

EUGENE WEEKLY GUARD.

CAMPBELL BROS., Proprietors.

EUGENE OREGON.

The Eastern question: Who will get Constantinople if the Turk is expelled?

A hat trust is projected. Talking through that article will consequently be a dearer boon than it is now.

Why not abrogate the death penalty for every crime except cigarette smoking? Nature will not permit it in this case.

Some of the readiest and wittiest speakers who have appeared in public life have settled down to making fortunes. After all, money talks.

A number of papers pictured Mrs. Nation in her bathing suit. Yet they say that there have been men who tried at one time to hold Carrie's hand!

If Porto Rico is to be a part of this country it wants all the attachments that go along, so it has asked Andrew Carnegie to please forward a library by first boat.

Thorough mastication is a new-old cure for dyspepsia and kindred ailments. If people chewed their food more and the air less, this would be an easier world.

A distinguished doctor says that women's large hats are responsible for many of the headaches from which their wearers suffer. This is true enough, but it is no discovery. Every woman knows it.

A lot of London butchers having been detected in selling horseflesh for beef, it may become a question over there whether all those American mules bought were really intended for the British army in South Africa.

The Boston Globe, in a column editorial, mourns "The Passing of the Lobster." West of the Alleghenies and north of the Ohio, instead of "passing," the lobster seems to be more virulent and talkative than ever. One told us how to run a newspaper not ten days ago.

A church economist says that \$45,000,000 is invested in this country in church steeples. The steeple is high art and cannot be spared. It punctuates the landscape. Even were the steeples all sawed off and the money sent abroad, the heathen would continue to rage and the people to imagine vain things. Let the spire alone.

While American dollars are being soiled to preserve historic places in foreign countries, it ought not to be forgotten that the timber on the farm of Daniel Webster is about to be cut down to be manufactured into matches. Massachusetts is helping to "save" the English lake region. Can it ignore the memory of its greatest eulogist or New Hampshire forget the playground of her greatest son?

Even looting has its humorous side. A Chinese snook thief recently entered an American dining room in Shanghai and abstracted a few teaspoons, a silver syrup jug and an old clock, all of which he tucked, Chinese fashion, into his clothes. The syrup ran down, and for a long way the thief's progress could be traced. "What a pity," was the philosophical comment of the owner of the articles, "that the clock did not run down, too!"

Of one of our technical schools it is told that, when the time came for the class of 1901 to be graduated, only twelve of its forty members appeared in person to receive their diplomas. The other twenty-eight had already been offered good positions and had gone to work. Mechanical engineers and educated superintendents of construction are in special demand, of course, in prosperous times like these; but in less busy years it is no less true that opportunity waits for youth at the school house door.

The czar has acquired a great reputation as the peace-loving friend of man since the great conference at The Hague. While he deserves full credit for this, his treatment of Finland has been most despicable. Well might he propose disarmament, with one hand on the throat of Poland and the other on that of Finland. Tyrants naturally like to be let alone. How the czar can sympathize with the Transvaal as a humanitarian while he is crushing the life and liberties out of Finland and violating an oath held sacred by all his predecessors is certainly not clear.

Books that sell by the hundred thousand are not common, yet there are some instances that are not modern. It is now just about two hundred and forty years since one John Bunyan was shut up in Bedford jail. He stayed there twelve years; but a book of his went free, and no man since that day could have suppressed or imprisoned it, even had he wished. Millions of copies of it have been printed. Probably more copies are sold in any one month, now, than could have been disposed of in a year during the author's lifetime, and the book is as vital a part of this twentieth century as it was of any preceding time. There are excellent books among the "popular novels," but—spite of all the adulatory comment—it would be hard to point out one that seems likely to weather two centuries and more as bravely as has "Pilgrim's Progress."

There is a reverse side to the semblance of luxury expressed by the mirrors, the gilding, the velvet carpets of many apartment and boarding houses. The head of the lace department in a great store recently spent her two weeks' vacation in a hospital. She laughed at the idea of being ill or even nervous; but she was tired, and for ten years had not slept in a real bed. In one apartment house, in order to keep her room fitted to receive callers, she slept on a sofa that opened in the middle, and had neither sides nor footboard. Six out of seven nights the covers pulled off her feet. At another place her folding-bed fell on her and nearly killed her, so she traded it for a

narrow divan, from which pillows and blankets slipped nightly. At the hospital she finally found a bed wide enough to sleep in crosswise, a bed by day as well as by night, a bed tuckable, with a bolster and counterpane; and she stayed in it for two weeks. In countless cases the make-believe bed is the symbol of a sham and comfortable existence for which apartment life is largely responsible.

The Navy Department is encountering difficulty in securing enough seamen and apprentices to man all its warships. This naturally is a source of annoyance and inconvenience to the naval officials, for the navy is growing, and it is impossible even now to put all the completed warships in commission, because of lack of enough skilled men and officers to navigate them. The difficulty, however, is not surprising. It is not strange that young men should prefer to be civilians and follow business pursuits in piping times of peace. The pay offered to men in the navy is smaller than that of employees in the majority of industrial and commercial pursuits. The factory, the farm and the business office are seeking bright young men as eagerly as the navy is, and are bidding higher for them. The country is prosperous and can offer good wages to every able-bodied man who is willing to work. If there were a large contingent of unemployed, the task of the naval recruiting officer would be easier. So long as ambitious young men have so much better prospect of making their fortunes on land than on the deck of a warship, it is to be expected that the work of recruiting for the navy will be slow. If there were prospect of war there would soon be a rush to enlist, for the present reluctance is not due to any lack of patriotism or of bravery. But the American youth does not take kindly to the dull routine life of a man-of-war in time of peace. He prefers to be in the thick of the fray at all times, and just now the battles are all in the business world, as are also the rewards and promotions.

The safe navigation of the air is confidently spoken of as one of the achievements which this new century will witness. At present the efforts of inventors are largely spent on the development of some form of dirigible airship of the nature of a balloon or self-elevating and self-supporting gas bag, with propelling motor and steering apparatus attached. It must be admitted that last year's experiments by Count Von Zeppelin on Lake Constance, and the recent success to be ascribed to M. Santos-Dumont, in spite of the mishap which in his voyage around the Eiffel Tower in Paris brought his airship to earth when victory was almost within his grasp, are evidences of great progress along this line. It is in another direction, however, that the true solution of the problem lies, according to the opinion of most eminent physicists. Nature suggests that the true method will follow the model of bird flight, and that the successful airship will be in the nature of an aeroplane based on principles identical to those of those underlying the flight of birds. Experiments in this field are risky and have proven fatal to Lillenthal and others—but have already demonstrated that the aeroplane awaits only the invention of some automatic balancing device to render it one of the greatest marvels of human genius. Prof. A. G. Bell, the inventor of the telephone, has said: "I do not believe that the great problem of aerial navigation will ever be solved by balloons. While you may successfully navigate a balloon in light currents, it is obvious that any floating body lighter than air is at the mercy of the winds. Such a body cannot carry the motive machinery of great power. It is a little more than a toy. The problem of aerial navigation will be solved, but not by the use of balloons."

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narrow divan, from which pillows and blankets slipped nightly. At the hospital she finally found a bed wide enough to sleep in crosswise, a bed by day as well as by night, a bed tuckable, with a bolster and counterpane; and she stayed in it for two weeks. In countless cases the make-believe bed is the symbol of a sham and comfortable existence for which apartment life is largely responsible.

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FAMOUS FIVE-HORNED GIRAFFE.



A new species of giraffe—one with five horns—has been discovered in the Uganda protectorate. Sir Harry Johnston, head of the British expedition into that country, writes that several specimens of this new species of giraffe have been shot by him and one of the members of his company. Of these specimens two are males and two are females. The females have only three horns, while both of the males are equipped with five. In coloration, Sir Harry says, the new giraffes also differ from those already known to exist in the animal world.

"OLD HICKORY'S" MANNERS.

Occasions When He Manifested a High Degree of Grace and a Polite. The Literary Era affords a characteristic anecdote about Andrew Jackson while in command in New Orleans: "It is related that Edward Livingston, whom Jackson had just appointed his aid-de-camp, had invited him home to dinner, and sent word to his wife, who had some fashionable ladies to dine with her. This news created consternation, and the young ladies whispered to each other, 'What shall we do with this wild General from Tennessee?'"

Jackson entered, erect, composed, brooded, clad in his uniform of coarse blue cloth and yellow buckskin, and other appointments to correspond. He bowed to the ladies magnificently, and all arose. Mrs. Livingston came forward to receive the distinguished guest, who met her with a dignity and grace never surpassed. If, equalled, conducted her to her seat on the sofa, and sat by her side. The fashionable crochets were almost dumb with astonishment. During dinner he conversed with the ladies in an easy, agreeable manner, in the tone of society. He arose soon after the table and left the house with Mr. Livingston. As soon as they had gone the young ladies said to their hostess in one chorus: "Is this your backwoodsman? Why, madam, he is a prince!" This reminds us of a passage in Mrs. Trollope's caustic book on American life, in which she said as few complimentary things as possible about our countrymen as she found them in 1827. She notes, however, that her husband and son spent several days in Gen. Jackson's company while he was journeying from his home in Tennessee to Washington after having been elected to the Presidency. Mrs. Trollope states that the impression he made upon these two Englishmen was very pleasing, and that both of them admired the dignity, the courtesy, and grace of his bearing toward all who met him. Jackson's manners, therefore, like Lincoln's literary style, must be accepted as a fact, even though the origin of them cannot be plausibly explained.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A COLLEGE PROFESSOR'S WIT.

Columbia University Pedagogy Professor Students' Jokes. Prof. Chandler of Columbia University holds an enviable position of popularity in the minds of the alumni of that institution, perhaps as much on account of his clever methods of turning aside student jokes as for any other reason. At the University club a few evenings ago in a group of Columbia men, says the New York Times, several anecdotes were told illustrative of Prof. Chandler's ability in this direction. It seems that one day some disgruntled member of the chemistry division reached the lecture room in good season and sought to create amusement by writing on the blackboard in a bold hand: "Chandler is an ass." This had the desired effect, and suppressed chuckling could be heard around the room when the professor entered a few moments later at the beginning of his lecture hour.

"As he walked to his desk," continued the man who was telling the story, "the blackboard inscription caught his eye. Most of us thought he would erase it—but that wouldn't have been Chandler. He scarcely hesitated a second, but walked over to the board, and in a hand if anything bolder than the original added the word 'driver.' The effect was instantaneous. A roar of laughter greeted the clever touch, and Chandler had not only got out of an awkward predicament, but had at the same time added to his capital of popularity."

This incident reminded another of the

Columbia men of the time when somebody had carried into the chemistry

lecture room a bottle of vile-smelling liquid concocted specially for the purpose in the laboratory. The atmosphere in the room when Prof. Chandler entered was well nigh unbearable. He detected the odor almost before he had crossed the threshold, and, turning abruptly, locked the door and put the key in his pocket. Then, walking to the desk, he took his seat without the slightest show of annoyance and remarked: "Gentlemen, we will enjoy this together."

Angry Official's Bad Break.

There's a bunch of distinguished gentlemen, by virtue of appointment by his honor the mayor, the real things in the management of a big institution, which is supported by city funds, who are not on the best of terms, officially or personally, with one another. Their official gatherings are not love feasts. They had a meeting the other day, which was not publicly reported. This was one of the incidents: The chairman—Mr. M.—, sit down, sir; you can't talk now. "Why can't I talk, Mr. Chairman?" "Because I say so, ain't that enough?" "No, that is not enough, and if I had a copy of Kirkman's Manual I'd soon show you how much you know." "What's that you say?" "It shows how to run these kind of things, so it does."

Hard Work Helps Irving's Genius.

It is in the perfecting of all the by-products of his productions that Sir Henry Irving excels. He works as hard in training the humblest of his people as he does in bringing out the most telling points in his own part. He makes the men take off their hats, and inspects the length of their hair. He is who arranges the proportionate elements of youth and age in the mob. Miss Terry is of great assistance to him in planning a production. They discuss frankly at the rehearsals whether this or that pose or piece of business will be more effective. She is very particular about the music cues, and painstaking in the care with which she arranges that the fortissimo passages shall not come in at inopportune moments when they will drown her voice.

Queered.

The railroad man came in looking most dejected. "I'll never again save up my poor cigars to give away!" he said sorrowfully. "Why not?" asked a friend. "Well," said he, "you know I've been queered by the Z. Y. and X. for 20 years, and yesterday I heard that I was about to be promoted. That tickled me, and I brought out my box of give-away cigars."

"Along in the afternoon a stranger came in and began to talk. I drew the box on him. He took a cigar and left."

Aluminum Tubes for Torpedoes.

Torpedo tubes made of aluminum instead of steel have been placed on board of two destroyers at Portsmouth. The use of these tubes at present is experimental, but so considerable will be the saving in weight—an important matter in connection with light craft like destroyers—that, if successful, aluminum tubes will be generally used in place of steel tubes.

When a man dies, his widow doesn't

forget in her great grief to arrange that her relatives shall ride next to the hearse, and that his can come in at any old place.

The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

Without a light I went up to my own room, where the moon that had shone upon me in my last night's ride, was gleaming brightly through the window. I intended to reflect and deliberate, but I was worn out. I flung myself down on the bed, but could not have remained awake for a single moment. I fell into a deep sleep, which lasted till morning.

When I awoke my poor mother was sitting beside me, looking very ill and sorrowful. She had slipped a pillow under my head, and thrown a shawl across me. I got up with a bewildered brain, and a general sense of calamity, which I could not clearly define. "Captain Carey's man brought a letter from Julia just now," she said, taking it from her pocket; "he said there was no answer."

Her eyelids were still red from weeping, and her voice faltered as if she might break out into sobs any moment. "As soon as my mother was gone I opened Julia's letter. It began: 'Johanna has told me. When you spoke to me so hurriedly and unexpectedly, this afternoon, I could not bear to hear another word. But now I am calm, and I can think it all over quite quietly. 'It is an infatuation, Martin. Johanna says so well for me, and she is never wrong. It is a sheer impossibility that you, in your sober senses, should love a strange person, whose very name you do not know. A Dobree could not make an adventurous wife. Then you have seen her. Three times, since the week you were there in March! What is that compared to the years we have spent together? It is impossible that in your heart of hearts you should love her more than me. 'I cannot give up the thought of our home, and I am so pretty. It was so pleasant this afternoon, before you came in with your dreadful thunderbolt. I was thinking what a good wife I would be to you; and how, in my own house, I should never be tempted into those treacherous tempers you have seen in me sometimes. You could not know how much I love you, how my life is bound up in you, or you would have been proof against that person in Sark. 'I think it right to tell you all this now, though it is not in my nature to make a secret of my feelings. I am proud of my love. Think of me, of yourself, of your poor mother. You were never selfish, and you can do noble things. I do not say it would be noble to marry me; but it would be a noble thing to conquer me. I shall remain in the house all day tomorrow, and if you can come to see me, feeling that this has been a dream of folly from which you have awakened, I shall be glad to see you. That you come at all will be a sign to me that you wish it forgotten and blotted out between us, as if it had never been. 'With true, deep love for you, Martin, believe me still. 'Your affectionate, 'JULIA.' I pondered over Julia's letter as I dressed. There was not a word of resentment in it. It was full of affectionate thought for us all. But what reason had I had for not knowing Olivia so long as I had known her, therefore I could not love her so truly! There was no longer any hesitation in my mind as to what I must do. Julia knew all now. I had told her distinctly my love for Olivia, and she would not believe I had appeared wishful to hold me to my engagement in spite of it; at any rate, so I interpreted her letter. I did not suppose that I should not live it down, this infatuation, as they chose to call it. I might hunger and thirst, and I might weep, but I would not let my nature would turn to its contracted and stultified capacities. I went mechanically through the routine of my morning's work, and it was not till afternoon before I could get away to ride to the Vale. My mother knew where I was going, and gazed wistfully into my face, but without otherwise asking me any questions. At the last moment, as I touched Madam's bridle, I looked down at her standing on the doorstep. "Choose up, mother!" I said, almost gaily, "it will all come right."

I found Julia standing by the fireplace, and leaning against it, as if she could not stand alone. When I went up to her and took her hand, she flung her arms round my neck, and clung to me in a passion of tears. It was some minutes before she could recover her self-composure. I had never seen her abandon herself to such a paroxysm before. "Julia, my poor girl," I said, "I did not know you would take it so much to heart as this." "I shall come all right directly," she sobbed, sitting down, and trembling from head to foot. "Johanna said you would come, but I was not sure."

"Yes, I am here," I answered, with a very dreary face. "I was hoping to see you," she said, "but I had not thought you would be so late. I had nothing to say to you. Let us forget it, both of us. You will only give me your promise never to see her or speak to her again."

"Divine words," she said, "my engagement to you," I said, "I was married, and that I hoped she would find a friend in you."

"A friend in me, Martin?" she exclaimed, in a tone of indignant surprise; "you could not ask me to be that!" "Not now, I suppose," I replied, "the girl is as innocent and blameless as any girl living; but I dare say you would sooner befriend the most good-for-nothing Jew in the Channel Islands."

"Yes," she said, "I only wish she had been killed when she fell from the cliff." "Hush!" I cried, shuddering at the bare mention of Olivia's death; "you do not know what you say. It is worse than useless to talk about her. I came to ask you to think no more of what passed between us yesterday."

"But you are going to persist in your infatuation," said Julia; "you can never let me prescribe for you. I am married, and that I hoped she would find a friend in you."

"I shall take care I never do," she interrupted spitefully. "So it is of no use to go on quarrelling about her," I continued. "I made up my mind before I came here that I must see as little as possible of her for the future. You must understand, Julia, she has never given me a particle of reason to suppose she loves me."

"But you are still in love with her?" Julia said, continuing, with flashing eyes, and a rising tone in her voice, which, like the first shrill moan of the wind, presaged a storm. "I will never marry you until you can say, on your word of honor, that you love that person no longer, and are ready to promise to hold no further communication with her. Oh! I know what my poor aunt has had to endure, and I will not put up with it."

"Very well, Julia," I answered, controlling myself as well as I could. "I have only one more word to say on this subject. I love Olivia, and as far as I know myself, I shall love her as long as I live. I did not come here to give you any reason for supposing my mind is changed as to her. If you consent to be my wife, I will do my best to be the most true, most faithful to you. But my motive for coming now to tell you some particulars about your property, which my father made known to me only last night."

er over women and their susceptibility appear to forget all her unhappiness, if he only smiled upon her. "My poor, dear Julia!" he murmured, "my poor child!" "Uncle," she said, checking her side by a great effort, "if you imagine I should tell any one—Johanna Carey except—what you have done, you wrong me. The Martin, and he was willing to marry a woman he detested in order to shield it far as I am concerned."

"Heaven bless you, my own Julia!" he ejaculated fervently. "I knew your noble nature would not be so ungenerous to Martin. Cannot you forgive him as you do me?" "Uncle," she cried, "I could never never marry a man who says he loves some one else more than me. I should think that, my girl!" he said, soon repeating, "but Martin will very he will be wise again presently. He has known you too long not to know your worth."

"Julia," I said, "I do know how good you are, and you have always been generous to Martin. I owe you as much gratitude as my father does, and anything I can do to prove it to you I will do to this day."

"Will you marry her before we leave Jersey?" asked my father. "Yes," I answered. The word slipped from me almost unawares, yet I was behaving so nobly and so bravely towards both that I was willing to do anything to make her happy. "Then, my love," he said, "you have what Martin promises. All's well that ends well, and you are a fool just now, but you will be wise again presently. He has known you too long not to know your worth."

"I would give my life to cancel the wrong," I said. "It is so easy to talk," she replied, with a deadly coldness of tone and manner. "I am ready to do whatever you choose," I urged. "It is true my father has robbed you; but it is not true that I have jilted the son. I do not know my own heart till a word from Captain Carey revealed it to me; and I told you frankly, partly because Johanna insisted upon it, and partly because I believed it right to do so. If you demand it, I will even promise not to see Olivia again, or to hold further communication with her. Surely that is all you ought to require from me."

"No," she replied vehemently; "do you suppose I could become your wife while you maintain that you love another woman better than me? You must have a very low opinion of me."

"Would you have me tell you a falsehood?" I rejoined, with vehemence equal to hers. "You had better leave me," she said. "before we hate one another. I tell you I have been robbed by the father and jilted by the son. Good-bye, Martin."

"Good-bye, Julia," I replied; but I still lingered, hoping she would speak to me again. I was anxious to hear what she would do against my father. She looked at me fully and angrily, and as I did not move, she swept out of the room, with a dignity which I had never seen in her before. I retreated towards the house door, but could not make good my escape without encountering Johanna. "Well, Martin?" she said. "It is all wrong," I answered. "Julia persists in it that I am jilting her."

"All the world will think you have behaved very badly," she said. "I rode home again, Sark lying in full view before me; and, in spite of the darkness of my prospects, I felt intensely glad to be free to win my Olivia."

Four days passed without any sign from Julia. My father had gone off on a visit and my mother and I had the house to ourselves; and, in spite of her frettings during the temporary lull. There were, however, sundry warnings out of doors which foretold a tempest. I met cold glances and sharp inquiries from old friends, among whom some rumors of our separation were floating. There was sufficient to justify suspicion—my father's absence, Julia's prolonged sojourn with the Careys, and the postponement of my voyage to England. I began to fancy that even the women servants flouted at me.

CHAPTER XI. One morning we received word that my father was lying ill at a hotel in Jersey. Captain Carey at once went with me in response to the message. Julia, too, had been told, and she reached the hotel in a separate carriage. The landlady received us with a portentous face. Dr. Collas had spoken very seriously indeed of his patient, and as for herself, she had not the smallest hope. I heard Julia sob, and saw her lift her handkerchief to her eyes behind her veil.

CHAPTER XII. We were not admitted into my father's room for half an hour, as he sent word he must get up his strength for the interview. Julia and myself alone were allowed to see him. He was propped up in bed with a number of pillows, with the room darkened by Venetian blinds, and a dim green twilight prevailing, which cast a sickly hue over his really pallid face. His abundant white hair fell lankly about his head, instead of being in crisp curls as usual. I was about to feel his pulse for him, but he waved me off. "No, my son," he said, "my recovery is not to be desired. I feel that I have nothing now to do but to die. It is the only preparation in my power. I would far rather die than recover. I had nothing to say to that; indeed, I had really no answer ready, so amazed was I at the tone he had taken. But Julia began to sob again, and pressed past me, sinking down on the chair by his side, and laying her hand upon one of his pillows. "Julia, my love," he continued feebly, "you know how I have wronged you; but you are a true Christian. You will forgive your uncle when he is dead and gone. I should like to be buried in the same grave as the other Dobrees."

Neither did Julia answer, save by sobs. I stepped towards the window to draw up the blinds, but he stopped me, speaking in a much stronger voice than before. "Leave them alone," he said. "I have no wish to see the light of day. A dishonest man does not care to show his face. I have seen no one since I left Guernsey, except Collas."

"I think you are alarming yourself needlessly," I answered. "You know you are slightly out of your own health. Let me prescribe for you. Surely I know as much as Collas."

"No, no, let me die," he said plaintively; "then you can all be happy. I have robbed my only brother's only child, who was dear to me as my own daughter. I cannot hold up my head after that. I should die gladly if you two were but reconciled to one another."

By this time Julia's hand had reached his, and was resting in it fondly. I never knew a man gifted with such pow-



MRS. FREDERICK W. BODLEY.

has a valuable estate at Great River, where she and her mother, Mrs. Betsy Head, made her home. From her mother and uncle Lena had expectations of inheriting a fortune in the millions. Now both have sworn she shall not have a cent of their money.

He was a good bore, and was talking to a crowd about the coming local election. Said he: "Gibbs is a good man; he is capable, honest, fearless and conscientious. He will make the very kind of representative we need. He once saved my life from drowning."

"Do you really want to see Gibbs elected?" said a solemn-faced old man. "I do, indeed. I'd give anything to see him elected," answered the bore.

"Then never let anybody know he saved your life," counseled the solemn-faced man.—London Tid-Bits.

If time hangs heavy on your hands, eat wild grape pie; you will be busy for four weeks riding your teeth of the seeds.

The more careful a woman is about her complexion the more careless she is about her household.



BUXY.