



A Changed Man.

THEY were standing before a perfumery shop in Bond street as I passed them—two young ladies of manifestly good society, so refined was their appearance and so perfectly correct their tenure. I could not help half turning, and who should they be but that archtease of a cousin of mine, Sybil Vane, and her bosom friend, Gwen O'Hara. It was Sybil that had spoken, and she said:

"Fancy that little fool throwing herself away on a man like that when she knows he only wants her for her money."

"What little fool and what man?" I asked, as I raised my hat by way of apology for the intrusion.

"Oh, you men! You never know anything," said Sybil, when she had recovered from the shock my question had evidently occasioned.

"Then tell me," I rejoined. "You never have any secrets from me, you know—at least, not for long."

"Why, Honor Beaumont and Capt. Faulkner, to be sure."

"Are they engaged to be married?"

"Of course they are, and he hasn't a penny, while she has a mill—l—ion."

"Well, he's a very handsome fellow, and she is—passable."

"They say he cheated at cards, that he's in everybody's debt, and is nothing short of a mere adventurer. And yet Honor Beaumont has accepted him! I say it's really too bad of her."

I had known Faulkner for some years, and I am bound to say I had very little to urge in his defense. He had never been actually caught in any nefarious proceeding, but it was known that he had run through most of his friends, and that he was wonderfully lucky at faro, and that he was anxiously looking for an heiress.

The wedding took place, and about four months afterward Captain and Mrs. Faulkner were back in town, apparently the happiest people to be found in all Belgravia.

As for Faulkner, he seemed completely changed. There was a manliness about him that one never noticed before; his eyes wore a frank expression that was truly refreshing to see. He was clearly devoted to his wife, and they seemed to perfectly understand and trust each other. What could it mean?

Gradually I got to really like Faulkner. He made a splendid host, was a pattern of the domestic virtues, and impressed one as being the soul of honor. Our acquaintance finally ripened into a close friendship, and the intimacy developed until at length I found myself—how I know not—on terms of real confidence with the man whom, only a few months before, I had been inclined to look upon very much in the light in which he was regarded by my cousin Sybil.

One evening he expounded the mystery.

"Shall I tell you the story of our courtship, Jack?" he asked.

"As you will, my dear fellow," I replied, "if it isn't too sacred a subject for a third party."

"That's just it—it is a sacred subject, as you will see."

He lit his cigar and proceeded:

"All that the world thought and said of me before I was married was true, and more than true. I was a 'regular



"WHAT LITTLE FOOL AND WHAT MAN?" I ASKED.

bad lot.' And it is true also that in proposing to Miss Beaumont I was actuated by the most mercenary motives, and those alone.

"All that I wanted was her money—her money, Jack—do you hear me? The world said so, and the world was perfectly right. I had plans as to what I would do with it. My chief anxiety was to prevent her getting any inkling of the truth, and so I never ceased to dance constant attendance on her, and especially to withdraw her as far as possible from her lady friends. All went well until one evening at the Villiers' ball she took me to one side, saying:

"Fritz—she always called me Fritz rather than Frank—I want to speak to you."

"What is it, darling?"

"You are not to call me darling any more till this matter is cleared up."

"What matter, dear?"

"Just this: People are saying that you are marrying me merely for my money. Is that so?"

"Of course not. I love you for yourself—"

"Stop, stop! I am going to put you to the proof. You know my solicitors—Messrs. Hopkins & Dicey, in Lincoln's Inn?"

"Yes."

"Well, meet me there to-morrow at noon, sharp. And now, good-night."

"In a moment she was gone. I passed a sleepless night, and with great diffi-



"I CLASPED HER IN MY ARMS AND WE WEPT TOGETHER."

culty nerved myself in the morning to keep the mysterious appointment.

"Old Dicey—I call him that because he is now one of my dearest friends—received me coldly.

"I have been favored, Capt. Faulkner," he said, "with some very extraordinary instructions from my client—your fiancée—Miss Beaumont. I must entirely disclaim all responsibility in the matter. I have simply given effect to Miss Beaumont's wishes, and the final issue of them must rest entirely with yourself. If you please, we will go to the adjoining room, where Miss Beaumont awaits us."

"We found her seated near a window. She did not rise, but simply bowed, and I saw that her face was pale, and that it wore an expression of apparent enforced calm.

"Fritz, I told you last night that people are saying that you are marrying me merely for my money. It matters little to me now whether they speak the truth or not. If they do, then, whether or not you become my husband, is the light gone out of my life indeed. You know, Fritz, how I love you! If you can have done this cruel thing nothing can undo it now. If you have designed to beggar me, under the pretext of affection, husband or no husband, fortune or no fortune, can make no difference to me. But it shall never be said that you actually did marry me for my money, and so, Fritz, I have asked Mr. Dicey to draw up a deed which—"

"And here the poor darling broke down completely and could say no more.

"The deed, Capt. Faulkner," said Mr. Dicey, with frigid solemnity, "is an uncommon one; I know, indeed, of no precedent. But it relates that, in consideration of Capt. Francis Arthur Faulkner, of the Second Life Guards, releasing Miss Honor Beaumont, of Hertsford House, Hertsfordshire, from her engagement to marry him, the said Miss Honor Beaumont herewith makes over to the said Capt. Francis Arthur Faulkner all her real and personal property, as scheduled herewith, save and except the residence known as The Grove, Isleworth, in the county of Middlesex, and as much of her Midland Railway debenture stock as will suffice to provide an annuity of \$1,500 a year."

"I turned half mechanically to Honor. She was still calm and pale, but her eyes were brimful of tears.

"It is impossible!" I exclaimed. And just at that moment something seemed to struggle within me, for out of the depths of my sinful heart there came welling the tiny, feeble remnant of the little good it ever held.

"I felt as if I could give not only love but life to that noble woman who had proposed to herself this mad, this fearful sacrifice in order to put to proof the

sincerity of the man she loved. Disregarding the presence of the man of law, I clasped her in my arms, and we—yes, Jack, we wept together.

"I treasure now that sacred parchment which awakened to new life the little good that was left in me—which aroused the deadened sense of unselfish love and gave me riches greater far than my villainy had ever dreamed of. Do you wonder, Jack, that I am a changed man?"

And that was the sequel of the conversation in Bond street.

An Inch from Death.

A correspondent of the Detroit Free Press relates a peculiar experience which happened to a friend of his during a stay in Burma.

We were sitting on the veranda of our bungalow one evening, enjoying our after-dinner chereout. Finally my friend arose and sauntered into his bedroom.

Usually lights were placed in all the bedrooms, but this evening, for some reason—probably the moonlight—the servant had not performed his duties. I could hear my friend fumbling about on his dressing-table, and then suddenly he gave a cry of horror and rushed out to the light.

"I have been struck by a snake," he gasped, and his face was deadly pale.

"Where is it? Quick! Show me!" I exclaimed, as I whipped out a knife.

He held out his right arm. There was no mark on the hand, which I examined critically, but on the cuff of the shirt were two tiny scratch-like punctures, and two little globules of poison sinking into the starched linen and leaving a sickly, greenish-yellow mark.

"You've had a close call, old man," I exclaimed, with a sigh of relief; "and now let us settle the snake."

We found him coiled up on a small mirror, which lay on the table, and an ugly-looking reptile he was, too, ready to strike again.

He was a very poisonous snake, known as the Deboae Russell, but after my friend had done with him it would have been difficult for any naturalist to have placed him in his proper genus.

A Delightful Picture.

A homelike picture of Mrs. Washington and her favorite granddaughter is given by Mrs. James Gibson, who frequently visited her when, as the President's wife, she resided in Philadelphia, then the capital of the United States. Mrs. Gibson's language is quoted by Miss Wharton in her "Martha Washington."

Mrs. Washington was in the habit of retiring at an early hour to her own room, unless detained by company, and there, no matter what the hour, Nellie (Miss Custis) attended her.

One evening my father's carriage being late in coming for me, my dear young friend invited me to accompany her to grandmamma's room. There, after some little chat, Mrs. Washington apologized to me for pursuing her usual preparations for the night, and Nellie entered upon her accustomed duty by reading a chapter and a psalm from the old family Bible, after which all present knelt in evening prayer.

Mrs. Washington's faithful maid then assisted her to disrobe and lay her head upon the pillow; Nellie then sang a verse of some sweetly soothing hymn, and then leaning down, received the parting blessing for the night, with some emphatic remarks on her duties, improvements, etc. The effect of these judicious habits and teachings appeared in the granddaughter's character through life.

Oklahoma.

A sensational case with a funny side is reported from El Reno. A couple arrived at the principal hotel and registered themselves as man and wife. In fact, they were elopers, one having run away from a wife and the other a husband. In the course of a week the injured husband and the injured wife arrived from Kentucky and caused the arrest of the pair. The deserted man and woman had never seen each other before, but while waiting for requisition papers from Kentucky they stopped at the same hotel, and formed an acquaintance. Having a common grief, they became interested in each other, and on the day the requisition papers were to arrive they astonished the officers by eloping on their own account, going to Texas, where they are now supposed to be. The first pair of elopers were released from jail, and the Kentucky officer returned home, after informing the local paper that he "hoped a rattlesnake would bite him if he ever traveled a thousand miles again to help a couple of men trade wives."—Kansas City Journal.

Unreasonable.

It is part of a doctor's duty to keep up the spirits of his patient, since hopefulness is often the best of medicine, but the Cincinnati Enquirer cites a case in which encouragement was carried almost too far.

A man met with a frightful accident, as a result of which both his legs had to be amputated.

"Never mind," said the surgeon, a few days afterward, finding the poor man despondent; "never mind, we shall have you on your feet again within three weeks."

The good points of a great many people seem to have been broken off.

HARCOURT'S RESIGNATION.

Came as a Surprise to England and Demoralized the Liberals.

The resignation of Sir William Vernon Harcourt as official leader of the Liberal party in the House of Commons came as a surprise to all England and threw the Liberal ranks into a state of disorder.

When, in December, 1868, Mr. Gladstone came into power as the chief of the administration, William Vernon Harcourt took his seat in Parliament as representative of the city of Oxford. It was not long before he gave the House of Commons a taste of his quality. His maiden speech was in opposition to the proposition to abrogate the statute of Queen Anne, which requires that ministers of the crown when they take office should vacate their seats and offer themselves for re-election. This speech, with its ponderous learning and brilliant wit, made his name.

In 1880, when the Gladstone government was formed, Sir William became home secretary. At this time it fell to him to pilot the Irish crimes act through the House of Commons against the fierce opposition of Mr. Parnell and the Irish members, a task which he accomplished with brilliancy.

He resumed the place of chancellor of the exchequer in 1892, the same post he had held during the previous Gladstone administration. When Gladstone retired it was supposed that Sir William would succeed him. The man-



SIR WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT.

tle of authority, however, fell on Lord Roseberry, Sir William remaining the leader in the House of Commons. The resignation of Mr. Harcourt does not mean his retirement from public life. He will still retain his seat in the Commons.



"What is your occupation?" the lawyer asked a boy on the witness stand.

"I work on my father's farm," the witness replied.

"You don't do much but sit around, do you?"

"Well, I help my father."

"But you're worthless, aren't you?" was the attorney's decisive question.

"I don't know whether I am or not," retorted the witness warmly.

Then the attorney took another tack.

"Your father's a worthless man, isn't he?"

"Well, he works about the farm."

The attorney here fastened an eye which gleamed with triumph on the jury and nailed the boy with a glance from the other and said: "Isn't it true that your father doesn't do enough work to prevent his becoming called worthless?"

The boy had chafed under these unpleasant questions, relates the Baltimore News, and summoning up courage, he said loudly: "If you want to know so bad whether my father's worthless, ask him; there he is, on the jury."

Village Lawyer (from Skedunk)—You think I must have lots of idle time? By George, I can beat any man in forty miles of my town playing checkers!

Village Lawyer (from Spiketown)—I can't play checkers, but I can lean back in a chair and balance it on its hind legs for fifteen minutes by the watch, and there ain't another man in my congressional district who can do that.—Detroit Free Press.

Nuts for Eating.

Nuts are much employed in high-class cookery, but their value seems not to be recognized by the majority of country housewives, too many of whom let the squirrels get them all. Very delicious dishes are made of chestnuts. Any nut makes a cake more delicious. Nuts chopped and sprinkled over puddings, hot or cold, give a new flavor and greatly improve them, while mixed through custard they make a surprising change in this simple dish. Stewed apples sprinkled with chopped nuts and the core space filled with jam make a good desert, which need be of no cost except for the labor used, and this is of only nominal value.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Jollydog.

"Our American belles appear to have the same trouble as our candidates for office," Pollywog—

"What's that?" Jollydog—"They find it very hard to get a square count."—Town Topics.

Saved His Time.
"I've come to see your husband in the interest of the Knights of Labor, Mrs. Reagan," said a bland, elderly man, as the mistress of the Reagan household answered his ring.
"He ain't to home," said Mrs. Reagan, with arms akimbo, "but I can promise you one thing, and that is, you'll get niver a night o' labor out of Tim Reagan, and it's no use tryin'! Sure and he'd knock off work in the daytime, if it wasn't for me keepin' at him till I'm that wore out there's no strength left in me!"—Youth's Companion.

Venice Will Be Drained.

Venice without its waters would be a far less picturesque place than it actually is, says the London Chronicle. And such a state of affairs, we are led to believe, may eventually come about. The regular increase in the delta of the Po has been studied by Prof. Marinelli. Comparison of the Austrian map of about 1823 with the records of surveys made in 1893 shows that the mean annual increase during those years has been about three-tenths of a square mile; and from all known data it appears that the total increase during six centuries has been about 198 square miles. The increase is continuing and the Gulf of Venice is doomed in time to disappear. No immediate alarm need, however, be excited, for Prof. Marinelli calculates that between 100 and 120 centuries will elapse before the entire Northern Adriatic will have become dry land.

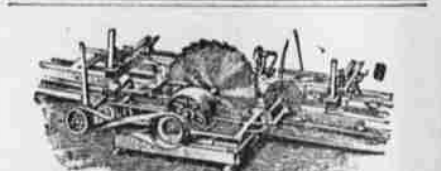
Effect of Coffee Drinking on Eyes.

Snaitkin, according to the Medical Review, says that the Moors are inveterate coffee drinkers, especially the merchants, who sit at their bazars and drink continually during the day. It has been noticed that almost invariably when these coffee drinkers reach the age of 40 or 45 their eyesight begins to fail them, and by the time they get to be 50 years old they become blind. One is forcibly impressed by the number of blind men seen about the streets of Fez, the capital of Morocco. It is invariably attributed to the excessive use of coffee.—N. Y. Medical Times.

A Model Town.

A Colonia Juarez, Chiuhuahua, Mexico, correspondent of the New York World thus describes the model town in which he lives: "Ours is a town of about 1,000 inhabitants. Eleven years have passed since the first tent was pitched by the first settler. Now we have hundreds of dwellings owned by the dwellers—no millionaires, no beggars. We are in a chamber of the mountains 5,000 feet high. Fifteen miles of hills and hollows part us from the nearest railroad station. We have no saloons, no gambling, no smoking, no profanity, no round dancing at our socials. We have one police officer. Nearly every man owns a gun. Our academy building has 5,000 square feet of floors and 250 students. If you can beat this, please put in waste basket."

Mrs. James Brown Potter has scored a great success in "The Three Musketeers" in London.



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