

EUGENE WEEKLY GUARD.

CAMPBELL BROS., Proprietors.

EUGENE, OREGON.

Morgan is said to be a man of few words. His money talks.

It hardly offsets being in Wall street only a few minutes that one may be out a great deal afterwards.

Wheels were never so cheap as this year. And yet it seems so natural there should be a tumble where the bike is concerned.

The only discouraging thing about the case of the Chicago man who is living without a stomach is that he still has to eat.

The total catch of seals during the season just closed was 350,000. This does not include the electric seals, the catch of which was light.

Perhaps \$7,500 is not much of a verdict in a breach of promise case, but there are figures enough in it to sum up into a horrible example.

"Ghost dancing" is what J. J. Hill called the phenomenal rise in Northern Pacific, but "scalp dance" would seem to be a more appropriate name.

The one weak point in athletics in our colleges and universities today is that its work looks rather to competitive contests than to physical development.

It has been discovered that common yellow corn will cure cancer. Mr. Phillips discovered some time ago that it would cure poverty if properly applied.

That one operator made some \$60,000 in the stock market by mistake does not affect the fact that it is a more serious mistake for most people to enter it.

A Halifax man who had killed his father and mother committed suicide by hanging himself in jail. Doubtless the sad fact that he was an orphan preyed upon his mind.

France is proposing pensions for aged people. If France would arrange things so that the average man could get hold of a few dollars before he is aged the rest would be easy enough.

One by one the reminders of our boyhood days disappear. A Chicago man has invented a ball bearing griststone and the grinding of grandpa's axe is no longer a terror to the rising generation.

Of course, while trusts are the fashion a trust hat combine is naturally to be expected. With a capital of \$12,000,000 to back it, this trust hat ought to be a pretty substantial affair.

About one-third of the Dominion of Canada is unexplored and practically unknown, which shows that she still has room to accommodate a goodly number of cashiers who may get to be too wealthy to live in the States.

Dr. Elie Metchnikoff, the microbe sharp of the Pasteur Institute, says man is a regular pasture lot for microbes, most of them harmless. We are willing to act as free lunch for harmless microbes provided they will keep off the lawn.

Prof. Christman of Kansas told the mothers' congress that "the chief aim of mothers is to display their daughters to the best advantage in the matrimonial market," and all the mothers became very indignant. There are some things that ought not to be told.

The American soldier is free and easy, but the world hasn't his equal as a good soldier. Let's be content with him, allowing Europe to make automata out of her fighting material. Good, scrappy, alert, self-respecting men make the ideal soldiers. And that's the sort of man the American soldier is allowed to remain, no matter how long he may serve Old Glory in the field.

American scholarship has been criticized for a lack of thoroughness. What was to be expected of a nation that so lately set up housekeeping, and had a well contented to subside? But we are gradually settling to the business of superior education. The number of post-graduate students to each million inhabitants steadily rose from eight in 1880 to seventy-four in 1908—the latest year for which returns are given. And this statement does not include those who pursue their studies in European universities.

Dr. Nagusha, the Japanese bacteriologist, has made a formal proposition that all civilized nations unite in an organized effort to rid the world of rats. His own government, he declares, stands ready to bear its part, and the suggestion has called forth a remarkably unanimous verdict of approval from the doctors of many lands. Ways and means have not yet been formulated, and it is in that direction, of course, that the greatest difficulty lies. Whether or not rats can be exterminated, or anywhere near exterminated, is a question yet to be determined. But in any event their numbers can be enormously reduced; and the certainty with which the spread of the bubonic plague in India and in Hawaii has been traced to rats makes even a reduction in numbers worth the effort it requires.

Treasury statistics of American imports and exports for the year 1900 show a balance of trade in favor of the United States of six hundred and forty-nine million dollars. In 1875 the exports of Great Britain, our chief competitor, were twice as large as ours; in 1888 our exports were the larger, and last year we were ten millions ahead. But it is not in international balances alone, but in government credit as well, that this country stands pre-eminent. United States 2 per cent bonds command 100 1/2. British consols, paying 2 1/2 per cent, sell for 95 1/2. French 3 1/2 per cents are quoted at 102. Russian 5 per cents are worth 101. Taking these British, French and Russian securities with those issued by ten other foreign

nations, the amazing fact appears that our 2 per cents are equal in ready market value to the average price commanded by foreign government pledges that bear twice that interest rate. "As good as gold" is a sufficiently expressive comparison, but the figures show that our national securities are better than gold.

William Phelps, a colored laborer of Richmond, Ky., lost his life as the result of an act which shows him to have been a hero indeed. Phelps and Stansbury, another negro, were at work cleaning the inside of a steam boiler, when through the criminal carelessness of some one connected with the plant the scalding steam was turned on. Almost instantly it filled the interior of the boiler, and the two men, facing an awful death, sprang for the ladder which led to the manhole at the top and which furnished the only way of getting out of the death trap. Phelps reached the ladder first. In a fraction of a minute he might have reached the top and been safe. But instantly he remembered that he was single and had no one depending on him for support, while Stansbury was married and had a large family. So, with a self-abnegation more meritorious than any glorious deed performed under the excitement of battle, he turned aside and told Stansbury to go first. "You go first, Jim," shouted "Bill" Phelps. "You are married." Stansbury sprang to the top, escaping with slight injuries. Phelps followed as quickly as possible, but he was fatally burned. Dying, he said: "It was Jim's right to go first. He is married." It has often been said that the negro race lacks high moral qualities, but here is a negro who was a hero under circumstances as adverse as it is possible to conceive. With life within his grasp he voluntarily gave it up that another might be saved. "Greater love hath no man than this; that he lay down his life for his friend."

By simply agreeing to cease prosecution and pursuit of the band of ruffians who kidnaped his son, Edward Cudaby, of Omaha, the offer has been made. "You have got your boy, safe and sound," the thugs argue. "We didn't harm a hair of his head. Now, we are willing to return every dollar of the ransom money we have left if you'll call your dogs off the trail." Mr. Cudaby's answer was "no," and he was backed by a determination to follow the affair till somebody is landed in the penitentiary and he will pay all expenses and \$25,000 reward for the conviction of his son's assailants. It is fortunate for society that Mr. Cudaby has a square chin and bulldog disposition, for the interests of the public in this case are even greater than his. There are very few original criminals. They are nearly all imitators. When a crime is committed and a large amount of booty secured it will be only a matter of a few days or weeks when imitators and bandits will attempt to duplicate the effort in all parts of the country. Since the day that Edward Cudaby, Jr., was stolen from his home, leaving a mother prostrated with the uncertain horrors of his fate, there have been 52 kidnappings in the United States. It should not be necessary for private citizens to enforce the law or to bear the expense of ferreting out those who destroy it. Kidnaping is such a dastardly and cowardly crime that, for the safety of children and the mental peace of parents, public police officials should follow every case to the end and be satisfied with nothing less than capture and conviction. That they are satisfied with a good deal less is a humiliating fact. The mothers and fathers of the country owe Mr. Cudaby a debt of gratitude.

Much Might Have Happened. When tigers are really at large in England, says the London Chronicle, there are no newspaper paragraphs about the fact. The secret is firmly held. At Clifton there is a delightful zoo. It was discovered one morning that a tiger had escaped from his cage during the night. It was the day of a children's fête at the zoo. A hasty search of the grounds was instituted, but no tiger was found. Then the superintendent decided to keep his own counsel and trust to luck; for it seemed as if the tiger had sealed the walls and was in the open country.

Thousands of children romped in the gardens during the day, and cried "Oh!" and "Ah!" as the fireworks gleamed in the night. All the evening they played and sauntered about among trees and in shaded alleys and dark corners, and then everybody went home, tired and happy.

In the early dawn there was another search for the tiger; and in the corner of a disused monkey house was found the "monarch of the jungle," still trembling from freedom and fireworks.

His keepers threw a handkerchief about his neck, and he meekly allowed himself to be led back to the grateful safety of his cage. But many things might have happened during that fête day.

Faithful Shepherd Dogs. A cold spell in Montana killed a sheep herder in the Great Falls District. Two feet of snow covered the range in places, and the thermometer indicated forty degrees below zero. The herder was frozen to death on the prairies while caring for the sheep, and it was three days before his fate was known to his employers. Two shepherd dogs were with him when he died, and one of these stood with his body while the other attended to the sheep, just as though the herder had been with him. The dog drove them out on the range in the morning and back again at night, guarding them from wolves and preventing them from straying off. Neither dog had anything to eat during the three days' vigil, so far as could be ascertained, but the 2,500 sheep thrived as well apparently as though directed by human agency. The singular fact about the matter is that these faithful creatures would have starved to death rather than harm one of the sheep left in their charge.

This is the time of year when it is discovered that certain missing articles haven't been seen since the house was cleaned. It is as impolite to ask a man if his diamonds are genuine as it is to ask a woman her age.

CANDIDATE FOR U. S. SENATORSHIP.



Charles G. Dawes.

Charles Gates Dawes, whose candidacy for the United States Senate to succeed William E. Mason is formally announced, has been viewed for some time as a senatorial possibility. Mr. Dawes' prominence in national politics dates from the presidential campaign of 1896, when he was the executive head of the McKinley forces in Illinois. He afterwards secured the office of Comptroller of the Currency. Mr. Dawes was born in 1835 at Marietta, Ohio. He is a son of Gen. R. R. Dawes, one of the commanders of the old Iron Brigade of Wisconsin, and a lineal descendant of William Dawes, who made a ride in the Revolutionary War similar to that of Paul Revere, and was rendered famous by the pen of Longfellow. He was graduated from the Cincinnati Law School in 1886. He was a resident of Lincoln, Neb., for seven years, and came from there to Evanston, Ill.

ORDEAL BY BAMBOO RODS

An Extraordinary Indian Ceremony for Thie-Catching.

The following extraordinary narration of facts as they occurred, and which, we are informed, were witnessed and can be testified to by the members of three households occupying a large house in Bentinck street, Calcutta, are so remarkable that it is worth the while of any scientist to test them personally, as this can be easily done on the occasion of any theft by domestics in a house. It may be added that every servant in Calcutta is a lively believer in its efficacy, and, if a thief, at once confesses. A Brahmin is the worker of these marvels. He is well known in Calcutta, and does not profess to work out his method of theft detection for money, but leaves it to those who employ him to reward him if they think fit. It is said that this is really done, and that he makes a good thing out of it. A cook in the service of a family in the locality alluded to trusted his nephew with a large sum of money to keep in deposit. The nephew alleged that he placed the money in an earthen pot, which he buried. The location of the exact spot was confided to a friend. Shortly after this the cook was informed by his nephew that the pot and money had disappeared. With the nephew's consent Brahmin was summoned to discover the thief, and the following is a bare narration of the extraordinary procedure he adopted, and usually adopts, in all such cases. Accompanied by an aid, he comes to the house, provided with two bamboo rods, about fifteen feet long and an inch and a half in diameter. He also has with him a number of fresh peepul leaves, a cocoon, some rice and some vermilion and cowries; a fresh earthen dish has to be provided by the person who summons him as well as a stool.

As the servants in the house are summoned, they are made to stand in a half circle, and their names are written on each leaf, and these leaves are placed on the stool. Two bamboo rods are then made to hold the bamboo rods, one in each hand, opposite each other, so that they can have little or no influence in turning or bending the rods. Now comes the strange part of the proceedings. At the Brahmin's call of each name the bamboo rods are raised in the first instance rise together and form a semicircle above; they then bend and, forming a semicircle below, gradually come together, pick up the leaf containing the name called out and throw it out of the dish. This strange process is repeated till the name of the thief, as alleged, is called, when they both seize the leaf, lift it up, and only disengage it at the call of the Brahmin, who entrusts the rods to let the leaf go. To all appearance the two men who hold the rods make no effort whatever. The thing is done in an extraordinary fashion as to exceed belief. In fact, a reasonable human being cannot believe it till he has witnessed it, and when he has done so his amazement is all the greater. Here is, indeed, a marvel for the scientist to puzzle over. The two rods bend, come together and seize upon the right names as they are called out, and then throw them aside except in the case of the thief. In this instance the nephew confessed to the theft, and a number of his relatives who had come from up-country to witness the ordeal made restitution.—Madras Mail.

MORPHY "BEAT THE DEVIL." Anecdote of a Great Chess Player Who Set to Naught an Artist's Work. Graybeards who take an interest in chess never tire of telling of the achievements of Paul Morphy, whose brilliant career was cut short by an untimely death. It was said of Morphy that he "could beat the devil," and this is how the saying originated. Many years ago Morphy visited a preacher in Richmond, Va. On his arrival he was ushered into the library, and his attention was at once attracted by a painting over the mantel, which was a fine copy of a celebrated painting representing a game of chess between a young man and the devil, the stake being the young man's soul. The artist had most graphically depicted the point in the game where it

was apparently the young man's move, and he seemed just to realize the fact that he had lost the game, the agony of despair being shown in every line of his features and attitude, while the devil gloated over him with fiendish delight. The position of the game appeared utterly hopeless for the young man, and the clergyman said he had often set it up and studied it with his chess friends, and all agreed the young man's game was certainly lost.

Mr. Morphy walked up to the picture and studied it for several minutes, when finally, turning to his host, he said: "I can win the game for the young man."

The preacher was, of course, astonished, and said: "Is it possible?"

Mr. Morphy replied: "Get out the men and board and let us look at it."

The position was set up, and in a few rapid moves he demonstrated a complete win for the young man, and the devil was checkmated.

The pastor was wont to apply the evident and beautiful moral in his sermons.

The Mending Habit. "Let a man once fall into the habit of pottering, or tinkering at his house, his body, his character, and always there is a danger that he will become a confirmed cobbler," writes Robert J. Burdette in the Ladies' Home Journal. "Where he should rip off a rotting roof from ridge to cornice, he will stick in a shingle, a piece of slate, a scrap of tin, and ever increasing leaks, dry rot and general decay. He braces, and bolsters, and patches walls and fences until his farm looks as though it had a combination of Saint Vitus' dance and delirium tremens. He tinkers at his pool, perishing frame with cures-all and lotions, pills and plasters. He brags up his decaying virtues with good resolutions, and polishes his vices with good intentions. He fences his follies with certain—rather, uncertain—limitations. And, after all, he is the same old man. Decayed and decaying, weak here and warped there; out of plumb, disjointed and covered with patches that do not renew him nor mend him at all, but merely emphasize his degeneration."

He Got The Money. A Henley man has a son, aged 6, who recently clamored for money, after the manner of small boys.

"What do you want to do with it?" asked his father.

"Oh, nothing," responded the boy indignantly.

"You have plenty of spending money, and I buy you everything you need or ought to want. Unless there is some special reason, I can't let you have it. There isn't any reason, is there?"

"Not exactly; but I want it. You know how it is, papa; you were a little boy once."

This appeal failed to move the pater's heart, so the youthful diplomat said: "Papa, suppose I was to meet a highwayman in a lonely street late at night."

"Yes, my son."

"And suppose he should pull out a pistol and say, 'Little boy, your money or your life? What could I do?'"—London Answers.

At Monte Carlo. The croupier paid our winnings with evident reluctance.

"He doesn't like to cough!" we observed.

"Croupy, eh?" suggested the witty American.

But the laughter was far from general, inasmuch as few of that gay throng understood both French and English.—Detroit Journal.

Tramway Accidents in Berlin. During the year 1900 the Berlin electric tram cars caused 2,632 accidents, involving the loss of twenty-six lives, while 134 persons were severely and 1,302 slightly injured.

Unless a mother exaggerates the wages received by her daughter's fiancé, it is one sign that she is not quite pleased with the match.

If a home is well regulated, every girl has her beat the same as a policeman.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S NERVE.

How It Saved Him Twice in the Camps of the Savages.

When Lieut. Henderson went alone into the Sofa camp at Wa he was at first treated as at first treated as a prisoner, and his captors discussed before and with him the manner in which he was to be put to death. The victim listened a while till he was weary of it. "Oh, well," he said, "I can't be bothered with your arguments. I'm very sleepy; let me know when you have made up your minds," and off he went to sleep. The unexpected performance saved his life. His calm indifference persuaded Samory's men that they had to do with some one of immense importance. Unwilling to take on themselves the responsibility for his death, they sent him unharmed to Samory's court in the Jimimi country.

Once again, Lieut. Henderson saved himself by a like exhibition of courage. He found Samory on a throne, surrounded by 4,000 warriors; yet, when he motioned to do homage on his hands and knees, he did nothing of the sort. He simply sat on the throne beside Samory, shaking that monarch warmly by the hand. Thanks to this, and nothing else, he was accepted as the representative of a great sovereign, instead of a captive doomed to death. He talked to Samory of the Queen, and Samory talked of himself. Thus a mission which might have ended, as so many African missions have ended, in a terrible silence and a suspicion of unpleasing horrors, did in fact end in a valuable basis for future relations between Great Britain and a Mohammedan power.—London Outlook.

The Gambling Lieutenant. When the Duchy of Baden was occupied by Prussian troops after the failure of 1849, the officers were warned against playing at Baden-Baden. One summer evening, King (then Prince) Wilhelm strolled into the gaming-rooms, and noticed an officer in civilian's clothes sitting at play. He had won twice on the red, and was about to pick up his money, when he caught sight of the Prince watching him. Terror-stricken, he sat quiet, not daring to reach out for his winnings. The red turned up a third and then a fourth time. As the maximum was quickly reached the Prince touched the officer on the shoulder and said gently: "Take up your money and go, lest one of your chiefs should find you here."

Of course, the soldier got out immediately.

Two days later, there was a review, during which Prince Wilhelm sighted the culprit, and sent for him.

"Lieutenant—," he said, "after you went away the red turned up four times more. I prevented you from winning four times the maximum, which you would certainly have staked. You will draw on me for that amount. But take my advice, do not gamble again."

The memoirs of an old German General who lived to see his last victory at Sedan have stated as follows:

"It was the kindness of the lesson that cured me of gambling. For me it was better than a year's imprisonment."

Was Never Hasty Again. The affliction of almost total blindness has fallen upon Sir Edwin Arnold, the charming lyricist and world-wide traveler. All the world regrets this sad blow and sympathizes with the victim. Many years ago it was back in the '50's—Sir Edwin, then plain Mr. Arnold, was a pedagogue at King Edward's school, Birmingham. In those days there used to be placed on the master's desk an inkstand, a roll book and a stick. The story tells how the future poet and journalist abolished the stick.

It was a sweltering day and the subject of the lesson was "De Amicitia." With an inattentive pupil the master lost his temper. The stick descended and he struck hard. The culprit protested that it was the unprovoked assault of a next-door neighbor which had caused his thoughts to stray. The next-door neighbor confessed and the victim's assailant was chilled with remorse. Calling the boy out, he handed him the stick and ordered the boy to strike him—the master. Imperatively commanded, the boy obeyed, and the stick was never more used thereafter.

Scotch Wit. A drunken Irishman was once lodged in the cell of a Scotch country police station, when he made a tremendous noise by kicking the cell door with his heavy hob-nailed boots.

The constable who had charge of the police station, going to the cell door, opened it a little and said:

"Man, ye might pit aff yer bums, an' I'll gie them a bit rub, so that ye'll be respectable when ye come up afore the bailie the morn."

The prisoner, flattered at the request, at once complied, and saw his mistake only when the constable shut the door upon him, saying coolly:

"Ye can kick awa' now, my man, as lang as ye like."—Spare Moments.

Wilson Barrett's Moment. Sir Henry Irving happened to meet Wilson Barrett one day at the time when the latter had just ceased to play his role of Hamlet. "Ah, Barrett," said he, with the Irving manner, "what have you been playing?" "Hamlet," answered Barrett with the Barrett manner. "Hamlet?" granted Sir Henry—you know the tone—that peculiar drawl delivered as if it were a short.

"Yes," said Barrett. The Irving sound from Sir Henry. "I say, Irving," said Barrett, a bit nettled, "do you think you are the only actor who can play Hamlet?" "No," replied Irving coolly; "no, Barrett, my boy; but I know that you are the only actor who can't."

Visible Stars. To the average eye not more than 5,000 stars are visible; some persons having extraordinarily strong eyes can see about 8,000 stars. Through the Lick telescope and other powerful instruments about 50,000 stars are visible. There are believed to be stars in existence beyond the reach of any telescope yet constructed.

We are admonished to "never do things by halves," but how about ocean-cruisers?

FROM POORHOUSE TO PALACE

BY MARY J. HOLMES

CHAPTER X. It was beginning to be daylight in the city of Boston, and as the gray east gradually brightened and grew red in the coming day, a young man looked out upon the busy world around him with that feeling of utter loneliness which one so often feels in a great city where all is new and strange to him. Scarcely four weeks had passed since the notes of a tolling bell had fallen sadly upon his ear, and he had looked into a grave where they laid his mother to her last dream of rest. A prevailing fever had effected what the fancied ailments of years had failed to do, and Billy Bender was now an orphan and alone in the wide world. He knew that he had his own fortune to make, and after settling his mother's affairs and finding there was nothing left for him, he had come to the city, and on this morning went forth alone to look for employment, with no other recommendation than the frank, honest expression of his handsome face.

"It was foolish in me to attempt it," he thought, as he stopped in front of a large wholesale establishment. His eye caught the sign on which was lettered "R. J. Selden & Co." The name sounded familiar, and something whispered to him to enter. He did so, and meeting in the doorway a tall, elegant looking young man, he asked for Mr. Selden.

"My uncle," returned the gentleman, who was none other than George Moreland, "has not yet come down, but perhaps I can answer your purpose just as well. Do you wish to purchase goods?"

Billy, thinking that every one must know his poverty, fancied there was something satirical in the question, but he was mistaken; the manner was natural to the speaker, who, as Billy made no direct reply, again asked: "What would you like, sir?"

"Something to do; for I have neither money nor home," was Billy's prompt answer.

"Will you give me your name?" asked George.

Billy complied, and when he spoke of his native town George repeated it after him, saying: "I have some acquaintances who spend the summer in Chicopee; but you probably have never known them."

Immediately Billy thought of the Lincoln, and now knew why the name of Selden seemed so familiar. He had heard Jenny speak of Ida, and felt certain that R. J. Selden was her father.

For a moment George regarded him intently, and then said: "We seldom employ strangers without a recommendation; still, I do not believe you need any. My uncle is waiting a young man, but the work may hardly suit you," he added, naming the duties he would be expected to perform, which certainly were rather menial. Still, as the wages were liberal, Billy for want of a better, accepted the situation, and was immediately introduced to his business.

"I am glad to see you," said George, "and I am so tender-hearted, I couldn't bear to hear him groan, the faculty kindly advised me to leave, and send on into the country, to be with the old man. But I fixed 'em, I told 'em I was in Boston, whereas he's in Chicopee, so I just took the letter from the office myself. It reads beautifully. Do you understand?"

All this time Henry had apparently taken no notice of Billy, whom George now introduced as a summer helper, but he was old acquaintances. With the oldest of them Henry took from his pocket a quizzing glass, and, applying it to his eye, said, "I've absolutely studied until I'm near-sighted. How long have the old folks been in Chicopee?"

"Several weeks, I think," answered George; and then, because he wanted to hear what Henry would say, he because of a reawakened interest in Mary Howard, he continued, "By the way, Henry, when you came so unexpectedly upon us, we were quite startled. I saw her I was surprised to find a young girl in Chicopee whom you have perhaps ferreted out ere this, as Bender says she is fine looking."

Henry stroked his whiskers, which had received far more cultivation than his brains, stuck his hat on one side and answered, "Why, yes, I suppose that is my way. I was something of a boy with the fair sex, but really I do not now think of more than one handsome girl in Chicopee, and that is Ella Campbell, but she is young yet, not as old as dear—"

—altogether too small for Henry Lincoln, Esq., my dear friend."

Billy frowned, for he held Mary's name as too sacred to be breathed by a young man of Henry Lincoln's character, while George replied:

"Her name is Mary Howard."

"What the pauper?" asked Henry, looking significantly at Billy, who replied:

"The name is Mary Howard."

"Whew-w!" whistled Henry, pointing the diphthong to an unusual length. "Why, she's got two teeth at least a foot long, and her face looks as though she had just been in the vinegar barrel and didn't like the taste of it."

"But, without joking, though, how does she look?" asked George; while Billy made a movement as if he would have the insolent puppy to find his level.

"Well, now, old boy," returned Henry, "I tell you honestly that the last time I saw her I was surprised to find how much she was improved. She has swallowed those abominable teeth, or does something with them, and is really quite decent looking."

So saying he took his leave. Just then there was a call for Mr. Moreland, who also departed, leaving Billy alone. "It is very strange that she never told me she knew him," thought he; and then taking from his pocket a neatly folded letter, he again read it through. But except the nothing in it about George, except the simple words, "I am glad you have found a friend in Mr. Moreland. I am sure I should like him, just because he is kind to you."

"Yes, she's forgotten him," said Billy, and that belief gave him secret satisfaction. He had known Mary long, and the interest he had felt in her when a homely, neglected child, had not in the least decreased as the lapse of time gradually ripened her into a fine, intelligent looking girl. He was to her a brother still, but she to him was dearer far than a sister; and though in his letters he always addressed her as such, in his heart he claimed her as something nearer, and yet he had never breathed in her ear a word of love or hinted that it was for her sake he toiled both early and late, busying up his earnings with a miser's care that she might be educated.

Regularly each week she wrote to him, and it was the receipt of these letters and the thoughts of her that kept his heart so brave and cheerful, and gave him, as he said, a "bright future."

When the one great object of his life should be realized.

(To be continued.)

A Compliment. The Old Man—Your love for my daughter seems to have grown very fast since you found out I was worth so much money.

The Young Man (admiringly)—No faster, than the subject warranted.

What They are vit the veins They are com tion but are e How do the In many f salt rheum of and in wa How are the Hood' which also b suffered from It is the "Well, You're gett "Yes, I and precie The signature Laxative the remedy t Lawyer— have frequ opposed to Deacon I duty—I w that man's a host trad If you w new thing Camera journal in Street, San Ward— in the cell Guard— won't stay ceases in shoulders Pico's Cu the medi W. S. S. 1900. Hostess— is flagging amuse ot Host— leave the o about us. BES I have have every benevolence of a woman. Pleasant! Never Sicken the Body. KEEP "I am but we s ation." "I kno said the "You ar stand c ahead." To C Take Las frugate; E. W. Grov "To t ner sho return "The "To t in the Me the sym childen Over to prod Of this in Greu played "We fortune "how s "Oh, B 7 make Conts the bi can "The g becom tonge syste "But c tied quair truit was won per body and vice the you am keal for i this treat let c etc