful eyes always seem to follow me like some vague intangible horror. If it were not for the absurd folly of the thing, I would request my uncle to have it removed. But come away, Sydney; don't you feel a draught? These old houses are none too air tight, and I am chilled to the bone."

I made no reply, for, as a light footstep fell upon my ear, I turned to find the cold gray eyes of Miss Amhurst fixed full upon my friend, with a subdued but unmistakable expression of hate and triumph in their handsome cold depths, which changed on the instant to her usual bland smile, as with a polite "good night" she swept slowly past and went up to her room.

"Good heaven," I thought, as I stood staring after her in blank surprise, "what a remarkable resemblance she bore to the pictured face of which we have just been speaking!"

That Miss Amhurst's feelings towards her cousin were anything but friendly I had suspected from the first; but somehow, as I sat over the fire in my own room that night, pondering the incident just described, the memory of that sinister, evil glance began to haunt me like a chill premonition of evil to come; and from Porter, who came in as usual to help me to undress, I discovered, by means of a few well directed questions, that previous to Miss Drasdale's return to England Madeline Amhurst had been regarded by many people as Sir George's probable heiress.

"But whether or not such would have been the case I can't, of course, pretend to say," Porter continued, "for even as a child Miss Madeline was no particular favorite with Sir George, kind and indulgent though he has always been to her. But, as matters stand, she will certainly never be mistress of Drasdale Abbey—never, at least, while Miss Drasdale lives. She is his pet and darling; and, as he has no other heirs, the great bulk of the property will go to her and her children, should she ever live to have any. But, oh, miss, I am terribly anxious about my young lady!" she added, with a sigh and a sudden change of manner. "She is so sadly altered of late that I think even you must have noticed it."

"I have noticed it, Porter!" I exclaimed, springing to my feet and laying my hand on her arm. "Tell me what it is that is ailing Miss Drasdale. She has tried to hide it from me; but I cannot help seeing that something is wrong. She has a worried, haunted look, like that of a person burdened with some secret care. It frightens me to see her; and perhaps, if I only knew what it is that is troubling her, I might be able to do something to lighten it."

"That is precisely what I think—precisely why I have spoken, miss. I was in the blue chamber this evening when you two young ladies came up to your rooms, and, as the door was open, I overheard every word of what Miss Drasdale was telling you about that picture and the old superstition concerning Mistress Dorothy's ghost, that no lady of that name who beheld the specter ever lived to be a bride. But, my dear young lady, she did not tell you that it is this same ill omened belief that is undermining her health—her very life. She believes that she herself has seen the ghost—consequently that she is doomed to die before her wedding day; and, unless something can be done to convince her of the absurdity of the superstition, I am afraid the belief will only too surely verify itself. Soon after our return to the Abbey and the arrival of Miss Amhurst, who came to pay us a little visit, a whisper began to creep out among the servants that the bridal specter had been seen gliding along the passages and corridors; and one night the household was awakened by a shrill piercing cry that threw us all into a sudden panic of terror. Somebody said that it came from Miss Drasdale's room; and, on rushing in, we were horrified to find her lying on her bed in a dead faint, from which it taxed our utmost efforts to restore her. We brought her to at last; but the shock, whatever it was, had once more brought on that alarming malady, hemorrhage of the lungs, from which we had been in such hopes she had entirely recovered, and the doctor who was called in took Sir George aside and privately repeated the advice that other physicians had previously given him—to guard her from the slightest shock or excitement of any kind. She was so very delicate, her hold on life so painfully precarious, that the slightest thing of the kind might possibly prove fatal, he said. That she had had a shock of some kind I was fully convinced, though of what nature I never suspected until this very day. Binding me over by a strict promise not to mention the matter either to her uncle or Mr. Pomfret, she told me this afternoon now, on waking up from her sleep that night, with a vague, half defined sense of some one or something near her, she had opened her eyes to behold the ill omened specter standing white and shadowy in its long white bridal veil by her bedside. The sight, she declares, literally curdled the blood in her veins; and, with an awful indescribable terror she uttered the piercing cry that so terrified us all, and fainted dead away. And from that hour, Porter, she added, looking up into my face with an expression that touched me to the quick, 'I have known that I am doomed—that my fate is sealed—that I shall never live to be poor Teddy's wife, eagerly as he is looking forward to the day.' I felt that I must speak to some one, but not to uncle—not to Teddy! Poor souls, they love me so truly that it will be hard enough for them when the time comes. And now, my dear young lady," Porter continued, "you know the secret of the pitiful change that has come over our poor darling. Of course I don't myself believe one word about Mistress Dorothy's ghost, or any such rubbish. I am a plain, practical woman, and both religion and common sense, it seems to me, utterly preclude the possibility of such a thing. It must have been a dream, an optical illusion, or something of that kind, that occasioned her terror; but the effect upon her will be precisely the same, unless something can be done to release her from the morbid superstition that is killing her. I know that you are Miss Drasdale's sincere friend, and troubled, I should judge, by very few superstitious weaknesses, therefore it occurred to me that you might be able to offer a suggestion—that you might possibly think of some way in which to help her. At all events, I have been thinking that, without letting her know that I have given you any hint of all this, you might perhaps make some excuse for staying with her at night. Only think of that poor, nervous child passing it alone!"

"Set your mind at rest on that point, Mrs. Porter," I replied. "So long as I remain at the Abbey she shall not be left alone. I'll take care of that. But for the rest I must have time to think."

Throwing a dressing robe over my night dress, I hurried off to Daisy's room at once, where, as I expected, I found her lying among the pillows with a white pitiful face and perfectly wide awake.

"Don't laugh, Daisy dear!" I exclaimed, bouncing in upon her with a little grimace, I tried my level best to render comical. "Like Mrs. Gummidge, I am a 'poor, lone lorn creetur;' and I've come to see if you'll take me in for the night. But you need not have me if you do not want me, you know. If you'd rather be alone, just speak the word, and I'll go."

Dear little Daisy, how my heart ached for her as I saw the expression of sudden relief that leapt into the poor little anxious face! Throwing her arms about my neck, she clung to me like a frightened child.

"Dear old Syd, how glad I am that you came! I wanted to ask you; but somehow I did not like to mention it. It is so nice to have you here to be close by me!" she exclaimed, clinging to me with a shudder. "More—it reminds me of the dear old school days, when we two shared the same room and the same bed, and were as happy as a couple of young robins on a high tree branch."

And then, soothed and comforted by my presence, she fell into such a quiet, restful slumber as she told me afterwards, she had not enjoyed for weeks. But the confidence Porter had placed in me was sufficient to keep me restless, wakeful and full of thought.

Twelve, then one, rang out from the great clock over the stables as I lay listening to the wind that tossed the great park trees in stormy gusts and watched the white light that struggled fitfully in through the half drawn curtains every time the moon rose up above the black drifts of storm riven cloud that enveloped her. Somewhere in the direction of the stables a watchdog uttered at intervals a long low howl; and, although I was sensible of the fact that my spirits had somehow grown chill and dull, the effect of Daisy's soft low breathing, as she slept on peacefully and tranquilly by my side, was finally to lull me into a light doze, from which, as it seemed to me, the touch of an ice cold hand on my face aroused me in sudden fright.

I opened my eyes with a start and sprang bolt upright in bed, and there, close beside it, stood an object, white, shadowy and ghostly, on which it shook even my strong nerves to look—Mistress Dorothy's ghost! There could be no mistaking the cruel eyes, the powdered hair and the long white bridal veil that covered the figure from head to foot. For

I opened my eyes with a start,

the moment I was too petrified with horror and surprise to move, speak or even to think. But when at last the ghostly figure turned round slowly and moved towards the door, a faint touch of what papa used to call "Syd's pluck" returned to me, and grasping a heavy tumbler of cut glass that stood on a stand just within reach, I sent it with all the force terror and desperation could impart at the ghostly figure just vanishing through the open door.

There was a loud crash, followed by a low moan and a heavy fall; and, grasping the bell at the head of the bed, I pulled away at it with a force that seemed, breaking as the sound did on the solemn stillness of the night, sufficient to rouse the dead. In another moment two or three servants, headed by Sir George, rushed into the room, and there, in the doorway, as their lights flashed down upon it, lay a white huddled heap.

"Why, it is Miss Amhurst, Sir George!" said one of the servants, looking up from the white unconscious face over which a little stream of blood was trickling. "I really thought at first that it was the bridal specter! She do look uncommon like it, to be sure, in her long bridal dress and veil!"

The mystery of the ill omened apparition was explained at last. It was Madeline Amhurst who had been personating Mistress Dorothy's ghost. The white dress and veil, the powdered hair so carefully arranged to render her resemblance to the painting as close as possible, all told its tale, and, even in the first confusion of the surprise, I saw that both Porter and Sir George fully understood the situation.

Not a word of explanation was offered to the servants, but Miss Amhurst was carried up to her own room, where for several days she remained slightly indisposed, as I could very well understand, from the effect of the blow I had so unwittingly struck her with the goblet—"a shaft at random sent" that had certainly "found mark the archer little meant," though I never saw cause to regret that my aim that night was well taken.

Neither Daisy nor I saw Miss Amhurst again, for Sir George, who looked upon her efforts to terrify his niece as something very little short of an attempt to murder, knowing as she did what the result of such experiment was likely to be, sent her a polite intimation that her presence in his house was no longer desired.

For the rest, it is necessary only to observe that, the dread by which she had been oppressed once removed, Daisy speedily recovered both health and spirits, and when the time came for me to go back to Paris it was Sir George himself who wrote and obtained mamma's cordial consent for me to come back in the spring to officiate as chief bridesmaid.

THE END.

Stopped to Get the Rod.

Joe Jefferson is a devoted disciple of Izaak Walton. He always has an eye open for fishing tackle and wants to buy every new variety of pole he sees. A few weeks ago he was on his way to a funeral with his sons, when he happened to spy a particularly attractive fishing rod in a store window. "Boys," said he, in his best funeral voice, "I think I'll have time to buy that rod—let's go in. It may not be there when we come back."—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Man Who Eats Glass.

According to the Charleston World, the driver of a car on one of the street railways of that city is a confirmed glass eater. The driver, although a small, spare man, appears to enjoy perfect health, and his glass diet, while it may not be very nourishing, does not appear to have been very hurtful up to the present.