

## THE OREGON SCOUT

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### DOGS AS HORSES.

The Country Where They Are the Beasts of Burden.

I have met M. Nantet, the Belgian author, who follows the usage of his country in utilizing the dog as a draught animal. He has a little phaeton drawn by dogs in which he drives about when at home, and in which he has come from Brussels to Paris. M. Nantet thinks that Belgium, with her cheerless sky and sodden soil, is able to hold her own, and be among the most prosperous nations of Europe, because the dog is not only the friend and comrade, but the carrier of the poor man. The costermonger and his wife in Paris or London are broken down prematurely from fatigue, and the stabling and fodder for a donkey is a heavy tax on their profits, but their Belgian brethren can house their dogs with themselves. The dogs, after being unharnessed dine with their masters, and in winter sleep before the kitchen fire.

The strength of a good draught dog is marvelous. He does not spoil roads like a horse, and when tired he asks to lie down, a favor always granted, and, on being rested, goes on again cheerfully.

The pair which drew M. Nantet is of average size and strength, and had a long line of ancestors, who did good work in their time as carriers. When at an inn their master used to unharness them and take them with him into the coffee room, where they lay down at his feet. He drove all the way, unless where there was a steep hill to climb. At a place called Louvroil the mayor heard he had come into the town, and informed him that his equipage came within the reach of the Grammont Law for the Protection of Animals. "Very well," answered the Belgian, who was preparing to start, and he ordered the dogs to get into the phaeton and sit on the seat, while he drew them. They obeyed and stayed there until they were beyond the bounds of the commune, where they descended to be harnessed. To avoid crowds, who might think well to take part with the dogs against their master, M. Nantet kept clear of large towns. At Compeigne he telegraphed to a number of Belgians here at what time he was likely to reach Paris, and they went out to meet him. When he was sighted the dogs were going at a brisk pace. He thinks they could have done the journey comfortably in five days, but as he is as much their friend as their owner he gave them seven. —Paris Cor. London Daily News.

### THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

Text of the Passage in Which It Was First Given to the World.

President Monroe's seventh annual message, December 2, 1823: The citizens of the United States cherish sentiments the most friendly in favor of the liberty and happiness of their fellow-men on that side of the Atlantic. In the wars of the European Powers, in matters relating to themselves, we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our policy to do so. It is only when our rights are invaded or seriously menaced that we resent injuries or make preparations for our defense. With the movements of this hemisphere we are of necessity more immediately concerned, and by causes which must be obvious to all enlightened and impartial observers. The political system of the allied Powers is essentially different in this respect from that of America. This difference proceeds from that which exists in their respective Governments. And to the defense of our own, which has been achieved by the loss of so much blood and treasure and maintained by the wisdom of their most enlightened citizens, and under which we have enjoyed unexampled felicity, this whole Nation is devoted. We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those Powers to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European Power we have not interfered and shall not interfere. But with the Governments who have declared their independence we have, on great consideration and on just principles, acknowledged we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States.

### A DOLL'S HOSPITAL.

One of the Many Curious Institutions of the English Metropolis.

One of the most curious of the many curious institutions in London is the doll's hospital in Fulham road. Patients are admitted for broken heads or fractured limbs, loss of hair, eye, nose, teeth, fingers, hands, toes and wasting away of the body. Operations take place every day between nine a. m. and eight p. m. The same doll may be brought to the hospital over and over again for a broken head, arm or leg. But the little nurse never leaves her without many kisses and a promise from the attendant to be very good to her.

"How many patients have you in the hospital today?" asked a visitor of an attendant the other day.

"Not more than twenty-five; but come and see them."

"A good many of them are serious cases. There's a family of four over there. The mother has a broken head and her soldier son has lost his head and one arm. The two girls are a good deal battered. One looks as though she were going bald. This doll has lost one eye and the tip of her nose, but it can be easily mended, because she has a waxen face. Here's a doll with a gash down one side of her face, and its so deep that I'm afraid she will be obliged to have a new head. This is a dismembered doll. I am going to fix a new head and limbs on to the stump; it would have been thrown away if the doll hadn't been very old." —London Letter.

### TOASTS OF ALL KINDS.

Many Ways in Which Housekeepers Can Utilize Stale Bread.

There are a variety of excellent dishes that can be made from stale bread which is thrown away as useless. Economical housekeepers strive to utilize every particle of food, and often with admirable results. The following will be found good methods of using stale bread, which otherwise would be thrown away: Buttered Toast—Cut the slices somewhat thick; when toasted, butter them on both sides, and keep warm until served. A toasting fork should be used, and care taken that the bread does not get burnt.

Milk Toast—Toast the slices of bread, pile them in a dish, which must be well warmed, boil some milk with a little salt, a teaspoonful of flour, one of butter, rubbed together; pour this over the toast, and serve hot.

Vegetable Toast—Take the remains of any cooked vegetable, the flavor of which blends well, season with a little pepper, salt and French mustard, add the yolk of an egg, and mix well; thicken over the fire, then spread the mixture over the slices of toast, brush over them a beaten egg, strew fine bread crumbs on the top, and serve hot.

French Toast—Beat two eggs, add one cupful of milk, with pepper and salt to taste; dip into this slices of bread, and fry them in hot butter until brown.

Sausage Toast—Fry some sausages, strip the skins off, and mix with the meat some scalded parsley, chopped very fine, add a little cheese grated, mix in a very little mustard, and spread the mixture on brown bread that has been toasted and buttered.

Lemon Toast—Take the yolks of three eggs, beat them well and stir them into a cupful of milk; cut some stale bread in slices and soak them for a minute in the eggs and milk, then fry to a light brown in butter, and dust on a little powdered sugar, and then add a little lemon juice.

Peach Toast—Cut some round slices off milk rolls, remove the crust, and fry them a pale yellow in butter. Take a tin of preserved peaches, turn out the juice into a saucepan, add a little sugar and a glass of white wine; boil it up, put in the peaches, simmer a few minutes, drain them, and place half a peach, concave side uppermost, on each piece of bread, place a piece of currant jelly in the cavity of each peach, pour the syrup round, and serve.

Egg Toast—Poach some eggs, lay them on buttered toast, and pour over them some Worcestershire sauce. Serve hot.

Ham Toast—Grate some cooked ham, add an egg well beaten, a small piece of butter, and a little cream, mix all together, and stir over a fire until hot; fry slices of bread in a little butter, and pour the mixture over them.

Hash Toast—Chop very fine cold roast beef, and boil in a little water, add a little milk, and thicken with flour; season to taste, and pour over slices of toast.

Anchovy Toast—Wash and pound finely a quarter of a pound of anchovies, mix them with some curry powder, a little mustard, a few drops of lemon juice, and a teaspoonful of butter. Cover buttered toast with the mixture, and serve hot.

Chicken Toast—Chop cold chicken very fine, put into a saucepan, season with pepper, salt and mustard, add a small piece of butter, one tablespoonful of cream, and just enough water to cover the chicken, simmer altogether fifteen minutes, and serve on buttered toast.

These dishes are all simple and inexpensive, and make an excellent variety for breakfast, luncheon and tea. —Democrat's Monthly Fashion Journal.

### LEFT-LEGGED HUMANITY.

Curious Revelations Regarding Our Natural Pedestrian Eccentricities.

Professor Ball, in "Le Dualisme Cerebral," speaks of man as a right-handed animal. Being right-handed, it is popularly assumed that he is also right-legged, but this does not appear to be the case. Standing working with the right hand there is a tendency to use the left leg for balance. Many people find less exertion in going round circles to the right than to the left; race-trackers are nearly always made for running circles to the right.

So the majority of the movements are more readily performed to the right, as dancing, running, etc. The rule in walking is to keep to the right, and this appears to be almost universal! It is more natural to bear to the right. Of a large number of people from the better educated classes asked about the existence of a rule, only 67 per cent. males and 53 per cent. females were aware of the rule; the larger majority obey it unconsciously in walking. Crowds tend to bear to the right. The left leg being the stronger is more readily brought into action; hence troops start off with the left foot; it is the foot which is placed in the stirrup of the saddle or step of the bicycle in mounting; so that the left foot is the foot from which a man takes off from in jumping.

In the experiences of Mr. G. H. Darwin blindfolding boys and telling them to walk straight, the right-handed one diverged to the right and vice-versa. From measurements of Dr. Carson of the skeletons of the two legs, in 54.2 per cent. the left was the longer and 35.8 the right. For measurements of the feet the writer collected the drawings and measurements of 300 pairs with the result that in 44 per cent. the left was longer, in 21.5 per cent. the right and in 34.5 per cent. they were the same size. Measurements at the first joint gave 56 per cent. larger, and at the instep 42.5 per cent. From the table of the figures it is observed that the left foot is the more frequently the larger in the male than in the female sex, and the percentage of feet of the same size is greater in the female. The percentage of the right larger than the left is very constant, whereas the number of the left larger than those in which both feet were the same size are much more variable. Man, being naturally or artificially right-handed and left-legged, tends unconsciously to bear to the right; lower animals, on the other hand, appear nearly always to circle to the left. —Pall Mall Gazette.

—Washing faded carpet in a strong solution of salt water will restore its color.

### SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Four telegraphic messages can now be transmitted over one wire at one time by using the quadruplex system.

—The disinfecting power of aminol gas is such that when introduced into sewage it very quickly destroys the microbes of putrefaction and of many diseases.

—Dongola is made principally from Brazilian and Kanacan goatskins, by a process that combines tawing with tanning. The tawing gives strength to the fiber to resist the action of the water.

—The manufacture of sugar by the diffusion process in Louisiana has resulted in a great increase of output. Moreover, there is already growing up a more scientific agriculture, a better knowledge of the problems of sugar manufacture, a more scientific method in the sugar house, and the introduction of improved machinery.

—The American watches have attained such excellence that they are now universally regarded as superior timepieces to those of Swiss and French manufacture, and, in respect alike to finish and accuracy, the hand-made American watches are acknowledged to have no superior, while their cheapness is simply wonderful.

—In the new process of making white lead the ore as it comes from the mine is volatilized and oxidized by the air, the fumes are condensed in a slightly acid liquor, and the resulting sludge is washed and dried for the market without having been touched by the men. Quickness of manufacture, starting with ore and not with the purified metal, and avoidance of danger to the workmen, are among the advantages of the new system.

—Fertilizing material is now procured from iron. In the manufacture of Bessemer steel a light basic slag known as Thomas slag is the result, which is reduced to an impalpable powder and sold to farmers, as it contains a large proportion of the phosphoric acid. Those who are familiar with the merits of the slag estimate that it contains twenty-one per cent. of plant food.

—A French scientist removed the shell on either side of an egg without injuring the membrane, in patches about the size of the diameter of a pea, snugly fitted the openings with bits of glass, placed the egg with the glass bits' eyes in an incubator, run by clock-work and revolving once each hour, and had the pleasure of looking through and watching the change upon the inside at the end of each sixty minutes.

—It has been estimated that the capitalization of the various corporations and concerns in this country dependent upon electricity for their business, from the Western Union Telegraph Company down to the humblest maker of electrical appliances, is not less than \$800,000,000. This means that the people now pay an annual tax of between thirty-five and forty millions for a convenience which forty years ago had scarcely begun to attract attention as something more than a scientific toy. —Philadelphia Record.

—A lecture was recently delivered at Madras, India, on the mosquito. The lecturer, Mr. H. Sullivan Thomas, considers the mosquito a most useful pest, seven-eighths of its existence being devoted to the service of men and only one-eighth to their annoyance. It exists in the larval state twenty-one days, and during that period engages in sanitary work with ardor and thoroughness. Wherever there is dirty water, wherever there is a filthy drain, there the mosquito larvae are to be found in hundreds, voraciously devouring the contaminating matter. —N. O. Times Democrat.

### A REMARKABLE WORK.

A Painting Aiming to Represent Every Phase of Human Existence.

A painting remarkable for its breadth of conception has been placed on exhibition in the Yale reading room by its designer, U. Grant Houston, of Mahattan, Kan., who is at present a tutor at the university with a view to entering the Divinity School. The work is entitled "The Universe," being intended to embrace every phase of human existence, and is divided into eight planes—the infernal, the material, the human, the intellectual, the moral, the Christian, the future and the eternal.

The infernal plane represents darkness as pictured by Dante and Milton. The material plane represents the sun breaking upon the chaotic world. In the center is Christ, about whom the whole universe turns: His feet rest on the material plane, and His hands reach into the eternal. The figures on the right of Christ represent the pre-Christian era, those on the left the Christian era. In the human plane on the right, Adam and Eve are drifting away from Christ, with Adam looking mournfully back.

The intellectual plane shows pre-historic man, the cave-dweller and the vine-cultivating god Baachus. An altar on which the golden calf of Jewish idolatry rests rises in the background of this plane. Modern civilization, with Julius Caesar and Napoleon, is also depicted. In the moral plane the Moslem dispensation is represented by Moses with his rod pointing to the Bible; David and Joshua are with Moses.

The flashing of lightning in the sky represents the appearance of God on Mount Sinai. An allusion to the present civilization is on the right of this plane, with the Bartholdi statue of Liberty and figures of Shakespeare and Luther. The Christian plane is represented by Christ with the material plane on one side and the Bible on the other. Before the bacilla from which came the modern church edifice are Peter, John and James. The Bible, the fountain, and the cross are raised high above the plane of human existence. In the future and eternal planes are represented the various theories of future existence. Mr. Houston has patented an "Educational Model of the Universe," giving illustrations of the movements of the heavenly bodies, and material illustrations of mental and moral truths. This model is at the Northwestern University in Chicago. Ex-President Porter, of Yale University, and Professor Thayer, of the Harvard Divinity School, have shown special interest in Mr. Houston's work. —Chicago Journal.

### FROM AFAR.

The wind is blowing.  
The stars are glowing.  
So are thine eyes, my sovereign queen!  
Above the clouds she is gliding, gliding,  
Gazing at thee, I ween.

Her light is passing.  
The clouds are moving.  
The shadows reign supreme.  
Thy love eludes me,  
Thy glance deceives me,  
Mocking, with eyes that dream.

Thou fair moon-maiden,  
My heart is laden,  
Laden with longing, deep with despair.  
Thy strange alluring,  
My soul immuring,  
Leaves it a captive there.

The world doth claim thee;  
I do not blame thee;  
Only the darkness is mine.  
It is it contents me,  
That naught prevents me,  
Afar, I may watch thee shine.

The moon is out, and the earth is black,  
And the sun is quenched in its fiery track,  
And the stars are drowned and my heart is dead,  
The darkness reigns where the light hath fled,  
Tis the end of all, 'tis the hand of fate,  
And with folded arms I wait, I wait,  
From afar no more I may watch thee shine,  
And the darkness is mine, and thine!

—Marie Petrasova, in N. Y. Tribune.

### A MUTUAL FRIEND.

What He Accomplished at a Strange Wedding Feast.

One evening in spring I was looking over the playbills, wondering what theater I would attend. I was with Bernard Loumagne, a young lawyer, who was as grave as a judge. For an hour, during which time we had been promeading the boulevard, we had been stupid and silent, like men who do not know what to do with their time.

Suddenly I perceived the sprightly figure of my friend, Henri Martin.

"Ah!" I cried, "Martin will suggest a way of passing the evening."

Martin had never had a well-defined profession. He had been a little of everything—musician, actor, litterateur, mathematician, merchant, manufacturer. He was a handsome fellow, of about the medium height, slender, having a well-shaped head, a silky mustache and beautiful black eyes, large and earnest. Martin is essentially a man of action; he never seems to be at rest.

"Ah! how fortunate I am to find you!" he exclaimed; and then, making a disdainful gesture toward the playbills, he asked: "Do you think of going to the theater?"

"Yes."

"Have you dined?"

"Not yet."

"Then all goes well. Return home, both of you, and get into evening dress as quickly as you can." Then, opening his overcoat, he continued: "You see I am already dressed. Make haste. It will not do to be late on such an occasion. We must be there at 8:30."

"But where are you going to take us?"

"Bah! as though you did not know! But come! come! Do not lose a moment."

When Martin organized an expedition there was nothing to do but to obey. There was one certainty—that his companions would not be bored.

Martin called a cab which was passing, and we were taken home, where we were allowed ten minutes to dress.

We were soon altogether again in the cab, which was driven in the direction of the Champs Elysees. Martin smoked his cigarette in solemn majesty. Again I asked:

"Where are you taking us?"

My insistence seemed to vex him, but he condescended to reply:

"To the Porte Maillot."

"For dinner?"

"Certainly—for dinner."

"And was it necessary that we should don evening dress when only we three are to dine together?" asked Loumagne, who was put out, for he had no affection for his swallow-tail.

Martin turned a severe glance on us as he said:

"Are you accustomed to attend wedding feasts in street costume?"

"Are we going to a wedding feast?"

"Certainly."

"That of one of your friends?"

"Yes—of one of my friends."

"What's his name?"

"I don't know."

"O, come, Martin, speak seriously."

"I am speaking seriously. About two o'clock this afternoon, while passing the Church of the Trinity, I saw a charming, adorable bride come forth, and I said to myself: 'There is a bride to whom I would like to drink a toast.'"

Now the only way to toast her is, of course, to be a guest at her wedding feast, and to her wedding feast we are going, my friends. I heard her father-in-law say to one of the guests: 'This evening at the Porte Maillot.' And I know the name of the bride—I learned it from the beadle—it is Mlle. Lemonnier—Blanche Lemonnier. You shall see how charming she is—a dream of love and beauty!"

When we arrived at the restaurant Martin had the air of one who had come, in all seriousness, as a guest of the wedding-feast.

There were three wedding parties at the restaurant that evening, consequently the whole establishment was in a commotion. The waiters rushed up and down the stairs. The stewards leaned over the balusters of the three floors, shouting, storming, calling for napkins, knives and glasses.

"The moment is propitious," said Martin, with delight. "And three wedding feasts at that! If we are excluded from ours we can attend one of the others."

Then, with graceful assurance, he said to an attendant:

"Mlle. Lemonnier's wedding party?"

"First floor."

We were a little apprehensive in regard to the termination of our expedition as we followed Martin. He, however, was soon in the room where the servants had just finished setting the table.

"Ah, I am glad to see you are ready in good time," said Martin, in a tone of voice befitting a master of ceremonies.

The steward, who held a paper in his hand, bowed respectfully. "Is this the list of the guests?" said Martin, taking the paper from the steward. "Let us see if it is correct."

Surveying the table with a grave air, he verified the list, and then said sharply:

"You have made a mistake. Three covers are wanting. It is fortunate I arrived early." While the confused steward called over the baluster, giving orders for three more covers, Martin added our three names to the list and made the necessary changes on the table. He arranged a place for himself opposite the bride, placing us at a short distance from him in order that we might come to his rescue if he got into difficulty.

Then we solemnly waited the arrival of the wedding guests, who soon assembled.

Weddings are usually gay, but there are also those which are melancholy. That of Mlle. Lemonnier belonged to the latter category.

When M. Joseph Durand began to pay court to Mlle. Lemonnier, as I afterwards learned, their positions, as far as fortune was concerned, were about equal. Mlle. Lemonnier had a dowry of one hundred thousand francs and expectations of coming in for two hundred thousand more, all of which had been amassed by her father in the wine business. Her father and mother were good, honest people, whose only fault was excessive love of money. What they found desirable in Joseph Durand was not so much his amiability, his refined manner and his tender love for Blanche, as his important position in a large dry-goods firm, the forty thousand francs which his parents were to give him on the day of his marriage, and the magnificent property which would fall to him later. No one knew better than M. Lemonnier the value of the vineyards on his property, which was situated in the center of Gascony. The elder Durand, moreover, had one hundred thousand francs in bank, which in time would come to his son.

Blanche paid no attention to these business matters. She loved Joseph Durand simply because she loved him, because he had a manly form and a rather severe countenance which always softened before her smile, and because she imagined that with him life would be an uninterrupted series of pleasures. Joseph Durand's love for Blanche was equally unselfish. He adored the charming, sprightly little brunette; he adored her plump figure, her bright face, her velvety eyes and her beautiful waving tresses.

Great was the consternation, therefore, when on the evening before the day set for signing the contract M. Lemonnier, before the assembled members of the two families, declared that the marriage should not take place. Having become suspicious, M. Lemonnier had a few days before undertaken to verify the declarations of the Durand family, and he had just received news that the banker who had held the one hundred thousand francs which his prospective son-in-law was to inherit was about to suspend payment.

"You knew this, monsieur," he said to M. Durand, "yet you did not tell us."

M. Durand warmly defended his banker, who, he declared, was an honest man, and he asserted that although temporarily embarrassed he would pass triumphantly through the crisis in his affairs. M. Durand was interrupted by M. Lemonnier, who said, brusquely:

"My daughter will never have a sou of your one hundred thousand francs. But that would be nothing if your vines were not blighted by the phylloxera, or if your banker fails it is because Gascony has been ruined by the phylloxera."

In vain did M. Durand explain the depredations of the enemy; that he had at great expense replaced the injured vines with others from America. M. Lemonnier would not listen.

"You have deceived us!" he exclaimed. "The affair is ended."

But as this did not accord with the desires of Blanche Lemonnier the affair was not ended. She persuaded him to withdraw his objections to the marriage, not by speaking of her love, for she knew that such an argument would have little influence with the old tradesman, but by warning him of the scandal which the breaking of the engagement would cause, and by threatening that she would never marry and would enter a convent, old and classic measures which never fail to bring obdurate fathers to terms.

The contract accordingly was signed and the marriage took place. The nuptials, however, were not accompanied with rejoicings. The fathers-in-law looked at each other like dogs that are old enemies and the mothers-in-law seemed ready to eat each other. The guests, whom gossip had made aware of the situation, were constrained and bored. There was no laughter; the conversation was carried on in low tones. The marriage ceremony was a melancholy affair.

The wedding feast would probably have been equally as melancholy if on

entering the festal hall the two families had not encountered the joyous presence of my friend Martin, who gayly welcomed them. He extended his hand to each of the fathers-in-law, smiling as though he himself were a party to the wedding, and he said in a reassuring tone:

"Every thing has been looked after. These imbeciles had made several mistakes, but it is all right now."

M. Durand thought he was an intimate friend of the Lemonnier family; M. Lemonnier supposed he was a friend of the Durands; both shook him warmly by the hand. His joyous face and his eager manner seemed to restore their sincerity. M. Lemonnier, however, yielding to his natural distrust, leaned over Martin, and, whispering, said:

"What is your name? I can not recall it."

"Martin—Henri Martin," answered my friend. "Don't you remember me?"

"Ah! yes—Martin! yes, Henri Martin! I remember it now. It is strange how one forgets names on such an occasion. Martin—yes, yes, Martin!"

He tried to shake hands with Martin again, but the latter had flown to the side of the bride.

"Here, madame," he said, "here is your place." Then, tapping Joseph Durand on the shoulder, he remarked:

"You ought to consider yourself a very happy man. Your wife is an adorable creature."

He did not stop to listen to the thanks of the bridegroom, but moved about the table, calling the names of the guests and showing them their places. He was so gracious with the slyer ladies, so respectful to the young ladies and so affable and jovial with the men that in fifteen minutes he had made a conquest of the whole wedding party.

Martin's good humor was infectious and communicated itself to the guests, and when at last he took his seat, after having assured himself that all others had been properly placed, a discreet ripple of laughter ran down the table.

The gloom had been dispelled. M. Durand and M. Lemonnier conversed amiably and passed mutual compliments in regard to the charming Henri Martin, whom each believed to be a friend of the other; the countenance of the mothers-in-law softened, and the bridegroom said to his bride:

"He is a very attractive man, your friend Martin."

"You should say your friend."

"Ah, yes, your friend, our friend. Your friends are now my friends and my friends are yours."

When Martin was seated he made a sign to the steward to serve the dinner, and he continued to direct the proceedings. He ate but little, occupying himself in making others eat and drink. From time to time he called the waiter's attention to the fact that wine was wanting at one end of the table, that some point in the service had been neglected at another part of the board. Then he addressed the bridegroom as follows:

"Durand, my friend, you are speaking to the bride in too low a voice. That will not do, my friend. Upon my honor, it will not do."

When the time for toasts arrived Martin rose to his full height, glass in hand. Conversation ceased. All eagerly awaited his words. Addressing the newly-married couple, he said:

"My young friends—for as I have long been the friend of one of you, I consider myself henceforth the friend of both—it is as a friend that I wish you happiness on your entrance into married life. But I ought to address to you a few words of advice, to warn you of the adversities of earthly existence, of the reverses of fortune that are incident to it."

M. Durand and M. Lemonnier listened with open mouths.

"But fear nothing," cried Martin. "You shall pass victoriously through all trials, and then your vines shall no more be blighted by the phylloxera and your bankers shall not fail. Our most illustrious savants are seeking a remedy for the evil caused by the phylloxera. They shall find it. The ruined lands shall become rich and credit shall be re-established. Your happiness shall be crowned by fortune. My young friends, I drink to your future fortune, to your children, to your grandchildren, to your great-grandchildren."

Martin's toast was loudly applauded. M. Lemonnier pronounced it to be most felicitous. There were other toasts, but scarcely any one listened to them. Every thing revolved about Martin, who was soon busy directing the removal of the table in order that the room might be cleared for dancing.

It was Martin who opened the ball with one of the bridesmaids. All followed in his train, like people under a charm, singing hymenaeal songs. It was he who presided with gravity over all the amusing little ceremonies, without which a wedding feast among the bourgeoisie would be incomplete. It was he who at last conducted the young couple to their carriage.

It is eight years since Joseph Durand was wedded to Blanche Lemonnier. They are very happy and have three children, who do not on their friend Henri Martin. M. Durand's vines yield superbly, his banker is solvent, and his one hundred thousand francs are drawing interest. To this day the two families dispute over the question whether their friend Henri Martin was invited to the wedding feast by the Durands or by the Lemonniers. —Boston Traveller.