

# EUGENE WEEKLY GUARD.

CAMPBELL BROS., Proprietors.  
EUGENE, OREGON.

A man ate a bowl of yeast to win a bet, and is reported to be all puffed up over his success.

A farm has been discovered in Texas on which there is no oil. A stock company has been formed to promote it.

An ostrich tried to eat a collar button and died. The goat is about the only thing now remaining for the collar button to overthrow.

J. Pierpont Morgan called on King Edward recently, thus permitting the latter to see what a man can run things without wearing tussles looks like.

A Chicago woman alleges she can't live with her husband because he has a wooden leg. If all that's said by wives is true some of them are married to men with wooden heads.

Victims tendencies in children, if unchecked, develop alarmingly, and the career that begins in mere idleness and the bullying and plaguing of neighbors is liable to end in prison. Corporal punishment may no longer be administered in the institutions of the State, but the law does not reach into the home, and a good spanking just at the right time and place may save a shooting later.

The real wealth of nations is not to be computed by statisticians, who can do no more than make rows of figures representing what they judge to be the value of its material possessions and resources and foot up the items to a grand total. The character and capacity of a nation rather than its stores of wealth, whether in one form or another, make and keep it great. The editor of the London Statist a few days ago observed that the natural resources of the United States do not wholly account for its present keen industrial rivalry with European nations. He keenly remarks that the red men had the same country and the same resources, though they never seriously competed for the trade and commerce of Europe.

It may or may not be true that King Humbert's assassin, Bresci, was tortured by his guards. Probably he was not dealt with very gently. But in amount of mere physical suffering which his keepers could have inflicted without running the risk of killing him could have been worse than that made necessary by the very nature of his sentence. He was in solitary confinement, with nothing to do and just sufficient food and exercise to make it impossible for him to sicken and die. The human mind cannot get along without occupation and remain sane. To be placed in a small chamber with only stone walls to look at would soon shatter the strongest nerves. To be confined thus with the certainty that the confinement is for life probably would result in partial or total derangement for almost any person living. Italy considers the death penalty too severe a measure for any crime, but it may well be doubted if the few minutes of terror before guillotine or scaffold is not a less fearful punishment than the slow process which drove Bresci to madness and then to suicide.

The refusal of the Secretary of War to remit the penalties imposed by court-martial on the rowdy West Point cadets will do much to enforce the wholesome reign of discipline and good order at that institution. His course is approved by the President. United States Senators of the highest influence interceded unsuccessfully in behalf of the cashiered cadets. The offenders must take their medicine, some in expulsion, some in suspension for different periods and others in loss of rank. The penalties appear to have been equitably distributed according to the demands of justice in each case. If the egregious violations of discipline at the military academy had been condoned the students there at school to learn the duties of a soldier—the first duty being obedience—would have been corrupted by a taint which would have been virulent throughout their future careers. They never would have unlearned the bad lesson. The education of students at West Point is to fit them for the future duties of commanding officers in the army. If they do not learn first to obey they never will learn to command. The outbreak at the school was nothing less than mutiny. The mutineers were justly punished.

It is reasonable to suppose that the first successful attempt to travel by automobile from New York to Chicago will cause other automobilists to make similar experiments until the performance will cease to be regarded as unusual. The Chicago gentleman who, with his wife and a machinist, enjoys the honor of establishing the record, succeeded in covering the distance in less than eleven days, while the time actually consumed in traveling was only about ninety-eight hours. In other words, the automobile, if it had proceeded continuously, would have covered the distance from New York in only a little more than four days. The success of this experiment may be taken both as a sign that the American roadways are probably improving and as another inducement for continuing the good-roads movement. If the journey can be made now in approximately ten days, allowing for stoppages, breakdowns and delays due to imperfect roads, the time schedule should be reduced much further when the roads have been brought to the standard of perfection of European roads. With cheap and rapid automobiles, good roads and well-appointed lines linking the routes, what would a few hundred miles matter to the traveler bent on seeing the country?

Sarah Bernhardt, whose ignorance of family life in America is as great as her artistic fame, has undertaken to give her fellow countrymen her ideas of female education on this side of the Atlantic. She begins by making the grat-

ifying admission that the American woman leads a very different life from her French sister. It will be news throughout the millions of homes on this continent to learn from our recent visitor that "in America home scarcely exists. People live in hotels or employ housekeepers." This is so many leagues from the truth that it merely provokes a smile, but what do our readers of the gentler sex say to Sarah's assertion that the American woman "marries as late as possible," and that while in Europe the girls make haste "to escape from the family hearth and get at leisure to enter the bonds of matrimony, because to them marriage brings an obligation from which the unmarried are free." It would be interesting to know from what shallow gossip about American family life the divine but lax Sarah derived her stock of misinformation in regard to American homes and American girls. So far as our girls are concerned, no one has ever known them to show any backwardness about assuming the obligations of the married state. It is only a question of meeting the desirable and desired mate. Instead of marrying as late as possible our girls are a great deal more prone to marry in haste, in spite of the ancient injunction about repenting at leisure, than their cautious and canny brothers. The American girl, guided by an instinct that seldom fails her, regards the fresh bloom of early womanhood as the most fascinating possession of her sex. It is the charm that brings the suitors to her side in droves so she can choose. After it has passed she knows that, save in exceptional cases, her matrimonial fate will be summed up in the aged spinster's prayer, "Good Lord, any man."

## COLLEGE GIRL WHO FOUND STEALING FASCINATING.

An irresistible craving for excitement is held responsible for the thefts committed by Mabel Lawrence Burt, the daughter of an Edgerton, Mass., lawyer, who was arrested at Northampton, Mass., for stealing jewelry to the value of \$3,000 from her fellow-students at Smith College. In her confession after



MABEL LAWRENCE BURT.

the arrest the girl declared the value of the trinkets did not attract her so much as the danger of detection, which fascinated her and caused her to repeat her crime time and again as she noted the efforts to discover the thief. She knew she was doing wrong and that detection meant disgrace and perhaps a term in prison, but she could not resist the impulse to steal articles that would be missed and cause efforts to be made for their recovery. She told her father that on one occasion she stole a diamond ring belonging to her roommate, and then, filled with remorse, replaced the ring before its absence was noted. Within twenty-four hours she again stole the ring. She declares her stealing gave her a mental exhilaration which was enjoyable, and that after the first offense it was impossible for her to stop the practice.

Some of her friends believe the girl to be a victim of hypnotism. Others think she is mentally unbalanced as the result of an accident about a year ago, when she received an injury to her head that rendered her unconscious several hours. Two prominent physicians have reported that Miss Burt is suffering from mental derangement and should receive treatment.

## Remarkable Tree in Germany.

Naturalists in Germany are much interested in a wonderful old tree which has been discovered near Homburg. It is an oak, and is notable not only on account of its great bulk, but also for the fact that at the base of the trunk it is entirely hollow. The trunk, indeed, is not more than eight or nine feet high, but it is more than twenty feet in circumference. Some idea of the size of its interior may be gathered from the fact that four persons recently found ample room in it.

## The Subtle American Joke.

"Did you ever hear the joke about the guide in Rome who showed some travelers two skulls of St. Paul, one as a boy and the other as a man?" asked an American of a German friend, who claimed that he had acquired the real New England sense of humor. "No," said the German, beaming in anticipation of a good story. "Tell me at once, mein friend, dat joke." "Excuse me," said the American, "but you folks are so giddy and thoughtless! They don't consider the future!" "Second Sheep—Oh! well, my dear, you can't expect a young lamb to spend all its time thinking of roasting mutton!" "Puck."

## RECEIVES MUCH MAIL.

TENANTS OF A BUSY OFFICE BUILDING IN CHICAGO.

The Monadnock Block Has a Special Postal Sub-Station of Its Own Which Does the Second Largest Business in the City.

The smallest postal district in the world is under the roof of the Monadnock Building at Jackson, Dearborn and Van Buren streets, in Chicago. The building alone comprises a separate and distinct district in itself. At the same time the volume of business there is the largest of any of the sub-stations or board districts in the city, save that of the Board of Trade station. In this immense 17-storyed structure, which covers the small ground area of 400 feet long by 70 feet wide, nearly 6,000 people occupy 1,200 rooms. When it is considered that the population of many towns covering many miles of area do not reach that figure, some conception of the population of the Monadnock Building may be had. The comparison is a striking one, and serves to show what a large number of people can be crowded into a small space. It is also an example of the economy in ground space that has come to be necessary in this commercial age. And out of this economy has come the system of skyscrapers that the larger cities and especially Chicago, have been forced to build.

The Monadnock postal district was established last year, though a money order, stamp, and registered letter station was established there more than two years ago to meet the demands made by that section of the downtown district. Prior to that time the deliveries of mail in the building were made by carriers working out of the central station at the foot of Washington street, on the lake front. They would have to route their mail at the main office and then carry it to the Monadnock Building. The rapid increase in the volume of mail overburdened the carriers to such an extent as to cause the frequent use of auxiliary service, and the expenditure of money in car fare allowance in transporting the heavy mails from the central station to the building. In order to relieve the situation an investigation was made, resulting in the recommendation by Superintendent Garrity to Postmaster Gordon that the four carriers serving in the building from the main office be transferred to the Monadnock station, and that the mails be dispatched to them by wagon messenger. This recommendation was approved by Postmaster Gordon. The building thereupon was made a separate district and the carriers were transferred. The schedule of the wagon service was arranged so as to make close connection with the carriers' deliveries. It provided for sixteen dispatches daily from the central office to the Monadnock Building and twenty from the building to the central office, except on Sundays, when the number is only three to and two from the sub-station and district.

The carriers schedule in the building provides six deliveries every day except Sunday, and is so arranged as to enable the men to begin their deliveries practically the same time as they did when serving from the central station. In these six deliveries the carriers distribute on an average 25,000 pieces of mail daily in the great office structure. At least 75 per cent of the mail received here for delivery is addressed without room number. The difficulties and delays that would naturally grow out of this condition can readily be seen. The carriers who serve the district are old ones, however, and have reduced the apparent drawback to a minimum. Seldom is a mistake made in the distribution.

Long training and service in the postal department have made these carriers adepts, establishing a system that insures accurate delivery of mail to the persons to whom it is addressed. Every old or new occupant of the building is known to them. And when a new person comes into the building, no matter how humble or high in position, he gets his mail promptly. Such names are secured by the carriers on their respective floors and added to the list. Those who leave the building are also kept up with and their mail is forwarded to their new addresses. In fact, the district, though small in area, is a separate and distinct postoffice in itself, and the same routine is found there as in the central office. It only differs in degree.—Chicago Tribune.

## CORN POPULAR IN EUROPE.

Illinois' Great Cereal in Growing Demand Across the Pond.

It was over ten years ago that an attempt was made to popularize American corn in Europe by teaching foreign nations how to cook and prepare it in various ways, and the consumptive demand has steadily increased ever since. The "corn kitchen" at the Paris Exposition last summer was one more effective method of popularizing a cereal which in this country is considered equal to any raised. Before the department of agriculture sent its first representative abroad, nearly a dozen years ago, to show Europeans how to prepare corn products, there was a vague idea prevalent in most foreign countries that Indian maize was good enough for pigs and cattle, but not fit for human beings to eat. Even the poorest peasants of Northern and Southern Europe refused to touch the corn, although it could be obtained cheaper than the rye and barley which they ate daily in one form or another. It was the testimony of Mr. Vrony, the department's pioneer agent in the interests of corn, that the prejudice against eating corn was so great that it was almost impossible in some places to induce the poor people to eat corn products when offered to them free.

## The Savage Bachelor.

"A man who will leave his property to his wife only on condition of her not marrying again," said the Sweet Young Thing, "is as mean as he can be."

"Oh, I don't know," said the Savage Bachelor. "Perhaps he is a friend to mankind."—Indianapolis Journal.

## Longest Word in the Language.

The longest word in the English language is "Pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanoblastitis," a jointed word of twenty-eight letters. "Transubstantiationableness" is the next longest.

## About the Right and Left Hand.

The right hand, which is more sensitive to the touch than the left, is less sensitive than the latter to the effect of heat or cold.

## Addition to Self and Subtraction from Others.

Knowledge of arithmetic.

The ocean has its uses; therefore poets are wrong in calling it a watery waste.

pare them American corn products as fine food certainly received more of their share of attention, and it is not impossible that thousands of new converting recruits were made by this exhibition.

The national food crop of Germany and Russia is rye, while that of France is wheat, that of China rice and that of India millet. Corn cannot be said to be our national food crop exactly, for we are heavy raisers and consumers of wheat, too, but we can raise corn at a cost that enables us to sell it in competition with nearly all the national foods of other countries. Thus, from the standpoint of actual nourishment obtained from the foods, we can sell corn in Russia cheaper than the peasants can raise their rye, and in France far cheaper than the farmers can produce their wheat. It is fair under these circumstances to suppose that the more general introduction of our corn among the poorer classes of Europe will mean a corresponding increase in the demand for it as human food. At present we ship our corn to all parts of the world, and the natives of Europe, South America, Central America, Australia, Africa, Canada, China, Mexico and West Indies have abundant opportunities to discover its virtues as a human food. It is quite evident that the propaganda movement in the interests of corn has already borne fruit. We are told by the statisticians that during the last five years our exports of corn have averaged 173,818,301 bushels per annum, while during the five years before that date the annual average exports of corn were only 49,054,963 bushels. This shows an increase of some 254 per cent.—Harper's Weekly.

## KING OF ITALY'S DISCOVERIES.

Why Victor Emmanuel is Unpopular with His Civil Servants.

There is an element of the unexpected about King Victor Emmanuel which is beginning to render him motoso (a bore) to certain classes of his subjects. I suppose all the world over civil service clerks are more assiduous than any others in their efforts to render their positions sinecures, but in Italy they reach the acme of perfection in this respect. The other morning Sig. Prinetti, minister of foreign affairs, went, as usual, to the Quirinal for the royal signature to various documents, which the king signed without comment until he arrived at one of the augmentation of the staff of the foreign office. "This," he said, to the surprise of the minister, "you may leave; I desire to look into it," and there the matter ended for the moment, says the Rome correspondent of the Fall Mail Gazette.

The next morning his majesty went out alone and on foot, arriving at the foreign office about 9 o'clock, and began a tour of discovery, we may call it, in search of some one to speak to. At last, in a small room toward the roof he came upon a lone man busily engaged in rolling a cigarette. "Ah!" said the king, "you are already at your work; pray what are the regulations morning hours in this office?" "From 8 to 12," stammered the unhappy man, wishing his bad luck had not led him so early out of bed. "And what hour, may I ask, can I hope to see your catalogues?" "About 11," the embarrassed clerk replied, too confused not to tell the truth. "Oh, well, go on with your smoke, and tell your chief of my visit when he comes," which, of course, was done, causing dismay to reign supreme in the breasts of the 300-odd clerks thus caught napping. Meanwhile the minister was called and drily told that instead of increasing the staff of the office it might be just as well to see that those already there did their duty.

## Mrs. Albert's Petticoat.

A Scotch newspaper prints an anecdote so characteristic of photographers in general that no one could doubt its authenticity.

On one of the first visits of the late Queen Victoria and Prince Albert to Deside, a photographer from Aberdeen was ordered to Balmoral to photograph them. In no wise embarrassed by the august pair, he arranged them to his satisfaction, canted their heads and plucked at their garments with a free hand, and then retired behind his black curtain to see if they were in proper focus. Immediately after a hand appeared waving and to their immense amusement, the order came: "A little less white petticoat, Mrs. Albert, if you please."

## A Youthful Calculator.

A little girl who had been studying fractions, when told by her mother that eggs were 9 cents a dozen, called out to Rob, her younger brother, "You don't know how much that is apiece, and I do."

## Robert thought a moment, and answered proudly, "Yes, I do; you get a cent apiece for nine and three for nothing."—Youth's Companion.

## The Pope's Golden Rose.

The golden rose which the Pope gives every year to a royal lady distinguished for loyalty both to the Pope and to the Church of Rome is made of pure gold, and is valued at \$10,000. There is a golden rose in the center, in which the Pope pours balsam, this being surrounded with smaller rosebuds and leaves, all of the purest gold, and chiseled with exquisite workmanship.

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# FROM POORHOUSE TO PALACE

BY MARY J. HOLMES

CHAPTER XIV.

Mary returned home and a few days later was solicited to take charge of a select school. But Mrs. Mason thought it best for her to return to Mount Holyoke and accordingly she declined Mr. Knight's offer, greatly to his disappointment, and that of many others. One morning about a week after her return to her mother's grave, "I am accustomed to so much exercise," said she, "that I can easily walk three miles, and perhaps on my way home I shall get a ride."

Mrs. Mason made no objection, and Mary was soon on her way. She was a rapid walker, and almost before she was aware of it reached the village. As she came near Mrs. Campbell's wish naturally arose that Ella should accompany her. Looking up, she saw her sister in the garden and called to her.

"What are you doing back here, and un-tilled answer which came long and, in a moment Ella appeared round the corner of the house, carefully swinging her straw hat and humming a fashionable song. On seeing her sister she burst back the corners of her mouth into something which she intended for a smile, and said, "Why, I thought it was Bridget calling me, you looked so much like her in that gingham sunbonnet. Won't you come in?"

"Thank you," returned Mary. "I was going to my mother's grave, and thought perhaps you would like to accompany me."

"Oh, no," said Ella, in her usual drawing tone, "I don't know as I want to go. I was there last week, and saw the monument."

"What monument?" asked Mary, and Ella replied, "The monument to Mrs. Mason, or the town, or somebody, had bought a monument, with mother's and father's and Frank's and Alice's names on it?"

Mary, hurrying on, soon reached the graveyard, where, as Ella had said, there stood by her parents' grave a large, handsome monument. William Bender was the first person who came into her mind, and as she thought of all that had passed between them, and of this last proof of his affection, she seated herself among the tall grass and flowers which grew upon her mother's grave and burst into tears. She had not sat there long ere she was roused by the sound of a footstep. Looking up, she saw before her the young girl who had not so long ago returned to her school in Rice Corner. Seating herself respectfully by her side, she spoke of the three graves, and asked if they were her friends who slept there. There was something so kind and affectionate in her voice a manner that Mary could not repress her tears, and snatching up her bonnet, which she had thrown aside, she hid her face in it and again wept.

For a time Mr. Stuart suffered her to weep, and then gently removed the gingham, and, holding her hand between his, he tried to divert her mind by talking upon other topics, asking her how she had been employed during the year, and appearing greatly pleased when told that she had been at Mount Holyoke, observing at length that her eyes con- tained a certain sparkle, and that she spoke of that, praising its beauty, and asking if it were her taste.

"No," said she. "I never saw it until to-day, and did not even know it was here."

"Someone wished to surprise you, I dare say," returned Mr. Stuart. "It was manufactured in Boston, I see. Have you friends there?"

Mary replied that she had one, a Mr. Bender, to whom Mr. Stuart quickly rejoined, "Is it William Bender? I have heard of him through our mutual friend, George Ireland, whom you perhaps have seen?"

Mary felt the earnest gaze of the large, dark eyes which were fixed upon her face, and coloring deeply, she replied that they came from England in the same vessel.

"Indeed!" said Mr. Stuart. "When I return to the city shall I refresh his memory with a little regard to you?"

"I'd rather you would not," answered Mary. "Our paths in life are very different; and he, of course, would feel no interest in me."

"Am I to conclude that you, too, feel no interest in him?" returned Mr. Stuart, and again his large eyes rested on Mary's face with a curious expression.

But she made no reply, and, soon rising up it was time for her to go home.

Vacation was over, and again in the halls of Mount Holyoke was heard the tread of many feet, and the sound of youthful voices as one by one the pupils came back to their accustomed places. To return or not, for much as she desired an education she could not help feeling delicate about receiving it from a stranger, but Mrs. Mason, to whom all her thoughts and feelings were confided, advised her to return, and accordingly the Mount Holyoke, where she was warmly welcomed by her teachers and companions. Still, it did not seem like the old time, for Ida was not there, and Jenny's merry laugh was gone.

Patience, persevering through the year she studied, storing her mind with useful knowledge; and when at last the annual examination came, not one in the senior class stood higher, or was graduated with more honor than herself. Mrs. Mason's pride and fondness for a parent's pride and fondness for an adopted child, as she promptly responded to every question. But it was not Mrs. Mason's presence alone which incited Mary to do so well. Among the crowd of spectators she caught a glimpse of a face which twice before she had seen—once in the school room at Rice Corner and once in the graveyard at Felt Corner. Turn which way she would, she felt that she saw how intently Mr. Stuart watched her, and when at last the exercises were over, and she with others untiringly received in the direction whence she knew he sat. For an instant their eyes met, and in the expression of his face she read an approval warmer than words could have expressed.

That night Mary sat alone in her room, listening almost nervously to the sound of every footstep, and half-starting up if it came near her door. But for certain reasons Mr. Stuart did not think proper to expect her, and she was several miles on his way home.

In a day or two Mary returned to Chicago, but did not, like Ella, lay her books aside and consider her education finished. Two or three hours each morning were

devoted to study, or reading of some kind. For several weeks nothing was allowed to interfere with this arrangement, but at the end of that time the quiet of Mrs. Mason's house was disturbed by the unexpected arrival of Aunt Martha and Ida, who came up to Chicago for the purpose of inducing Mrs. Mason and Mary to spend the coming winter in Boston. At first Mrs. Mason hesitated, but every objection which either she or Mary raised was so easily put aside that she finally consented, saying she would be ready to go about the middle of November.

CHAPTER XV.

"Come this way, Mary. I'll show you your chamber. It's right here next to mine," said Ida Selden, as on the evening of her friend's arrival she led her up to a handsomely furnished apartment, which for many weeks had borne the title of "Mary's room."

"Oh, how pleasant!" was Mary's exclamation, as she surveyed the room in which everything was arranged with such perfect taste.

Mary was too happy to speak, and, dropping into the easy-chair, she burst into tears. In a moment Ida, too, was seated in the same chair, with her arm around Mary's neck. Then, as her own eyes chanced to fall upon some vases, she brought one of them to Mary, saying, "See, these are for you—a present from one who bade me present them with his compliments to the little girl who nursed him on board the Windermere, and who cried because he called her ugly!"

Mary's heart was almost audible in its beating, and her cheeks took on the hue of the cushions on which she reclined. Returning the vase to the mantelpiece, Ida came back to her side, and, bending close to her face, she whispered, "Consin George told me of you years ago, when he first came here, but I forgot all about it, and when we were at Mount Holyoke I never suspected that you were the little girl he used to talk so much about. But a few days before he went away he reminded me of it again, and then I understood why he was so much interested in you. I wonder you never told me you knew him, for, of course, you like him. You can't help it."

Mary only heard a part of what Ida said. "Just before he went away," was the first thing she heard, and she was all ears. A cloud gathered upon her brow, and Ida, readily divining its cause, replied, "Yes, George is gone. Either he or father must go to New Orleans, and so George, of course, went. Isn't it too bad? I cried and fretted, but he only pulled my ears, and then I should think I'd be glad, for he knew we wouldn't want a six-footer domineering over us, and following us everywhere, as he would surely do were he here."

Mary felt more disappointed than she was willing to acknowledge, and for a moment she half-wished herself back at Chicago, but soon recovering her equanimity, she ventured to ask how long George was to be gone.

"Until April, I believe," said Ida; "but anyway you are to stay until he comes, for Aunt Martha promised to keep you. I don't know exactly what George said to her about you, but they talked together more than two hours, and she says you are to take music lessons and drawing lessons, and all that. George is very fond of music."

The next morning between 10 and 11 in the doorkill rang, and in a moment Jenny Lincoln, with father's house was just opposite, came tripping into the parlor. She had lost in a measure that roundly of person so offensive to her mother, and it seemed to Mary that there was a thoughtful expression on her face never seen there before, but in all other respects she was the same affectionate, merry-hearted Jenny.

"I just this minute heard you were here, and came over just as I was," said she. After asking Mary if she wasn't sorry George had gone, and if she expected to find Mr. Stuart, she said, "I suppose you know Ella here, and breaking everybody's heart, of course. She went to a concert with us last evening, and looked perfectly beautiful. Henry says she is the handsomest girl he ever saw, and I do hope she'll make something of him, but I'm afraid he is only trifling with her."

If there was a person in the world whom Mary thoroughly detested it was Henry Lincoln, and her eyes sparkled and flashed so indignantly that Ida noticed it, and said, "You don't seem to like him, do you? After a time Mary turned to Jenny, saying, "You haven't told me a word about—about William Bender. Is he well?"

Jenny blushed deeply, and, hastily replying that he was the last time she saw him, started up, whispering in Mary's ear, "Oh, I've got so much to tell you—but I must go now."

Ida accompanied her to the door, and asked why Rose, too, did not call. In her usual frank, open way Jenny answered, "You know why. Rose is so queer."

Ida understood her, and replied, "Very well; but tell her that I don't seem to fit to notice my visitors I certainly shall not be polite to hers."

This message had the desired effect, for Rose, who was daily expecting a Miss King from Philadelphia, felt that nothing would mortify her more than to be neglected by Ida, who was rather a leader among the young fashionables. Accordingly, after a long consultation with her mother, she concluded it best to call upon Mary. In the course of the afternoon, she saw Mr. Selden's carriage drive away from his door with Ida and her visitor.

"Now is my time," thought she; and without a word to her mother or Jenny she threw on her bonnet and shawl, and in her three French slippers stepped across the street and rang Mr. Selden's doorbell. Of course she was "so disappointed not to find the young ladies at home," and, leaving her carriage for them, tripped back highly pleased with her own cleverness.

Meanwhile Ida and Mary were enjoying their ride about the city, until, coming suddenly upon an organ grinder and frightened and rattled horses became alarmed and dragging it some distance. Fortunately Ida was only bruised, but Mary received a severe cut upon her head, which, with the fright, caused her to faint. A young man who was passing down the street and saw the accident, immediately came to the rescue; and when Mary awoke to consciousness, Billy Bender was supporting her and gently pushing back from her face the thick curls of her long hair.

"Who is she? Who is she?" asked the eager voice of the group around; but

no one answered until a young gentleman, issuing from one of the fashionable saloons, came blustering up, demanding "what the row was?"

Upon seeing Ida, his manner changed instantly, and he ordered the crowd to "stand back," at the same time forcing his way forward until he caught a glimpse of Mary's face.

"Whew! Bill," said he, "your old flame, the pauper, isn't it?"

It was fortunate for Henry Lincoln that otherwise, as he might have measured his length upon the sidewalk, and in a used Miss Howard's name. By this time the horses were caught, another carriage procured, and Mary, still supported by Billy Bender, was carefully lifted into a hack.

Many of Ida's friends, hearing of the accident, flocked in to see and to inquire about the young lady who was injured. Among the first who called was Lizzie Upton from Chicago. On her way home she was immediately met by Ella, who knew "what the beautiful young lady was that Henry Lincoln had so heroically saved from a violent death—dragging her out from under the horses' heels!"

Lizzie looked at her a moment in surprise, and then replied, "Why, Miss Upton, is it possible that you don't know it was your own sister?"

It was Henry Lincoln himself who had given Ella her information, without, however, telling the lady's name; and when she learned that "was Mary, she was too much surprised to answer, and "Oh, how pleasant!" was Mary's exclamation, as she surveyed the room in which everything was arranged with such perfect taste.

Mary was too happy to speak, and, dropping into the easy-chair, she burst into tears. In a moment Ida, too, was seated in the same chair, with her arm around Mary's neck. Then, as her own eyes chanced to fall upon some vases, she brought one of them to Mary, saying, "See, these are for you—a present from one who bade me present them with his compliments to the little girl who nursed him on board the Windermere, and who cried because he called her ugly!"

Mary's heart was almost audible in its beating, and her cheeks took on the hue of the cushions on which she reclined. Returning the vase to the mantelpiece, Ida came back to her side, and, bending close to her face, she whispered, "Consin George told me of you years ago, when he first came here, but I forgot all about it, and when we were at Mount Holyoke I never suspected that you were the little girl he used to talk so much about. But a few days before he went away he reminded me of it again, and then I understood why he was so much interested in you. I wonder you never told me you knew him, for, of course, you like him. You can't help it."

Mary only heard a part of what Ida said. "Just before he went away," was the first thing she heard, and she was all ears. A cloud gathered upon her brow, and Ida, readily divining its cause, replied, "Yes, George is gone. Either he or father must go to New Orleans, and so George, of course, went. Isn't it too bad? I cried and fretted, but he only pulled my ears, and then I should think I'd be glad, for he knew we wouldn't want a six-footer domineering over us, and following us everywhere, as he would surely do were he here."

## MAKING GIRLS HAPPY ON FARMS.

Mrs. Meredith Tells About the School for Farmers' Wives in Minnesota.

What the West is doing in the way of training girls to live happy lives on farms was very ably shown at Huntington hall, Boston, recently by Mrs. Virginia C. Meredith, preceptress of the school of agriculture of Minnesota university.

Mrs. Meredith has herself conducted a successful stock farm for many years, and she believes thoroughly in the farm life for young people.

"The farm home," she said, "is in my mind the ideal home, and I am glad to say that the thought in our school is always to educate the girl for the life she will have to live."

"At first we had only boys in the school, but when these, noticing that their sisters and sweethearts needed to learn just what they were learning, begged us to take girls, too, we did so, and now for four years we have been training farmers' daughters to make happy farm homes."

"Our girls study side by side with the boys the different breeds of the stock and the various developments of plant life. A farmer's wife needs to know how to tell a shorthorn from a longhorn, and what season is best for planting corn."

"We have been hearing in the past much about the man's desire to get away from the farm. The reason for his restlessness lies in the dissatisfaction of his women folk with farm life. They needed to be taught that it was interesting to make a farm home."

"We give our girls special work adapted to women in the home, such as cooking, which extends through the three years, dairy chemistry, and plant life. Butter-making is not dropted to the girl who understands the way of it, and sewing is rapidly gaining its place as a sort of art work that gives to that patterns are comprehensible things and not Chinese puzzles."

"The girl is taught, too, about titles, the most interesting subject from the farmer's standpoint; and she attends lectures on household art in which suitability is shown to be the desideratum of a purchase of furniture."

"The application made in our school of mechanical drawing—that of designing model farmhouses—will have a great influence on the coming farm home of Minnesota. When the present generation build houses they will be convenient ones."

## An Amusing Trick.

An ingenious trick has turned up which can be played with either matches or tooth-picks—the latter preferably. You simply take up a bunch of matches or tooth-picks, anywhere from eight to two dozen, and, holding them tightly in both hands break them in the center. Then throw them on the table and say—

"The man who gets the last one stays for the cigars."

At the same time you take out one piece. That makes it absolutely certain—as there must then necessarily be an odd number in the pile—that your companion will get the last piece. It is curious to see how often this trick may be played before the victim can begin to understand the principle upon which it is worked.

## Photographing Jewelry.

Photographing jewelry is an excellent way of protecting it, though comparatively few American women take to it. In England the custom of preserving jewelry in photographs is much more prevalent than it is in New York. Pictures of English women of wealth and position usually display the entire contents of their jewelry boxes, and their tiaras, stomachers and necklaces are frequently as a means of identification rarely dare to keep things in boxes for even the briefest time. American women owning valuable jewelry are not likely to possess and photographs of it, unless they were especially taken. And that precaution has so far been observed in few cases.

## Chinese Funerals.

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