EUGENE WEEKLY GUARD.

CAMPBELL BROS., Proprietors.

EUGENE.....OREGON.

No wonder England is sour over the Boer war. Her sugar had to be taxed.

The rat gives it out to the plague doctor that he simply refuses to come out and be exterminated.

A new device dispenses with the telephone girl replying to a call. It has been tried, and answers very well.

A railway train made a spurt of nine miles in six minutes. Aguinaldo's best time is supposed to have been beaten by it.

A French physician declares that the Chinese are a very nervous people. It is difficult to see how they could be otherwise at present.

A man who has had some experience in Africa says that four men can hold down a lion. One would not care to be the party designated to hold down the front end of the beast.

The story that the Czar jumps two feet into the air every time anybody strikes a match is officially denied. The Czar's bomb-proof room is also a string ñendoffski lieovitch. It does not exist.

A mother had a girl arrested for "making goo-goo eyes" at her son. If mamma thinks the police can put a shade over this kind of an eye she is laboring to mop back the Atlantic Ocean. The g.-g. eye is here to stay.

It has remained for Chicago to discount the story about the theft of a red-hot stove. A couple of youthful burglars in that city got safely away with a ferocious watch dog which had been "tied loose" for the protection of the premises.

So we are to have a new rifle which is an improvement upon any arm in the arsenal of nations. In the matter of carnal weapons it is good policy to get the best, for the best not infrequently keeps outsiders from kicking up a disturbance. It is a case where prevention is very much better than cure.

It is too soon to tell whether the reduction in the size of the page which several metropolitan daily newspapers are making is merely an advertising experiment or the beginning of an important permanent change. The daily newspapers are much too large; they absorb so much time as to leave little for more serious reading.

The report from Pennsylvania that young trades' unionists are marrying the young women whose labor was brought into competition with their own seems to be in keeping with the tendency toward consolidation. Perhaps this movement, started so modestly in the Keystone State, may prove the key to a puzzling social and economic problem.

The novel of many editions is no new thing. Fifty years ago "The Heir of Redcliffe," by the late Charlotte M. Yonge, went through twelve editions in six months, and her novel, "Daisy Chain," was also very popular. More notable than their success, however, was the disposal of the proceeds. The profits of the one book were devoted to fitting out a missionary schooner, the Southern Cross, for the use of Bishop Selwyn in New Zealand; and "Daisy Chain" erected a missionary college in Auckland.

The main battle for the cause of a rational position on horseback for women was fought when the bicycle came into vogue. There was no way to ride that vehicle except astride, and even the most prudish have long since gotten over the idea that there was anything immodest or out of taste in bicycle-riding for women. The unreasonableness of admitting cross-riding on the wheel and forbidding it on the horse has been too patent for even the strait-laced people of Boston; hence the collapse this year of all objection to it in the Boston riding clubs.

A few weeks ago some schoolboys in the District of Columbia went out to "play soldier" with toy guns. One of the number carried a real gun, which his parents had been foolish enough to give him. The youthful captain of the company told him he need not go with the party unless he would refrain from loading the weapon. But he thought it a great joke to load it on the sly, believing that he would be sufficiently cautious in its use. Another boy, who supposed that the captain's orders had been respected, tried to be sly, too, with the result that the gun went off. A bullet passed through the jaw of an innocent member of the party, who had to be taken to the hospital, whre for days his life hung in the balance. His mother was at the time a nervous invalid, and he was her only child. Consequently it was found necessary to keep from her all knowledge of the sad affair. Since this is a true story, its repetition will be justified if its lessons convey "still another warning."

The elderly people of the farm very well remember when country life had a larger mix of sociability among neighbors than is the fashion now. They had plenty of hard work, but it was the regular thing to take a day off now and then to go visiting—not a little formal call, city fashion, but the horses were stabled, a chicken was beheaded for dinner, and while the men viewed the stock and crops the women compared babies, looked at the new quilts and made themselves cozy in the kitchen. Newspapers were not so plenty then, with daily happenings from all over the world, so the neighbors evened up with an exchange of views on the books they had read, and with a gossipy good time on local affairs. In addition to the regular round of daylight visits, which embraced all the neighbors of one's set at least once a year, there were also the evening calls in winter time, when the farmer and his wife went across lots to a neighbor's to "sit until bedtime." This last program did not include supper, but simply a merry chat, with apples and nuts, and all over by 10 o'clock. These old-fashioned informalities in the visiting line were very pleasant in their time and made friendliness the fashion. It did not hurt a mite then to take a friendly interest in your neighbors' welfare, and it would not hurt now. But somehow the older the country gets the weaker grows our ties of sociability; we read our daily papers, watch the markets, mind our affairs and don't bother about the neighbors. The grange and the farmers' club bring a spice of sociability where the farmers are organized, but will we ever get back to the good old back-woodsy way of letting the farm and kitchen have a rest while we dress up and go visiting?

Within a few months thirty-five women have been brutally butchered by men in this country. In each case the slayer professed to be in love with the slain and killed her because the feeling was not reciprocated. In some cases the girl had made known to her parents that threats had been made against her life and the man had been bound over to keep the peace. But his bond was no restraint and he killed her. This erotic insanity is the most dangerous form of homicidal mania. It is treated lightly by the law or not at all. It generally appears in persons of evil temper and uncontrolled passions, who are not desirable company for any self-respecting woman. It is becoming too common, and in default of legal protection should be dealt with sternly by the male protectors of women. When these erotics are arrested for making threats their offense is treated all too lightly. Often the matter is regarded as a joke. Any man who forces his disagreeable attentions upon a woman should be isolated and held either in a prison or an asylum. In 99 per cent of such cases the unreciprocated infatuation ends in murder. Women are entitled to the most complete protection against such brutes. The San Francisco Call thinks that if the law will not furnish it there is no other way than to kill the man who wooes a woman by threat of murder. If she have a male protector he should save her life, for she is doomed unless he act. If a woman yield to the threats of such a man and marry him to save her life she makes for herself a lifetime of misery, for such men are perverts, degenerates or psychopaths unfit for the conjugal association. We do not wish to be misunderstood in these comments. We only say that it is the duty of a father to save the life of his daughter, or of a brother to save his sister. If he arrive on the scene when such an erotic beast is executing his threat it is his duty to kill the wretch, and the law holds him blameless. In view of the fact that such threats to kill are invariably carried out, why is it not the duty of a father or brother to act in advance of the opportunity which the erotic assassin is seeking.

Child Held for Board.

Little 4-year-old Edna Wallig has been in pawn in New York for $25 board, which her mother could not pay. When Mrs. Wallig separated from her husband last July she arranged with her friend, Mrs. Mary Brushard, to care for the child. Mrs. Wallig agreed to pay $3 a week. She was able to meet the payments regularly until about two months ago, when she became ill, and could not do all the work required of her. The $3 a week went unpaid until it had grown to be a debt of $25.

EDNA WALLIG.

The mother wanted the child and promised to pay the $25 in installments. But Mrs. Brushard refused. She declared she would keep the child till the money was paid in full. Magistrate Lemon was affected by the pitiful story and advised the mother to get out a habeas corpus writ for possession of her little girl.

How London Could Be Defended.

If the Dutch ever sail up the Thames again, or a Norman force land, London will not be unprepared. In the archives of Pall Mall repose musty schemes for the defense of the metropolis which it was thought would be undisturbed until the War Department commenced to move into its new palace. But there are busy men about and as a result new schemes will be forthcoming for the defense of London. Something like sixty batteries of artillery will be allotted for the defense, including guns of heavy caliber, 4.7 and 6 inches, which will be mounted in commanding positions, covering a wide, sweeping arc. The mobile force for defense will include nearly 100 15-pounder field guns, and an army corps of three divisions of regular infantry and 100,000 volunteers.—London Express.

The King and His Dog Tax.

A recent Greek law is to the effect that every owner of a dog shall pay a yearly tax of 12 drachmas. Those who do not pay in time are condemned by the new law to pay double tax. King George sent recently to the police in order to register his four dogs and pay their taxes. But the official found that his Majesty owed for the taxes a sum of 48 drachmas, and had been fined another 48 drachmas for having delayed payment. His Majesty has paid 96 drachmas for his dogs.—St. James' Gazette.

A Proud Record.

"I see that one of the newly appointed patrolmen made an arrest within twenty minutes after he assumed his duties," said the observant citizen to the experienced policeman.

"That's nothing," smiled the latter. "I went to sleep while my commission was being handed to me."—Baltimore American.

Jinrikishas in Florida.

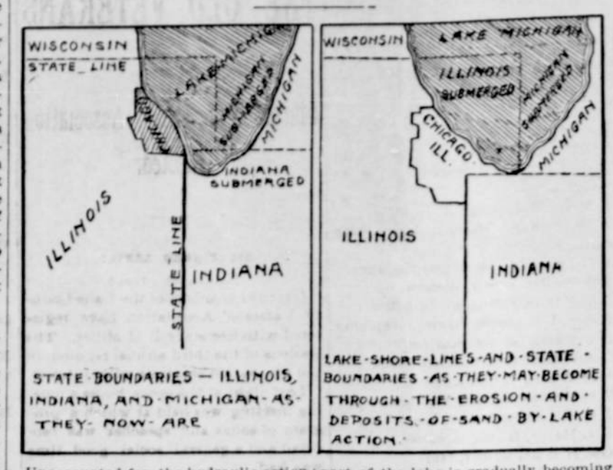
Jinrikshas have come to stay in Florida. The fad down there is to pose in one for the benefit of amateur and professional photographers.

Many Use Tobacco.

It is estimated one-third of the dwellers upon earth are habitual users of tobacco.

Praising your rival may be good Christianity but it's poor politics.

CHANGES MADE DURING THE CENTURIES IN LAKE MICHIGAN'S SHORES.



Unaccounted for, the hydraulic action of Lake Michigan year after year bears a burden of sand and silt from the Michigan shore and faithfully deposits it on the Illinois shore. This operation of the lake is especially noticeable in its southern portion about Chicago. The waves and current bring the sand and cast it up ashore. Drying, it is blown inland, raising the level above the surface of the lake. This operation has been going on for centuries, and miles inland from the present Illinois shore line the land bears evidence of having been built in this manner by the tireless wave action of Lake Michigan.

Perhaps at one time the waters of the lake extended in a bulging line nearly to the present line of the Desplaines River. The shore of Michigan opposite Chicago is now becoming concave against a counterpart convexity on the Illinois side. But for this action of the lake Chicago shore protection would be much more difficult to accomplish than it is under existing circumstances.

The present generation naturally does not feel great concern about the lake procedure. But in reality changes are now going on which if continued will some day have extraordinary effects on the southern end of Lake Michigan. All the sand that is being torn out of the Michigan shore is not being thrown upon the Illinois shore. Most of it is precipitated on the bottom of the lake, especially that portion of the lake lying south of the latitude of Chicago. That part of the lake is gradually becoming shallower, and, with the present operation of the lake's action indefinitely prolonged, will become dry land, perhaps interspersed with small lakes, swamps, and sand dunes, after the present pattern of northern Indiana and the Calumet region of Illinois.

When that time arrives Illinois and Michigan will have come together in midlake and will have shut Indiana out from Lake Michigan altogether. In fact, that portion of Indiana now submerged is small and is rapidly growing smaller and shallower. Without taking thought people regard Illinois territory as terminating at the lake shore and the territory of Michigan and Indiana doing similarly. On the other hand, Illinois and Michigan meet in the middle of Lake Michigan—even if their boundary line is a trifle under water. Indiana runs northward into the lake to the southern boundary of Lake Michigan, while the western boundary of Indiana runs northward until it intersects the southern boundary line of Michigan. As a result of this the northwest and west boundary lines of Indiana cut off but a small portion of Lake Michigan. North of the Indiana line Illinois and Michigan come together in midlake. The fact is that the Illinois shore is growing and the Michigan shore is receding, and slowly the middle of the lake moves year after year to the eastward at Michigan's expense and Illinois' profit.—Chicago Tribune.

AN EXPATRIATED AMERICAN.

Life Led by William Waldorf Astor Not an Ideal One.

William Waldorf Astor, the expatriated American, who is now in France looking over some of its marketable castles, is said to lead a lonely life. The elite of British society have cut him, and he is now anxious to obtain a seat in France to which he may retire when things are not going smoothly with him across the channel. A correspondent describing his life in Paris says:

WILLIAM W. ASTOR.

Mr. Astor rises at 11 a. m., and soon takes a short stroll, looking aimlessly into the shop windows. He invariably lunches alone. He insists upon always having the same table and the same waiter. The waiter must give his undivided attention to Astor, though customarily he waits on four tables at the same time.

After lunch Mr. Astor sits reading the English and American papers. He goes to the barber at 5:30 p. m., returns to the hotel, dresses and dines alone at a different place every night. Then he walks the boulevards, generally entering a theater toward 10 o'clock. He never stays more than 15 minutes, the French language having always remained inaccessible to him. He sits in the hotel bar till midnight, reading the letters and telegrams which his secretary brings him only once a day and always at that hour.

Mr. Astor detests cheese and when he finds it on his table he gets into a fury. The waiter, who resents the beggarly 15-cent tip given by the millionaire, likes to provoke him and rarely fails to carry the offending article to the table. The other day when the waiter tried his game he found Mr. Astor ready, for, as he saw the cheese approach, the millionaire seized a water carafe by the neck, saying: "You obstinate fool! If you put that nasty stuff on this table I'll brain you. Take it away!"

The waiter withdrew.

This style of life would hardly appeal to a healthy-minded American. Evidently Mr. Astor is not happier abroad than he was before his expatriation.

THE OPEN WINDOW.

Don't Be Afraid of Getting Too Much Fresh Air.

Here is a man that believes in the wide-open window, draught or no draught. To some of you, perhaps, his suggestions may seem a little bit too radical at first, but he is evidently steering in the right direction:

It is the general opinion that if a door be opposite to a window, you must not open that window for fear of draughts. But that is just the window that is best placed for being opened, as it thereby ensures a perfect renewal of the air by causing draughts, without which there can be no ventilation. It matters not how the room is constructed, or where the fireplace, door and window are relatively situated—open the window of that room, day or night.

Open the windows in all the rooms of your house, and keep them open, and you will find that you have all your life been afraid of shadows. Pull up the blinds and open the windows; let in the sunlight and the pure air to ventilate and purify your filthy, air-stagnant, repulsive rooms; do not mind rain, or fog, or wind; do not mind if your curtains and your carpets become sooner soiled or faded; better destroy these than your own and your children's health.

You will be the better for it in every way; you will feel differently, you will think differently, and you will take a broader, kindlier, more comprehensive, less jaundiced view of life through your open windows. But you are still undecided; you think such a course would be dangerous. It would not. Warmly clad and well fed, you and your children would get nothing but good from it. You would be living night and day in a practically germ-free atmosphere, you would have no sudden change of temperature coming as shocks upon your system, and, besides, your strength, your resisting power, would be so much increased, owing to greater functional activity and consequent vigor, that you would be more able to withstand all attacks upon your health.

From open windows you would be led on to love the opener air without; you would lose your fear of cold and wind and rain; you would be led out oftener to take exercise, and you would be surprised what a difference all this would soon make on your health.—Westminster Review.

Wanted It to Stop Her Talk.

A woman fainted in this town yesterday, as women faint in every town every day. She came in with her husband from a suburban village to see the circus—any circus is "the" circus, you know. Under the acres of canvas—every circus spreads "acres of canvas," you know—she became suddenly ill, whether at sight of roaring lion or sound of moaning whangdoodle was not discovered, but becoming ill, the good woman promptly fainted.

A cab was called hurriedly, and the husband placing his wife in the cab, they were driven hurriedly to the office of a physician. The physician felt of the wife's pulse, tested her heart action, and then placing a febrile thermometer in her mouth he bade her close her mouth and keep it shut, she having recovered her senses.

The wife did as she was bidden, and the doctor looked steadily at his watch, his finger on her pulse, and counted the seconds run into a minute, two minutes—three! And then the husband asked eagerly and anxiously:

"Say, doc, what'll yer take fer that thing?" pointing to the thermometer.

"Why?" demanded the physician.

"'Cause hits the first time I ever knowed 'er to hol' 'er tongue that long."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Bridget's Grievance.

The wife of a clever detective is said to have powers nearly equal to those possessed by her husband. Not long ago she began to notice that dimes and quarters were daily disappearing as if by magic from the "change purse" in which she kept silver for small purchases. She was inclined to suspect one of her two maids, a sullen Irish girl, but was unwilling to accuse her. After some thought she wrote on a slip of paper, "Neither Bridget nor Celia must take any money from this purse." This slip she put into the purse with some silver and awaited developments.

Two days later Bridget came to her and gave "warning."

"What is the matter?" asked her mistress, innocently.

"I'll be going to another place," said Bridget, vindictively, "and it's yourself that knows the rayson. I'll not stay in a house where I'm accused of stealing money out of a little ould purse that's nivver had more than two dollars in it since I took service here!"—New Yorker.

We face a great many of our troubles bravely, because the real fact is that we are so situated that we can't run away.

When a boy puts on long pants, he attracts more attention than he does when he gets married.

A brakeman refers to a coffin as "a bone dish."

FROM POORHOUSE TO PALACE

BY MARY J. HOLMES

CHAPTER VI.

Mary had been at the poorhouse about three weeks when Miss Grundy one day ordered her to tie on her sun-bonnet and run across the meadow and through the woods until she came to a rye stubble, then follow the footpath along the fence until she came to another strip of woods, with a brook running through it. "And just on the fur edge of them woods," said she, "you'll see the men folks to work; and do tell 'em to come to their dinner quick."

It was a mild September day, and Mary determined not to hurry. She had not gone far when she came suddenly upon a boy and two little girls, who seemed to be playing near the brook. In the features of the boy she recognized Henry Lincoln, and remembering what Billy had said of him, she was about turning away when the smallest of the girls espied her, and called out: "Look here, Rose, I reckon that's Mary Howard. I'm going to speak to her."

"Jenny Lincoln, you mustn't do any such thing. Mother won't like it," answered the girl called Rose.

But whether "mother would like it" or not, Jenny did not stop to think, and going toward Mary she said: "Have you come to play in the woods?"

"No," was Mary's reply. "I came to call the folks to dinner."

"Oh, it was you that screamed so loud. I couldn't think who it was, but it can't be dinner-time?"

"Yes, 'tis; it's noon."

"Well, we don't have dinner until 2, and we can stay here till that time. Won't you play with us?"

"No, I can't; I must go back and work," said Mary.

"Work!" repeated Jenny. "I think it's bad enough to have to live in that old house without working; but come and see our fish pond;" and taking Mary's hand, she led her to a wide part of the stream where the water had been dammed up until it was nearly two feet deep and clear as crystal. Looking in, Mary could see the pebbles on the bottom, while a fish occasionally darted out and then disappeared.

"I made this almost all myself," said Jenny. "Henry wouldn't help me because he's so ugly, and Rose was afraid of blacking her fingers. But I don't care. Mother says I'm a great—great—I've forgotten the word, but it means dirty and careless, and I guess I do look like a fright, don't I?"

Mary now for the first time noticed the appearance of her companion, and readily guessed that the word which she could not remember was "slattern." She was a fat, chubby little girl, with a round, sunny face and laughing blue eyes, while her brown hair hung around her forehead in short, tangled curls. Altogether she was just the kind of little girl which one often finds in the country swinging on gates and making mud pies.

Mary was naturally very neat; and in reply to Jenny's question as to whether she looked like a fright, she answered, "I like your face better than I do your dress," because it is clean."

"Why, so was my dress this morning," said Jenny, "but there can't anybody play in the mud and not get dirty."

Jenny drew nearer to Mary and said: "If you'll never tell anybody as long as you live and braeathe, I'll tell you something."

Mary gave the required promise, and Jenny continued: "I shouldn't like to have my mother know it, for she scolds all the time now about my 'vulgar tastes,' though I'm sure Rose likes the same things that I do, except Billy Bender, and it's about him I was going to tell you. He was so pleasant I couldn't help loving him, if mother did say I mustn't. He used to talk to me about keeping clean, and once I tried a whole week, and I only dirtied four dresses in all that time. Oh! how handsome and funny his eyes looked when I told him about it. He took me in his lap, and said that was more than he thought a little girl ought to dirty. Did you ever see any boy you loved as well as you do Billy Bender?"

Mary hesitated a moment, for, much as she liked Billy, there was another whom she loved better, though he had never been one-half as kind to her as Billy had. After a time she answered: "Yes, I like, or I did like, George Moreland, but I shall never see him again;" and then she told Jenny of her home in England, of the long, dreary voyage to America, and of her father's death; but when she came to the sad night when her mother and Franky died, she could not go on, and laying her face in Jenny's lap she cried for a long time. Jenny's tears flowed, too, and she, softly caressing Mary, said: "Don't cry so, for I'll love you, and we'll have good times together, too. We live in Boston every winter, but it will be 'most six weeks before we go, and I mean to see you every day."

"In Boston?" said Mary, inquiringly. "George lives in Boston."

Jenny was silent a moment, and then suddenly clapping her hands together, she exclaimed: "I know George Moreland. He lives just opposite our house, and is Ida Seldon's cousin. Why, he's 'most as handsome as Billy Bender, only he teases you more. I'll tell him about you, for mother says he's got lots of money, and perhaps he'll give you some."

Mary felt that she wouldn't for the world have George know she was in the poorhouse, and she quickly answered, "No, no, you mustn't tell him a word about me. I don't want you to. Promise that you won't."

CHAPTER VII.

One afternoon about the middle of October Mary sat under an apple tree in the orchard, weeping bitterly. It was in vain that Alice, who was with her, and who by this time was able to stand alone, climbed up to her side, patting her cheeks and trying in various ways to win her attention. She still wept on, unmindful of the sound of rapid footsteps upon the grass, nor until twice repeated did she hear the words, "Why, Mary, what is the matter? What's happened?" Then looking up she saw Billy Bender, who raised her in his arms.

Laying her head on his shoulder, she sobbed out: "She's gone—she's gone, and there's nobody left but Sally. Oh dear, oh dear!"

"Gone! Whose gone?" asked Billy.

"Jenny," was Mary's reply. "She's gone to Boston, and won't come back till next May; and I loved her so much."

"Oh, yes, I know," returned Billy. "I met them all on their way to the depot; but I wouldn't feel so badly. Jenny will come again, and besides that, I've got some real good news to tell you."

"About Ella?" said Mary.

"No, not about Ella, but about myself; I'm coming here to live with you."

"Coming here to live!" repeated Mary with astonishment. "What for? Are your folks all dead?"

Billy smiled and answered, "Not quite so bad as that. I went to school here two years ago, and I know I learned more than I ever did at home in two seasons. The boys, when Henry Lincoln is away, don't act half as badly as they do in the village; and then they usually have a lady teacher, because it's cheaper, I suppose, for they don't pay them half as much as they do gentlemen, and I think they are a great deal the best. Anyway, I can learn the most when I go to a woman."

"But what makes you come here, and what will your mother do?" asked Mary.

"She's got a sister come from the West to stay with her, and as I shall go home every Saturday night, she'll get along well enough. I heard Mr. Parker in the store one day inquiring for a boy to do chores. So after consulting mother I offered my services and was accepted. Won't we have real nice times going to school together?"

Three weeks from that time the winter school commenced, and Billy took up his abode at the poorhouse, greatly to the satisfaction of Sally and Mary and greatly to the annoyance of Miss Grundy.

"Smart idea!" said she, "to have that great lummox around to be waited on!" and when she saw how happy his presence seemed to make Mary, she vented her displeasure upon her in various ways, conjuring up all sorts of reasons why she should stay out of school as often as possible, and wondering "what the world was coming to, when young ones hardly out of the cradle begun to court! It wasn't so in her younger days, goodness knows!"

Much as Mary had learned to prize Sally's friendship, before winter was over she had cause to value it still more highly. Wretched and destitute as the poor crazed creature now was, she showed plainly that at some period or other of her life she had had rare advantages for education, which she now brought into use for Mary's benefit.

Each night Mary brought home her books, and the rapid improvement which she made in her studies was as much owing to Sally's useful hints and assistance as to her own untiring perseverance. One day when she returned from school Sally saw there was something the matter, for her eyes were red, and her cheeks were flushed as if with weeping. On inquiring of Billy, she learned that some of the girls had been teasing Mary about her teeth, calling them "tushes."

As it happened, one of the paupers was sick, and Dr. Gilbert was at that time in the house; to him Sal immediately went, and after laying the case before him asked him to extract the offending teeth. Sally was quite a favorite with the doctor, who readily consented, on condition that Mary was willing, which he much doubted, as such teeth came hard.

"Willing or not, she shall have them out. It's all that makes her so homely," said Sal, and, going in quest of Mary, she led her to the doctor, who asked to look in her mouth.

There was a fierce struggle, a scream, and then one of the teeth was lying upon the floor.

"Stand still," said Sal, more sternly than she had ever before spoken to Mary, who, half frightened out of her wits, stood still while the other one was extracted.

"There," said Sal, when the operation was finished, "you look a hundred per cent better."

For a time Mary cried, hardly knowing whether she relished the joke or not; but when Billy praised her improved looks, telling her that "her mouth was real pretty," and when she herself dried her eyes enough to see that it was a great improvement, she felt better, and wondered why she had never thought to have them out before.

Rapidly and pleasantly to Mary that winter passed away, for the presence of Billy was in itself a sufficient reason why she should be happy. He was so affectionate and brother-like in his deportment toward her that she began questioning whether she did not love him as well, if not better, than she did her sister Ella, whom she seldom saw, though she heard that she had a governess from Worcester, and was taking music lessons on a grand piano, which had been bought a year before. Occasionally Billy called at Mrs. Campbell's, but Ella seemed shy and unwilling to speak of her sister.

"Why is there this difference?" he thought more than once, as he contrasted the situation of the two girls—the one petted, caressed and surrounded by every luxury, and the other forlorn, desolate, and the inmate of a poorhouse; and then he built castles of a future when, by the labor of his own head or hands, Mary, too, should be rich and happy.

CHAPTER VIII.

As spring advanced Alice began to droop. Sally's quick eye detected in her infallible signs of decay. But she would not tell it to Mary, whose life now seemed a comparatively happy one. Mr. and Mrs. Parker were kind to her. Uncle Peter petted her, and even Miss Grundy had more than once admitted that "she was about as good as young ones would average." Billy, too, had promised to remain and work for Mr. Parker during the summer, intending with the money thus earned to go the next fall and winter to the academy in Willbraham. Jenny was coming back ere long, and Mary's step was light and buoyant as she tripped, singing, about the house, unmindful of Mrs. Grundy's oft-expressed wish that "she would stop that clack," or of the anxious, pitying eyes Sal Furbush bent upon her, as day after day the faithful old creature rocked and tended little Alice.

At last Mary could no longer be deceived, and one day when Alice lay gasping in Sally's lap she said, "Aunt Sally, isn't Alice growing worse? She doesn't play now, nor try to walk."

Sally laid her hand on Mary's face and replied: "Poor child, you'll soon be all alone."

There was no outcry—no sudden gush of tears, but nervously clasping her hans upon her heart, as if the shock had entered there, Mary sat down upon her bed, and burying her face in the pillow, sat there for a long time. But she said nothing, and a careless observer might have thought that she cared nothing, as it became each day more and more evident that Alice was dying. But these knew not of the long nights when with untiring love she sat by her sister's cradle, listening to her irregular breathing, pressing her clammy hands and praying to be forgiven if ever, in thought or deed, she had wronged the little one now leaving her.

And all this time there came no kind word or message of love from Ella, who knew that Alice was dying, for Billy had told her so.

The end came peacefully. There was some talk of burying the child in the poorhouse inclosure, but Mary pleaded so earnestly to have her laid by her mother that her request was granted, and that night when the young spring moon came out it looked quietly down upon the grave of little Alice, who by her mother's side was sweetly sleeping.

* * * * * * *

Three weeks had passed away since Alice's death, and affairs at the poorhouse were beginning to glide on as usual. Mary, who had resumed her post as dishwasher in the kitchen, was almost daily expecting Jenny; and one day when Billy came in to dinner he gave her the joyful intelligence that Jenny had returned and had been in the field to see him, bidding him tell Mary to meet her that afternoon in the woods by the brook.

Mary bounded joyfully away to the woods, where she found Jenny, who embraced her in a manner which showed that she had not been forgotten.

"Oh," said she, "I've got so much to tell you, and so much to hear, though I know all about dear little Alice's death—didn't you feel dreadfully?"

Mary's tears were a sufficient answer, and Jenny, as if suddenly discovering something new, exclaimed, "Why, what have you been doing? Who pulled your teeth?"

Mary explained the circumstances of the tooth-pulling and Jenny continued: "You look a great deal better, and if your cheeks were only a little fatter and your skin not quite so yellow, you'd be real handsome; but no matter about that. I saw George Moreland in Boston, and I wanted to tell him about you, but I'd promised not to; and then at first I felt afraid of him, for you can't think what a great big fellow he's got to be. Why, he's awful tall—and handsome, too. Rose likes him, and so do lots of the girls, but I don't believe he cares a bit for any of them except his cousin Ida, and I guess he does like her."

Here the chatterer was interrupted by Henry Lincoln, who directly in front of her leaped across the brook. He was evidently not much improved in his manners, for the moment he was safely landed on terra firma he approached Mary, and, seizing her round the waist, exclaimed, "Halloo, little pauper! You're glad to see me back, I dare say."

Then drawing her head over so that he could look into her face, he continued, "Had your tusks out, haven't you? Well, it's quite an improvement, so much so that I'll venture to kiss you."

Mary struggled, and Jenny scolded, while Henry said, "Don't kick and flounce so, my little beauty. If there's anything I hate it's seeing girls make believe they're modest. That clodhopper Bill kisses you every day, I'll warrant."

(To be continued.)

ALL MUST SERVE IN ARMY.

Swiss Citizens Cannot Escape Doing Full Military Duty.

By law every Swiss adult is liable to serve personally, but the physical test is so strict that nearly 50 per cent are, in fact, rejected. These pay instead a yearly tax of 5 shillings per head, with an income tax of 4 pence in the pound. In practice this tax is not exacted from the very poorest. The man who in his twentieth year passes the test is called out to do his "recruit school" in the barracks for a period varying from six weeks (infantry) to three months (cavalry). By this short training he at once fulfills one-quarter of the whole military duties to which he will ever be liable, except, of course, in case of actual invasion. For the first thirteen years of his service he belongs to the "elite" and is called out every other year for a "course of repetition," varying, according to the arm, from fourteen to eighteen days. The cavalary alone are called out every year, but only ten days. In his intermediate years the soldier shoots at his own time and place, but under strict government conditions, forty rounds per annum at his own expense and at the time and place fixed by the authorities for a "shooting school" of three days.

With the beginning of the thirty-third year the soldier passes for twelve years into the "landwehr," or first reserve. Here he is called out every fourth year only, for from eight to eleven days at a time; during the other years he shoots his forty yearly rounds as before. With his forty-fifth year he passes into the "landstrum," or second reserve, which is composed of the whole body of citizens between 17 and 50 (except, of course, the elite, the landwehr and the actual halt and maimed). This body is partly armed, partly sorted into clerks, porters, etc.; it is never to be called out except in cases of invasion or similar great emergencies. At 50 the citizen retires altogether. The enormous majority serve in the infantry and have, therefore, at this age devoted a sum total of not quite half a year—less than the hundredth part, that is, of their lives—to the duty of contributing to that military security and prosperity of their country. And not a duty only, but to most a real pleasure also. It is the rejected candidate who is pitied in Switzerland. Typical of the sentiments which one may hear everywhere are those which were expressed to me by a banker, no military fanatic, but simply a public-spirited citizen: "Next to the pain I felt when one of my sons was rejected for the army, one of the saddest moments of my life was when the time came for my own superannuation."—National Review.

Church Property in Spain.

Spain now boasts of possessing more convents, more monasteries and more Jesuit colleges, seminaries and establishments of all kinds than at any time under the houses of Bourbon and Austria. The last census, in 1897, showed 28,549 nuns, 45,328 monks and priests, 1,200 Jesuits, nine archbishops, fifty-one bishops, fifty-five deans and 1,213 canons in the country. The religious houses of every kind exceed two thousand. It is not possible to ascertain their real wealth or the value of their movable property. They pay no duties on their real property and none on their workshops, as they are not enrolled on the registers of ratepayers, only having to pay on capital invested in stock.

An Effect Spoiled.

"After the ceremony the bride wept."

"Grief at leaving her home?"

"No; she forgot herself, and held up her beautiful long satin train going down the aisle."