EUGENE WEEKLY GUARD.

CAMPBELL BROS., Proprietors.

EUGENE.....OREGON.

It is all right for a federation of musicians to condemn "ragtime," but will they beat it?

A doctor recommends "the song and dance" cure. Too many patients get to thinking about themselves. Have fun!

President Schwab, of the steel trust, advises boys to rely on merit, not influence. However, many a boy with merit has failed to rise in the world for want of a pull.

There is a disposition in some European countries to form a commercial alliance against America. The fact in itself would indicate they felt they were already up against it.

Girls may deliver addresses at college commencements, but as bearing on a subject of interest to them as well as the boys there's no maiden speech that beats the shyly spoken "Yes."

An Eastern man is going into the courts to try to recover $36,000 he lost in gambling. While the courts are dealing with his case wouldn't it be well for them to furnish him with a guardian?

A San Francisco man traces his descent back to Adam. What of it? We are all descended from Adam if a high and generally accepted authority is true. We all have ancestors, if it comes to that.

"Twenty-six deer at one shot" sounds a little like the beginning of one of those yarns which are told in the country grocery store. Nevertheless, this is given as a fact, nor did the Vermont man who made the remarkable record violate any game law. The "shot" was a "snap shot," and he fired it from a camera instead of from a gun.

If certain people could have their way no man would be allowed to part his hair in the middle or go out in the rain without overshoes, or appear on the street in cold weather without ear muffs. Whenever some undesirable thing in society is brought to the attention of the people, emotional persons at once cry out, "Let's have a law about it."

The vastness of our material resources, the immensity of our mineral wealth, the superior skill of our citizens and all those advantages on which we depend for world-conquering progress in the victories of peace are not going to be neutralized or minimized by conflicts between labor and capital. Without compulsion, by their own volition, for their mutual interests, wage-workers and employers will quietly settle their occasional disputes. Strikes will steadily decline to the vanishing point.

A distressed but industrious reviewer who tries to keep up with the procession announces that, by actual count, no less than eighty-eight historical romances appeared in the month of April. If this sort of thing keeps up steps will have to be taken to save the lives of reviewers. Novel readers who undertake to read all the new books may become mental and physical wrecks, but since they voluntarily tempt fate they deserve no sympathy. The unfortunate wretches who have to read the endless supply of historical fiction, whether or no, are the ones who need relief.

Noiseless baseball, as distinguished from the game played largely with the lungs, may not be so far distant as it seems to many despondent lovers of a sportsmanlike game. A graduate publication, representing a well-known college, declares that the adoption of a noiseless game would do more good to that institution than winning the championship. The campaign motto of a baseball nine ought to be, "Give an opponent every opportunity to do his best—and then beat him!" A rowdy may resort to barbaric yells as a means of defeating an antagonist, but a gentleman is bound to refrain from debasing methods of gaining a triumph.

An interesting temperance measure was presented in the New York Legislature, recently adjourned, but failed of passage. Its purpose was to oblige all saloonkeepers to sell tea, coffee, milk and chocolate as well as intoxicants. The theory of those who drafted it was that many men who seek the saloons for warmth and light and sociability, and drink from a sense of obligation, would be content with temperance beverages, and perhaps prefer them, if they were to be had. The opponents of the bill argued that the saloonkeepers might easily defeat its purpose if they wished by serving tea and coffee of so poor a quality that no one would drink it; but a plan similar to that provided for in the bill has been tried in certain saloons in England, and with considerable success.

It is an encouraging sign for the health of the modern American that the popularity of outdoor life in this country seems to be increasing. The number and variety of sports and pastimes which allure to open-air exertion has grown greatly. Not very many years have elapsed since the time when tennis and football were unusual and golf and the bicycle were almost unknown. Yet the influence of these and other sports has been so strong in recent years that open-air life has come to be enjoyed for its own sake and apart from the amusements associated with it. It is a great mistake to suppose that the pleasures of outdoor life are especial privileges of youth or of any given type of summer amusement-seeker. The immense advantages they confer should be shared by all alike. In the present state of our social development they are among the richest of the blessings within the reach of the people.

How much suffering is caused by fear in this world—and how much useless suffering. All the terrors of superstition are utterly useless—yet they have inflicted suffering beyond calculation. The dreadful fear of ghosts that never existed has probably caused more actual suffering—especially among children—than any dozen illnesses. The great mission of civilization and of religion is to do away with the reign of fear in the heart and the imagination. It is comforting to know that each century sees some step taken toward freeing men from fear and its accompanying torture. We believe that the keenest suffering through fear comes from dread of being "found out." What man or child has not during life suffered keenly the dread of exposure? Who has not in dreams suffered from fear so keenly as to make the dream seem real for hours after waking and leave a genuine sensation of agony in the mind? The mother suffers the agony of fear when her child is ill. Medical science is constantly and successfully struggling to eliminate that source of suffering through fear. The working man with wife and children depending on him lives in constant dread of the notice in his pay envelope: "Hereafter your services will not be required." This fear causes him intense and useless suffering, which weakens his mind and prevents his best effort. That form of fear is gradually fading out, thanks to improved industrial conditions, and especially to the growing power of trades unionism, which compels the employer to share the risk and the worry. The animals, living in a constant struggle for life, know fear, but only when danger is actually present. There is no reason to think that they suffer the agony of anticipation, which so often tortures men. They are mercifully spared. There is much encouragement for all in the gradual extinction of fear as a factor in our daily lives. Every one who helps along this extinction helps to free mankind from slavery most painful. Every person can do something toward minimizing the suffering caused by fear. Free children from their dread of darkness and of ghosts—never inflict fear upon them by forcing them to do that which frightens them. Cheer up the despondent man or woman whose fear for the future makes the present dark. Banish fear from your own life, and decide with the old Greek that by living justly you will put yourself beyond the power of any man, and, therefore, beyond the reach of fear.

AN ALARM-CLOCK DOG.

Family of Deaf Mutes Rely on the Pup for Time of Day.

John Canton, who lives near Helena, Ohio, has the only "alarm clock dog" in the world. Canton says that the entire output of the mint would not purchase the dog.

Canton, his wife and little son, says a Cincinnati paper, are all deaf and dumb. They live on a farm, some distance from their nearest neighbor, and for years they were at a loss to solve the problem of early rising. Canton's work made it necessary for him to be up at 5 o'clock every morning. He had

MR. AND MRS. CANTON AND GYP.

an alarm clock, but naturally it was of little benefit to him, since no member of the family could hear its morning call.

Then he got the dog Gyp, and trained him to get up when the alarm went off. It was slow work, but after fourteen months of patient endeavor the dog learned his part. Since then the family has not overslept.

At the first sound of the alarm Gyp gets up, rubs his eyes for a second, and then makes a dash for his master's sleeping room. One bound carries him to the bed, and he doesn't let go until his master gets up. For six years Gyp has never once forgotten his lines or made a miscue.

Kissing Queen Victoria.

Apropos of presentations is an anecdote illustrating the Queen's tact and kindness. An American debutante, who was both young and pretty, in making her court courtesy committed the error of kissing the Queen. Instantly realizing her blunder, the poor girl nearly fainted, and hurried home in a most distressed state of mind. Next day the American Minister was asked by her parents to present her apologies through the proper channels. Simultaneously there reached the legation a note for our Minister from her Majesty's secretary, stating that, comprehending the young American's embarrassment, Victoria sent her an invitation to a state dinner. Needless to say that this kindness not only silenced adverse criticism, but gave our fair countrywoman an open sesame to the London season.—Anglo-American.

Beautiful Wild Plants.

The committee on native plant exhibits of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society have been considering the best means of preventing unnecessary destruction of native plants, and in their instructions to exhibitors have declared that more than three specimens of a single species of plant in a bottle will disqualify the bottle for exhibition to the amount of the excess. This will effectually prevent any exhibitor from bringing large bunches of cypripediums, gentians, and other rare and beautiful flowers for the purpose of making a big display. Nature books in part, bicycles, lack of proper instruction and appreciation, selfishness and thoughtfulness—all conduce to the destruction of plants and animals, not to mention monuments and objects of the greatest veneration.

No man is ever as comfortable as a sleeping dog looks.

SHARED HIS LEAP TO DEATH.

White Elk Forced to Obey Judgment of the Shoshone Indians.

White Elk, the son of Standing Bear, the Shoshone chieftain, sat stolidly in the grim circle of Indians that sat around the council fire. He sat unmoved as each Indian in turn thrust his hand forward with the fingers outspread and the thumb pointing downward. The last Indian in the circle had made the sign. Standing Bear arose and stood stiff and stern in the red lights of the burning embers. Every eye was upon him. White Elk sat looking stolidly at him through half-closed eyelids. Standing Bear thrust his arm out at full length and slowly spread his fingers apart and turned his thumb toward the earth. A scream came from a group of women standing near the chief's lodge. Then two old squaws led away a young Indian woman who still sobbed in spite of the storied stoicism of her race. The sentence of death had been passed on White Elk. He slowly rose as his father turned toward him and extended a piece of black wampum. He took it and tucked it in his girdle, bowed slowly to the council, and strode away to his own tepee, where he sat calmly puffing at his pipe long after the council had broken up and its members had gone quietly to their lodges. White Elk sat alone in the silence of the night listening to the rushing waters of the Popoagie. It was the voice of his executioner. Three days more and he was to be cast from a high rock into the "Place of Punishment," the deep hole in the mountains which swallowed up the rushing Popoagie and carried it somewhere deep down into the bowels of the earth.

Into this place White Elk was to be thrown because the Shoshones believed that the person who disappeared into the depths along with the roaring waters of the Popoagie died a death more dreadful than any other that could be meted out to him. Because the Popoagie drew its victims so deeply down into the dark regions under the earth that the soul could never escape and find its way to the happy hunting ground of the tribe. White Elk was not afraid to die. He had met death face to face a dozen times, and had not trembled. He had fought with the Blackfeet and the Sioux, and led his warriors to victory on many a hard fought field. He had fought hand to hand with the murderous Apaches, and never knew what it was to be afraid. But in spite of his seeming indifference he shivered as he heard the hoarse roar of the Popoagie tumbling riotously over the rocks and leaping down the precipice to disappear in the dark depths below. He pictured his soul fighting with the angry water to regain the upper air that it might ascend to the happy hunting ground in the clouds. But he knew the Popoagie would triumph. He was certain that no soul could defeat the malevolent spirit of the Popoagie. White Elk could regard death with equanimity, but he could not bear the thought of an eternity spent battling with the spirit of the waters while Laughing Eyes waited for him in vain in the happy hunting ground.

White Elk's head dropped forward and he groaned. He heard a sound behind him and sprang to his feet. Laughing Eyes stood beside him in the moonlight. She motioned him with her hand and he followed her out to the cliff overlooking the deep crevice, down which the Popoagie lost itself. On the cliff the two sat in the moonlight. "You must not give yourself to the spirit of the Popoagie," said the girl. "You can go away. I will go with you. The Blackfeet have been your enemies, but they love you, for you are a mighty warrior. To them you can go and they will make you a chief, and I will go with you." White Elk sat silent. Then he spoke: "I must die because I did not put to death Nazalla, the Blackfoot chief. I had my spear at his throat. I might have killed him. But years ago Nazalla spared my life when as a boy I was hunting alone in the forest. He gave me food and water and showed me the way back to my own people. I could not kill him as he lay wounded. But the Shoshones fear Nazalla. They think that with him dead the Blackfeet would never more triumph in battle. I would rather die and disappear into the under darkness forever." The girl fell on her knees and entreated him. White Elk softly stroked her hair. But he only shook his head in reply to her entreaties. Long the two sat there. Then they arose and walked back to the village, and White Elk left Laughing Eyes at the door of her father's lodge. Three days passed away, and the next morning just before sunrise all the Shoshones were gathered in view of the great rock that lifted itself above the deep sink hole of the Popoagie. The medicine men of the tribe swaying their bodies chanted a death hymn.

As the first rays of the sun shone down the valley and rested redly upon the little group on the rock White Elk stepped forward with a strong young Indian on either side. He turned and looked keenly back at the group of women who stood about Laughing Eyes. He gave a sign and the two young Indians rested their hands on his shoulder. White Elk stood with his face lifted up for a moment to the clouds. He cast his eyes around and took a last look at the woods and at his people standing grim and silent in the clefts of the rocks. Then he sprang forward and shot straight downward from the top of the cliff. His body turned half over in the air. Then it struck with a splash in the roaring water and was drawn downward and disappeared forever in the cavernous depths of the "place of punishment." The Indians stood looking downward where the form of the young chief had disappeared. Then there was a cry and all looked again toward the top of the rock just as they saw Laughing Eyes hurl herself headlong downward toward the rushing water. She sank from sight and her body, too, was drawn downward to the depths. White Elk's soul would not have to escape the spirit of Popoagie to meet that of Laughing Eyes.

WHITE ELK'S LEAP TO DEATH.

HAS VOLCANOES TO BURN.

Uncle Sam Has a Choice Assortment in the Philippine Islands.

The United States Geological Survey will publish before long some facts about the volcanoes of the Philippines, which appear to be very interesting. One of them is the most symmetrically beautiful volcanic cone in the world, being even more perfect than the famous Fujiyama, the sacred mountain of Japan. It is little less than 9,000 feet high, and the name of it is Albay.

Albay was an exceedingly active volcano during the last century, having burst into eruption at least twenty-five times since the year 1800. It broke out only last year with renewed plutonic activity, and back in 1814 no fewer than 1,200 lives were lost in consequence of one of its bad spells, a village four miles from the crater being under lava and ashes to such a depth that the ridgepoles of the houses were hidden.

Between Albay and Laguna de Bay are many extinct or dormant craters. The magnificent cone of Banajao, 7,382 feet in height, is visible from Manila bay. Its crater, 700 feet deep, was occupied by a lake up to 1730, when a violent eruption took place, bursting out the southern side of the crater and pouring out both water and incandescent lava.

On an island in the Lake of Bombon is the remarkable Taal volcano, which is readily accessible from Manila. Its central crater is oval in shape, a mile and a quarter across the greatest diameter and has within its rim two lakes of hot water, one yellow and the other green, and a small active cone fifty feet in height, from which escape steam and sulphurous gases. The strange colors of the waters are due to the presence of chemicals evolved in subterranean laboratories.

The greatest eruption of Taal took place in 1754, wiping out four villages. Apparently the volcanic ash lends wonderful fertility to the soil, and presently a new growth of bamboo and palms appears where desolation had reigned. Even the localities most seriously and constantly threatened by volcanoes in the Philippines are promptly repopulated after every disaster, their fertility, surpassingly beautiful situation and healthfulness charming the people into a prompt forgetfulness of past disasters.

The worst volcanic disturbances on record in the Philippines occurred Jan. 4, 1641. They seem to have centralized at the southern end of Mindanao, where there is a formidable group of "fire mountains," as the natives call them. Three outbursts took place on that day in different portions of the archipelago, accompanied by earthquakes which were felt as far away as Cochin China and Cambodia. A Spanish squadron was off the south coast of Mindanao, and some of the ships were almost overwhelmed by falling ashes. In Luzon, in Union province, "three hills and several villages were thrown into the air in fragments and utterly annihilated."—New York Herald.

An Interesting Ceremony.

Every day an interesting ceremony takes place at Gibraltar. The town and fortress lie at the end of a peninsula, about a mile and a half long, the mainland being Spanish territory. The gate leading to Spain is, every evening, locked at sunset, and every morning unlocked at sunrise. Each day a company from one of the regiments performs one of these functions. In the morning the company, fully officered, with colors flying and accompanied by a band, marches to the commandant's house. The company comes to attention, and the commandant hands out the keys on a velvet cushion. These are received by a captain's orderly, the band strikes up, and the procession marches to the gate, which is unlocked with great ceremony. In the evening the same ceremony, in the reverse order, is gone through. All suspicious characters are put out of the town before the gates are locked in the evening.

What a terrible lot of time is wasted in the course of a life time, in waiting at table to be served with something not fit to eat!

A hard working man looks disdainfully at the man who has to take exercise.

FROM

POORHOUSE TO PALACE

BY MARY J. HOLMES

CHAPTER XI.

In the old brown school house, overshadowed by apple trees and sheltered, on the west by a long, steep hill, where the acorns and wild grapes grew, Mary Howard taught a little flock of twenty-five, coaxing some, urging others and teaching them all by her kind words and winsome ways to love her as they had never before loved an instructor.

When first she was proposed as a teacher in Rice Corner, Widow Perkins, and a few others who had no children to send, held up their hands in amazement, wondering "what the world was comin' to, and if the committeeman, Mr. Knight, s'posed they was goin' to be rid over roughshod by a town pauper; but she couldn't get a stiffcut, for the orthodox minister wouldn't give her one; and if he did, the Unitarian minister wouldn't!"

Accordingly, when it was known that the ordeal had been passed and that Mary had in her possession a piece of paper about three inches square, authorizing her to teach a common district school, this worthy conclave concluded that "either everybody had lost their senses or else Miss Mason, who was present at the examination, had sat by and whispered in her ear the answers to all hard questions."

"In all my born days I never seen anything like it," said the widow, as she distributed her green tea, sweetened with brown sugar, to a party of ladies, which she was entertaining. "But you'll see, she won't keep her time mor'n half out—Sally Ann, pass them nutcakes. Nobody's goin' to send their children to a pauper. There's Miss Bradley says she'll take her'n out the first time they get licked. Have some more sass, Miss Dodge. I want it eat up, for I believe it's a-workin'—but I telled her that warn't the trouble, Mary's too softly to hurt a miskeeter. And so young, too. It's government she'll lack in. If anybody'll have a piece of this dried apple pie, I'll cut it."

Fortunately, Mary knew nothing of Mrs. Perkins' displeasure, and never dreamed that any feeling existed toward her save that of perfect friendship. Since we last saw her, she had grown into a fine, healthy looking girl. Her face and figure were round and full, and her complexion, though still rather pale, was clear as marble, contrasting well with her dark-brown hair and eyes, which no longer seemed unnaturally large. Still, she was not beautiful, it is true, and yet Billy was not far from right when he called her the finest looking girl in Chicopee; and it was for this reason, perhaps, that Mrs. Campbell watched with jealousy.

Every possible pains had been taken with Ella's education. The best teachers had been hired to instruct her, and she was now at a fashionable seminary, but still she did not possess one-half the ease and gracefulness of manner which seemed natural to her sister. The two girls had seen but little of each other; and oftentimes when Ella met her sister she merely acknowledged her presence by a nod or a simple "how d'ye do?"

When she heard that Mary was to be a teacher she said "she was glad, for it was more respectable than going into a factory or working out." Mrs. Campbell, too, felt in duty bound to express her pleasure, adding that "she hoped Mary would give satisfaction, but 'twas extremely doubtful, she was so young, and possessed of so little dignity!"

Unfortunately Widow Perkins' red cottage stood directly opposite the school house; and as the widow belonged to that striving few who always "wash the breakfast dishes and make the beds before anyone is up in the house," she had ample leisure to watch and report on the proceedings of the new teacher. Now, Mrs. Perkins' clock was like its mistress, always half an hour in advance of the true time, and Mary had scarcely taught a week ere Mr. Knight, "the committeeman," was duly hailed in the street and told that the "schoolmarm wanted lookin' to, for she didn't begin no mornin' till half-past nine, nor no afternoon till half-past one! Besides that," she added, "I think she gives 'em too long a play spell. Anyways, seems ef some on 'em was out o' doors the hull time."

Mr. Knight had too much good sense to heed the widow's complaints, and he merely replied: "I'm glad on't. Five hours is enough to keep little shavers cramped up in the house—glad on't."

The widow, thus foiled in her attempts at making disturbance, finally gave up the strife, contenting herself with quizzing the older girls, and asking them if Mary could do all the hard sums in arithmetic, or whether she took them home for Mrs. Mason to solve!

In spite, however, of these little annoyances, Mary was contented and happy. She knew that her pupils loved her, and that the greater part of the district were satisfied, so she greeted the widow with her pleasantest smile, and by always being particularly polite, finally overcame her prejudice to a considerable extent.

One afternoon about the middle of July, as Mrs. Perkins was seated by her front window engaged in "stitching shoes," a very common employment in some parts of New England, her attention was suddenly diverted by a tall, stylish-looking young man, who, driving his handsome horse and buggy under the shadow of the apple trees, alighted and entered into conversation with a group of little girls who were taking their usual recess. Mrs. Perkins' curiosity was aroused, and Sally Ann was called to see who the stranger was. But for a wonder Sally Ann didn't know, though she "guessed the hoss was one of the East Chicopee livery."

"He's talkin' to Liddy Knight," said she, at the same time holding back the curtain and stepping aside so as not to be visible herself.

"Try if you can hear what he's sayin'," whispered Mrs. Perkins; but a class of boys in the school house just then struck into the multiplication table, thus effectually drowning anything which Sally Ann might otherwise have heard.

"I know them children will split their throats. Can't they hold up a minute," exclaimed Mrs. Perkins, greatly annoyed at being thus prevented from overhearing a conversation the nature of which she could not even guess.

The stranger was at that moment smilingly saying: "Tell me more about her. Does she ever scold, or has she too pretty a mouth for that?"

"No, she never scolds," said Della Frost, "and she's got the nicest white teeth, and I guess she knows it, too, for she shows them a great deal."

"She's real white, too," rejoined Lydia Knight, "though pa says she used to be yaller as saffron."

Here there was a gentle rap upon the window, and the girls, starting off, exclaimed: "There, we must go in."

"May I go, too?" asked the stranger, following them to the door. "Introduce me as Mr. Stuart."

Lydia had never introduced anybody in her life, and, following her companions to her seat, she left Mr. Stuart standing in the doorway. With her usual politeness, Mary came forward and received the stranger, who gave his name as Mr. Stuart, saying "he felt much interested in common schools, and therefore had ventured to call."

Offering the seat of honor, Mary resumed her usual duties, occasionally casting a look of curiosity at the stranger, whose eyes seemed constantly upon her. It was rather warm that day, and when Mary returned from her dinner Widow Perkins was greatly shocked at seeing her attired in a light pink muslin dress, the short sleeves of which showed to good advantage her round, white arms. A narrow velvet ribbon confined by a small brooch and a black silk apron, completed her toilet, with the exception of a tiny locket, which was suspended from her neck by a slender gold chain. This last ornament immediately riveted Mr. Stuart's attention, and from some strange cause sent the color quickly to his face. After a time, as if to ascertain whether it were really a locket or a watch, he asked "if Miss Howard could tell him the hour?"

"Certainly, sir," said she, and stepping to the desk and consulting a silver timepiece about the size of a dining plate, she told him that it was half-past three.

When school was out Mr. Stuart, who seemed in no haste whatever, entered into a lively discussion with Mary concerning schools and books, adroitly managing to draw her out upon all the leading topics of the day. At last the conversation turned upon flowers; and when Mary chanced to mention Mrs. Mason's beautiful garden he instantly expressed a great desire to see it, and finally offered to accompany Mary home, provided she had no objections. She could not, of course, say no, and the Widow Perkins came very near letting her buttermilk biscuit burn to a cinder when she saw the young man walking down the road with Mary. Arrived at Mrs. Mason's, the stranger managed to make himself so agreeable that Mrs. Mason invited him to stay to tea. Whoever he was, he seemed to understand exactly how to find out whatever he wished to know; and before tea was over he had learned of Mary's intention to attend the academy in Wilbraham the next autumn.

Finally he said good-night, leaving Mary and Mrs. Mason to wonder—the one what he came there for, and the other whether he would ever come again. The widow, too, wondered and fidgeted as the sun went down behind the long hill.

"It beats all nater what's kept him so long," said she, when he at last appeared and, unfastening his horse, drove off at a furious rate; "but if I live I'll know all about it to-morrow;" and with this consolatory remark she returned to the best room and for the remainder of the evening devoted herself to the entertainment of Uncle Jim and his wife, Aunt Dolly.

That evening Mr. Knight, who had been to the postoffice, called at Mrs. Mason's, bringing with him a letter which bore the Boston postmark. Passing it to Mary, he winked at Mrs. Mason, saying, "I kinder guess how all this writin' works will end; but hain't there been a young chap to see the school?"

"Yes; how did you know it?" returned Mrs. Mason, while Mary flushed more deeply than she did when Billy's letter was handed her.

"Why, you see," answered Mr. Knight, "I was about at the foot of the Blanchard hill, when I see a buggy coming like Jehu. Just as it got agin me it kinder slackened and the fore wheel ran off smack and scissors."

"Was he hurt?" quickly asked Mary.

"Not a bit on't," said Mr. Knight, "but he was scared some, I guess. I got out and helped him, and when he heard I's from Rice Corner he said he'd been into school. Then he asked forty-'leven questions about you, and jest as I was settin' you up high, who should come a-canterin' up, with their long-tailed gowns, and hats like men, but Ella Campbell and a great white-eyed pucker, that came home with her from school? Either, Ella's horse was scary or she did it a purpose, for the minit she got near it began to rare, and she would have fell off if that man hadn't catched it by the bit and held her on with t'other hand. I allus was the most sanguinary of men, and I was building castles about him and our little schoolmarm, when Ella came along, and I gin it up, for I see that he was took, and she did look handsome, with her curls a flyin' Wall, as I wasn't of no more use, I whipped up old Charlotte and come on."

"When did Ella return?" asked Mary, who had not before heard of her sister's arrival.

"I don't know," said Mr. Knight. "The first I see of her was cuttin' through the streets on the dead run; but I mustn't stay here gabbin', so good-night, Miss Mason—good-night, Mary—hope you've got good news in that ar letter."

The moment he was gone Mary ran up to her room to read her letter, from which we give the following extract: "You must have forgotten George Moreland, or you would have mentioned him to me. I like him very much, indeed, and yet I could not help feeling a little jealous when he manifested so much interest in you. Sometimes, Mary, I think that for a brother, I am getting too selfish, and I do not wish anyone to like you except myself, but I surely need not feel so toward George, the best friend I have in Boston. He is very kind, lending me books, and has even offered to use his influence in getting me a situation in one of the best law offices in the city."

After reading this letter Mary sat for a long time thinking of George Moreland—of the time when she first knew him—of all that William Bender had been to her since—and wondering, as girls sometimes will, which she liked the best. Billy unquestionably had the strongest claim to her love, but could he have known how much satisfaction she felt in thinking that George still remembered and felt interested in her he would have had some reason for fearing, as he occasionally did, that she would never be to him aught save a sister.

CHAPTER XII.

The summer was drawing to a close, and with it Mary's school. She had succeeded in giving satisfaction to the entire district. Mr. Knight, with whom Mary was a great favorite, offered her the school for the coming winter, but she had decided upon attending school herself, and after modestly declining his offer, told him of her intention.

"But where's the money coming from?" said he.

Mary laughingly asked him how many bags of shoes he supposed she had stitched during the last two years.

"More'n two hundred, I'll bet," said he.

"Not quite as many as that," answered Mary; "but still I have managed to earn my clothes and thirty dollars besides; and this, together with my school wages, will pay for one term and part of another."

"Well, go ahead," returned Mr. Knight, "I'd help you if I could. Go ahead; and who knows but you'll one day be the president's wife."

When Widow Perkins heard that Mary was going away to school she forgot to put any yeast in the bread which she was making, and, bidding Sally Ann "watch it until it riz," she posted off to Mrs. Mason's to inquire the particulars, reckoning up as she went along how much fourteen weeks' wages would come to at nine shillings per week.

But with all her quizzing and "pumping," as Judith called it, she was unable to ascertain anything of importance, and, mentally styling Mrs. Mason, Mary, Judith and all "great gumpheads," she returned home and relieved Sally Ann from her watch over unleavened bread. Both Mrs. Mason and Mary laughed heartily at the widow's curiosity, though, as Mary said, "It was no laughing matter where the money was to come from which she needed for her books and clothing."

Everything which Mrs. Mason could do for her she did, and even Judith, who was never famous for generosity, brought in one Saturday morning a half-worn merino, which she thought "mebby could be turned and sponged, and made into somethin' decent," adding, in an undertone, that "she'd had it out airin' on the clothes hoss for more'n two hours!"

A few days afterward Jenny Lincoln came galloping up to the school house door, declaring her intention of staying until school was out, and having a good time.

"I hear you are going to Wilbraham," said she, "but I want you to go to Mount Holyoke. We are going, a whole lot of us—that is, if we can pass examination. Rose isn't pleased with the idea, but I am. I think 'twill be fun to wash potatoes and scour knives. I don't believe that mother would ever have sent us there if it were not that Ida Selden is going. Her father and her Aunt Martha used to be schoolmates with Miss Lyon, and they have always intended that Ida should graduate at Mount Holyoke. Now, why can't you go, too?"

"I wish I could," said Mary, "but I can't. I haven't money enough, and there is no one to give it to me."

"It wouldn't hurt Mrs. Campbell to help you a little," returned Jenny. "Why, last term Ella spent almost enough for candies and gutta percha toys to pay the expense of half a year's schooling at Mount Holyoke. It's too bad that she should have everything and you nothing."

(To be continued.)

Cures Victims of Drugs.

A church union now exists in New York for the most remarkable purpose on record. Its avowed object is to cure the victims of the morphine and other drug habits and a most impressive list of well-known clergymen have registered themselves in support of the scheme, which is conducted by Dr. W. N. Richie.

The plans of Dr. Richie's work and the means by which he hopes to make it effectual are to be made public as soon as possible. All that is withheld from the public is the elements of the mysterious compound, which is, Dr. Richie alleges, an absolutely infallible panacea.

Men and women who have sunk to the lowest levels of degradation have, it is claimed, by the use of this cure become perfectly regenerated. Physicians of established reputation privately indorse the cure, and the testimonials appear so convincing that the clergymen who have formed a union on the strength of it feel absolutely sure of its efficacy.

Dr. Richie says that he obtained the cure from a friend of his, who in turn obtained it from a German savant. The friend referred to, having once become the slave of morphine and having but 5 cents left in the world, converted it into a 5-cent stamp to address a letter to the German who had originated the cure. The recipe came, was made use of, and the man, when Dr. Richie knew him, was enjoying an honored old age.

A committee has been formed to receive donations for the cure of such patients as are not able to pay.

How Bridget Spoiled Things.

Charlie and Mamie are not friends any more, and Bridget is to blame for it all.

Charlie is the promising scion of a Prospect avenue home, while Mamie is the sweet young thing on Marshall street for whom sundry florists' and confectioners' bills have mounted up to an alarming height lately. Bridget is the maid at Mamie's home, and as Mamie is a most bewildering young person with a decidedly indolent streak, it happens very often that Bridget is instructed to say she is not at home when the cold facts are that Mamie is reclining luxuriously on the library couch with the latest magazine and a box of fine bon bons.

The other evening Charlie thought that he would surprise the young woman, and so called when she did not expect him. Mamie had an unusually fascinating novel, and was not dressed for callers, therefore she instructed Bridget to say she had gone over on the West Side. Biddy got through the message all right. The inconsiderate young man, instead of going away, asked:

"Can you tell me when she will return?"

She faltered, then lost her head completely, and blurting out:

"Sure, an' I'll ask Miss Mamie," rushed down the hall, while a very angry yet dignified young man walked down the front steps to return no more.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Tit for Tat.

Slopay—I want you to make another suit for me.

Tailor (reluctantly)—Yes?

Slopay—Yes. Now, let me see something in the way of a check.

Tailor—All right, but suppose you do the same for me.—Philadelphia Press.

Could Not Be Repeated.

"I met Higginbee and he stopped me to tell me what his little boy said, but I'll bet one thing."

"Huh! What's that?"

"I'll bet he didn't tell his boy what I said."—Indianapolis Press.

If Satan ever gets short of fuel he ought to be able to use excuses.