

A BACK BAY TALE.

HER PROTEGE.

A Summary.

THE PRESIDENTS WORK

Chas Goodale, came up from Salem last night.

El Bangs and family have gone to Florence for an outing.

J H Beckley was a passenger for Yonocolla this afternoon.

Mrs Ella Houghton is confined to her room with sickness.

There are four California families in Eugene seeking locations.

Miss Edith Harris was a passenger for Cottage Grove this afternoon.

Dr L W Brown is at Myrtle Creek mines, in which he is interested.

Insurance companies refuse to insure Clondyker; the risk is too great.

Hon R M Veatch is having a new residence erected in Cottage Grove.

Attorney General C M Idleman, of Portland, spent last night in Eugene.

CA Whitmore of Portland, president of the Irwin-Hodson Co is in the city.

Mrs H J Day and children, of Cottage Grove have been visiting in this city.

A number of wheat fields in the vicinity of Seio yielded over forty bushels per acre.

ABC Denniston, J H O'Neill and M J Roch, Portland railroad men, are in the city.

The Water Co. cleaned out their reservoir on Skinner's butte this morning.

Dr E A McAllister, Miss Ella and Master Arthur arrived home today from Newport.

A couple of prominent society ladies of Salem take early morning bicycle rides in male attire.

Nearly all the dried apples in the valley have been bought up and shipped to Alaska.

Percy Long and family leave tonight for Sweet Home, Linn county for an outing of a few weeks.

J H Beckley started to Portland on the 10:50 local. He will leave next month on a business trip to Chicago.

Samuel Palette, of Yreka, Cal., is in Eugene visiting his sister, Mrs B F Morris, and other relatives and friends.

B F Sylvester of Jasper, was in Eugene today.

Robt Reid of Portland, is in the city visiting.

Rev E C Sanderson went down the valley this morning.

John Handsaker rode to Junction today on his wheel.

Geo Craw is having another twist with that rheumatic leg.

J I Jones, the ex-Saginaw saw mill man, was in Eugene today.

Miss Flora Young arrived home this afternoon on the Roseburg local.

Mr John Gray and children, were passengers to Goshen on the 2:04 local.

Last evening was rather warm. The thermometer stood at 84 about 9 o'clock.

Several people of Eugene will attend the ball game at Cottage Grove tomorrow.

The estate left by the late E M Waite the old printer of Salem, amounted to about \$8,000.

Mrs I L Campbell went to Linn county on this forenoon's train to visit two or three days.

Congressman T H Tongue has returned home. He will probably visit Eugene before December.

Joe Patchen paced a mile in 2:11 at Columbus, Ohio, yesterday. This equals the world's record.

R A Cople went to Cottage Grove this afternoon where he will conduct religious services tomorrow.

Miss Elsie Thomas, of Oakland, California, is visiting her parents near Coburg and relatives in this city.

Children were noticed on the streets today with buckets well filled with hazelnuts. They are plentiful this year.

Mayor Kuykendall is announced as one of the lecturers before the teachers institute which convenes at Gardiner August 16th.

We were shown some gem unms leaves today by Master Adalbert Bettman that measured 4 1/2 x 5 1/2 inches. A remarkable growth.

Ed E Stiles, son of Marshal Stiles, left for Chicago yesterday with a train load of cattle, shipped to that point from Miller's station.

Mrs Frank Benson, of Roseburg, who has been the guest of Mrs N J Applegate and family for a week, returned home today.

The Biglows and the Browns were wealthy Bostonians, living side by side on a fashionable street in the Back Bay.

The Biglows had lived in their beautiful home ever since their only daughter, Grace, who was now a very charming young lady, was a well-to-do girl, but the Browns were comparatively "new people" in the neighborhood.

Mr. Brown, who was a brewer and possessed of a tremendous fortune, had found when his only daughter, Bella, had become a young lady that they must move. The quiet, respectable house in the suburbs which had always been good enough for him was not good enough for his daughter.

So they journeyed Back Bayward, and thus it happened that the Biglows and Browns lived side by side. Their houses were much alike, but it must be confessed their daughters were very unlike.

Grace Biglow was as sweet and lovely a girl as one would wish to see. She had not the least trace of affectation in her manner, but instead a savor of grace which was remarkable in one so young, and which Bella Brown tried in vain to imitate.

It is said that in Boston one must possess the three R's to enter society, and if Bella, in her ardent desire to enter society, had mistaken the letter for a B, certainly the Browns were well equipped for social functions, where the hostess issues "800 cards" to the elite "400 people."

Bella hated Grace Biglow, and she could not help it. They had both attended the same fashionable school, and, as it happened, the previous June both girls had gone over to Harvard "class day" to attend a spread given by Jack Hollister, a very handsome, popular senior, and both girls had fallen desperately in love with him.

Since then he had been a frequent visitor at both houses, but he really seemed to prefer Grace, in spite of all Bella could do or say. In vain she wore her handsomest gowns and drove the "smartest turnout" on the boulevard. It was terribly aggravating to her. And she knew it was Grace's fault, if the Biglows would only move away, or fall! How Bella did wish that they might fall! Mr. Biglow was banker, and Bella knew that even banking was not so sure as brewing. So she waited.

One bright morning in February Bella dashed into her mother's room, almost breathless with excitement, and there was a ring of joyful satisfaction in her voice as she cried: "Oh, ma, the Biglows have really failed! I have just seen their housemaid, and she said all the servants would have to go, and Mr. and Mrs. Biglow have already left the city. And Ma Brown, what do you think Grace is going to do? Go out to Roxbury and do housework and learn to cook! I guess she won't expect to marry Jack Hollister now! Learning to cook!"

stuttered Bella, and then she began to laugh. "I am glad," she continued, "that I did not mail those invitations to my party last night, for I had one addressed to her. I guess the only daughter of a millionaire need not invite paupers to her party. I never did like her anyway, even a little bit! It is a wonder they have kept up so long. Learning to cook! Well, I guess she is as well fitted for that as anything." Then Bella began to plan for her party. Finally she had completed her list, and she said to her mother: "Mamma, dear, you will let me wear my diamond necklace to the party, won't you? I do so want Jack Hollister to know we have things worth having!"

In two or three days it was all over the town that the Biglows had failed, and, of course, as it was intended it should, it reached the ears of the young man who was really in love with sweet Grace Biglow.

When he heard that Grace had gone out to Roxbury to do housework, he said: "She is a brave, little girl, and I love her more than ever! The housework will not hurt her. My mother can do housework and neckties to the party, won't you? I do so want Jack Hollister to know we have things worth having!"

The evening of the party came, and Bella was very happy, as she stood with her mother in the large drawing room against a background of beautiful potted plants and stately ferns, gorgeously dressed and radiant with her mother's diamonds. Her heart rose and fell as each different black coat came into her presence, and yet the one for whom she had gone to all this expense and trouble did not come. Where was he?

He had gone out to Roxbury and found the little cottage where Grace Biglow was staying with her aunt. He found Grace in the kitchen getting supper, and a prettier sight he had never seen. There was the aristocratic Miss Biglow, with the sleeves of her pretty gown tucked up, showing her round, beautiful arms and her hands in a pan of flour, making biscuits for tea, "all alone," while beside her sat the dearest old lady, whom she introduced to him as "my aunt."

"How do you do, Mr. Hollister?" Grace said, with a roguish twinkle in her lovely eyes. "As you are kind enough to come out here to see me, I am going to ask you out here to tea—that is, if," she continued, "if you will sit here and talk to me while I finish the supper." She concluded by saying, "You see, auntie's kitchen is not like the ones in the big, fashionable houses, and we really enjoy sitting out here."

At last tea was ready, and Jack Hollister sat down with Grace and her aunt and enjoyed the best cooked supper he had had for a long time. He decided right then and there that this was the girl for him. So, after supper was over and auntie had gone up stairs and Margaret, the only servant, was washing the dishes, Jack and Grace went into the parlor, and the young man went straight to the point and tackled the business he had on his mind and asked her to marry him. As it did not take Rebecca long to make up her mind in the ancient, primitive times to consent to be the wife of Isaac because she loved him, so it was here.

When Jack said, "I love you all the better, my darling, now you are poor," she smiled and answered him thus: "Ah, you, too, have heard that ridiculous story, which I am sure originated with Bella Brown. Papa has not failed. He has taken mamma to St. Augustine, and as I did not care to go south again I came out here to stay with auntie, who has kindly volunteered to teach me how to cook, for auntie believes a girl's education is sadly neglected if she cannot cook for her own table. How well I am progressing you have had a chance to see."

Bella Brown was greatly shocked when April came to see the Biglow house opened and the family return with more servants than ever.

In early June she received a card that made her very angry and caused her many tears. It was an invitation to a wedding at high noon. She decided to attend it, however, for, as she told her mother, "It is one of those swell affairs that one could not afford to miss."—Boston Post.

"No! I am not in the very least in love with you, but I am in love with your love of me!"

"Don't you understand?" he went on gloomily. "What is truly an agreeable companionship to you means very little to me. You possess every moment of my existence!"

"And you mean," she interrupted, with a cruel little laugh, "that if I were to accept you, and the uncertainty were over, you would be rid of the thought of me!"

"By the bye, I haven't seen you in the row for the last—don't know how long."

"No; I found it too expensive."

"Dear boy! If I feel inclined sometimes to marry you for the sake of your poverty, my money would be your gain!"

"Would make a nice scandal for the magazines. It is your wealth, Clara, that reconciles me to your coldness at times. Oh, my dear, I wish you were penniless, and I had the right to earn for you."

"Now you are beginning again," she frowned, "and it is all nonsense. I shouldn't be in love with even love in a cottage, I assure you."

At the foot of the stairs he ran against Sir John Darton, the baronet, who, with assumed cordiality, "Bent to see Clara? Is she in? And how goes the picture?"

"Oh, I suppose it will be ready," Stockdale answered.

"Hope it will be hung on the line—deserves to be, I'm sure!"

"You are very kind."

The baronet shook hands with a little patronizing nod, and the footman closed the door upon the artist.

Clara's notion would never marry him. And what presumption ever to have applied to her! What was he but a poor, unknown artist, to whom the most beautiful, accomplished and wealthy heiress had been kind during an intoxicating season in Italy, where, with the usual unconventionality of English folk abroad, they had formed an intimate acquaintance and she had given him a frank friendship in return for this flattering admiration that grew to a consuming passion?

Yes, that was all, and yet not quite all. She believed in his art. She had called him a genius, and she was not mocking when she said it.

He found his boxing friend had not turned up, and he took his studio key from the wall where it hung and went in. The canvas before him represented the Greek muse Erato crowned with roses and myrtle and holding a lyre in her hand.

The subject had occurred to him one day in Italy when he was standing with Clara on a flower terrace at sunset. In his picture he had represented the very scene—her attitude, the surrounding beauties of warm southern coloring, and he had caught the inspiration on her lovely face, though he had not dared to portray her exactly.

In the meantime Sir John Darton had reached his niece's drawing room with a cloud of annoyance on his face.

"So you have had your protegee here again, Clara?" he began, refusing her offer to ring for fresh tea.

"Yes," she said carelessly. "That has been my one excitement. How did you get on with my lawyers?"

"Matters are as bad as they can be. I shall not be fighting the case of course."

"Oh," she interrupted, "why do you bother so much, uncle? I am very grateful, but I can't but marry if the worst comes to the worst."

"My dear, your future depends on your marriage. If you marry with my full sanction I leave all my property to you, and your father's estate can go to the vultures tomorrow."

"And what is your sanction?" she smiled.

"Surely, Clara, your woman's quickness has grasped why I encourage Lord Arthur Bradley so ungenerally?"

"Lord Arthur Bradley? The little lame man with the squint?"

The case was this: A few months ago her father had died in Italy, and by some blunder of a lawyer's copyist her name in the will was omitted, so that the property could be and was claimed by some elderly children, her step-sisters, who had treated their father abominably.

Mark Stockdale had a great name to make, and she, who gloried in his gifts as much as she loved him, was not the one to mar his future. She let him think her rich, luxurious and heartless rather than tell him the truth, to be conquered by his passionate love.

Well, the night of the academy soiree came at last, and Clara Darton and Sir John made their way up the wide staircase, to greet the president standing at the top.

"I think we have done well this year," he said to Sir John. "Don't forget to notice an Erato by Mark Stockdale. It is the best thing hung—absolutely the best thing. We shall have to elect him. Paris must not snatch all our young geniuses, and I hear he is equally well represented in the salon."

A crowd was thronging the picture when they reached it, and Sir John stopped to speak to several friends. Clara found a seat a little apart and sat down to watch her opportunity of getting near the picture. It was not long before the artist discovered her.

"At last!" he whispered. "I have been hunting for you the whole evening."

"We have only just come," she said. "Have you no congratulations for me, Clara?"

"Why should you care for them?" she smiled. "You have the president and the whole academy at your feet. What can it matter what a simple friend thinks?"

"It matters the whole world to me."

"Then I am glad, Mark; very, very glad."

"You are so good to me tonight," he said softly. "My cup seems almost too full, Clara."

"Then we will dash it from your lips," she laughed.

"No," he said; "this hand shall not be rashly brought—let me let him take it unobtrusively in his—whatever the morning may bring."

"The narrow? Shall I tell you what it will bring?"

"Yes," he answered, taking possession of the other hand. "I can bear anything in this moment."

"Then, Mark, listen. Tomorrow your Erato will win her Cinderella garments and wear for the glass slipper. Mon ami, I intend to buy I have not a penny in the world! I have foreseen it for months, but I wouldn't tell you before. Now you are famous I have nothing to fear. My—my love won't harm you now."—London News.

The physical labor performed by William McKinley in discharging his duties as president of the U S since March 4 last, and the results accomplished, are given in the following carefully prepared table, based on statistics obtained at the Executive Mansion by a World correspondent:

Table with 2 columns: Item and Value. Includes Working days since March 4 (121), Number of holidays (2), Number of days absent from the city (17), Days spent in private office (102), Public receptions held (50), etc.

CLODYKE.

The Clondyke mining excitement will probably go the way of all other crazes. While there may be some good ground there and a few fortunes may be made the percentage of the lucky ones will be extremely small.

It is the old gambling proposition. Where one is lucky and makes a strike, one hundred go out loser. And Clondyke has the characteristics of usual mining booms. It is in a very rough inhospitable country, hard to get to and still harder to supply with the necessities of life.

We hear of a few men who have made small fortunes digging out the alluring precious metal but nothing is said about the hundred of disappointed men who have exhausted their resources and mortgaged future prospects in order to reach the shining El Dorado to find the golden visions they cherish give way to sold and bitter hardships and disappointments.

News of grain crops above the average come from all portions of the Northwest. The good yield, taken in connection with advancing prices, means a good share of prosperity for this section. Our people have been practicing economy for several years past and better prices find them in a position to retain the advantages that accrue from favorable crop and market conditions.

If it is true, as reported, that the independent American and Canadian surveys for the purpose of marking the exact boundary line between Alaska and the Canadian Northwest agree within a few feet, there is some prolific source of content happily avoided. The boundary line is coincident with the 141st meridian of longitude.

The pants makers at New York are on a strike. It is to be hoped they will go back to work before the present supply is exhausted. The average New Yorker would not be in a very presentable condition minus a pair of pants.

The Salem Journal pertinently remarks that it is to be hoped that the new president of the agricultural college will be permitted to remain there long enough to put in a garden.

The discovery of gold in California was followed by years of unusual business prosperity. Our neglected Territory of Alaska promises to confer a similar favor on the country.

A few thoughtless persons are making worry over the depreciation of silver. Better that they should seriously ponder over the a proposition of gold.

If a weather is coming in good season, it will destroy hop lice and ripen the grain.

Wheat Weaker.

LIVERPOOL, Aug. 7.—wheat on passage, about 3 pence cheaper; Liverpool spot steady; options cheaper.

NEW YORK, Aug. 7.—Market weak, closing 83.

CHICAGO, Aug. 7.—Very weak, sold as low as 75; closed at 75.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 7.—Weak; \$1 47.

PORTLAND, Aug. 7.—Dull; demand poor; prices asked above buyers views.

The imprisonment of men in the Oregon state penitentiary without employment is inhuman and uncalled for. Some employment that would not cost with free labor should be provided. Some states use their convicts in making roads. The better class of the unfortunates in the Oregon prison could probably be distributed among adjacent counties and perform profitable work on public roads. The next legislature should devise some means of employment for this unfortunate class.

The Salem Journal cruelly remarks that "Harvey Scott don't like Dave Thompson, but that won't make one governor nor the other senator." These political family secrets should not be aired before the people, at least not so early in the season. No election for nearly a year. Give the patriotic office seekers all the rest possible. Their trials and tribulations will be hard enough to fear when the appointed time comes.

The sugar trust is not wholly happy. The Dingley law deprived it of the special advantages which it had enjoyed under the Wilson law, and now the farmers of the United States are preparing to raise beets for the sugar of the country and refine it in the factories where the sugar is made.

The floor of the reception corridor in the White house, adjoining the president's office, is said to have sunken four inches from the weight of waiting candidates. Oregon is too far away to be responsible for much of the sag. The mails must carry the burdens of anxious office seekers.

Already reports come from the Yukon of probabilities of suffering and starvation during the coming winter season by reason of men rushing into the country, in search of gold, unprepared with food and clothing to withstand the rigors of an arctic winter.

Salem Journal: Epitaph for Harvey Scott, written by any one of Oregon's forty thousand silver-seekers:

He lied awake; He lied asleep; He lied for the very lust of lying.

Quite a number of Eugene boys are suffering from attacks of Klondyke. The lateness of the season however, will prevent the disease from spreading. It is liable to break out bad next spring.

Labor strikes are the order of the day in the east. Laborers do not appreciate wage reductions especially so soon after prosperity pledges.

Japan has taken another advance step in civilization. She will abolish her export duty law to take effect April 1, 1896.