EUGENE WEEKLY GUARD.

CAMPBELL BROS., Proprietors.

EUGENE.....OREGON.

Painful thought—perhaps the man in the moon is a snow man!

We pause in our advance toward the higher life to note that a new cotillon has been discovered.

The Georgia sheriff discovered that the way to discourage lynchers was to kill one or two of them.

The latest trust aiming at the popular neck is a $20,000,000 collar and shirt combine in New York.

Finding ordinary professional methods too slow a Singapore doctor dispatched six persons with a spear.

A man, whose real name is Elijah Dowie, wants the courts to change it. Fate is praticularly cruel to some people.

Apparently J. Pierpont Morgan didn't like the looks of King Edward's outfit. The great financier failed to bring it away with him.

In Paris nowadays only those families who own private balloons can really consider themselves in the upper circles of society.

The president of one of the colleges says: "Reading is a dangerous habit." He must have been trying one of the new historical novels.

Speaking of recent decisions of the United States Supreme Court, Justice Brewer's decision to get married seems to be generally approved.

The census bureau believes in expansion. Instead of 76,061,128, the first figures, it places the 1900 population of the United States now at 76,303 387.

We are frequently told that man in the early ages lived a life of simplicity and innocence—yet the first man born in the world killed the second.

When the small boy gets to stubbing around all day in the happy vacation time, pa begins to think that he is the father to a centipede by the demand for shoes.

A naval cadet of the senior class stood a freshman on his head and a court martial rapidly gathered and sent him home. Uncle Sam seems to be in real earnest on the hazing question.

Theatrical managers predict that there will be an important Shakspearean revival in America next season. In other words, there will be a change from coon songs to ranting Richards.

While a New Jersey man had to pay $50 for kissing a woman, there are cases on record where indulgence in this delight has obliged men to pay the best part of their salaries all their lives.

A statistician "calculates" that in 350 years the population of the earth will be so dense as to make 1,000 persons to a mile. Then the planet will be "full." Unless a new fuel, however, shall be invented or discovered diminution of the world's coal supplies will meanwhile make the globe empty except of bones.

In northwestern Montana, near the British line, there is a lake the waters of which flow through the St. Mary river to Hudson Bay. The divide between the lake and the headwaters of the Milk river, an affluent of the Missouri, is so low that engineers say it would be feasible to divert the outlet from Canadian to American territory. As water for irrigation is highly valued on both sides of the line, the question whether the United States has a right to divert it is one of international interest, and may yet become important.

At a recent woman's meeting where parliamentary points were getting tangled and feelings embittered, Mrs. William Tod Helmuth begged that the ladies heed the rules of the Pilgrims: "Touch no state matters; pick no quarrels; reveal no secrets; maintain no ill opinions; make no comparisons; lay no wagers." These maxims have since been known in that circle as "Fanny's recipe for club elections." Oddly enough, King Edward recently discovered an old black-letter manuscript bearing the same rules, which he has caused to be framed and posted in Windsor Castle. They may be recommended to persons who are not habitues of clubs or castles.

A London newspaper describes a school in which there can be no suggestion of class distinctions among the pupils. An Englishwoman is the teacher, and the fifteen scholars are all princesses of the royal family of Siam. The instruction is varied. The sight of a princess with a broom or engaged in baking indicates the practical nature of the teaching. To wash clothes thoroughly, lay the table properly, arrange flowers, in short, to acquire a good knowledge of housekeeping, is one branch of accomplishment which the royal group neither scorns nor slights. There are American girls, according to common report, who would not care to be photographed as broom-users, cooks or washers, from a false idea that useful work might detract from their social rating. The royal women of Siam, on the contrary, seem to covet the best domestic gifts.

The Congregational Church at Grinnell has done the only thing it could do, by casting out George D. Herron from its membership. If this act, says the Chicago Journal, would also be the means of casting him out from all association with decent people and make him a social pariah everywhere, the punishment would then most adequately fit his crime. One matter for congratulation there is, and that is for Mrs. Herron. She has gained good riddance of a man utterly unworthy of her. She has very much the best of the bargain. Herron's letter to the council that tried him is the usual plea of the man who, tired of one woman, finds his "affinity" in another. There is not a line in Herron's defensive letter that would not be indorsed by Brigham Young were that veteran married man and "affinity" seeker alive. Miss Rand has for the present been "sealed," but there is nothing in Herron's avowed principles to present his seeking other "affinities" and of leaving her whenever conscience—Herron's conscience—tells him that he is "living a lie" and had better make a change. Miss Rand would better hold on to the purse strings and continue to be the financial head of the firm. Then some day, when she tired of Herron, as she will, she can look around for some other clergyman's family to break up. They are a nice pair, these two.

The wife of a President bears no small part of the burden of his great office. It is much as it is with a clergyman's wife; a church employs only the minister, but it often demands much of his helpmate. It is in social affairs that the wife of a President principally appears. Mrs. McKinley, on account of the frailness of her health, has always been excused by common consent from many duties which ordinarily fall upon the mistress of the White House. At the formal receptions she has usually occupied a chair in the receiving line, and instead of attempting to shake hands with those who were presented to her, has merely bowed pleasantly as they passed. Countless appeals are made to the wife of any President. Persons who seek to secure some favor from him think how powerful an ally in their efforts she might be, without realizing how impossible it would become to transact public business in that way. For example, women who desire for their husbands appointed to office, to save the family from want, or for a son a cadetship at West Point, or the pardon of a nephew, often try to secure the intercession of the President's wife. These requests are usually made by mail, but personal appeals are not unknown. Moreover, the influence of the President's wife in behalf of experimental charities, young musicians and new books is constantly sought. In its bestowal the greatest discretion is necessary. The "first lady of the land" possesses great opportunities for the display of tactfulness and diplomacy in her attitude toward people on the great occasions, and in those more select groups summoned to the White House. What she does not say is sometimes quite as significant as what she says. Many a victory of statesmanship is won in the drawing room; and over the most famous drawing room in the land it is the privilege of the wife of the President to preside.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

A new portrait of Queen Alexandra, showing her in her royal robes and coronet, is here reproduced. Alexandra, who holds her youthful beauty most remarkably, looks every inch a queen. There is little doubt that much of the popularity of King Edward is due to the deep affection in which his gracious consort is held.

Why They Went Smoothly.

The following story is told by a traveler about one of the local railways in Ireland:

We were bounding along, he said, at the rate of about seven miles an hour and the whole train was shaking terribly. I expected every moment to see my bones protruding through my skin. Passengers were rolling from one end of the carriage to the other. I held on firmly to the arms of the seat. Presently we settled down a bit quieter—at least, I could keep my hat on and my teeth didn't chatter.

There was a quiet-looking man opposite me. I looked up with a ghastly smile, wishing to appear cheerful and said:

"We are going a little smoother, I see."

"Yes," he said; "we're off the line now."—London Spare Moments.

Tommy's Nightmare.

Those awful annual examinations.

Third Edition to Press.

She was a sweet young thing, and they had exchanged the ballroom for the conservatory. As his arm stole about her mousseline de sole waist she murmured:

"Am I the first girl you ever hugged?"

He was a newspaper man, and therefore he could not tell a lie, so he replied:

"No, sweetness; you are the third edition I have put to press to-night."—Yonkers Statesman.

Occasionally an office seeks the man, but the majority of them are kept busy trying to dodge him.

A little money is often a dangerous thing.

WOMEN CARRY U. S. MAIL.

Men Couldn't Do It, So They Have the Contracts.

The determination and nerve of a woman have come to the rescue of the postal authorities in supplying a carrier for the United States mail on the star route between Sterling and Milledgeville, Ill. Mrs. Frank Giffrow, of Sterling, has taken the position as driver of the mail wagon and stage which makes the trip daily, a drive of thirty miles. The contract for carrying the mail over the route was let some time ago to Chester A. Call, of Algona, Ia., and it has been an elephant on his hands. A Sterling liveryman was engaged as driver, but gave it up, and then a firm of blacksmiths undertook to deliver the mail for Mr. Call. They lost over a hundred dollars in three months, owing to accidents and lack of business on the stage which carries the mail. Several drivers were hired for short terms, each finally becoming disgusted and quitting.

Then Mrs. Giffrow came to the rescue and made a contract to deliver the mail for a year for $420, Contractor Call paying her that price at a loss of $90 to himself on the contract. On her first trip Mrs. Giffrow carried a large quantity of ice cream to supply a lodge banquet at Milledgeville. She has secured a spirited team and new wagon and will make an effort to build up the passenger business, which was once considerable. She has the privilege of carrying all sorts of merchandise, and has already arranged to deliver milk for a dairyman, but she refused to carry a jug of whisky to Milledgeville. The people of Sterling, Jordan, Coleta, and Milledgeville, the line of her route, are confident of her success where so many others have failed. Mrs. Giffrow's husband is a carpenter and she has several children, all old enough to attend school while she is making her trips.

The Milledgeville star route is one of the few remaining stage routes in this section of the country and has a history of fascinating interest. In early days the old stage route from Freeport to Rock Island was infested by the "prairie bandits," the band of murders and robbers that was broken up by Detective Bonney and the "Regulators" of the early '30s. It was along this route that Bonney took the murderers of Colonel Davenport to Rock Island, holding pistols to their heads as the bandits rode up to the stage and preventing the rescue of the prisoners.

WOMEN MAIL CARRIERS.

It was along this route that the "underground railroad" of ante-bellum days ran, and the old stage brought disguised slaves to the homes of Ivory Colcord and other Abolitionists in the region of Coleta. After the war there were several murders along the line between Milledgeville and Sterling, the last one being the killing of George Kauffman four years ago, of whose murderers the officers and detectives have never been able to find the slightest clew.

The country now is thickly settled, substantial farm houses and occasional churches and schools line the route, but the road is beset with many difficulties. The spring freshets swell the Elkhorn Creek into a raging torrent, sometimes sweeping men and horses from the road to meet death in the stream. Through Jordan Township a graveled road goes over the hills, and the descent to the plains of Genesee is made on the perilous slope of the "Big Mound," where, in the winter, treacherous snow banks hide the gullies and where accidents are common the year around.

Another Sterling woman, Miss Ethel Wahl, sister of Deputy Sheriff Frank Wahl, has been engaged as substitute carrier for the three rural free delivery mail routes out of Sterling, and has covered one of the routes successfully. Special Agent Charles Lynn, who has charge of the rural free delivery routes in the Central States, awarded the position to Miss Wahl personally, expressing the utmost confidence in woman mail carriers, who, he said, had been tried in other places and had tended to the business better, had covered the routes more speedily and with fewer mistakes and complaints than the men.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Giant Trees of the Pacific Coast Have Never Been in Jeopardy.

Statements in the California papers that the sequoias have no commercial value are apt to create surprise at all the effort that has been needed to begin the work of making these giant trees public instead of private property in order to preserve them. If they have a sentimental value only no great price should be asked for them. Indeed, that is the argument addressed to the eastern owner of the Calaveras grove, with whom the national government is dickering. Hitherto he has been threatening unless his price was paid to convert the trees into lumber, when "every lumberman knows that the trees are of no value for milling," says the San Francisco Chronicle.

In the first place, the San Francisco paper explains, the cost of felling any one of the ninety-two big trees on the 500-acre tract would be excessive. It would take five men twenty-two days to bore enough holes through any tree thirty feet in diameter. After being felled the trunk would have to be cut into forty-foot lengths to be serviceable. A block of wood, say, thirty-three feet in diameter by forty feet in length, would weigh about 600 tons and no machinery has yet been built capable of handling it. No saw could work on such a section, if it were possible to get it to a mill, and to split it with dynamite, as Mr. Whiteside once suggested, would shatter the log and spoil the lumber. In other words, the big trees are vastly too massive for commercial use.—New York Evening Post.

A DEMOCRATIC EMPEROR.

Many Little Acts of Kindness of Francis Joseph of Austria.

Like many who live in the rarified atmosphere of courts, Emperor Francis Joseph enjoys nothing better than a glimpse into the lives of his humblest subjects. So, in order to come closer in touch with the peasants, he has fallen into the habit of walking out alone every Sunday afternoon. Usually he turns his back upon the city and strolls out upon one of the country roads, where he almost invariably finds a companion going the same way, a simple tiller of the soil. When the Emperor's questions regarding the details of life in the work-a-day world

EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH.

bring down no suspicion of his identity; when he is regarded merely as a kind, chatty stranger then he is pleased. On one occasion an old man having listened to the sovereign's talk with a group of laborers, without knowing who he was, followed Francis Joseph as he retraced his steps to the city. Gradually the old man edged up alongside. "Hello, stranger, you going up to town, too, looking for work?" he inquired, confidentially. His answer was a bright gold piece slipped into his hand by the "stranger," accompanied by a few words of cheer. This unexpected liberality on the part of his affable companion so fascinated the peasant that they walked on together until they reached the palace gate. Some time later a foot passenger found the bewildered old man stumbling along the road, looking first at the gold piece in his palm and then back over his shoulder toward the Emperor's palace.

WILL BECOME A TRAINED NURSE.

Miss Mary Brent Whiteside, beautiful daughter of Mrs. F. S. Whiteside, of Atlanta, Ga., niece of former Secretary Hoke Smith, and a distant relative of Mayor Van Wyck, is one of the latest society girls to take up the profession of nursing.

MISS MARY BRENT WHITESIDE.

"Brent" Whiteside, as she is known to her intimates, has always taken a serious view of life. Her parents frequently urged her to give more attention to society, but in vain. For a time she turned her attention to literature, and for several years was editor of an Atlanta paper.

Shrewd.

"I insist that my daughter shall play nothing but classical music," said Mr. Sirius Barker.

"For what reason?"

"None of the neighbors know a thing about it, and she can murder a piece all she wants to without their daring to say a word."—Washington Star.

His Pessimistic Idea.

"Everybody, you know, marries for better or for worse," said the married man.

"Yes," said the bachelor, gloomily, "and generally gets the worse."—Somerville Journal.

Strange.

Crimsonbeak—You say you never eat sausages?

Yeast—Never; they don't agree with me.

"That's strange. I always thought that the dog was man's best friend."—Yonkers Statesman.

A cabinetmaker is one of the circumstances that alter cases.

FROM POORHOUSE TO PALACE

BY MARY J. HOLMES

CHAPTER XVI.

"Oh, mother, won't you take this pillow from my head and put another blanket on my feet, and fix the fire, and give me some water, or something? Oh, dear, dear!" groaned poor Rose Lincoln, as with aching head and lungs she did penance for her imprudence in crossing the wet, slippery street in thin slippers and silken hose.

Mrs. Lincoln, who knew nothing of this exposure, loudly lamented the extreme delicacy of her daughter's constitution, imputing it wholly to Mount Holyoke discipline, and wishing, as she had often done before, that "she'd been wise and kept her at home." Jenny would have wished so, too, if by this means Rose's illness could have been avoided, for it was not a very agreeable task to stay in that close sick-room, listening to the complaints of her fault-finding sister, who tossed and turned and fretted, from morning until night, sometimes wishing herself dead, and then crying because she "wanted something, and did not know what."

"Oh! dear," said she, one evening several days after the commencement of her illness, "how provoking to be obliged to lie here moping with the dullest of all dull company when there's Mrs. Russell's party next week, and I've such a lovely dress to wear. Why ain't I as strong and healthy as you?—though I wouldn't be so fat for anything. I'll go to that party sick or well. I wouldn't miss it for anything."

Jenny looked up in surprise, asking why her sister was so particularly anxious to attend the party.

"Because," returned Rose, "Mary Howard will be there, and you know as well as I how awkward she'll appear—never was in any kind of society in her life."

"I don't see what inducement that can be for you to expose your health," said Jenny, and Rose continued:

"I want to see Ida mortified once, for she might know better than to bring a green country girl here, setting her up as something wonderful, and expecting everybody to believe it just because Miss Selden said so. Come, bring me my dress, Jenny; I want to see if the Honiton lace on the caps is as wide as Ida Selden's."

"What do you mean?" asked Jenny, turning quickly toward her sister, whose white, wasted face looked fitter for a shroud than a gay party dress.

"I mean what I say," returned Rose; "I'm not going to be cooped up here any longer. I'm going to the party to-morrow night, if I never go again."

"Why, Rose Lincoln, are you crazy?" asked Jenny. "You haven't been in the street yet, and how do you expect to go to-morrow night? Mother wouldn't let you, if she were here.'

"Well, thank fortune! she and father both are in Southbridge; and besides that I'm a great deal better; so hand me my dress."

Jenny complied, and reclining on pillows scarcely whiter than herself, Rose Lincoln examined and found fault with a thin gosamer fabric, little suited for anyone to wear on a cold, wintry night, and much less for her.

"There, I knew it wasn't as wide as Ida's into an eighth of an inch," said she, measuring with her finger the expensive lace. "I'll have some new. Come, Jenny, suppose you go down street and get it, for I'm bent upon going;" and the thoughtless girl sprang lightly upon the floor, and chased halfway across the room to show how well and strong she was.

Jenny knew that further expostulation from her was useless, but she refused to go for the lace, and Sarah, the servant girl, was sent with a note from Rose saying she wanted a nice article, eight or ten dollars per yard.

"I don't believe father would like to have you make such a bill," said Jenny, when Sarah was gone. "Mother didn't dare to tell him about your new dress, for he told her she mustn't get anything charged, and he said, too, something about hard times. Perhaps he's going to fail. Wouldn't it be dreadful?"

If Rose heard the last part of this sentence she did not heed it, for to her the idea of her father's failing was preposterous. When the dinner bell rang she threw on a heavy shawl and descending to the dining-parlor, remained below stairs all the afternoon, forcing back her cough, and chatting merrily with a group of young girls who had called to see her, and congratulated her upon her improved health, for excitement lent a deep glow to her cheek, which would easily deceive the inexperienced. The next day, owing to overexertion, Rose's temples were throbbing with pain, and more than once she half-determined not to go; but her passion for society was strong, and Mrs. Russell's party had so long been anticipated and talked about that she felt she would not miss it for the world, and, as she had confessed to Jenny, there was also a mean curiosity to see how Mary Howard would appear at a fashionable party.

"Saturate my handkerchief with cologne, and put the vinaigrette where I can reach it while you arrange my hair," she said to Saarah, who at the usual hour came up to dress her young mistress for the evening. "There, be careful and not brush so hard, for that ugly pain isn't quite gone—now bring me the glass and let me see if I do look like a ghost."

"Pale, delicate folks is always more interesting than red, hearty ones," said the flattering servant.

"Mercy, how white I am!" exclaimed Rose, glancing at the ashen face reflected by the mirror. "Rub my cheeks with cologne, Sarah, and see if that won't bring some color into them. There, that'll do. Now hand me my dress. Oh, isn't it beautiful?" she continued, as she threw aside the thickly wadded double gown and assumed a light, thin dress, which fell in fleecy folds around her slight figure.

When her toilet was completed Rose stood up before the long mirror, and a glow of pride came to her cheeks as she saw how lovely she really was.

"You's enough sight handsomer than Miss Jenny," whispered Sarah as the door opened and Jenny appeared more simply arrayed than her sister, but looking as fresh and blooming as a rosebud.

"How beautiful you are, Rose," she said, "only it makes me shiver to look at your neck and arms. You'll wear your woolen sack, besides your shawl and cloak, won't you?"

"Nonsense, I'm not going to be bundled up this way, for don't you see it musses the lace," said Rose, refusing the warm sack which Jenny brought her.

A rap at the door and a call from Henry that the carriage was waiting ended the conversation, and, throwing on their cloaks and hoods, the girls descended to the hall, where, with unusual tenderness, Henry caught up his invalid sister, and, drawing the veil closely over her face, carried her to the covered sleigh, so that her feet might not touch the icy walk.

"What? Rose Lincoln here?" exclaimed half a dozen voices as Rose bounded into the dressing-room.

"Yes, Rose Lincoln is here," she replied, gayly, divesting herself of her wrapping. "I'm not going to die just yet, I guess, neither am I going to be housed up all winter. The fresh air has done me good already—see," and she pointed to a bright, round spot which burned her cheek.

A young girl, whose family had one by one fallen victims to the great New England plague, consumption, shuddered and turned away, for to her eye the glow which Rose called health was but the hectic bloom of death.

"How beautiful she is!" said more than one, as with her accustomed grace Rose entered the brilliant drawing-room. And truly Rose was beautiful that night, but like the gorgeous foliage of the fading autumn, 'twas the beauty of decay, for death was written on her blue-veined brow, and lurked amid the roses on her cheek. But little thought she of that, as with smiling lip and beaming eye she received the homage of the admiring throng.

Just then Ida and Mary were announced. Both Aunt Martha and Ida had taken great pains to have their young friend becomingly dressed, and she looked unusually well in the embroidered muslin skirt, satin waist and blonde bertha which Aunt Martha had insisted upon her accepting as a present. The rich silken braids of her luxuriant hair were confined at the back of her finely formed head with a golden arrow, which, with the exception of a plain band of gold on each wrist, was the only ornament she wore. This was her first introduction to the gay world, but so keen was her perception of what was polite and proper that none would ever have suspected it; and yet there was about her something so fresh and unstudied, that she had hardly entered the room ere many were struck with her easy, unaffected manners, so different from the practiced airs of the city belles.

Ella watched her narrowly, whispering aside to Henry how sorry she felt for poor Mary, she was so verdant, and really hoped she wouldn't do anything very awkward, for 'twould mortify her to death! "But look," she added, "and see how many people Ida is introducing her to."

"Of course, why shouldn't she?" asked Henry; and Ella replied:

"I don't know—it seems so funny] to see Mary here, doesn't it?"

Before Henry could answer, a young man of his acquaintance touched his shoulder, saying: "Lincoln, who is that splendid-looking girl with Miss Selden? I haven't seen a finer face in Boston for many a day."

"That? Oh, that's Miss Howard, from Chicopee. An intimate friend of our family. Allow me the pleasure of introducing you," and Henry walked away, leaving Ella to the tender mercies of Rose, who, as one after another quitted her side and went over to the "enemy," grew very angry, wondering if folks were bewitched, and hoping Ida Seldon "felt better, now that she'd made so many notice her protege.'

Later in the evening, William Bender came, and immediately Jenny began to talk to him of Mary, and the impression she was making. Placing her hand familiarly upon his arm, as though that were its natural resting place, she led him toward a group, of which Mary seemed the center of attraction. Near her stood Henry Lincoln, redoubling his flattering compliments in proportion as Mary grew colder and more reserved in her manner toward him. Silly and conceited as he was, he could not help noticing how differently she received William Bender from what she had himself. "But all in good time," thought he, glancing at Ella, to see how she was affected by his desertion of her and his flirtation with her sister. She was standing a little apart from any one, and with her elbow resting upon a marble stand, her cheeks flushed, and her eyelashes moist with the tears she dare not shed, she was watching with feelings in which more of real pain than jealousy was mingled, for Ella was weak and simple-hearted, and loved Henry Lincoln far better than such as he deserved to be loved.

"Of what are you thinking, Ella?" asked Rose, who finding herself nearly alone, felt willing to converse with almost anyone.

At the sound of her voice Ella looked up, and coming quickly to her side, said:

"It's so dull and lonesome here, I wish I'd stayed at home."

In her heart Rose wished so, too, but she was too proud to acknowledge it, and feeling unusually kind toward Ella, whose uneasiness she readily understood, she replied: "Oh, I see you are jealous of Henry, but he's only trying to tease you, for he can't be interested in that awkward thing."

"But he is, I almost know he is," returned Ella, with a trembling of the voice she tried in vain to subdue; and then, fearing she could not longer restrain her emotion, she suddenly broke away from Rose, and ran hastily up to the dressing-room.

Nothing of all this escaped Henry's quick eye, and as sundry unpaid bills came looming up before his mind, he thought proper to make some amends for his neglect. Accordingly, when Ella returned to the drawing room he offered her his arm, asking: "What made her eyes so red," and slyly pressing her hand, when she averted her face, saying:

"Nothing—they weren't red."

Meantime, William Bender, having managed to drop Jenny from his arm, had asked Mary to accompany him to the conservatory. As they stood together, admiring a rare exotic, William's manner suddenly changed, and drawing Mary closer to his side, he said distinctly, though hurriedly: "I notice, Mary, that you seem embarrassed in my presence, and I have, therefore, sought this opportunity to assure you that I shall not again distress you by a declaration of love, which, if returned, would now give me more pain than pleasure, for as I told you at Mr. Selden's, I am changed in more respects than one. It cost me a bitter struggle to give you up, but reason and judgment finally conquered, and now I can calmly think of you as some time belonging to another, and with all a brother's confidence can tell you that I, too, love another—not as once I loved you, for that would be impossible, but with a calmer, more rational love."

All this time Mary had not spoken, though the hand which William had taken in his trembled like an imprisoned bird; but when he came to speak of loving another, she involuntarily raised the hand to her lips, exclaiming, "It's Jenny, it's Jenny!"

"You have guessed rightly," returned William, smiling at the earnestness of her manner. "It is Jenny, though how such a state of things ever came about is more than I can tell you."

Fearing that they might be missed, they at last returned to the parlor, where they found Ella seated at the piano, playing a very spirited polka. Henry, who boasted he "could wind her around his little finger," had succeeded in coaxing her into good humor, but not at all desiring her company for the rest of the evening, he asked her to play as the easiest way to be rid of her. When she looked around for commendation from the one for whose ear alone she had played she saw him across the room wholly engrossed with her sister.

Poor Ella! it was with the saddest heartache she had ever known that she returned from a party which had promised her so much pleasure, and which had given her so much pain. Rose, too, was utterly disappointed. One by one her old admirers had left her for the society of the "pauper," as she secretly styled Mary, and more than once during the evening had she heard the "beauty" and "grace" of her rival extolled by those for whose opinion she cared the most; and when at 1 o'clock in the morning she threw herself exhausted upon the sofa, she declared, "'twas the last party she'd ever attend."

Alas, for thee, Rose! that declaration proved too true!

(To be continued.)

HUNTING WITH THE CAMERA.

A Delightful and Profitable Way of Studying Bird Life.

Of the many delightful birds I had the good fortune to know, the worm-eating warbler family have afforded me the greatest pleasure; for they become absolutely fearless of the camera, and they place a degree of trust in one that was as unusual as it was delightful. Being anxious to secure photographs of the young, I paid frequent visits to the nest, and what a wonderfully concealed nest it was, tucked away in a small depression and hidden by the roots of an oak sapling. It would forever have remained undiscovered by me had I not, by lucky chance, observed one of the parent birds visiting it. Only at first did the owners object to my intruding, and by various methods did they try to coax me away from their home. First one and then the other would feign broken wings, and half-rolling, half-scrambling, they would make their way down the steep hillside in the hope of luring me away. Then, finding that I was not to be taken in even by such an artful device, they endeavored to accomplish their object by scolding at me. In less than two hours they quieted down and simply looked on in silence. The next time I visited the nest they made no objections, and I imagined they recognized me, and realized that I meant no harm either to themselves or to their young, for these had hatched since my last visit.

Day by day I came to watch the little fellows, and they grew rapidly, as all young birds do. Finally they were ready to make their first venture into the great world that, should not accident befall them, was to be their feeding ground for many years to come. As I looked into the nest the family of fledglings scrambled out as though they had been scattered by some invisible hand, so nearly simultaneous was their action, and in less time than it takes to tell it each little mite of down and rust-colored feathers was hidden among the dead, crackling leaves with which the ground was strewn. Though I had tried my best to watch where each bird concealed itself, it was some time before I collected them all preparatory to photographing them. Of course the parents were greatly excited—birds always are when their young first leave the nest—and when they saw the entire brood captured by one whom they had considered a friend they seemed to regret having placed so much confidence in me. But only for a very short time did their doubts continue. As soon as I placed the youngsters on a suitable perch they both ceased to utter that lisping note of anxious protestation, and to show that they no longer feared me they hopped about on the camera while I was arranging it.—World's Work.

What a Boy Should Know.

Every boy and girl that is educated should be able to—

Write a good hand.
Spell all the words in ordinary use.
Know how to use these words.
Speak and write good English.
Write a good social letter.
Add a column of figures rapidly.
Make out an ordinary account.
Receipt it when paid.
Write an advertisement for a local paper.
Write a notice or report of a public meeting.
Write an ordinary promissory note.
Reckon the interest or discount on it for days, months and years.
Draw an ordinary bank check.
Take it to the proper place in a bank to get the cash.
Make neat and correct entries in daybook and ledger.
Tell the number of yards of carpet required for the parlor.
Tell the largest number of bushels of wheat in the largest bin, and the value at current rates.
Tell something about the laws of health and what to do in case of emergency.
Know how to behave in public and society.
Be able to give the great general principles of religion.
Have sufficient common sense to get along in the world.—National Educator.

All Millionaires.

Grosvenor Square, in London, is said to contain the residences of more millionaires than any other area of similar extent in the world.

A hundred years ago the largest fortune in the United States was $250,000. Now there are several fortunes of more than $200,000,000.

"Strads" Bring High Prices.

A genuine Stradivarius violin is worth whatever the person owning it may ask. At $1,000 it would not be deemed extravagant.