EUGENE WEEKLY GUARD.

CAMPBELL BROS., Proprietors.

EUGENE..... OREGON.

When a newspaper suspends publication in Russia it does not of necessity imply lack of funds.

This more than probable disappearance of ths haze hanging over West Point means a brighter day for that institution.

An unsentimental feature about girls becoming doctors is that the lover's immemorial complaint of a broken heart will with them be merely estimated at its true anatomic value.

Turkey, ordering a new warship without paying what is due on past contracts, recalls the optimism of the slater who, falling from a tower, remarked as he passed each story, "All's well so far."

Evidently Mr. Carnegie intends to do his best to live up to his belief, announced some time ago, that a man who dies rich dies disgraced. It will take considerable work, however, for the benevolent Scot to get rid of even the income from his $300,000,000 and more in judicious works of benevolence.

No doubt it is a mere coincidence, and yet some people might suppose that the President had a superstitious preference for monosyllables in choosing members of his cabinet. There have been in all fifteen heads of the eight departments. Look at this array of names: Day, Hay, Gage, Long, Root, Knox, Bliss, Smith and Griggs. Then there were Gary and Alger, whose names were short, but not monosyllabic. Seventy-six letters suffice for the surnames of all the fifteen cabinet officers, or almost exactly five letters to a name.

The tendency to bring producer and consumer together and eliminate middlemen has manifested itself in an arrangement whereby the sale of cotton and wool will be put in the hands of organizations formed of cotton and wool growers. This movement has not attracted much attention because the capital involved is small as compared with that of many of the great manufacturing combines. But it may result in as great a change in business methods and as great economy as any which have resulted from combines which have made a great deal more noise.

The truth is that handwriting has assumed a far lower place in business pursuits than it occupied a few years ago. The great bulk of mercantile correspondence is now conducted by means of the typewriter, and that useful machine is steadily pushing its way into the realms of authorship and newspaper work as well. There will always be a demand for neat and legible penmanship in certain occupations, but in the greater majority of pursuits this no longer exists, although as a personal accomplishment, apart from business uses, it is of course eminently desirable.

A wealthy and cultured American, prominent in social and literary circles, lately died in England, where he had resided for thirty years. Since his first week abroad he had never dined at an Englishman's table. At his first dinner-party in London his host made a slighting reference to the United States, which his guest, as a guest, could not resent. Upon the spot he resolved never to accept an invitation where such another affront might be put upon his patriotism. For the antithesis to this act, cross the channel to Paris. An Austrian archduke, visiting in that city, offended a Frenchman, who later, in a drawing-room, trod on his foot. The archduke took out his handkerchief, brushed the dust from his shoe and remarked aloud to his host, "What an awkward person that is!" The archduke was too highly placed in Europe to acknowledge the possibility of intentional insult. One would need to go far to find two more comprehensive illustrations of an unhappy but not infrequent phase of social life. Some persons wound others intentionally, some unwittingly. Shall one therefore go through life avoiding all society lest perchance one's sensibilities be hurt? Or shall one be blind toward even intended rudeness and "live it down?" When the boys in the gutter throw mud, the dignified thing for the pedestrian is to walk on unheeding.

At last there appears to be a cheering prospect that the West Point hazing scandal may be wiped out. The recent commotion in the National Military Academy is an outgrowth of the Congressional investigations, when Congress decided to bar the practice and certain cadets were subjected to admonition and punishment. At the time it was supposed that the incident was closed, but it appears that some of the cadets felt it to be in order for them to assert themselves in a final protest. When Colonel Mills, following the Congressional instructions, undertook to discipline one of them for hazing a lower-class man they revolted. After incidentally training a gun on the house of the commandant as a slight token of their disesteem they set to work to secure his dismissal. If there had been any doubt as to the justice of the Congressional verdict on the hazers it is removed by the facts of this case. Young soldiers may be high-spirited and inclined to forget the strict letter of the rules provided for their welfare, but a soldier, young or old, is first of all obedient. In their conduct toward Colonel Mills the cadets were not only disobedient but mutinous. It is impossible to believe that boys who are permitted to rebel against the orders of their superior officer will be likely to grow into men who can be relied upon for obedience when severer duties are to be required. The expulsion of several of the cadets, with the suspension of others, ought to bring this lesson home in a way that the unrullest student will understand.

When Rev. George D. Herron and Miss Carrie Rand were married in New York the other night they uttered spiritual beliefs that are dangerous to the continuity of our social and moral establishments, says the Chicago Journal. In the interests of good order and a higher sense of responsibility on the part of civilized humanity, the marriage custom has evolved from a simple, savage rite to one that carries a deep obligation and is interlinked with a sacramental solemnity that makes it strikingly impressive. There are civil and religious marriages, but both have legal sanction. They constitute contracts that cannot be easily abrogated, and the entire thought of those who framed our laws was to throw the greatest protection around the institution. Statutes have been enacted that severely punish the man or woman who enters the connubial state and then proves false to the sacred vows. If there were no restraint, the family that inhabits the earth would be illegitimate and lawless, disconnected and shameless—mere tribes that would prey upon each other in the most barbarous manner. A positive union of souls is beautifully sentimental. Dr. Herron and Miss Rand assert that they have discovered between themselves a love that is abiding and harmonious, a love that is so strong and everlasting that no words of priest or prelate are needed to cement it, and that all they should be coerced into doing is making an announcement of the fact. The law of the land, prescribing certain formalities they declare pestiferous and unnecessary, and begrudgingly comply with it. Prof. Herron must have performed a few mental gymnastics since he led his first wife to the altar. He gave her his love, and two children were born to them before he deserted her for Miss Rand. If his soul-merging system is infallible why did he transfer his affections? Would he advise every man to leave his wife as soon as he ascertained that the original physical love was not capable of being ripened into the higher spiritual love? Would he urge a practice requiring nothing more obligatory than "I take this woman to be my companion," or "I take this man to be my companion?" Simplified his teaching amounts to nothing more. It panders to the vicious instincts of the brute in man and if in vogue would bring innumerable immoralities in its train. Society is well founded. It must adhere to the ancient and honorable customs which have builded it up, and Prof. Herron and his bride should be shunned by respectability.

"Packing Off of Widows."

A pastime which obtains among the farm classes of Corea, known as the "packing off of widows," consists of a raid by some disconsolate widower and his friends on some village known to contain a young widow, the forcible abduction of the lady in question and her marriage to the widower. An instance of this kind has recently come to our notice. A widower living in one of the villages of Kangwha with eleven friends went to a hamlet close to the walls of Kangwha City, where a widow lived and seized and carried off, after somewhat of a battle, a young lady. It so happened, however, that they had mistaken the house, and unfortunately got hold of the wrong lady. Early the next morning an indignant posse came in pursuit, but the men who had committed the dastardly deed succeeded in eluding them. The young lady, however, was rescued, and after the house of the widower and its contents had been completely demolished she was escorted home in triumph by her husband and his friends.—Kobe Chronicle.

The Mule in Hypnotism.

Max Carnaveaux, who gives exhibitions of his power in hypnotism, has decided that in future he will be more careful in the selection of his subjects for experiment.

One of his favorite tricks was to persuade the man who submitted to him for test that he was a mule, and great merriment always followed the mulish antics of the victim while he was under the hypnotic influence.

But one day, down in Lyndon, Kansas, Mr. Carnaveaux, feeling unusually sprightly and jovial, presumed a little too far on the good nature and geniality of the mule pro tem, and carried away by the strength of hypnotic suggestion, the man under the spell suddenly kicked out with great violence and struck the hypnotist in the hand, fracturing one of the bones.

For a few weeks, therefore, there have been no hypnotic experiments of any sort, and Mr. Carnaveaux has made up his mind to give up the mule trick and rely on animals of more peaceable and reliable dispositions.

Wet Days for Weddings.

The adage, "Happy is the bride that the sun shines on," is one that is unknown in many lands. A Breton bride takes it unhappily when the day of her wedding dawns bright and sunny. Rain on her marriage morn is held to signify that all her tears are shed, and that she will therefore have a happy married life. It is said that the Erza of Simbrisk call the day before the wedding the weeping day, and the bride and her girl friends weep as much as possible, with the idea of getting the mourning of life over, so that only what is joyful may remain. In some countries this result is attained by sousing the bride with water. The Greeks think that a thorough drenching of the bride will bring her lasting good fortune.

Like a Circus.

Mr. Bingo, the junior member of the firm, had a peculiarly irritating sneeze. It began with an elaborate and terrifying series of facial convulsions, and ended with a most lame and impotent paroxysm that always disappointed the expectant observer.

"Your sneeze," said Mr. Gringo, the senior partner, after watching him through one of his sternutations, "is a regular circus."

"A circus?" said Mr. Bingo.

"Yes, sir," was the rejoinder. "The performance never comes up to the advance notices."

A Special Privilege.

The widowed Princess of Nazal is the only upper class woman in Egypt who is allowed to see men, and has this privilege through the special order of the Sultan.

The coat that isn't paid for is a bad habit to get into.

WRITING BY MACHINE

EMPLOYMENT OF TYPEWRITER YET IN ITS INFANCY.

Use Will Increase Until Every Hotel Will Provide Them for Guests, and All Business Men Will Use Them Themselves, Not Depending Upon Others.

Bicycling was a fad, but typewriting is a fact. The typewriter—it, he, or she—is in the same class as the telephone, telegraph, and linotype. As to usefulness and universality, typewriting is in its infancy. Thus far it is used only by those who cannot get along without it. The business man puts in a writing machine as a luxury, and regards it as expense. A young woman who learns to use a typewriter feels called upon to explain that she may have to earn her living, and she can equip herself more quickly in this way than in any other. A superintendent or principal who advocates the introduction of typewriting into the schools feels obliged to prove that it is due those who may have to earn a living.

The attitude of business men and school people toward typewriting must change entirely, and the time for such change is already here. Where one writing machine is used now there will be ten in use in the near future. The only trouble up to this time has been that business men, superintendents, and principals rarely use the machine personally and advantageously. The typewriter is a servant, a helper, doing what the proprietor would have it understood that he is above doing, whereas the difficulty is that he cannot do it.

As a Yankee, I venture the guess that in the not-distant future the ablest men and women in home and office, in hotel and train will use the machine. To-day, away from home, if one wishes typewriting, he pays a dollar an hour or more for the service, but soon every first-class hotel will have all the writing machines which their patronage requires in the writing room and free to all guests. Already every first-class new hotel has a long-distance telephone in each room and a man has its use at any hour of day or night at the same rate that he would pay if he went out and sought a "pay station." In the same way one will be able to say when he registers at any first-class hotel: "I would like a room with a writing machine." At first he might have to pay fifty cents a day extra, as he does for a room with bath and lavatory appointments, but that will soon pass away, as the extra charge for the bath is going. Already it is appreciated that a bath is as important as a washbowl, and so the necessity of the writing machine will be early acknowledged.

In a word, the future of typewriting is with the schools. Teach it as universally as you teach penmanship, not for the sake of the girls who are to be typewriters, but for the greater advantage of the boys and girls who are to be the leaders in social, business, and professional life; not for the purpose of helping a poor girl to be independent, but for making rich and poor alike independent. The time has come for a universal and emphatic demand for the writing machine in every upper grade of the grammar school, and in every high school, academy, seminary, college, and university.—A. E. Winship, in Normal Instructor.

TAUGHT PRESIDENT'S WIFE.

Mrs. Morgan Tells of Her Little Pupil Back in 1853.

When Mrs. William McKinley was a very little girl, she was round-faced, rosy-cheeked, with very loving ways, and she used to work diligently in the first public schoolhouse of Canton, learning to print and read and spell. Little Ida Saxton, 5 years old, and daughter of the President of the first school board of Canton, learned the alphabet and how to print in neat little characters the words "cat" and "dog" and perhaps some two-syllable words from Mrs. J. W. Morgan, of Denver. That all happened away back in the year 1853, but Mrs. Morgan remembers the little girl very well indeed, "because," she says, "Ida was very quiet and diligent and lovable."

MRS. MORGAN.

Mrs. Morgan was then Miss Spiker, and was the first teacher employed in what were then called the union schools. In Canton there had been great opposition to the introduction of the graded schools, but Mr. Saxton, whose daughter was to be a President's wfe, was a staunch supporter of them, and so firmly did he believe in the public school that just as soon as his little daughter was old enough she was sent to the primary school of which Miss Spiker had charge.

"Ida's father was a wealthy citizen of Canton and she was a very bright and attractive child," said Mrs. Morgan. "We never thought of her, though, as a President's wife. I used to go to their home; in fact, I have an invitation somewhere to the Saxton house."

Mrs. Morgan is 76 years old, and has lived in Denver for the last six years. She is a fine-looking old woman, with something of the primness that is supposed to characterize the old-time school teacher. She married Mr. Morgan in New Lisbon, Ohio, in 1856, and soon afterward moved to Iowa. When they came to Colorado it was for Mrs. Morgan's health. They reside at 615 East Thirty-first avenue and have three grown sons.—Denver Post.

ORCHID TAKES A DRINK.

Remarkable Plant Found by an American Collector in South America.

What is probably the most extraordinary plant ever discovered has now been found by E. A. Suverkrop of Philadelphia, who, during trips to South America, has for some years been contributing to the collection of his friend, Prof. N. E. Brown of the Herbarium, Kew Gardens, London. The amazing plant which Mr. Suverkrop has now found is an orchid that takes a drink whenever it feels thirsty by letting down a tube into the water the tube when not in use being coiled up on top of the plant.

"One hot afternoon," says Mr. Suverkrop, "I sat down under some brushwood at the side of a lagoon on the Rio de la Plata. Near at hand was a forest of dead shorn trees, which had actually been choked to death by orchids and climbing cacti. In front of me, and stretching over the water of the lagoon and about a foot above it was a branch of one of these dead trees. Here and there clusters of common 'planta del ayre' grew on it and a network of green cacti twined round it.

"Among the orchids I noted one different from the rest, the leaves, sharp, lancehead-shaped, growing all round the root and radiating from it. From the center or axis of the plant hung a long, slender stem about one-eighth of an inch thick by one-fourth inch wide, the lower end of which was in the water to a depth of about four inches.

"I at once went over to examine my discovery. Imagine my surprise, when I touched the plant, to see this center stem gradually contract and convulsively roll itself up in a spiral-like roll of tape.

"But more surprising yet was the object and construction of this stem. I found on close examination and dissection that it was a long, slender, flat tube, the walls about one-thirty-second of an inch thick, cellular in construction, open at the outer end, and connected at the inner end to the roots of a series of hair-like tubes.

"By subsequent observation I found that when the plant was in want of water this tube would gradually unwind till it dipped into the water. Then it would slowly coil round and wind up, carrying with it the amount of water that that part of the tube which had been immersed contained, until when the final coil was taken the water was dumped, as it were, direct into the roots of the plant. The coil remained in this position until the plant required more water. Should the plant, however, be touched while the tube is extended, the orchid acts like the sensitive plant (mimosa) and the coiling action is more rapid.

"I found many of these plants, all directly over the water or over where the water had been. In the latter case it was almost pitiful to see how this tube would work its way over the ground in search of the water that was not."

"What Have I Done?"

"It is all over between us.

With basilisk face Gladys Butzheimer, the heiress, turned to the trembling Launcelot Bimmy.

"Go!" her voice rang through the halls of Butzheimer Manor. "I can never be yours. Take back your ring."

The young man extended his arms. "Gladys," he murmured brokenly. "My proud, beautiful Gladys. Why—why"—he could hardly speak—"why this, from you"—he sobbed—"to me?"

"Go!" repeated the heiress, in low, thrilling tones. "Go! My answer is final!"

"Tell me," he continued, and a world of misery and grief came into his dark eyes—"tell why you have thus changed, or changed thus? What have I done? Has not my love been proven?"

Softened, perhaps, by his pleading, the young woman turned. She looked at the abject man.

"Tell you, Launcelot Bimmy!" she cried. "Tell you!" She approached a step nearer. He bowed his face in his hands. "I will tell you! Any man that would try to buy St. Paul in the face of the falling market is not the man for my heart!"

A moment later a physical wreck staggered into the night.—Philadelphia North American.

That Peck of Turnips.

She was a thin old lady, and climbed into the car at Kingston with many hesitating turns of the head, and when her big black valise and other bundles had been piled upon the seat in front of her, she pushed back her red-striped shawl and looked out of the window with an air of contentment. The train had not proceeded many miles, however, before she began to fumble among her bundles in a nervous sort of way, and suddenly she broke out in a most pitiful wail:

"I knowed it! Laws a massa, whut will I do?"

The passengers all looked sympathizingly toward her. The kindly old man across the aisle went over to her and said:

"My good woman, what is the trouble? Can we do anything for you?"

"Oh, man, I can't bear it! Let me off. Stop the train. Stop it quick."

The old man gave the bell cord a vigorous pull and the train came to an abrupt halt.

"What's the matter here?' 'asked the conductor sharply, as he came in from the forward car.

"Why," sobbed the old lady, "I plum forgot thet peck o' turnips I had sacked up to take to my son John Henry in Atlanta."—Atlanta Journal.

Discordant Customs in Berlin.

Berlin is probably the only city of any size in which there is absolutely no attempt at anything like a general dinner hour, or even at uniform business hours. Each circle of professions has its own hours of business, which naturally regulate the household meal arrangements. Army and official circles have certain hours of duty; banking and commercial houses have their own hours; writers, actors and artists theirs, and the university and the schools form another set with other hours. If you have a wide visiting list in Berlin you may be asked out to dinner at any time from 2 to 7. Hopeless dyspepsia is the penalty if you do not keep in one set.

Elephants.

In India elephants over 12 and up to 45 years of age are deemed the best to purchase, and will generally work well until they are 80 years old.

United States Exporting Hardware.

The United States is now a liberal exporter of hardware, and buys little in that line from the rest of the world.

A new man who came to town lately says he doesn't amount to anything. This is a good sign; he is probably a very bright and competent man.

If the reports of the farmers are true, the Lord invents a new bug with an increased appetite every spring.

FROM

POORHOUSE TO PALACE

BY MARY J. HOLMES

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

Here Jenny's remarks were interrupted by the loud rattling of wheels, and the halloo of many voices. Going to the door, she and Mary saw coming down the road at a furious rate the old hay cart, laden with young people from Chicopee, who had been berrying in Sturbridge and were now returning home in high glee. The horses were fantastically trimmed with ferns and evergreens, while several of the girls were ornamented in the same way. Conspicuous among the noisy group was Ella Campbell. Henry Lincoln's broad-brimmed hat was resting on her long curls, while her white sun-bonnet was tied under Henry's chin. The moment Jenny appeared the whole party set up a shout so deafening that the Widow Perkins came out in a trice to see "if the Old Harry was to pay, or what." No sooner did Henry Lincoln get sight of Mary than springing to his feet, and swinging his arm around his head, he screamed out: "Three cheers for the schoolma'am and her handsome lover, Billy! Hurrah!"

"Wasn't that smart?" said Jenny, when at last the hay cart disapeared from view, and the noise and dust had somewhat subsided. Then as she saw the tears in Mary's eyes she added, "Oh, I wouldn't care if they did tease me about Billy Bender. I'd as lief be teased about him as not."

"It isn't that," said Mary, smiling in spite of herself, at Jenny's frankness. "It isn't that. I didn't like to hear Ella sing with your brother, when she must have known he meant to annoy me."

"That certainly was wrong," returned Jenny, "but Ella isn't so much to blame as Henry, who seems to have acquired a great influence over her during the few weeks he has been at home. You know she is easily flattered, and I dare say Henry has fully gratified her vanity in that respect, for he says she is the only decent looking girl in Chicopee. But see, there comes Mrs. Mason; I guess she wonders what is keeping you so long."

The moment Mrs. Mason entered the school room, Jenny commenced talking about Mount Holyoke, her tongue running so fast that it entirely prevented anyone else from speaking until she stopped for a moment to take breath. Then Mrs. Mason very quietly remarked that if Mary wished to go to Mount Holyoke she could do so, Mary looked up inquiringly, wondering what mine had opened so suddenly at her feet; but she received no explanation until Jenny had bidden her good-by and gone. Then she learned that Mrs. Mason had just received one hundred dollars from a man in Boston, who had years before owed it to her husband, and was unable to pay it sooner. "And now," said Mrs. Mason, "there is no reason why you should not go to Mount Holyoke, if you wish to."

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"Oh, what a forlorn-looking place!" exclaimed Rose Lincoln, as from the windows of the crowded vehicle in which they had come from the cars she first obtained a view of the not very handsome village of South Hadley.

Rose was in the worst of humors, for by some mischance Mary was on the same seat with herself, and consequently she was very much distressed and crowded. She, however, felt a little afraid of Aunt Martha, who she saw was inclined to favor the object of her wrath, so she restrained her fault-finding spirit until she arrived at South Hadley, where everything came in for a share of her displeasure.

"That the seminary!" said she contemptuously, as they drew up before the building. "Why, it isn't half as large or handsome as I supposed. Oh, horror! I know I shan't stay here long."

The furniture of the parlor was also very offensive to the young lady, and when Miss Lyon came in to meet them she, too, was secretly styled "a prim, fussy, slippery-tongued old maid." Jenny, however, who always saw the bright side of everything, was completely charmed with the sweet smile and placid face. After some conversation between Miss Lyon and Aunt Martha it was decided that Rose and Jenny should room together, as a matter of course, and that Mary should room with Ida. Rose had fully intended to room with Ida herself, and this decision made her very angry; but there was no help for it, and she was obliged to submit.

And now in a few days life at Mount Holyoke commenced in earnest. Although perfectly healthy, Mary looked rather delicate, and it was for this reason, perhaps, that the sweeping and dusting of several rooms were assigned to her, as her portion of the labor. Ida and Rose fared much worse, and were greatly shocked when told that they both belonged to the wash circle!

"I declare," said Rose, "it's too bad. I'll walk home before I'll do it;" and she glanced at her white hands, to make sure they were not already discolored by the dreadful soapsuds!

Jenny was delighted with her allotment, which was dish-washing.

"I'm glad I took a lesson at the poorhouse years ago," said she one day to Rose, who snappishly replied:

"I'd shut up about the poorhouse, or they'll think you the pauper instead of Madam Howard."

"Pauper? Who's a pauper?" asked Lucy Downs, eager to hear so desirable a piece of news.

Ida Selden's large black eyes rested reprovingly upon Rose, who nodded toward Mary, and forthwith Miss Downs departed with the information, which was not long in reaching Mary's ears.

"Why, Mary, what's the matter?" asked Ida, when, toward the close of the day, she found her companion weeping in her room. Without lifting her head Mary replied, "It's foolish in me to cry, I know, but why need I always be reproached with having been a pauper? I couldn't help it. I promised mother I would take care of little Allie as long as she lived, and if she went to the poorhouse I had to go too."

"And who was little Allie?" asked Ida, taking Mary's hot hands between her own.

In a few words Mary related her history, omitting her acquaintance with George Moreland, and commencing at the night when her mother died. Ida was warm-hearted and affectionate, and cared but little whether one were rich or poor if she liked them. From the first she had been interested in Mary, and now winding her arms about her neck, and kissing away her tears, she promised to love her, and to be to her as true and faithful a friend as Jenny. This promise, which was never broken, was of great benefit to Mary, drawing to her side many of the best girls in school, who soon learned to love her for herself, and not because the wealthy Miss Selden seemed so fond of her.

Soon after Mary went to Mount Holyoke she had received a letter from Billy, in which he expressed his pleasure that she was at school, but added that the fact of her being there interfered greatly with his plan of educating her himself. "Mother's ill health," said he, "prevented me from doing anything until now, and just as I am in a fair way to accomplish my object someone else has stepped in before me. But it is all right, and as you do not seem to need my services at present I shall next week leave Mr. Selden's employment, and go into Mr. Worthington's law office as clerk, hoping that when the proper time arrives I shall not be defeated in another plan which was formed in boyhood, and which has become the great object of my life."

Mary felt perplexed and troubled. Billy's letters of late had been more like those of a lover than a brother, and she could not help guessing the nature of "the plan formed in boyhood." She knew she should never love him except with a sister's love, and though she could not tell him so her next letter lacked the tone of affection with which she was accustomed to write, and was on the whole a rather formal affair. Billy, who readily perceived the change, attributed it to the right cause, and from that time his letters became far less cheerful than usual.

Mary usually cried over them, wishing more than once that Billy would transfer his affection from herself to Jenny, and it was for this reason, perhaps, that without stopping to consider the propriety of the matter, she first asked Jenny to write to him, and then encouraged her in answering his notes, which became gradually longer and longer, until at last his letters were addressed to Jenny, while the notes they contained were directed to Mary!

CHAPTER XIII.

Rapidly the days passed on at Mount Holyoke. Autumn faded into winter, whose icy breath floated for a time over the mountain tops, and then melted away at the approach of spring, which, with its swelling buds and early flowers, gave way in its turn to the long bright days of summer. And now only a few weeks remained ere the annual examination at which Ida was to be graduated.

Neither Rose nor Jenny were to return the next year, and nothing but Mr. Lincoln's firmness and good sense had prevented their being sent for when their mother first heard that they had failed to enter the middle class. Mrs. Lincoln's mortification was undoubtedly greatly increased from the fact that the despised Mary had entered in advance of her daughters. "Things are coming to a pretty pass," said she. "Yes, a pretty pass; but I might have known better than to send my children to such a school."

She insisted upon sending for Rose and Jenny, but Mr. Lincoln promptly replied that they should not come home. Still, as Rose seemed discontented, complaining that so much exercise made her side and shoulder ache, and as Jenny did not wish to remain another year unless Mary did, he consented that they should leave school at the close of the term, on condition that they went somewhere else.

"I shall never make anything of Henry," said he, "but my daughters shall receive every advantage, and perhaps one or the other of them will comfort my old age."

He had spoken truly with regard to Henry, who was studying, or pretending to study, law in the same office with Billy Bender. But his father heard no favorable accounts of him, and from time to time large bills were presented. So it is no wonder the disappointed father sighed, and turned to his daughters for the comfort his only son refused to give.

For the examination at Mount Holyoke great preparations were being made. Rose, knowing she was not to return, seemed to think all further effort on her part unnecessary; and numerous were the reprimands, to say nothing of the black marks which she received. Jenny, on the contrary, said she wished to retrieve her reputation for laziness, and leave behind a good impression. So, never before in her whole life had she behaved so well, or studied as hard as she did during the last few weeks of her stay at Mount Holyoke. Ida, who was expecting her father, aunt and cousin to be present at the anniversary, was so engrossed with her studies that she did not observe how sad and low-spirited Mary seemed. She had tasted of knowledge and now thirsted for more; but it could not be; the funds were exhausted, and she must leave the school, never perhaps to return again.

"How much I shall miss my music, and how much I shall miss you," she said one day to Ida, who was giving her a lesson.

"It's too bad you haven't a piano," returned Ida, "you are so fond of it, and improve so fast!" Then after a moment, she added, "I have a plan to propose, and may as well do it now as at any time. Next winter you must spend with me in Boston. Aunt Martha and I arranged it the last time I was at home, and we even selected your room, which is next to mine, and opposite to Aunt Martha's. Now, what does your ladyship say to it?"

"She says she can't go," answered Mary.

"Can't go!" repeated Ida. "Why not? Jenny will be in the city, and you are always happy where she is; besides, you will have a rare chance for taking music lessons of our best teachers; and then, too, you will be in the same house with George, and that alone is worth going to Boston for, I think."

Ida little suspected that her last argument was the strongest objection to Mary's going, for, much as she wished to meet George again, she felt that she would not on any account go to his home, lest he should think she came on purpose to see him. There were other reasons, too, why she did not wish to go. Henry and Rose Lincoln would both be in the city, and she knew that neither of them would scruple to do or say anything which they thought would annoy her. Mrs. Mason, too, missed her, and longed to have her at home; so she resisted all Ida's entreaties, and the next letter which went to Aunt Martha carried her refusal.

In a day or two Mary received two letters, one from Billy and one from Mrs. Mason, the latter of which contained money for the payment of her bills; but, on offering it to the principal, how was she surprised to learn that her bills had not only been regularly paid and receipted, but that ample funds were provided for the defraying of her expenses during the coming year. A faint sickness stole over Mary, for she instantly thought of Billy Bender, and the obligation she would now be under to him forever. Then it occurred to her how impossible it was that he should have earned so much in so short a time; and as soon as she could trust her voice to speak, she asked who it was that had thus befriended her.

The preceptress was not at liberty to tell, and with a secret suspicion of Aunt Martha, Mary returned to her room to read the other letter, which was still unopened. Her head grew dizzy, and her spirits faint, as she read the passionate outpouring of a heart which had cherished her image for years, and which, though fearful of rejection, would still tell her how much she was beloved. "It is no sudden fancy," said he. "Once, Mary, I believed my affection for you returned, but now you are changed. Your letters are brief and cold, and when I look around for the cause I am led to fear that I was deceived in thinking you ever loved me. If I am mistaken, tell me so; but if I am not, if you can never be my wife, I will school myself to think of you as a brother would think of an only and darling sister."

For several days Mary had not been well, and the excitement produced by Billy's letter tended to increase her illness. During the hours in which she was alone that day she had ample time for reflection, and before night she wrote a letter to Billy, in which she told him how impossible it was for her to be the wife of one whom she had always loved as an own and dear brother. This letter caused Mary so much effort, and so many bitter tears, that for several days she continued worse, and at last gave up all hope of being present at the examination.

"Oh, it's too bad!" said Ida, "for I do want you to see Cousin George, and I know he'll be disappointed, too, for I never saw anything like the interest he takes in you."

A few days afterward, as Mary was lying thinking of Billy, and wondering if she had done right in writing to him as she did, Jenny came rushing in, wild with delight.

Her father was downstairs, together with Ida's father, George and Aunt Martha. "Most the first thing I did," said she, "was to inquire after Billy Bender! I guess Aunt Martha was shocked, for she looked so queer. George laughed, and Mr. Selden said he was doing well, and was one of the finest young men in Boston."

During the whole of George's stay at Mount Holyoke Rose managed to keep him at her side, entertaining him occasionally with unkind remarks concerning Mary, who, she said, was undoubtedly feigning her sickness so as not to appear in her classes where she knew she could do herself no credit; "but," said she, "as soon as the examination is over she'll get well fast enough and bother us with her company at Chicopee."

In this Rose was mistaken, for when the exercises closed Mary was still too ill to ride, and it was decided that she should remain a few days until Mrs. Mason could come for her. With many tears Ida and Jenny bade their young friend good-by, but Rose, when asked to go up and see her, turned away disdainfully, amusing herself during their absence by talking and laughing with George Moreland.

The room in which Mary lay commanded a view of the yard and gateway; and after Aunt Martha, Ida and Jenny had left, she arose, and stealing to the window, looked out upon the company as they departed. She could readily divine which was George Moreland, for Rose Lincoln's shawl and satchel were thrown over his arm, while Rose herself walked close to his elbow, apparently engrossing his whole attention. Once he turned around, but fearful of being observed, Mary drew back behind the window curtain, and thus lost a view of his face.

(To be continued.)

Vegetable Characteristics.

Certain plants are bohemian, nourishing themselves from day to day without care for the morrow.

Others, on the contrary, are profoundly selfish or provident—but for themselves, without occupying themselves with their neighbors. Such is, above all, the case with the potato, which, so long as it is living, not only takes the food and water necessary to its daily nourishment, but makes strong provision, storing—like the ant—its nourishment for winter in its tubercles. So when it has lost its green leaves, when its stem is dry, it can sleep in peaceful hope of renewed spring, its capital is put to one side ready to give new dividends at the general assembly of plants the following year. But it works for itself alone.

On the contrary, the bean is a plant devoted to her children. Knowing that she is soon going to die, she hurries to give her children the nourishment which it will be impossible for her to give later. She surrounds them with a sort of pocket of nourishment, which will permit them, when they are separated from her by wind or by death, to find their own existence. This classification of plants into bohemians and selfish and unselfish is worthy of being remarked.

Zulus of the Railroads.

"Do you know what a Zulu is?" said an old railroad man. The traveling man who was waiting for his train smiled in a way that was meant to indicate he knew all the species of Zulus that ever existed, and told the railroad man about the Africans, called Zulus, who maintained that continent's reputation for fighting before the Boers stepped in.

Little was doing in the railroad man's line just then, so he listened.

"Well, they may be Zulus all right enough," he remarked, "but they are not the sort of Zulus that travel on railroads. There is the kind that runs into these yards," and he pointed down the track, where a box car stood.

A stone pipe protruded through a hole in the door. The pipe was at an angle of about 35 degrees. A cloud of smoke was coming from it. Four blooded horses and a man were the occupants of that. The man was the Zulu. Taking care of valuable stock en route from one market to another was his business. He was a type of a class that railroad men on every line haev named the Zulus. They fit up the center of the cars for a sort of living room, and there in the midst of their animals live as happily as the road's president who passes them in his private car.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Promising Young Financier.

Little Isaac, who was barely 6 years old, was paid by his mother a penny per dozen for pins picked up from the carpet to keep the baby from getting them.

"Nurse," said little Isaac, as his stock of pennies increased, "do you know what I am going to do when I have 10 cents?"

"No," answered the nurse.

"I am going to buy a paper of pins and scatter them all over the floor, and then pick them up," replied the young financier.—Jewish World.