

A POLITICAL STRAW.

Old Parties Re-lining on the Financial Issue.

The Roseburg Plaindealer quotes: "At the Pendleton city election Dr C J Smith, free-silver candidate for mayor, was elected by 181 majority out of a total of 809 votes, over J E Bean. The latter was supported by the gold democrats and gold republicans."

Then has this bit of comment on the changing fronts in the political contest brought about by the gold and free silver issue:

"Dr Smith was supported by democrats and the Mitchell-Ellis wing of the republicans. Though why, does not appear at this distance, for were it not for the personal efforts of Mr Bean, Ellis would not have received the vote of the Umatilla delegation when he was last nominated. Politics are queer things."

It is plain enough Bro Plaindealer. Parties are re-forming on the financial issue. All other great national questions are practically settled, and live men cannot be expected to continue to vote for dead issues.

The tariff issue is out of the way. The democratic party has repudiated the extreme free trade issue of Clevelandism while the last tariff bill passed by the republican majority of congress shows no indication of that party returning to the fetter of high protectionism. McKinley, president, is an entirely different person from McKinley, party leader, seeking party advantage in the halls of congress. Times change, men change and issues change.

RIVER IMPROVEMENT.

We concur with the Junction Times in the opinion that money spent on rock work for bank and slough protection on the upper Willamette river would practically be thrown away. The river would run over and cut around the rock and little benefit would be received. Piling driven a short distance below the heads of sloughs would soon catch drift and close the slough channels at ordinary stages of the river, thus throwing all the water in the channel and giving it far greater sluicing power during high water. The Times says:

"Timber is cheap and always at hand and if the heads of the various sloughs were piled, the current would soon bank them up with gravel that would stand for ages. Piling should be continued at all low places and in a few years the upper river would be completely diked which would insure a safe navigable stream during the whole year except at extremely low water."

Claus Spreckles is said to have over \$2,000,000 invested in beet sugar refineries. In one factory alone 3,000 tons of beets are consumed each day. Annually in this country 2,000,000 tons of sugar are used. Owing to the insufficiency of the home supply much of the sugar required by the great fruit and condensed milk factories is imported. In order to give us the necessary amount of sugar each year 1,333,433 acres of beet producing land, yielding 3,000 pounds of sugar to an acre, should be cultivated. It is believed that farmers may realize three times as much money from raising sugar beets as from crops of wheat.

Jackson county finances are getting in better shape. The Times says par was paid for the scrip orders issued to circuit court jurors and witnesses. This is something that has never been done before in Southern Oregon, and the county authorities have reason to feel complimented. Besides that evidence of prosperity circuit court has just adjourned, the grand jury having found but two indictments, and not a criminal case having come before the court for trial. Jackson county has a large indebtedness, mainly the result of expensive criminal trials.

The Chicago alderman are going to have a portion of the general prosperity that is blessing this broad land of ours. The other day by a vote of 58 to 8, they agreed to raise their salaries from \$3.00 per week to \$1,500 per year. Quite a substantial increase that.

HOW WOULD I THEN BE LOVED?

How would I then be loved? Most tenderly. This heart doth shrink from love's fierce fever heat. So soon the fire of passion burneth out And leaves us fraught but ashes gray and cold. I yearn but for the day of tenderness. 'Tis thus would I be loved!

A BROKEN COMPACT.

"Well, for pity's sake, mother, come here!" said Janet Logan. She stood at the kitchen window, from which she could see the front gate.

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Logan. She was stirring a small kettle of something on the stove and did not want to leave it to burn.

"I just want you to look and see what's coming in at our front gate."

Mrs. Logan took a corner of her apron for a holder and lifted the bottle and its bubbling contents on to the back part of the stove. Then she joined Janet at the window. A tall, slender, untidy looking woman was entering the gate. She had a blue and white soiled gingham apron tied over her frowzy head, and her chocolate colored calico dress skirt was pinned up about her waist, revealing a black quilted petticoat and a pair of blue stockings feet thrust into a pair of gorgeous carpet slippers so much too large for her that her walk shuffled to keep the slippers on.

"It's Jane Wadlin," said Mrs. Logan. "I know it," replied Janet. "But will you tell me what she has in that basket?"

"Sure enough," said Mrs. Logan vaguely as she peered over the tops of her spectacles.

Mrs. Logan carried with apparent effort an enormous clothesbasket piled high with something covered over with a soiled red, and white tablecloth. The basket, which she held by either handle, was so heavy that it pulled her head and shoulders forward, and her face was red and perspiring, although it was a cool Monday morning in late September.

"There's no telling what freak has struck Jane Wadlin now," said Mrs. Logan.

But she and Janet soon knew the nature of the freak that had struck their caller that morning, for in a moment or two the basket thumped up against the kitchen door, which Mrs. Wadlin opened without the preliminary politeness of knocking.

She dropped the heavy basket to the floor and sat down on its contents, panting and wiping her red face with a corner of her soiled calico apron.

"My, she gasped, 'If I ain't about tuckered out! Why! Ain't you washing today, Marthy Logan?"

"We have a very light washing this week, and I haven't been in any hurry about beginning it," replied Mrs. Logan. "A jar or two of my canned raspberries had jarred out to work and I thought I'd cook 'em over again before I begun to wash. I'd just told Janet she'd better go down cellar and fetch up the tubs and bring out what little wash we have."

"Then I'm just in time," said Mrs. Wadlin, with satisfaction. "I've got an awful big wash this week, and while I was gathering it up a happy thought struck me. Can't you guess what it was?"

"No, I don't know as I can."

"Well, it flashed across me, 'Why can't I gather up my dirty duds and go over and wash with Marthy Logan and make a sort of a frolic of it?' When I lived over in Peakville, a friend of mine named Mag Graves and me washed together every Monday of the world. One Monday she'd lug her things over to my house and the next I'd lug mine over to hers, and we'd wash and visit together. It was a real neighborly way of doing, and we'd awful good times, and it just flashed across me this morning, 'Why can't me and Marthy Logan do that way?' and here I am with my wash to begin it."

Mrs. Logan looked aghast, while Janet's face flushed with annoyance, but Jane Wadlin's perceptions were not keen enough to show her that she had made a mistake.

"I do love to be neighborly," she said as she got up and dragged the red and white tablecloth from the basket of soiled clothing. "I'll just separate my colored things from the white ones and then we can pitch right in and wash and visit at the same time."

Mrs. Logan did not know what to do or say. She was a woman of a very mild and gentle spirit. Her friends often said that "Martha Logan wouldn't hurt the feelings of a fly." She did not want to hurt the feelings of Janet Wadlin, and yet she felt that she could not enter into the arrangement Mrs. Wadlin had made regarding the washing.

Janet was also of this opinion, and yet both mother and daughter felt that Mrs. Wadlin was a woman who was not to be offended with impunity. She was a good friend and a bitter enemy.

"Come, Janet," said Jane Wadlin, "run down cellar and get the tubs, and we'll pitch right in. The neighbors will think we're awful slack if we don't get our things all out by 10 o'clock."

Janet glanced at her mother. Mrs. Logan struggled desperately, but vainly, to invent some way of preventing what she regarded as little less than a calamity.

Finally she said weakly, "Yes, Janet. Go down and get the tubs."

Janet's black eyes flashed, and she was about to speak, but Mrs. Logan shook her head, and Janet kept silent. When she reached the cellar, she said angrily, with an angry stamp of her foot on the cellar floor:

"Well, of all the impudent performances! As if we didn't have work enough of our own without doing any of Mrs. Wadlin's! There's eight in her family and only three in ours, and it's just a scheme on her part to get most of her washing done by some one else. But it'll be the last time she'll bring her washing here. Now, see if it isn't!"

Janet repeated this resolve many times during the day, and Mrs. Logan made a similar resolution. Mrs. Wadlin was notoriously slack and unsystematic in her methods of work, and at intervals of about two hours she would suggest that they "eat a bite" and "visit a little."

It was nearly the middle of the afternoon before the last of the "colored things" were flaunting from the line in the Logan back yard.

And such a looking array of things as they are! What will the neighbors think?" said Janet as she stood at the window of her room, tired and cross, and looked at the rows of pink and purple calico aprons and frocks belonging to the little Wadlins, and

the pair of huge blue overalls belonging to Mr. Wadlin, and the surprising array of stockings in all shades and colors belonging to different members of the Wadlin family.

But Jane Wadlin was serenely happy. "Now we can have a good long visit together while our things are drying, and then we can fetch them in and dampen 'em down, and I'll have Wadlin come over and get my things after supper. I think it'd be real nice if we could iron together, but I guess we can't, because I always bake, too, on my ironing day. But I've enjoyed our washing together so much that I hope we can keep it up right along. You and Janet will fetch your things and come and wash with me next Monday, won't you?"

"Yes, indeed we will," said Janet before Mrs. Logan could give utterance to the excuse she had intended making. When Mrs. Wadlin had finally gone home Mrs. Logan said:

"Why, Janet, what did you mean by telling Mrs. Wadlin that we would come over and wash with her next Monday? I simply cannot stand it to have Jane Wadlin and her washings here."

"Nor I," replied Janet, "and our washing at her house will end it all and at the same time keep us from quarreling with Mrs. Wadlin. Trust me for that, mother. I've a scheme of my own in hand for putting an end to this unpleasant arrangement."

Mrs. Logan somewhat reluctantly consented to the carrying out of this scheme when it was made known to her.

"Although I don't feel sure that it will affect Jane Wadlin as you think it will," she said to Janet.

It was about 8 o'clock on the following Monday morning when Joe and Jerry Hope, the sons of one of Mrs. Logan's neighbors, appeared at Mrs. Wadlin's with an enormous clothesbasket piled high with soiled things of every sort. Each boy carried a pillowful full of things in addition to those in the basket.

"Here's a part of Mrs. Logan's wash," said Jerry as he and Joe deposited their burdens on the floor of Mrs. Wadlin's rather cramped kitchen.

"She and Janet said they'd be along pretty soon with the rest of it," said Joe.

"The rest!" said Mrs. Wadlin in dismay as she looked at the great basket and the overflowing pillowfuls.

"Well, for pity's sake! I should think Marthy Logan had gone to keeping hotel or opened up a laundry from the size of her wash!"

This conviction was deepened when, a few minutes later, Janet and Mrs. Logan appeared by way of the back streets, carrying another clothesbasket full of things, and in addition to this, Janet carried a market basket containing about a dozen glass fruit jars.

"I know we've got a pretty big washing," she said cheerily, "but there'll be three of us working together, you know, and I guess we'll worry through it, and we thought we'd put up a basket of peaches today, as they've a lot of fine ones extra cheap at Smith's fruit store. He said he'd send a basket up here by 10 o'clock for us, and we can do them while we visit."

"Yes, I s'pose we can," said Mrs. Wadlin, in a voice lacking greatly in the enthusiasm she had manifested on the preceding Monday. "But I don't believe I've half line or clothespins enough for all this wash."

"Oh, we knew you wouldn't have," replied Janet cheerily. "So we brought our line and clothespins. They're in the bottom of this basket."

"But I don't think that you can stretch line enough to my backyard for all these things."

"No, I don't suppose that we can," said Janet, "but we can dry a good many things here in the house, and there's your large front porch. We can stretch lots of line on it, and the rest of the things we can spread on the grass and hang on the fence."

Mrs. Wadlin was not a woman who cared particularly "for looks," but the idea of her front porch being used as a drying ground for clothes was far from agreeable to her. Her face reddened, and she bit her lip when Janet pulled the sheet away from the contents of one of the baskets and said:

"We wash up all of our bedspreads and blankets and curtains at this time of the year, and here's a basketful to begin on. Then my Grandmother Logan is falling into feeble health, and mother and I intend doing all of her washing for her hereafter if she don't improve, and we've quite a washing for her today, but I don't believe that I can do a thing until I've had a bite to eat. Supposing we have a little visit over a cup of tea? And it would be nice if we could have some of those peach preserves you said you had been making, Mrs. Wadlin."

"Well, if I don't call that cool!" said Mrs. Wadlin when she was alone in the cellar getting a dish of her chowder and limited supply of peach preserve. "And such a wash as they've lugged in here, to say nothing of putting up a basket of peaches at the same time!"

At 9, 10 and 11 o'clock Janet proposed "a bite to eat," and when the basket of peaches arrived she said coolly, "Now, Mrs. Wadlin, if you'll just finish this tub of bedclothes I'll begin on the peaches, and we'll get a lot done today."

Janet's naturally orderly instincts seemed to have forsaken her that day, and Mrs. Wadlin did not greatly exaggerate the condition of her kitchen when she said to herself while hanging out the second line of clothes:

"You can't move in that kitchen without stepping on peach stones or peach parings, and you can't get peach stains out of anything. And Janet Logan must be as hungry natured as a goat the way she wants to eat all the time. It'll be 5 o'clock before we get this wash out, and then the place will look like it was a drying ground for the whole town. If this is what washing with the Logans means, I think I prefer to wash alone hereafter."

It was 6 o'clock when Janet threw herself wearily into a big cushioned rocking chair in her own home and said, with her hand pressed to her throbbing brow:

"I never was so tired before in all my mortal life, and my head aches as if it would burst, but Mrs. Wadlin will be wearier than I am by the time she brings in all of the things on the lines that were not dry when we came away. Did you hear her say, mother, that she was afraid it wouldn't be 'quite convenient' for her to wash here next Monday?"

"Yes, certainly I did," replied Mrs. Logan. "I doubt if she ever finds it 'convenient' to bring her washing here again. And yet we have preserved the peace."—Youth's Companion.

For the Mail.

For a nail cleaning liquid use the following lotion: Tartaric acid, a dram; tincture of myrrh, a dram; eau de Cologne, 3 drams; distilled water, 8 ounces. Dissolve the acid in the water, mix the tincture of myrrh and eau de Cologne and add to the acid solution. Dip the nails in this solution, wipe and polish with a chamoeal pad.

UPHILL WORK.

Etrich Gordon and his seven sons reached Chicago in 1871, each wearing a band of crape about his hat in memory of Elizabeth Gordon, three months in her grave. Their worldly possessions consisted of a kit of carpenter's tools, a chest of homespun clothes and a small lath. The father had besides two American dollars.

"We maun go licht w' th' food," said the father to his hungry sons.

"That we maun," responded the seven, and they tramped the streets together looking for a place to live.

The eight tall men made an astonishing procession, and the board walks, often elevated above the streets many feet, created under them. No one would take them in when the condition of their pocketbooks was learned.

"We maun e'en sleep on th' moor," said the father at length, and they made for the prairie, which was then easy to reach, but on their way westward they came across a half ruined store, open to the weather, and on the second floor, which was not so much broken as the first one, they made themselves half comfortable.

"It's a nice mauch of a home," said the youngest son.

"Many's th' night ye're fathersafe ye has slept in th' heather, famlin' fr' convenience sake," cried the father sternly. "Ye na ye hids see safe a place as this?"

Then the young man plucked up courage, though it was bitterly cold and they had neither sup nor fire. Looking arms they danced together, mighty dances of Scotland, till the building shook to its foundations and beams cried out under them. High aloft they flung their great legs. The wind swept prairie beyond them echoed with their gallant cries of:

"Heeh, mon, now ye hav' it! Hi, but ye lit like a fairy! Gude there's nae eggs on th' floor. Foot it, ye gallant!"

When their blood had got in a fine state of circulation, they laid themselves down on the floor in their sea blankets and slept like honest men, as they were.

The next morning they were obliged to spend a part of their hoard for breakfast, and then they went out looking for work.

At night, returning footsore and weary, they reported results. The sons had met with little or no success. A few indefinite promises were all they had to show for a day of job hunting. Etrich, the old man, waited till each had told his story. Then he drew with no little dramatic effect a bobbin from his pocket.

"God is gude," said he solemnly. "I met a man who wants twa thousand o' them. I'm t' get th' lumber th' morn, and we maun turn day an' night till th' order's done."

No shout that ever greeted the ear of warlike Gordon was more hearty than that which the seven sons sent up at this moment. They got up a dance that night that awoke the echoes and bellowed Scotch songs at the top of their lungs. After that the lath was not still day or night for weeks. They took up the labor one after another, and before many days had a cooking stove and a larder, and after a time cots to sleep on. The youngest son went in search of the man who owned the ruined building and insisted on paying a reasonable amount for it.

When the bobbins were done, the Gordons were again confronted by the necessity for occupation.

"We might e'en mak some chairs to sit on oursel," suggested the old man, "an' if they provane gude we might mak a few for other bodies."

The chairs were excellent. They were heavy, to be sure, but every rung was stanch, every back was stout, every seat honest. They had a sort of historic look about them. They appeared ancient, as if great folk had sat in them a century or two ago. When the Gordons put these chairs on their heads and went from door to door selling them, they went off like hot cakes—the chairs are alluded to, not the heads of the Gordons.

One day in the thick of their work, when David, the youngest, was busy cooking dinner and the other men were working with plane, knife, lath or chisel at the chairs, the door was darkened by a woman and her little girl.

"How are ye th' day?" asked Etrich Gordon cordially, looking up from his work.

"I'm well, thank ye," said the woman. "Johanna's well too, thank ye. What ye makin' chairs for?"

"To sell," said Etrich.

"Why don't ye cane seat 'em?"

"Name o' us know th' trick o' it," confessed Etrich regretfully. "I'm no saying but they'd be th' lighter for cane seats."

"I can put in cane seats," said the woman eagerly. "Johanna can seat chairs too. I taught her myself."

"An' whaur'd ye get th' trick o' it, woman?" asked Etrich. Bright scarlet flew into the woman's face.

"I learned it where I learned it," she said sullenly. "Will ye take me for a hand? I ain't had a bit o' eat for two days, and Johanna ain't neither."

The Gordons had been hungry and they knew how it felt, which is a thing very few people do. So the woman and her little girl were seated at the pine bench, which served as a table, and fed with the best there was.

About a month after this Etrich Gordon announced to his sons that he thought it would be a convenient thing if he were to marry big Johanna.

"She's ay interested in th' shop," he said in extenuation of this rash resolve. "I thought it might be a gude thing."

"She's no a body we ken anything about," one of the sons interposed.

"She canes chairs mighty well," retorted the father.

So they were s'need. Little Johanna, the daughter, must have been a mascot, for from the day of the wedding the Gordons succeeded—only their name wasn't Gordon, or most of you would know about them, for presently they were among the well known furniture makers of the city.

The time came—and not so very long after either—their country homes. Their sons and daughters went to college. They were, in fact, so prosperous that people overlooked a great many things—they even overlooked the grammar and the manners of big Johanna. And by and by people referred to these folk as pioneers of the city. All of which shows what men can do in America when they set about it, though perhaps it would have been as well not to have mentioned the moral of the tale.—Ella W. Beattie in Chicago News.

Zola's Superstitions.

Emile Zola, the French novelist, is a creature of superstitions fears and beliefs. While many people look upon the number 18 as indicative of evil, Zola grows pale over the innocent number 17 and will begin no work of importance on the 17th day of the month. A cab numbered 89 ran over M. Zola. He immediately exclaimed on recovering his breath and learning the number of the cab, "Eight and nine make 17!"

HIS SAD LOVE STORY.

"Her beauty was peerless. As I muse on the witchery of a glance from her wonderful eyes it seems that I can feel her wonderful presence as though she were at my side."

The reverie in which Uncle Rupert was indulging was audible to me, though I was half the distance of the large room away from him. I caught the words eagerly, so, for they seemed to be the key to the great mystery of his bachelorhood.

"Nelle! Princes! Your silence is eloquent to me, and I know you love me, though your proud head rises high in the air to check a suggestion of familiarity."

"Coquette! Every inch of her, and as conscious of her beauty and her power to conquer as any lovely daughter of Eve could ever dare to be."

"You broke my heart, girlie, with your irresistible charms!"

Uncle Rupert had doubtless become oblivious of my presence. His eyes were riveted on the burning logs in the great fireplace, and his thoughts were evidently following the wild leadership of the flames as they leaped in the dark corner where he sat.

Even a sympathetic word would probably break the spell of his retrospect, while a rustic or other movement by way of reminder of my unfortunate presence would be a rude awakening from such a dream of past realities.

I crept gently to him, and kneeling beside him, but with averted gaze, lest his face might betray more than he intended me to know, I took up the thread of his remarks.

"Is it all over, Uncle Rupert?"

A gentle hand was placed upon my chin and my face was lifted so that he could look at me. Thus encouraged, I no longer turned my eyes from his and was relieved to find a semblance of a smile on the familiar face of my uncle, whereas my sentimental fancy had made me almost apprehensive of tears.

"Yes, child, that belongs to the past, when I, like yourself, was young and impressionable and could love with the ardor of youth and health."

"You have never spoken on this subject before, and now I would like to hear all about it—how you lost her and why, since you loved and admired her so much."

"Why, you would have loved her, too, Marian, little wretch that she was. There was not a part of her beautiful body that would not have satisfied an artist, for with perfect symmetry and bearing, she was an aristocrat, a thoroughbred. The purest blood coursed through her veins, and you know, we demizens of a democracy are punctilious about pedigree."

"Tell me what or whom she looked like."

A raging, tearing beauty, child, haughty as a queen, treading the earth as though she disdained to touch her dainty feet to the dust, which was for meager mortals. And her flesh! Why, you could think of nothing but satin when you saw its incomparable luster, while the touch of it, with its myriads of highly strung nerves, sent electric thrills through your whole being."

I began to feel that my uncle was taking me into his confidence beyond my calculation or anticipation. The thought flashed through my mind, Well, mine was the age of acting before thinking. So I rushed to the climax of the story.

"Why did you not marry her, Uncle Rupert? Was she not kind and good as she was beautiful?"

A slight start was perceptible, and I began to fear that I had gone beyond my prerogative as sympathetic interlocutor on the subject of my uncle's romantic history. Had I not known that he was serious beyond all question I would have fancied, too, that I detected him shaking with suppressed laughter, but he was not a cynic, and if he had loved this perfect creature the notion of matrimony would surely not excite derision, even after the lapse of years of unhappiness and separation.

There was just something in his manner of speaking of her that annoyed me and did not quite satisfy my rigid requirements in a lover. It could only be excused on the ground of her character and disposition not corresponding to her physical perfection.

On the other hand, I was not prepossessed by even the flattering picture which had been drawn of this beauty, for I resented her obvious lack of appreciation of my Uncle Rupert.

While I was making this summary of the situation Uncle Rupert was evidently making one, too, and at this point he resumed his story.

"Yes, dear, her disposition was as matchless as her body—gentle, kind, ambitious, untiring—and I never even tried to replace my bonny mare Nelle, and have mourned for her all these years."

How I gloried in the inkly darkness of that room, which partly hid my confusion. An arm stole around my waist and its gentle pressure seemed to ask a mute forgiveness for thus trifling with my flight of fancy.

But I could only feel the humorlessness of the situation whereby Uncle Rupert had been enabled to peer into my nature while keeping the depths of his own completely shielded from vision as inexpert as mine.—Philadelphia Times.

What a "Wed" Means.

Among the Anglo-Saxons the bridegroom gave a pledge or "wed" at the betrothal ceremony. This "wed" included a ring, which was placed on the maiden's right hand, where it remained until, at the marriage, it was transferred to the left. English women at one time wore the wedding ring on the thumb, many portraits of ladies in Queen Elizabeth's days being so depicted. In the reign of George III brides usually removed the ring from its proper abiding place to the thumb as soon as the ceremony was over. In Spain the gift of a ring is looked upon as a promise of marriage and is considered sufficient proof for a maiden to claim her husband. It is a custom to pass little pieces of bridecake through the wedding ring, and those to whom these pieces are given place them under their pillows as night to dream of their lovers. These "dreamers," as they are called, should be drawn into times through the ring. Many brides, however, are so superstitious that neither for this purpose, nor at any other time will they take the ring off their finger after it has once been placed there.

The "Rote of the Waves."

It is a favorite theory with the fishing and seafaring people on the northeast of Scotland that in a storm three waves are comparatively weak and less dangerous. These fishermen call a "rote of three waves." Fishermen returning from their fishing ground often prove by experience the truth of their theory and hang back as they come near the shore, to take advantage of the full that follows, they pretty regularly after three big waves.

A LUCKY RUSE.

Just as the curtain fell upon the second act I felt my arm grasped spasmodically, and, turning round to my companion, Earl Hannathon, from whom the grasp proceeded, saw with surprise that a dark, angry flush was growing upon his forehead, while his usually calm eyes were lurid and bloodshot.

"Let us go home," he said hurriedly. "Let us go home at once, Arthur." And as he spoke he arose from his seat. Seeing that he was in no mood to bear questioning, I followed him in silence, and in a few minutes afterward we were in our cab, being driven rapidly toward the Astor House.

It required but few words to explain the cause of his sudden emotion.

"She was in the house," he said, "in the parquet seats, with Delavan beside her."

The pronoun represented the woman who had once been his wife and whom he had not seen since the period of their divorce, some three years prior to the time of our sketch. During that three years, his partner in business and companion in pleasure, had never heard him refer in the most remote manner to her who had once been so dear to him, but I had not accepted this silence as proof that he had forgotten her, for I knew that Earl Hannathon—haughty, reserved and controlling the fiery impulses of his creole blood with an iron will—was not the man to dwell upon the great sorrow of his life even to me, who had reason to believe myself his most confidential friend.

I had been his groomsmen on the occasion of his ill fated marriage. Never did wedding bells chime for a nobler bridegroom, a lovelier bride. He was tall and dark, like a young Spanish Hidalgo, and she, small and exquisitely beautiful—a peerless English girl, with a face that came nearer to my conception of an angel's than anything which I had ever before seen in nature.

It is not my intention to dwell upon the painful and disgraceful details preceding and attending the divorce, which took place in less than four years after the marriage. Suffice it to say that in Martin Delavan, an old and trusted friend, Earl Hannathon found the destroyer of his honor and happiness.

A duel took place between them. Earl escaped unhurt, but Delavan received a wound which was thought at the first to be mortal. He recovered, however, and in a short time after the granting of the divorce took himself off to parts unknown, accompanied by the partner of his infamy. When informed of this flight, Earl was heard to say:

"I should have shot him down without mercy and thus have saved her from further sin. Well, well, he has escaped me once. Let him ever again cross my path, and I will write myself murderer in his blood."

These words recurred to me as I witnessed the smothered yet terrible wrath with which he spoke of his wife's and Delavan's presence in the theater. I forbode evil, and ere I went to rest that night my mind was fully made up to rise early upon the following morning, seek Delavan and warn him to leave the city. This I should do—not from any kindly consideration toward the villain or his paramour, but to save my friend from the commission of crime.

Until the clock struck 13 Hannathon walked the floor of our room, never once looking toward me, but talking aloud in one long, passionate strain, uttering words like these: