EUGENE WEEKLY GUARD.

CAMPBELL BROS., Proprietors.

EUGENE.....OREGON.

John Doe has now no legal standing in the courts of Connecticut. It is good to see one immemorial fraud snuffed out.

A man killed himself because he had a headache. What would he have done if he had ever become the central station of a jumping toothache?

A woman has sued her husband for a divorce because he let her fall when she fainted. Doubtless the general allegation was that of non-support.

G. R. Sims says "the future of Great Britain lies in its gradual absorption by the United States." The London Review will throw three styles of fits when it reads that.

Ten thousand women of the highest society in New York are said to smoke cigarettes. At this rate after awhile the upper ten will be synonymous with the number that come in a box.

There is ten times as much goodness in the world as badness. Badness is new and the newspapers print it. Goodness is common and needs no bush. Dishonesty is news. Honesty is common.

The words "hades" and "Gehenna" may replace the word commonly used in the scriptures as their equivalent, but they are too cumbersome and inexpressive ever to find a place in the vocabulary of the mule driver or steamboat mate.

The country is big enough to afford scope for the college man and the self-made man. They should get together in an altruistic spirit and admit that college men are not necessarily mere athletes or dreamers, and that self-made men do not invariably say "I seen it" and "I done it."

A great monument, we hope, will be erected in honor of that author or publisher who will devise ways and means of making only one book grow where two have grown before; who will put into reasonable form the works that, in accordance with an ancient but quite incomprehensive superstition, are always brought out in such shape as to almost prohibit the perusal of them.

In this age of money-making on a colossal scale it is gratifying to find the educational institutions of the United States sharing the prosperity of the nation. They are powerful agencies in shaping the character of the young men to whom will be intrusted the development of the nation's resources and the control of our governmental institutions. American generosity seems to be fully equal to the work of keeping our universities up to the highest standard. In time the United States may lead the world not only, as it now does, in the facilities for elementary education which it provides through the State school systems, but also in the higher education.

The death of Rev. Dr. Joseph Cook recalls to mind the facts of his brilliant history. Twenty-five or thirty years ago he was the man most prominent on the stage as a lecturer, but he was more than that. He was a great orator, a reformer of the best rank and a leader of opinion with countless followers. His oratory was wonderful, with cyclonic force and persuasive influence. His exploits as a traveling lecturer were tremendous. One day he would overpower a Boston audience with his tremendous rhetoric, the next he would astound a Philadelphia audience with the thunder and lightning of his oratorical displays, and the next an audience in some other distant city would sit before him amazed at the wonderful power of his voice, the splendor of his language and the magnetism of his presence. Of course this could not last a great while. He has been an invalid and has lived in obscurity for a number of years. His strenuous life wore him out before his time.

Some surgeons took issue with the physician who at the convention of homeopathists in Milwaukee declared that "few cases of appendicitis required the use of the surgeon's knife to effect a cure." Summed up, however, their remarks served only to emphasize the truth of his contention. He cast no reflections upon surgeons, and he freely admitted that operations were necessary in some cases. In his assertion that they are not necessary in all cases, nor in a majority of cases, he is borne out by the experience of many skillful practitioners everywhere. It is a fact susceptible of proof that physicians are successfully treating appendicitis without surgery, and there is no occasion for a difference of opinion on the subject, except as this circumstance may be denied. Probably all physicians will agree that under certain conditions an operation is necessary. If the trouble can be relieved in any case without surgery the contention of many scientific men who are not impressed by the sensational use of the knife on the slightest provocation must be looked upon as established.

The new census returns show that the rapid growth which characterized English cities in the latter part of the nineteenth century has been checked. The great towns of England have grown until recently almost as fast as those of America. Although the names of most of them were known in the Middle Ages and of some even in Roman times, they are in most essential respects as new as Boston, if not as Chicago. But during the past ten years the growth of most of them has been very moderate. Liverpool, which had 629,548 inhabitants in 1891, has only 685,276 now. Manchester in 1891, with 505,368 inhabitants, was ahead of Boston and St. Louis; now, with 543,930, it is behind them both. Boston and St. Louis have passed Birmingham as well. Cleveland and Buffalo have distanced Bristol and Bradford. Toledo, which ten years ago was behind Blackburn, Brighton, Preston, Norwich, Birkenhead, Gateshead, Plymouth, Derby, Halifax and Southampton, is now ahead of them all. No doubt, whatever increase there is in the population of England hereafter will go to the cities, as heretofore, but the indications are that this increase will not be great enough to give the cities a very rapid growth. They already include the bulk of English population. They have not grown by their own natural increase, but by draining the country districts. The country districts now have not much left to drain. When England becomes one vast smoky city it will be hard to say how its population is to be maintained.

The end of the redskin, so far as he is officially concerned with the United States Government, is in sight. Within two years the Indians of the Five Civilized Tribes in the Indian Territory will be stripped of their identity as a people, and they will either have to become citizens of the United States or leave it. We have been so busy thinking about the Filipino, the Porto Rican and the Cuban that we have lost sight of what has been termed "the greatest human tragedy of the end of the century." Years ago, when no one ever dreamed that the West was to be populated and become the richest portion of our domain, a treaty was made with the Cherokees, Creeks, Choctaws, Chickasaws and Seminoles by which twenty million acres of land known as Indian Territory were set apart for their reservation, to be theirs so long as an Indian lived. To save the Indians and their invested funds the Government has determined to break this treaty, to abolish their tribal government and councils and divide their lands into small tracts. That the reconstruction of the Indian Territory is absolutely necessary to save the Indian lands from the rapacity of the whites and half-breeds is the belief of W. R. Draper, who writes of this "greatest of human tragedies" in the Outlook. A few years ago Congress found by extended investigation that the Territory was the harboring place of outlaws; that white men who had married Indian women held thousands of acres of the finest land, while the full-blooded Indian was living back in the woods and barely getting enough to sustain life. The whites and treacherous half-breeds were gradually grabbing all the Territory. Congress therefore decided that it would be better to break faith with them and save them the remnants of their invested funds. The work of winding up the affairs of the Five Tribes is now being carried out by a commission appointed under the Curtis act, which was passed by Congress in June, 1898. Town sites are being laid out, and the Indians are being enrolled for their allotments of land. When these 80,000 Indians receive their deeds in fee simple for their allotments of land there will be opened for settlement what Mr. Draper calls a "veritable paradise for white people." So anxious are the Indians to get rid of the land that many of them sell their "certificates of selection," which become bills of sale to the land. As soon as the work of this commission is completed and the Indians have received their allotments the land will gradually pass into the possession of the all-conquering Anglo-Saxon and the Five Tribes will pass out of existence forever.

GIRL GOLFER MAKES SPLENDID SCORES.

Much interest has been aroused at Rome, Ga., in the splendid golf playing of Miss Edith Mallory, of Memphis. Miss Mallory drives better than most men who play golf, and her playing has been a revelation to many. She has defeated or tied seven of the ten young

MISS EDITH MALLORY.

men she has played against in Rome. Miss Mallory was the champion golfer at Hollins' Institute, Virginia, and holds the woman's record on the celebrated Burlington (Ia.) golf course. She has never been defeated by a Southern girl in a championship game and is very enthusiastic about golf.

The First American Duel.

In the year 1630 occurred the first duel known to have taken place on American soil. The principals, Edward Doty and Edward Leister, were servants of a Mr. Hopkins, one of the New England colonists. The men had quarreled over some trifling matter and resorted to the field for its settlement. The affair was stopped by the authorities, but not before one had been wounded in the thigh and the other in the hand. There was no law covering such matters, but the Governor of the province decided that the men should be punished nevertheless. At his orders they were sent to have their heads and feet tied together, and lie in that condition twenty-four hours, without food or drink. They suffered so much, however, that they were released at the end of an hour.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Mayor's Harn.

The soundings of the Mayor's horn at Ripo is one of the most ancient customs in the kingdom. It formerly announced the setting of the watch; but it has now lapsed into the formality of three blasts given at 9 o'clock every evening at the Mayor's residence by his official horn-blower and three more at the market cross.

Unless you have a good deal of will power, you are apt to make mistakes on Sunday that will cause you to feel wretched on Monday.

It isn't wise to speak the truth at all times. Silence is often more satisfactory.

Science and Invention

The great serpent mound in Ohio has been transferred to the Ohio Archaeological and Historical Society.

For some months Italian and French engineers have been carrying a telephone line up their respective slopes of the Alps, and they expect soon to form a junction, thus opening direct telephonic communication between Rome and Paris. The most difficult part of the work has naturally been to cross the Alps.

The deposit of salt at Salton, Cal., is one of the sights of that State. It lies in a depression almost 300 feet below the sea level, and was at some time in the past the bed of a sea or extension of the Gulf of California. From the train, which passes near by, the tract looks like a vast snow field, and in the early morning it is frequently the scene of beautiful mirage effects. The salt deposit, which is essentially rock salt, covers about 1,000 acres.

During the nineteenth century 235 new comets were discovered, as against 62 in the eighteenth century. The nineteenth century also beheld a greater number of large and brilliant comets than did its predecessor. The finest of these were the comets of 1811, 1843, 1858, 1881 and 1882. In the year 1800 only one periodical comet was known, Halley's; now many are known, of which at least seventeen have been seen at more than one return to perihelion.

Bermuda is remarkable for the scarcity of land vertebrate animals. It possesses only one species of reptile, a lizard, and until fifteen or twenty years ago there were no amphibians. At that time some of the huge Guiana toads were imported from Demarara by the owner of a Bermudan garden, who thought these animals would clear his plants of insects. The toads thrived on the insects and spread over the islands, and now they are regarded with disfavor because they get into the cisterns which hold the rain-water that is universally used for drinking purposes in Bermuda.

M. Maurice Levy, the President of the French Academy of Sciences, remarked in a recent address that the cannon is one of the most instructive laboratories that science possesses. It was the modern cannon, he said, which suggested the application of explosive gases in the driving of engines. The experience of the immense pressures obtained in cannon also led to the use of pressure in steam machines, which a few years ago would have been regarded as impracticable. Thus experiments intended primarily for the purposes of war had resulted in the advance of the triumphs of peace.

Among the great scientific advances of the century just passed there is one which is seldom mentioned, although it is of remarkable interest. It is the demonstration of the fact that stones and metallic masses fall from the sky. Dr. O. C. Farringeon reminds us that up to the beginning of the nineteenth century the attitude of scientific men toward the accounts of stones reported to have fallen from the sky was in general "one of scorn and incredulity." He quotes a remark of President Jefferson when told that Prof. Silliman and Kigsley had described a shower of stones at Weston, Conn., in 1807: "It is easier to believe that two Yankee professors will lie than to believe that stones will fall from heaven." It was only after a great shower of meteoric stones at Laigle, in France, in 1803 had been carefully investigated by the French Academy that men of science finally became convinced that such things really occurred.

ROMANTIC HISTORY.

Story of Ohio Summer Resort—Capt. Brady's Leap.

Brady's Lake, a growing summer resort in Portage County, Ohio, has a history romantic enough to turn all the other summer resorts in the State green with envy.

The name of the lake originated from an adventure which Capt. Samuel Brady had with the Indians in 1780, writes E. W. Maxson in the Ohio State Journal. Brady was a man of large proportions and herculean strength—a daring fighter and a relentless foe of the Indian. He was the Daniel Boone of the northeast valley of the Ohio, as the other was of the southwest. Portage County is full of the traditional legends of his adventures and hairbreadth escapes. Brady was familiar with all of this territory and its surroundings. He knew the courses of the Cuyahoga River near this lake as well as the paths about Chartiers Creek, near his own home, south of the Ohio. Whenever he went on any of his hunting expeditions he was the one shining mark for the Indian's bullet or arrow, but was always able to escape by his superior ability in woodcraft. Many times he met the Indian single-handed. With his unerring rifle and knife, which he always carried in his belt, he was a dangerous foe to the red man, who for many years sought to capture him for torture, to satisfy their vengeance for the numerous lives he had taken.

A short time prior to 1780 Brady was hunting in the vicinity of this lake, and for some days had been watching a company of Indians. Finally one night he followed them to a ravine which opens at the southwest corner of this lake, where he found them sleeping about their camp fire, evidently feeling themselves in perfect security. With his gun in his left hand and his hunting knife in his right, he quietly stole down the hill on the west side and was shortly standing among them, while they in sound sleep did not suspect danger. With his knife he killed eighteen of their number by stabbing them in the heart before they were alarmed. When the eighteenth was dispatched the remaining two were disturbed and jumped to their feet. He wounded one with his gun and then went at them with knife and clubbed gun. They ran and escaped.

A short time after this a party of warriors from the Cuyahoga Falls and the adjacent county made a raid on the south side of the Ohio River and murdered several families. Brady selected a party of experienced men and followed them to the present site of Ravenna, where the marauders divided. He divided his force and followed. He and his party followed them to an Indian village near where is Northampton, Summit County. They were expecting Brady with numbers four to his one, and compelled him to retreat. Brady and his companions separated and the Indians followed him, trying to capture him. They expected to corner him at the Cuyahoga River. He directed his course to a narrow place in the river at the present site of Kent, near where the large stone bridge now stands. The overhanging rocks on each side made the distance twenty-two feet. The Indians refrained from shooting, as they desired to capture him alive for torture. Arriving at the narrow place on the river, with superhuman strength and agility, Brady jumped and landed safely on the rock on the other side. The foremost Indian called on him, "Heap jump, white man." Knowing they

"BRADY'S LEAP" ON CUYAHOGA RIVER.

could not make the leap, they fired upon him—one bullet wounding him in the hip.

This place on the Cuyahoga River has since been called "Brady's Leap." Brady immediately made his way, followed by the Indians, to the lake, and jumped in and swam under water until he reached a fallen oak tree on the west side, and hid himself under this tree, getting breath by using the broken stem of a hollow weed. The Indians followed him and were once upon the fallen tree beneath which he was concealed. He could hear their conversation. When at last they decided he was drowned they withdrew. With pain and suffering Brady at last reached his home again.

From this incident this lake was for many years known as "Brady's Pond," and finally in later years has been "Brady's Lake." For the last ten years it has been used as a summer resort.

PRACTICAL.

George W. Childs Helped Men to Help Themselves.

The late George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, was a frequent helper of the helpless, but he had a way of putting his beneficiaries on their feet, and showing them how to help themselves.

He was once visited by a widow, whose husband died leaving her and her three children no property and no life insurance. Mr. Childs knew that his reputation for benevolence had influenced her (as it did hundreds of others) to come to him—with some expectation, of course, of pecuniary assistance; but he saw that she was a lady, and that her request for his "advice" was no artifice of one accustomed to take charity.

"What can you do?" he asked her.

"I can keep house," she said. "It is the only thing I can do, and do it well."

"Perhaps you could manage a boarding-house. Would you be willing to?"

"I would certainly if——" She hesitated till her good sense told her it was better to speak frankly. Mr. Childs must know well enough of what she was thinking.

"I would if parties would trust me for the outfit," she finally said.

Mr. Childs reflected a moment. "Yes. How to begin without money is a question. You might succeed in the long run—after years of hard work, and broken down, perhaps, in health and strength. It would hardly be wise. No, I don't think it would be wise for you to start without capital."

He paused, and the discouraged lady, mistaking his silence, was about to take her leave, but he stopped her. Then he unfolded his plan. She was to find a suitable house, if possible, in the best part of Philadelphia, get the most favorable terms she could for a five years' lease of it, and estimate the cost of furnishing it and the expense of supplying good meals. Having done this, she was to report to him.

In due time the lady came back, and satisfied him that she had found the right place; whereupon he proposed to be responsible for the first year's rent, and to lend her $5,000 at 6 per cent for five years.

"I judge that you are a good business woman," he said, "and in that length of time you can easily repay the loan."

His prediction proved more than true. The lady prospered, and paid the last dollar of her debt before the end of the five years.

Mr. Childs was not a "professional" philanthropist, and philanthropy is not a branch of business; but save in the extremes of necessary charity, the same rules of mutual business obligation apply to both the helper and the helped. Benevolence ought not to be careless, and of all ways the practical business way of helping men to help themselves is the best.

He Saw Plenty.

Tom—She promised to give me a kiss for every shooting star I saw.

Jack—How did you come out?

Tom—Well, I haven't collected the account yet, but her father landed on me about five minutes later, and she owes me at least a million kisses now.—New York Evening Journal.

The Life of a Sailor.

The life of a sailor is becoming every year safer with the improvements in the construction of vessels. Twelve years ago one sailor in every 106 that went to sea, lost his life; now one in 256 is lost.

Electro Magnets at Work.

Electric magnets capable of picking up a load not exceeding five tons are used by an Illinois steel company to transfer steel beams or plates from one part of the shop to another.

Some people pay too much attention to the talk of the insane.

Store teeth hardly ever look natural.

FROM

POORHOUSE TO PALACE

BY MARY J. HOLMES

CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

Just then Ella came singing into the room, but started when she saw how excited Mrs. Campbell appeared, and how swollen her eyelids were.

"Why, what's the matter?" said she. "I never saw you cry before, excepting that time when I told you I was going to marry Henry," and Ella laughed a little, spiteful laugh.

"Hush—sh," said Mary, softly; and Mrs. Campbell, drawing Ella to her side, told her of the strange discovery she had made; then beckoning Mary to approach, she laid a hand upon each of the young girl's heads, and blessing them, called them "her own dear children."

It would be hard telling what Ella's emotions were. One moment she was glad, and the next she was sorry, for she was so supremely selfish that the fact of Mary's being now in every respect her equal gave her more pain than pleasure. Of course, Mrs. Campbell would love her best—everybody did who knew her—everybody but Henry. And when Mrs. Campbell asked why she did not speak she replied, "Why, what shall I say? shall I go into ecstasies about it? To be sure I'm glad—very glad that you are my aunt. Will Mary live here now?"

"Yes, always," answered Mrs. Campbell; and "No, never," thought Mary.

Mrs. Campbell that evening tried to devise some means by which to atone for neglecting Mary so long. Suddenly a new idea occurred to her, upon which she determined immediately to act, and the next morning Mr. Worthington was sent for to draw up a new will, in which Mary Howard was to share equally with her sister.

"Half of all I own is theirs by right," said she, "and what I want is that on their twenty-first birthday they shall come into possession of the portion which ought to have been their mother's, while at my death the remainder shall be equally divided between them."

The will was accordingly drawn up, signed and sealed, Mr. Worthington keeping a rough draft of it, which was thrown among some loose papers in his office. A few days afterward Henry, coming accidentally upon it, read it without hesitation.

"That settles it at once," said he, "and I can't say I'm sorry, for I was getting horribly sick of her. Now I'd willingly marry Mary without a penny, but Ella, with only one-quarter as much as I expected, and that not until she's twenty-one, is a different matter entirely. But what am I to do? I wish Moreland was here, for, though he don't like me, he wouldn't mind lending me a few thousand. Well, there's no help for it, and the sooner the old man breaks now the better. It'll help me out of a deuced mean scrape, for, of course, I shall be magnanimous and release Ella at once from her engagement with a ruined man."

The news that Mary was Mrs. Campbell's niece spread rapidly, and among those who came to congratulate her none was more sincere than William Bender. Mary was very dear to him, and whatever conduced to her happiness added also to his. Together with her he had heard the rumor of Mr. Lincoln's downfall, and while he felt sorry for the family he could not help hoping that it would bring Jenny nearer to him. Of this he told Mary, who hardly dared trust herself to reply lest she should divulge a darling secret, which she had cherished ever since Mrs. Campbell had told her that in a little more than a year she was to be the rightful owner of a sum of money much larger than she ever dreamed it possible for her to possess. Wholly unselfish, her thoughts instantly turned toward her adopted brother. A part of that sum should be his, and with that for a stepping stone to future wealth Mrs. Lincoln, when poor and destitute, could not longer refuse him her daughter. Mrs. Campbell, to whom alone she confided her wishes, gave her consent, though she could not understand the self-denying love which prompted this act of generosity to a stranger.

And now Mary was very happy in thinking how much good she could do. Mrs. Mason, her benefactress, should never want again. Sally Furbush, the kind-hearted old crazy woman, who had stood by her so long and so faithfully, should share her home wherever that home might be; while, better than the rest, William Bender, the truest, best friend she ever had, should be repaid for his kindness to her when a little, unknown pauper. And still the world, knowing nothing of the hidden causes which made Mary's laugh so merry and her manner so gay, said that "the prospect of being an heiress had turned her head, just as it always did those who were suddenly elevated to wealth."

CHAPTER XXI.

Mr. Lincoln had failed. At the corners of the streets groups of men stood together, talking over the matter, and ascribing it, some to his carelessness, some to his extreme good nature in indorsing for anyone who asked, and others, the knowing ones, winked slyly as they said, "they guessed he knew what he was about—they'd known before of such things as failing rich;" but the mouths of those last were stopped when they heard that the household furniture, everything was given up for the benefit of his creditors, and was to be sold at auction during the coming week.

When the day of the auction arrived, it required the persuasion of both Mrs. Campbell and Mary to keep Jenny from going, she knew not whither herself, but anywhere to be near and take one more look at the dear old furniture as it passed into the hands of strangers. At last Mrs. Campbell promised that black Ezra, who had accompanied her from Chicopee, should go and report faithfully all the proceedings, and then Jenny consented to remain at home; though all the day she seemed restless and impatient, wondering how long before Uncle Ezra would return, and then weeping as in fancy she saw article after article disposed of to those who would know little how to prize it.

About five o'clock Uncle Ezra came home, bringing a note from Ida, saying that the carriage would soon be round for Mary and Jenny, both of whom must surely come, as there was a pleasant surprise awaiting them. While Mary was reading this Jenny was eagerly questioning Uncle Ezra with regard to the sale, which he said "went off uncommon well," going chiefly, he reckoned, "to a tall and mighty good-lookin' chap, who kept bidding up and up, till he got 'em about where they should be. Then he'd stop for someone else to bid."

"Who was he?" asked Mary, coming forward and joining Jenny.

"Don know, miss; never seen him afore," said Uncle Ezra, "but he's got heaps of money, for when he paid for the planner he took out a roll of bills near about big as my two fists!"

"Then the piano is gone?" said Jenny, sadly, while Mary asked how much it brought.

"Three hundred dollars was the last bid I heard from that young feller, and somebody who was biddin' agin him said 'twas more'n 'twas wuth."

"It wasn't, either," spoke up Jenny, rather spiritedly. "It cost five hundred, and it's never been hurt a bit."

"Mr. Bender bought that little fiddle of yourn," continued Uncle Ezra, with a peculiar wink, which brought the color to Jenny's cheeks, while Mary exclaimed:

"Oh! I'm so glad you can have your guitar again!"

Here the conversation was interrupted by the arrival of the carriage, which came for the young ladies, who were soon on their way to Mr. Selden's, Mary wondering what the surprise was, and Jenny hoping William would call in the evening. At the door they met Ida, who was unusually merry—almost too much so for the occasion, it seemed to Mary, as she glanced at Jenny's pale, dispirited face. Aunt Martha, too, who chanced to cross the hall, shook Mary's hand as warmly as if she had not seen her for a year, and then with her broad, white cap strings flying back, she repaired to the kitchen to give orders concerning the supper.

Mary did not notice it then, but she afterward remembered that Ida seemed quite anxious about her appearance, for, following her to her room, she said, "You look tired, Mary. Sit down and rest you awhile. Here, take my vinaigrette—that will revive you." Then, as Mary was arranging her hair, she said: "Just puff out this side a little more—there, that's right. Now turn round, I want to see how you look."

"Well, how do I?" asked Mary, facing about as Ida directed.

"I guess you'll do," returned Ida. "I believe Henry Lincoln was right when he said that this blue merino and linen collar was the most becoming dress you could wear, but you look well in anything, you have so fine a form."

"Don't believe all her flattery," said Jenny, laughingly. "She's only comparing your tall, slender figure with little dumpy me; but I'm growing thin—see," and she lapped her dress two or three inches in front.

"Come, now, let's go down," said Ida. "And I'll introduce you to Jenny's surprise first."

With Ida leading the way, they entered the music room, where in one corner stood Rose's piano, open, and apparently inviting Jenny to its side. With a joyful cry she sprang forward, exclaiming, "Oh, how kind in your father; I 'most know we can redeem it some time. I'll teach school—anything to get it again."

"Don't thank father too much," answered Ida, "for he has nothing to do with it, except giving it house room, and one quarter's teaching will pay that bill!"

"Who did buy it, then?" asked Jenny; and Ida replied:

"Can't tell you just yet. I must have some music first. Come, Mary, you like to play. Give me my favorite, 'Rosa Lee,' with variations."

Mary was passionately fond of music, and, for the time she had taken lessons, played uncommonly well. Seating herself at the piano she became oblivious to all else around her, and when a tall figure for a moment darkened the doorway, while Jenny uttered a suppressed exclamation of surprise, she paid no heed, nor did she become conscious of a third person's presence until the group advanced toward her, Ida and Jenny leaning upon the piano and the other standing at her right, a little in the rear. Thinking, if she thought at all, that it was William Bender, Mary played on until the piece was finished and then observing that her companions had left the room, she turned and met the dark, handsome eyes—not of William Bender, but of one who, with a peculiar smile, offered his hand, saying, "I believe I need no introduction to Miss Howard, except a slight change in the name, which, instead of being Stuart, is Moreland?"

Mary never knew what she said or did. She only remembered a dizzy sensation, in her head, a strong arm passed around her, and a voice, which fully aroused her as it called her "Mary," and asked if she were faint. Just then Ida entered the room, announcing tea, and asking her if she found "Mr. Stuart" much changed! At the tea table Mary sat opposite George and every time she raised her eyes she met his fixed upon her, with an expression so like that of the picture in the golden locket which she still wore that she wondered she had not before recognized George Moreland in the Mr. Stuart who had so puzzled and mystified her.

During the evening William Bender called, and soon after Henry Lincoln also came in, frowning gloomily when he saw how near to each other were William and his sister, while he jealously watched them, still keeping an eye upon George and Mary. At last, complaining of feeling "blue," he asked Ida to play, at the same time sauntering toward the music room, where stood his sister's piano. "Upon my word," said he, "this looks natural. Who bought it?" and he drummed a few notes of a song.

"Mr. Moreland bought it. Wasn't he kind?" said Jenny, who all the evening had been trying for a chance to thank George, but now when she attempted to do so he prevented her by saying:

"Oh! don't—don't—I can imagine all you wish to say and I hate to be thanked. Rose and I are particular friends, and it afforded me a great deal of pleasure to purchase it for her—but," he added, glancing at his watch, "I must be excused now, as I promised to call upon my ward."

"Who's that?" asked Jenny, and George replied that it was a Miss Herndon, who had accompanied him from New Orleans, to visit her aunt, Mrs. Russell.

"He says she's an heiress, and very beautiful," rejoined Ida, seating herself at the piano.

Instantly catching at the words "heiress" and "beautiful," Henry started up, asking "if it would be against all the rules of propriety for him to call upon her thus early."

"I think it would," was George's brief answer, while Mary's eyes flashed scornfully upon the young man, who, rather crestfallen, announced himself ready to listen to Ida, whom he secretly styles "an old maid," because since his first remembrance she had treated him with perfect indifference.

That night before retiring the three girls sat down by the cheerful fire in Mary's room to talk over the events of the day, when Mary suddenly asked Ida to tell her truly if it were not George who had paid her bills at Mount Holyoke.

"What a silly girl," said Ida. "He was perfectly able and more than willing, so why do you care?"

"I do not like being so much indebted to anyone," was Mary's reply, and yet in her secret heart there was a strange feeling of pleasure in the idea that George had thus cared for her, for would he have done so if— She dared not finish that question even to herself—dared not ask if she hoped that George Moreland loved her one-half as well as she began to think she had always loved him. Why should he, with his handsome person and princely fortune, love one so unworthy, and so much beneath him? And then, for the first time, she thought of her changed position since last they met. Then she was a poor, obscure school mistress—now flattered, caressed and an heiress. Years before, when a little pauper at Chicopee, she had felt unwilling that George should know how destitute she was, and now in the time of her prosperity she was equally desirous that he should, for a time at least, remain ignorant of her present condition.

"Ida," said she, lifting her head from the table, "does George know that I am Mrs. Campbell's niece?"

"No," answered Ida. "I wanted to tell him, but Aunt Martha said I'd better not."

"Don't, then," returned Mary, and resuming her former position she fell into a deep reverie, from which she was at last aroused by Jenny's asking "if she intended to sit up all night?"

The news that George Moreland had returned and bought Rose Lincoln's piano besides several other articles, spread rapidly, and the day following his arrival Mary and Ida were stopped in the street by a group of their companions, who were eager to know how George bore the news that his betrothed was so ill, and if it was not that which brought him home so soon; and then the conversation turned upon Miss Herndon, the New Orleans lady who had that morning appeared in the street; "And don't you think," said one of the girls, "that Henry Lincoln was dancing attendance upon her? If I were you," turning to Mary, "I'd caution my sister to be a little wary of him. But let me see, their marriage is to take place soon?"

Mary replied that the marriage was postponed indefinitely, whereupon the girls exchanged meaning glances and passed on. In less than twenty-four hours half of Ella's acquaintances were talking of her discarding Henry on account of his father's failure, and saying "that they expected it, 'twas like her."

Ere long the report, in the shape of a condolence, reached Henry, who, caring but little what reason was assigned for the broken engagement, so that he got well out of it, assumed a much-injured air, but said "he reckoned he should manage to survive;" then, pulling his sharp-pointed collar up another story, and brushing his pet mustache, wherein lay most of his mind, he walked up street, and, ringing at Mrs. Russell's door, asked for Miss Herndon, who, vain as beautiful, suffered his attentions, not because she liked him in the least, but because she was fond of flattery, and there was something exceedingly gratifying in the fact that at the North, where she fancied the gentlemen to be icicles, she had so soon made a conquest. It mattered not that Mrs. Russell told her his vows were plighted to another. She cared nothing for that. Her life had been one long series of conquests until now, at 25, there was not in the whole world a more finished or heartless coquette than Evron Herndon. (To be continued.)

THE AUTO CRAZE.

Makers Profit by Lessons Learned from the Bicycle Boom.

"The best idea of the advance of automobile construction in America to-day is gained not so much from the fact that a couple of years ago there were barely one hundred automobiles in the United States, while now there are thousands, but rather from the steady progress of new automobile inventions and serviceable devices. The whole country seems to have gone automobile mad,' declared an official of the United States Patent Office the other day, while conversing with the writer. 'We have more patents filed for automobile devices to-day than for any other branch of invention, and still they come pouring in.' The same might be said of the formation of new companies for automobile construction. Scarcely a day passes that the newspapers do not record the incorporation of a new automobile company. Barely one year ago there were but ten recognized manufacturers of automobiles in America, while now there are more than three hundred. All the energy that went into the great bicycle boom of the last decade would appear to have diverted itself into this new channel. Nor have the lessons of the bicycle boom been lost. Little fear as there need be at present of an overproduction of automobiles, it is clearly recognized that quick production must be one of the essentials of success. Those makers who launched their automobiles first now have the strongest grip on the market. A case in point is one New York firm that succeeded in turning out some two thousand steam-propelled vehicles before its machines were really perfected. What these early machines lacked was rapidly supplemented by the suggestions and criticisms of the purchasers themselves, so that by the time other makers began to put forth their new products this company was able to exchange its defective machines for new automobiles of an improved pattern which could be trusted to climb steep mountain ranges or to win races abroad.

"For another year—perhaps two or three years—the manufacturers will be able to keep their prices at the present top notch, ranging from $500 to $10,000. The automobile is still the newest thing, and as such appeals to moneyed people who can afford to gratify their desire for novelty. Princes and potentates are among the most prominent automobilists abroad, while in this country the best-known advocates of the new sport are such multi-millionaires as William K. Vanderbilt, George Gould, Clarence H. Mackay and John Jacob Astor. After the automobile has ceased to be a mere diversion for the wealthy, it will behoove manufacturers to consider the general public. Then prices must drop, as they are dropping now in France for all automobiles, with the exception of racing machines and vehicles for show."—Onslee's.

Mormons in Mexico.

The laws of Mexico provide that a Mormon who wishes to take a second wife must present a certificate, signed by his first helpmeet, to the effect that she is willing, and he must also have the express consent of the second wife and her parents.