IN GALVESTON.

The Editor of the Guard Writes About That City and the Press Meeting.

SAN ANTONIO, FEB. 17, 1897.

DEAR GUARD.—Well we arrived in the city of Galveston Monday evening last and wended our way to the Beach hotel, a monster building located on the Gulf of Mexico. The sessions of the convention were very similar to the other ones, excepting the middle West had more to say. The Pacific Coast was poorly represented, Oregon having five representatives, viz: Asbury, Fisher, Woodward, Butler and Campbell; California none, Washington none, while states west of the Rockey mountains excepting Colorado, were totally unrepresented. The convention contained about 450 delegates, about the usual number. The presiding officer, Col Thomas, was a greater failure than his predecessor. The Association wisely reduced the salaries of several of the officers.

Galveston is a city of about 40,000 people. It is located on an island which is 30 miles long by three miles wide and is only eight feet above high tide, therefore a damp fog prevails all over the city. The day we arrived the rain fell in torrents flooding many of the streets, and during our five days' stay huge ponds remained in many sections of the city. The atmosphere was heavily ladened with dampness and the thermometer stood continuously at from 75 to 80 degrees, and it was quite hard to breathe. The hotels were miserable and the prices elevated to a point that was hard to reach. The street car service was good and the oysters large and delicious. Business was good in the city and many improvements are being made despite the hard times.

In describing the city I forget to state that the railroads to come into the city had to run over water a distance of three miles on piling and bridges.

While here the battleship Texas arrived into the harbor, and people were run into the city by thousands to inspect it. As you know the vessel has been declared faulty in construction by all the leading papers, but this the residents of the Lone Star state resent fiercely. The vessel anchored about five miles from the city, as the depth of the water was too shallow for her to come nearer, although the warship only drew 22 feet of water and the government has spent $12,000,000 in improving the harbor. However we must state that when the improvement commenced only 8 feet of water was on the bar, while now it exceeds twenty-three feet. In front of the Beach hotel the people pre-witnessed the ceremonies.

Before closing we desire to say that the citizens of Galveston one and all sented the vessel an elegant silver service and flags valued at $22,000. Gov Culbertson made the presentation speech and it was a grand one. It was estimated that five thousand people did everything in their power to make the editors' stay in that city pleasant, and many were the entertainments provided for their enjoyment. We will next write concerning San Antonio.

We leave tomorrow for Mexico, and will enter the country at Eagle Pass tomorrow for a fifteen days' stay. We have a special train of nine Pullman buffet cars at our disposal, and will stop at each town until we are tired, expecting to remain in the City of Mexico four or five days. We will also spend one day south of the city in the mountains, which reach an altitude of 10,000 feet. So far our trip has been enjoyable.

I. L. C.

DIAMOND REBEKAH LODGE NO. 89

Instituted at Coburg by Eugene Rebekah Lodge No. 55.

Yesterday evening a number of the members of Eugene Rebekah Lodge No. 55 left Eugene for Coburg to institute a new lodge of Rebekahs at that place. Two large stages were comfortably filled and the company left, anticipating a delightful evening.

Having arrived at Coburg, representatives of the Eugene, Springfield and Lebanon Rebekah lodges, together with those who intended becoming members of the new lodge, met at the I O O F hall, where Diamond Rebekah Lodge No 89, of Coburg, was instituted with fifteen charter members.

Officers of the new lodge were elected and installed as follows: Mrs M H Skinner, N G; Sophia Fweler, V G; Leora Thomas, Sec; Alice Smith, Fin. Sec; Iara Wilkinson, Treas; Mr Wishberger, R S N G; Minnie Wilkinson, L S N G; Ed Allingham, R S V G; Miss DeWitzie, L S; Lena Chanderlin, chaplain; Allie Allingham, warden; B Allingham, I G; W F Parks, O G; Lulu Allingham, R A S; Miss Owen, conductor.

Those from Eugene, who assisted in the organization of the Coburg lodge, were: Mesdames Frazer, Willoughby, Holden, Eastham, Ware, Brown, Ham and Simpson, and Misses Hanson, Evenson, Bonney, Leonie, Day, Young, Kress, Hattie Walton, Lemley Winkley, Anderson and Messrs Frazer, Littlefield, Gross and Willoughby.

U. OF O. LEADS

Fred Fisk Carries Away Honors in Oratory at Newberg.

A Lively Contest—A U. of O. Man Chosen Secretary.

NEWBERG, Feb 27.—Fred Fisk representing the University of Oregon at Eugene was awarded highest honors in the state oratorical contest which was held in the Friend's church in this city last night. The contest was quite exciting and was witnessed by many people.

Mr Fisk was chosen from the senior class of the University of Oregon.

Dell Kuykendall, U of O was chosen secretary of the association and an Albany man was elected president.

The U of O delegation will return home Sunday.

[The students announce a reception to be given to Mr Fisk in Villard hall Monday evening, March 1, at 8 p m. A short appropriate program will be rendered, and all are invited to attend.]

Philologian Society.

The usual meeting of the society was held last evening with a large attendance, there being 36 present. The following officers were inaugurated for the ensuing term: President, S B Hanna; Vice-President, J S Higgins. Secretary, M S Applegate; Asst. Sec., S R Alderman; Treasurer, C E Woodson; Censor, S A Read; Editor F M Templeton; Sergeant-at-Arms, G W Gilbert.

The president made the following regular appointments for the term: Program Committee—S R Alderman, J S Higgins and Leslie Scott; Finance Committee—Clyde Bonney, S A Read and Ole Starausli. Owing to the hiatus caused by the senate, there was no regular program and the orders of declamation and prepared address were passed over. Mr Eaton delivered an extempore address; subect: "The Situation in Crete." The subject for two weeks hence will be the Woman Suffrage question, supported by Mr Harding and S R Alderman. The negative will be maintained by Mr Swift and C E Woodson. One week hence, the question, "Resolved, That strikes are beneficial to the laboring classes" will we debated on, the affirmative by J H Carrico and Mr Holt, on the negative by G W Gilbert and M S Applegate.

There being no regular debate according to appointment a debate was hastily prepared by request of the president. Only three days notice was given, but a very interesting discussion was prepared, in which quite a number toos part. The subject chosen was a bill which is before the legislature at present, providing for the establishment of maximum rates and other minor matters. The affirmative was supported by C E Woodson, S R Alderman S A Read, Mr Bauerman, J S Higgins, Mr White and Mr Holt. The negative was held by F M Templeton and M S Applegate The affirmative asserted that the bill should become a law because the railroad companies are inclined to charge excessive rates and should be restricted by law. That being granted the right of eminent domain, it is within the power of the state to legislate in reference to them. The bill provides against the company discriminating in favor of certain individuals in the way of rebates and general favors. This was held as a strong point and it was contended that the Standard Oil Company was built up in this way—one of the most powerful monopolies of our time. It was further held that the Inter-state commerce law regulates the rates of traffic in the states collectively, but each state should have a law regulating the same within its own borders; that discriminations are made against commodities, that discriminations are made against certain sections of country; that discriminations are made between men and companies. These were the principal points brought forward by the affirmative that would be provided against if the bill was enacted into a law. The negative held that the discriminations in the bill in reference to short hauls are more unjust than the present rate made by the railway company; that according to statistics the income of the companies are not very large and in as much as maximum rates given in the bill is a considerable cut on present rates, that an injustice would be imposed upon the management of the railways; that owing to the element of competition and the operation of economic principles there has been a radical reduction in rates; that the provisions of Section 3 of the bill does not give any encouragement for the building of branch lines; that discriminations can be made secretly and cannot be reached by law; that discriminations in reference to passes are not provided for; that the penalties are insufficient; that minimum rates should be given, or the element of competition would be of no value after a destructive rate war, and that reduction of rates is injurious and would by this last provision be prevented.

The president, after considering the argument pro and con, rendered his decision in favor of the affirmative.

SATURDAY FEBRUARY 27.

Dr Sharples is in town today.

Prof Johnson went to Harrisburg today on a business trip.

Miss Anna Crain, of Junction, is visiting friends in Eugene.

E R Skipworth returned last night from a business trip to Junction.

The county court has appointed Robert Clow administrator of the estate of Wm Weber, deceased.

The inauguration of Major William McKinley for president of the United States will take place next Thursday.

A Goldsmith is suffering from a canbuncle on the back of his neck. He has been confined to the house for several days with it, but is now better.

Mrs Dollie Van Vrankin has commenced suit in the circuit court to sever the matrimonial bonds now existing between her and Wont Van Vrankin.

Oregon was represented at the National Press Association, which met in Galveston, Texas, this month, by five delegates. California had one and Washington was not represented at all.

A young woman in North Dakota, who has saved up $300, wrote to a resident of Lincoln county, to inquire if Oregon is a good place to come to. The Leader says: "Let her come. A woman that can save up $300 in North Dakota can keep a husband in luxury in Oregon."

Monroe item: Petite prune trees are rapid growers, but Prof E R McKinzy wishes to know who can beat nine feet and three inches for a one year's growth. This is the record for one year from the bud, as shown by Geo Snyder in the Professor's orchard west of town.

James H Rinehart, a banker of Summerville, Union county, accompanied by his wife, arrived in the city yesterday and is visiting a few days with relatives and old time friends. Mr and Mrs Rinehart have been spending the winter in Portland. They will return to their home in Summerville some time in March.

To Return to Bloomington

BLOOMINGTON, Ill., Feb. 26.—Vice-President Stevenson and family will return to Bloomington after the inauguration and reoccupy the homestead in Franklin Square.

Arrangements are being made to tender a popular welcome to the ex-vice-president upon his arrival and plans have been completed for a reception and banquet in his honor the evening of March 9. This is to be participated in by friends and neighbors of Mr Stevenson regardless of politics.

BUSINESS CHANGE.—J F Nixon has sold his fish and poultry market to Weideman & Blaine.

The Dogs of the Conciergerie.

We seem to hear the baying of deep mouthed, great, fierce dogs—shepherds' dogs, as one might say, since their office is to guard the sheep for slaughter. Several of these faithful canine animals were employed in the prison, but one of them, named Ravage, was distinguished for ferocity and sagacity. Jailers slept at night near the cour de preau, and Ravage kept watch there with his master. Some prisoners attempted to escape by boring a hole in the wall.

Their chief danger of detection consisted in the watchfulness of Ravage, but, strangely enough, he was silent. His silence was explained on the following morning by an assignat of 100 sous, which was tied to his tail, together with a little note, on which was written, "On peut corrompre Ravage avec un assignat de cent sous et un paquet de pieds de mouton." The depraved dog walked about publishing his own infamy and was hailed with shouts of laughter. He was immured, as a punishment, for some hours in a cachot and emerged with an air of deep humiliation.—Quarterly Review.

The Wrong Name.

"Confidence men have adopted new tactics," said A. R. Henrickson of New York, "and the old time stories of countrymen being accosted by name have become obsolete, but there was a time when this trick was common. I lived in New York, but was running a truck farm in Orange county and frequently came into the city in my working garb. I had a good deal of fun with the confidence men. I was accosted several times, and each time acknowledged to the name by which I was called, instead of correcting them and telling my name. In this way I had no trouble getting rid of the fellows. But one day I was asked if my name was not Warren. I replied that it was and was rather startled by the questioner seizing my arm and saying, "You are under arrest." I was taken to the central station, and it was several hours before I could prove I was not Warren, since which time I have never answered to any name but my own."—Washington Star.

The Ideal Mother.

If you will take up one of the great histories, you will find that where famous teachers have been forgotten, famous scientists summed up in one line, the wise mother and the companionable wife have tributes paid to them by the great men whom they assisted or taught. When we say taught, we mean as a mother teaches her children. Is there a finer tribute to religion and to women than that given by the statesman John Randolph of Roanoke to his mother? "I should have been an atheist if it had not been for one recollection, and that is the memory of the time when my mother used to take my little hand in hers and extend me on my knees to say, 'Our Father, who art in heaven.'" Lord Langdale said, "If the whole world were put into one scale and my mother in the other, the world would kick the beam."—New York Ledger.

LAMPLIGHT.

Dear little lady, so tired and sleepy,
Kneeling at dusk with her head on my knee!
Long night is come, and the shadows are creepy,
Dear little lady, and, ah, sad me!

Saying a prayer that the angels must soften—
Ah, little lady, could only it be!
Time was when I prayed, too, often and often,
Longing for one that we ne'er shall see.

Dear little lady, all play days are over
Kneel here at dusk at my own tired knee!
Never could you know what is under the clover,
Dear little lady, but, ah, sad me.

—Post Wheeler in New York Press.

TWO WIVES.

"It's grown chilly, hasn't it?"

"Oh, yes," said Agnes Lawton, with a sarcastic laugh. She was huddling in her dapper street gear before the pennon of crackling flame on her friend's hearth. "It's blown horribly chilly, Marion—for me!"

"Another quarrel, I suppose, with your husband?"

"A quarrel this time that ends everything. I'm going to my mother in Boston."

"Don't, my dear."

Marion Kingsland spoke thus in tones tranquil and low. She was swaying herself softly in a rocking chair, and she had folded her arms in a leisurely way. She was a large, blond woman—not handsome, but with a beautiful figure and a face full of sweet gravity.

"Oh, you've always said that," replied young Mrs. Lawton, frowning at the fire. "But now I mean to disobey your counsel."

"Very well, Agnes, as you please. Remember I've always said one thing. Your husband loves you devotedly"—

"Ah, that's the very point, Marion! He loves me, but not devotedly. He"—and here Mrs Lawton lowered her face and drew out the next words in a dogged, dragging undertone—"he is not faithful."

The oscillations of Mrs. Kingsland's rocking chair quickened the least little bit. "What husband is?"

"Yours."

"Oh, Trent—yes! I wasn't thinking of him." She colored, biting her lips. "What is the present trouble, Agnes? Tell me."

"It's very simple. I found a note in Fred's—I mean Mr. Lawton's—overcoat pocket."

"My dear Agnes, what were you doing there?"

"Doing there?"

"You were spying—jealously spying," said Marion, with her usual calm. "Admit it."

"You're crueler than usual, Marion. I was a fool to come here. Mamma will sympathize, however. I shall take the 3 o'clock train for Boston."

"Was the note very dreadful?"

"Oh, it told its own story. And, as you're aware, this is not the first time"—

"That you've gone through your husband's pockets? I know. And the signature?"

"Initials."

"I see. And a very violent quarrel followed?"

"The most violent we have ever had. And the last we shall ever have."

Marion Kingsland stopped rocking. "Agnes," she said, breaking a pause, "I don't know a husband who in public is more respectful, more attentive, more positively gallant to his wife than yours."

"In public!" bristled the other. "What does that mean?"

"It means a great deal more than many a wife gets—many a wife of our acquaintance whom I've heard you openly pity in my hearing. Now, answer me frankly. Might not that letter which you found and read have implied a flirtation, a passing sentiment, rather than the very lurid and scandalous interpretation you put upon it? I say, might it not? Think for a moment before you answer."

Agnes tossed her head, decked in a tiny bonnet of tangled pansies.

"Well, perhaps," she presently conceded, with distinct reluctance.

"Perhaps," repeated Marion. "Now that is at least an admission. It puts Frederick in a more pardonable light. But it does not excuse you from being most rashly indiscreet."

"Oh," fumed Agnes, "I do so detest that kind of philosophy!"

"We women can cultivate none that is sounder."

"We women, Marion! How would you feel, pray, if your Trent"—

"Never mind my Trent, dear. Let us talk generalities for a few minutes. There's hardly a household that hasn't its Bluebeard's chamber."

"Except yours. And so you can afford"—

"Generalities, please, Agnes, just for a little while. There are Fatimas who do pry, and there are Fatimas who don't. The latter have by far the best time of it—that is, when their Bluebeards treat them fondly and courteously. Discretion is a wonderful safeguard to conjugal contentment. The moral obligation with men should be as strong as it is with women. I freely grant you that. But society does not grant it, and in the lives of our great-great-great-grandchildren it will not practically employ any such system of ethics unless I miserably err. It is a system talked about, written about, and, if at some day it will be actively exploited, on that day everybody who now lives will lie, as I firmly believe, in graves whose deepest cut headstones have grown undecipherable blurs. The new woman may dream her dreams and even realize a few of them. But, after all, it is still a man's world, and a man's world for many centuries it must remain. Fatima will reap nothing by her curiosity except unhappiness. So many of them live and die in blissful ignorance. And it is so much better that they should. Men are men, and the leopard does not change his spots. Why not let well alone? A wife can tend and water her jealousy and her suspicion precisely as if they were two different specimens of fern in a favorite jardiniere. Of course marital neglect, ill treatment, rudeness, are all autre chose. But I have often taken a thoughtful survey, Agnes, of my own social surroundings. They are very much the same as yours, my dear. We often meet at the same teas, dinners, dances. We know the same set—the smart set, I suppose one would call it—and most of our men friends are married, like ourselves. And I've repeatedly asked myself, judging as much by what they don't say as by what they do say, if a vast amount of family torment may not be avoided by the simple process of Fatima refraining from all interference with Bluebeard's key bunch."

Here Agnes sprang from her seat by the fire and looked tearfully, supplicatingly, round the tasteful sitting room of her friend.

"Oh, Marion," she cried, "you tell me you are talking generalities, but to me they are the most piercing personalities! And why? Because I'm not only jealous of him—I'm jealous of you! From your serene heights of perfect married happiness, the wife of a man who worships you, as all the world knows, who is a model of every virtue under the sun, and who probably never looks at a woman without thinking how far she falls below you, his ideal, it is easy enough to preach discretion and circumspection. You've the key to all your apartments. You're a Fatima with a Bluebeard who doesn't know the meaning of a locked door." Here Agnes laughed in a sort of hysteric way and pointed to a near chair. "That's one of his overcoats, now." While speaking she slipped across the room and lifted a mass of dark broadcloth, holding it aloft.

"Why, yes," said Marion, raising her quiet brows in surprise. "He came back this morning after leaving for down town and ordered a thicker one of Strayne because of the changed weather. Strayne must have left it there. He's a good servant enough, but he has his careless moods."

Agnes, with another odd laugh, thrust her hand into one of the pockets. "You've no fear of finding anything, you irritatingly happy Marion. You are"—

Suddenly she paused. She had drawn forth a lilac tinted envelope which had been ragged torn open at one of its sides.

"A woman's hand, Marion," she exclaimed, "or I've never seen one! And the date of arrival four days back. It smells of violets too. Well, really!"

"Agnes!"

Marion went forward and took the note from her friend's grasp with uncharacteristic speed. She was pale already, but she grew paler as she scanned the superscription and then raised the envelope to her nostrils.

She loved her husband intensely and knew that he returned her love. Not the slightest incident of her life had she ever kept concealed from him, and she had always felt confident that on his own side there was a like absolution of confidence and candor. It stabbed her to the soul as she thought now that no forgetfulness had prevented him from telling her of this note. They led fashionable lives, but they led them together. For all that they might sometimes pass hours apart, their constant intimacy and comradery were beyond dispute.

For a few seconds she stood perfectly still, holding the letter. Then she went to the overcoat which Agnes had just replaced upon the chair and slipped the letter back into one of its side pockets.

She was a woman who had always been held to possess no common share of self command. She justified this belief now.

"Bluebeard's chamber," she said, with a smile, but it was a smile quite dim and joyless. And then she raised one finger and put it against her lips in a gesture that not only symboled silence, but enjoined it.

Agnes watched her in astonishment. She knew that there was never any pose about her friend; that what Marion seriously did and said were done and said from a sincerity at daggers drawn with sham.

"And you'll never even ask him whom it's from?" Agnes exclaimed.

"Never."

"But you suspect"—

"No matter what I suspect."

"And you'll never let him know you saw it and didn't open it?"

"Never."

"But this thing, Marion, will come between you and him. It may ruin your future happiness."

"That can't be helped. If it's what I think it is" (her placid voice broke a little here), "then letting him know would do more harm than good."

"But perhaps it's the merest trifle, after all," said Agnes, she herself now generously turning consoler despite her own sorrows, "some request for financial advice or a loan of money from some woman whom we both know."

"Perhaps," returned Marion musingly. And then it passed through her mind: "He would have told me if it had been that. He tells me everything—or so till now I've believed."

"Ah, good morning, Agnes," a voice suddenly said in the half open doorway. "Having a gossipy powwow with my wife, eh? You didn't expect to see me here at this hour, did you? You thought I was too much of a poor, hardworking Wall street drudge, didn't you? And you were quite right. I am."

"Trent," faltered Marion.

She had instantly seen that her husband was a trifle paler than usual, and that some inward agitation, which he struggled to hide, controlled him. His eyes, wandering quickly yet covertly about the room, lit on the overcoat.

"Ah," he said, "It's here." And then he caught the garment up and thrust a hand into one of its pockets. Meanwhile he was talking with speed and now addressed his wife without looking at her.

"The fact is, Marion, I remembered when half way down town in the elevated that I'd left an important business letter in this coat. Strayne has just told me that he forgot to take the coat up stairs—stupid fellow—so I hurried down stairs again to get it— Ah, here's the letter I want!"

Marion saw, if her friend did not see, the gleam of a lilac tinted envelope as it was swept into a breast pocket of the overcoat which adorned the person of Mr. Trent Kingsland.

And then this gentleman, a little flushed after his late pallor, said a few words of genial farewell to Agnes, made a few buoyant waves of the hand toward his wife and gracefully disappeared.

The two women looked at one another in silence.

"Marion," at length said Agnes in a voice vibrant with feeling, "he came back to get that letter. And he was very concerned about it, was he not?"

"Very."

Agnes hastened to her friend's side. "Marion, do you mean that you'll never say a word to him even now?"

"No. I shall never say a word to him even now."

Agnes looked steadily at the floor as if in deep meditation. Then she caught one of Marion's hands in both her own.

"But you will suffer."

"Yes, I shall—suffer."

"And—give—no—sign?"

"And give no sign."

Agnes stooped and kissed the hand she was holding. After a slight interval she said somewhat brokenly, "Marion, I—I don't think I'll take the 3 o'clock train to Boston after all."—Edgar Fawcett in Collier's Weekly.

Cool on the Gallows.

"The coolest man that ever mounted a scaffold to be hanged was George Watson, who killed Captain Mentor about 25 years ago," said Detective Bill Bulmer. "Watson was hanged on the old commons back of York street. When the cap was placed over his head, he didn't say anything. The trap was spring and the rope broke. Watson was hauled back on the platform, and just before he swung off again he said, 'Gentlemen, don't let that happen again.'"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

DOLLY'S STORY.

The portieres were cast aside and Dolly entered. A very fetching Dolly it was in a dark blue serge gown, with the bodice covered with ecru embroidery and the sleeves composed of tiny puffs. She wore a spray of goldenrod at her belt.

Dolly was quite delighted with herself and the world; that was evident. Her eyes were sparkling and the dimples about her mouth were visible even through her white lace veil.

"I determined not to tell you," she began.

"That is why you got up so early and dropped in," I said.

"If you are going to be horrid, I won't," but it is really amusing," said Dolly, as she raised her veil and the dimples stood out in bas-relief. "You remember I told you about that youth who was so nice to us last year in Florida when auntie broke her ankle?"

"And you repay his devotion by making him miserable for life, I suppose," I answered.

Dolly made a brave effort to be demure, but the dimples threw down the barriers and ran rampant over her small chin. "Let us not anticipate," she said, with a wave of her hand. "To begin at the beginning he was quite attentive to auntie and me"—with heavy emphasis on the auntie—"during that awful time. I could not leave auntie to suffer alone in a hotel sitting room, so I was as much confined as she.

"He suggested getting a hammock and putting it in a sunny corner of the balcony, which was shut in by stained glass windows. He superintended the hanging of the hammock, and every morning I would see auntie safely ensconced before he went to breakfast.

"Afterward he would come up with the papers, mail and fruit or flowers and do with us instead of hunting or playing tennis or attending the morning german. He knows a lot of nice people, particularly in the literary set, and his mail was usually very interesting gossip, which his correspondents wrote him, and auntie quite swore by him, you know."

I could not fancy her haughty aunt swearing at anything—not even by her most distinguished ancestor—but I did not interrupt Dolly.

"Auntie called him 'quite a pleasant person,'" continued Dolly, "and that was saying a great deal for her. When he found we would have to return to New York alone—since Jack could not come for us—he left two weeks earlier than he intended because he feared auntie might jump foot in changing cars. We lost sight of him when we returned. Of course auntie made it a point to invite him to her dinner and sent him cards for her receptions at homes.

"He came to dinner, I believe, and sailed just before he sailed for Europe the next week. I had forgotten his existence till he went to stay at the Blankfords' last week. He is a cousin of Mrs. Blankford, it seems. He was there, and was quite ill—so ill, in fact, that once the house party came near breaking up. But he got better soon.

"Now, I thought, here is the time to return the kindness he did us. My dear, I exerted myself, and I fancy I can be very agreeable when I try," said Dolly modestly.

"Quite," I answered briefly, thinking of the poor souls to whom Dolly had been agreeable.

"I wrote him a little note each day before going on some expedition the house had planned, and I marked the new books and sent them to him. One day when I heard he was worse I sent him my photograph."

"Could mortal man ask more?" I asked.

"When he came down," said Dolly, "I tried to amuse him. In fact, I grew like him as one would a dog one has. But on my honor there was not the ghost shadow of a flirtation between us, and I fancy I know what a flirtation is (with a parbonable pride). I suppose he had a suspicion on a conversation we had about matrimony."

"Ah," I murmured.

Dolly resented the inflection.

"I tell you there was no flirtation," with an impatient tap of the high heel of her little foot. "We were just discussing in a purely analytic way the cause of so many unhappy marriages and so drifted into his own idea of a happy marriage. He said he would prefer to marry a literary woman. He writes, you know, but is an artist.

"I said I would like to marry a man who was good chums with, thinking of 'capital pals' Jack and I are, as he was. Then I thought it would be nice to marry a literary man who understood all about publishers and such, and said so.

"My dear, he acted very strangely that day, and when we came to breakfast the next morning we found he had gone. The feather brained Teddy came in like a whirlwind the other day and roared with laughter so that I thought the long expected had happened, and he had gone crazy at last. He said"—

Dolly buried her face in her handkerchief, and I lost the rest of the sentence.

"Do not imitate him," I said impatiently.

"That I was a nice girl, but growing fond of him. Some men would be fool enough to lead the little thing on, but not he. He pulled out when he could do so with honor," gasped Dolly behind her handkerchief.

"Now I suppose the world is full of idiots just as conceited, who think women who barely tolerate them are in love with them. If he met me now, he'd think I was consumed with grief," as she dabbed away the tears with her excuse of a handkerchief.—Exchange.

Du Maurier's Wit.

A gentleman, himself a very witty man, remarked the other day, in commenting upon Du Maurier's drawings in Punch that the legends printed below them are more comical than the drawings themselves. We are now told that these pregnant condensations cost their author a great deal of thought and labor, and the New York Evening Post advances the view that they were a preparation for that phenomenal success in novel writing into which Du Maurier seemed to drop with a perplexing spontaneity. One of the firm of Harper & Bros. tells an anecdote relative to his connection with their magazine which is worth repeating. When he was engaged to furnish the monthly drawing which appeared at the end of each number of this periodical, the proprietors of the concern wrote him that they understood the profits were theirs exclusively, to which he returned this brief note: "Dear ——, I cannot live by Punch alone. Yours, Du M." It is not stated how long he was occupied in concocting this, but it was clever.—Boston Herald.

Costly Rams.

Two long wool rams were sold for $1,835 apiece recently at Lincoln, England, while a third brought $1,050.