Eugene Weekly Guard.

CAMPBELL BROS., Proprietors.

EUGENE ..... OREGON.

A man who would try to stab a ghost would stick at nothing.

Happiness, like the rainbow, is hard to locate after it once gets away.

There's plenty of room at the top, but most of us want to be where the crowd is.

Man is a two-legged animal who tries to work all the other animals for a living.

Aunt Carrie has got her divorce and was also awarded the custody of the feather bed.

Justice is again accelerated by a divorce granted to a man because his wife has cold feet.

When three women sit down to talk about a new dress pattern a small boy with a toy drum is inaudible.

The Russian nihilists are continuing their policy of masterly inactivity. The Czar uses cigarettes to excess.

An American dentist has been fixing the sultan's teeth. The United States government may have to collect the bill.

A purchase of real estate in Paris for a Yankee skyscraper has alarmed Frenchmen who revere the Eiffel Tower.

King Edward's coronation rites will last four hours, during which time he will be compelled to abstain absolutely from smoking.

There are several sovereigns over here who are anxious to get a good swift kick at Prince Henry, who has been abusing Wilhelmina.

A western judge has decided that sausage is not sausage unless it is in links. We may yet have to admit that the color of the hair makes the dog.

Chicago has a 4-year-old boy who smokes strong cigars. This is bad; but let us be thankful anyway. We have no 4-year-olds who write poetry.

On Pitcairn Island in the South Pacific Ocean, mail is delivered only once a year. That must be a pleasant place for the man whose bills come by the post.

King Chulalunkorn of Siam is preparing to attend the St. Louis Exposition. It is but fair to the king to say that his headquarters will not be on the Midway.

When a man has to ask his wife for the price of a haircut, the spiritual affinity is due for a jar. We are not surprised, therefore, to learn that Henry and Wilhelmina of Holland are out.

That man who was supposed to be dead showed poor taste in returning just as his wife was starting on a wedding trip with another man. He might at least have permitted them to enjoy a pleasant honeymoon.

A Chicago woman has been paying money to a man to keep him from calling in evil spirits and having her carried away by them. Still, there are about two million more people in the city who have not been worked in that way.

A Philadelphia bank teller has been stricken with smallpox because he handled germ-infected currency. This is unpleasant news, but it will hardly abate the fondness of men, women and children, in Philadelphia and elsewhere, to handle money, even if it is not fresh from the mint or the bureau of engraving and printing.

The Department of Agriculture urges strongly the introduction of a new industry, the cultivation of flowers—particularly roses—for perfume-making. It is believed that in California the oil, or attar, of roses can be distilled on a scale so extensive that American perfumers may ultimately become independent of foreign producers of attar. In any event the industry, which is peculiarly adapted to the tastes of women, will be a new and large source of domestic income.

Thousands of microscopists are employed in Germany to prevent trichinosis by detecting diseased pork; but if a tenth of the money thus expended were used in dissuading people from eating raw meat, the desired result would be attained more completely. A medical journal uses this illustration to show "how science outruns statesmanship." Perhaps it should be reminded that science can deal with things as they ought to be, whereas legislators must move slowly because of the interests, habits and prejudices of people as they are.

Can you tell by the manner in which rainwater eats its way down a hillside whether the soil was originally covered with forest? If the tract of land was once wooded, can you by the same sign tell about how long it has been cleared? Such observations are full of interest. The rains make rapid work in eroding newly cleared and newly tilled land and hillsides; but the prairie has reached a state of comparative equilibrium.

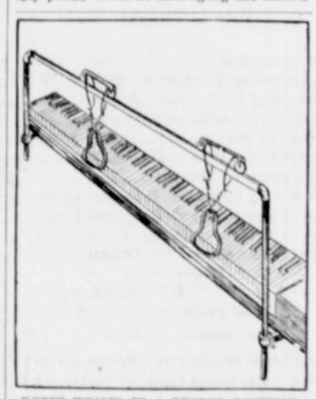
A consular report of the tests made of two American locomotives in use on a Bavarian railway says that they are found satisfactory in every respect but one. They whistle after a fashion which sounds "unearthly" to musical German ears. They screech in the way familiar to all who live near American roads instead of letting out gentle murmurs as foreign-built engines do when they wish to attract attention. It is not strange that there should be such a difference in whistles. In the United States innumerable country roads cross the railways at grade. Men and live stock trespass on the tracks, while they do not abroad. It is necessary to have some device to warn human beings and cattle that they are in danger. No better device than the ear-piercing whistle has been discovered. In the early days of American railroading the signs at road crossings read "look out for the locomotive when the bell rings." It was soon discovered that the rattling of wheels often kept a driver from hearing the soft sound of a bell, and the whistle, whose shrill sound pierces through everything, was substituted for it. It will be an easy matter for American locomotive builders to put on the engines which they send abroad the toy whistles to which foreigners are accustomed and which answer there all the purposes of a whistle.

A young woman lingered in a store elevator the other day after it had disgorged the crowd. "Seventeen is the limit," she said to elevator man; "you took in more than twenty." "You have collected six fares without ringing up one," said a lady to a street-car conductor. "I am responsible for two; please ring them up." "I do not care to discuss the matter here," said a tall college girl to a hackman. "I will pay you what you ask, take your number, and make investigation later." "Waiters six and eleven," reported a woman to a hotel clerk, "fail to serve me civilly when I do not fee them." These four complaints, all overheard in one day, seem to confirm the rumor that American good-natured indifference is waking up.

The severe morality of modern times threatens the supremacy of one whose gray hairs alone ought to protect him—no less a personage than that archgiver, Santa Claus. It has been decided by many wise mothers that this Christmas fiction gives children their first knowledge of hypocrisy and deceit, and that there is an unbecoming skepticism about the young man of seven or eight who has outlived the St. Nicholas delusion and a certain air of contemptuous pity towards other victims of this deceit. Moreover, they declare that it is demoralizing to make an idol of one whose only virtue is a reckless habit of gift-giving and about whose other habits little is known. Yet on the other hand it has never been proved that those who have been thus amiably deluded were any the worse for the deception in after life, and, in fact, many who have outlived all delusions love to hug to themselves the memory of their faith in this giver of good gifts. Of course the saint himself has felt his power weakening in late years and he has lived to see automobiles preferred to reindeer as a means of locomotion and to have his travels through chimneys marred by the odors from gas logs, yet he has persisted in his benevolent habits in spite of these drawbacks, and it seems a pity to add anything more to his pack of miseries. Parents will decide for themselves in this matter, but at present it looks as if, on the coming nights before Christmas, when "mamma in her 'kerchief and I in my cap" settle down for a long winter's nap, the worthy pair will not be disturbed by the clatter of Santa Claus' approach.

HAND GUIDE FOR PIANOS.

One of the chief difficulties to be overcome in mastering the piano is the tendency of the hands to assume an incorrect position, the desire to drop the wrists seeming to be a fault with all pupils. William Bohrer, of Montreal, Que., believes that his hand guide—shown herewith—will aid greatly in overcoming this fault, besides automatically raising the hands to the proper level when playing on the black keys. The arrangement may be attached to any piano without damaging the instrument, the screws which secure the two supports being inserted underneath the keyboard. The guides can be raised or lowered until adjusted to the player's needs, and the rolling carriages offer a minimum resistance to the movement of the hands up and down the keyboard. The wheels are rubber tired and the wrist guides are suspended from pairs of spring bows, which are depressed against the wheels when too much weight is applied to the guides by the drooping of the wrists. This increased pressure thus serves as a brake to prevent movement of the carriages as soon as the hands drop to an improper position and also removes the tendency of the pupil to depend too much on the guides as a means of resting the arms when tired.



KEEPS WRISTS IN A PROPER POSITION.

YOUNGEST IS NINETY-ONE.

Brothers Married Sisters, and the Four Have Lived Together for 75 Years.

Ludlow Deham and Elliot Deham, brothers, are 93 and 91 years old, respectively. They are married to sisters, whose respective ages are 91 and 90. All four are alive and well. The two

L. DEHAM AND WIFE. E. DEHAM AND WIFE.

couples live together in a humble home, near Chesterfield, Ohio. Since the double marriage, almost three-quarters of a century ago these people have never been parted for a period exceeding two weeks. The brothers courted their wives together, proposed and were accepted the same evening, and were married together.

A blessing in disguise usually has a hard time proving its identity.

BEST TIME TO MARRY.

WHEN A REASONABLY COMFORTABLE HOME IS ASSURED.

Modern Young People Wait Until Too Late in Life—Nearly All "Self-Made" Men Wedded on $1,000 a Year or Less.

Why should lovers defer their marriage a day longer than the time when, as far as we mortals can discern the future, the prospect of a comfortable home is reasonably assured? asks Cyrus C. Adams in Ainslee's. It is senseless to wait for the coming of affluent days. Their lives should be united, and each in his way should help to bring about the advent of easier times if they are ever to come. It is as foolish to wait for a larger income than is really required as it is for parents to slave and drudge that their children may enjoy a degree of affluence they have never known. This is the rock upon which the French nation has split. They are a frugal and a thrifty people. It is interesting to know that many of the tasteful, artistic and costly products of France are made almost exclusively for the foreign trade. Two-thirds of the best chinaware of Limoges, for example, comes to the United States. A well-to-do Frenchwoman is likely to use a preparation of rice flour as a cosmetic, leaving the delicate perfumes and other toilet articles of Paris for her American and British sisters who are willing to spend more money for such things. But the rich father, unfortunately, conceives it to be his duty to leave his children richer than himself; if, on the other hand, he be a poor tiller of the soil, it is disgraceful not to educate his son to a trade or a profession so that the family name may have a higher place in the social scale. This deplorable ambition fixes upon the family a burden almost too great to be borne, and parents deliberately restrict the number of their children. In large districts, particularly in Northern France, families of more than two children are rare. Many of the young people, seeing the hard lives their parents lead, defer their own marriages in order to better their fortunes, till at last even the desire to marry is extinguished. Parents and children of all lands may well heed the lesson in sociology that France is now teaching.

Nearly all our self-made men, leaders in the professions and in business, married young and on very moderate incomes. Many assumed, without the slightest trepidation, the responsibility of supporting a wife on $1,000 a year or less. These men usually have very pronounced views on the inadequate knowledge of the value of money and how to take care of it possessed by the majority of young men and women. The views of these young persons as to the amount of income upon which they may prudently marry vary, of course, according to the circumstances in which they have lived. Many an intelligent girl who works in New York kitchens has no doubt whatever that she and the steady, industrious fellow she intends to marry will have a comfortable home on $12 to $14 a week. A penniless German school teacher who came to Philadelphia when a young man and who in his old age lives in New York on the rentals of apartment houses bought with $300,000 he earned slowly in manufacturing asserted the other day that $1,000 to $1,500 a year in New York would give to young married couples of refinement a comfortable home, books, music and amusements and everything they might need for the rational enjoyment of life. This gentleman has the German ideas of thrift. There is scarcely any doubt that any man and wife, gifted with an ability to disburse dollars to the very best advantage, would be able to realize his idea of comfortable married life on a small income.

LEFT AND RIGHT HANDEDNESS.

Explained by Anatomical Reasons for Same Quality in Eyes.

It is a well-known fact that the stronger activity of the nerves of the right half of the body (for not only the hand is concerned) must be ascribed to a preponderance of the left side of the brain, whose finer development, especially as the seat of the center of speech, is a matter of common knowledge, says the London Optician.

In a paper by Dr. Luddeckens in the Allemeines Journal der Uhrmacherkunst valuable information regarding the causes of the unequal working of the two hemispheres of the brain is furnished. A sketch touching on the history of evolution leads from the original symmetry of the organism to a subsequent disymmetrical arrangement of the heart and the large blood vessels, from which it follows quite naturally that the two halves of the head are not placed on an equal footing as regards the distribution of the blood, and consequently of the blood pressure, and that, on the contrary, there must be, under normal conditions, a stronger pressure on the arteries of the left side of the head.

This theory is borne out by well-known experiences of anatomists and pathologists and a series of interesting observations. Of especial interest is the effect of the higher blood pressure upon the left eye. Dr. Luddeckens found in the latter, as compared with the right one, in a surprisingly large number of cases, a narrower pupil in consequence of a more filled-up condition of the vessels of the iris, and upon closer examination a shorter construction of the eyeball. This furnishes reason for the fact that in a large number of persons the left eye is the better one. Thus the finer development of the left half of the brain is explained very simply by the fact that it is better supplied with the blood, and the question why it is the seat of the center of speech, and why most people are right-handed is solved in the most natural manner.

It is striking how true a reflection of the conditions described is afforded by the examination of left-handed persons. In many cases a redder color was noticeable on the right side of the face; the right eye was built shorter, its pupil narrower; in short, everything points to a better blood supply on the right side of the brain, which, in consequence, imparts to the left side of the body the preponderance over the right one, a condition styled left-handedness. In close connection thereto is the habit of most left-handed persons to sleep on the left side in the unconscious endeavor to relieve the right half of their brain, which is more charged with blood during the day. For right-handed persons the position on the right side is the normal one for the same reason.

Tyndall says 50,000 typhus germs will thrive in the small circumference of a pinhead or visible globule.

The most wonderful astronomical photograph in the world is that which has recently been prepared by London, Berlin and Parisian astronomers. It shows at least 68,000,000 stars.

Plants with white blossoms have a larger proportion of fragrant species than any others; next comes red, then yellow and blue, after which, and in the same order, may be reckoned violet, green, orange, brown and black.

Dr. G. L. Johnson, whose studies of the eyes of mammals have recently been published in the Philosophical Transactions, calls attention to the fact that men and monkeys alone possess parallel and convergent vision of the two eyes. On the other hand, the lower mammals possess divergent and consequently very widely extended vision. Squirrels, for instance, and probably hares and rabbits as well, are able to see an enemy approaching directly from behind without turning the head.

The Rev. John M. Bacon, the English balloon expert, insists that lighthouses should have warning bells under as well as above water, because in a storm sound travels farther under water than through the air, and experiments both in England and America have proved that a bell struck under water can be heard at a long distance in the hold of a ship. Mr. Bacon is exploring the air over London with balloons, and he has made some interesting observations on the best methods of signaling by sound. By applying a parabolic reflector to a speaking-trumpet he is able to send the waves of sound in a straight, compact beam, resembling in its directness a ray of light.

It is reported that an attempt is about to be made by the aid of Dr. Isaac Roberts' celebrated photographs to determine whether internal movements occur in the spiral nebulae. Miss Dorothea Klumpke, of the Paris Observatory, will conduct the examination of the photographs, her experience in the measurement of the plates for the international photographic chart of the heavens having given her special fitness for the work. Some of Dr. Roberts' photographs were made 10 or 12 years ago, and by comparing these with later pictures of the same objects, it is hoped that any changes that have occurred in the shapes of the nebulae may be detected. The discovery of such changes would possess great interest and importance for astronomers.

The astronomical instruments that were seized and carried away by the Germans after the capture of Pekin by the allied European, Japanese and American forces ranked as great scientific curiosities. There were two sets of them, placed on and at the foot of the wall of the Tartar City. One set, of Chinese manufacture, consisted of old armillary spheres, and other out-of-date instruments, of great size and strangely mounted on bronze dragons. The other set comprised a large azimuth, and other similar instruments, together with a celestial globe of bronze covered with stars of gold. These last were made under the direction of the Dutch Jesuit Verbiest, who was official astronomer for the Chinese emperor in the seventeenth century. Some of the instruments were presents from Louis XIV.

Waiters Who Speculate.

Stories of the successful speculation of waiters in popular resorts on "tips" received from the patrons are often true; but there is the other side—that of losses. Said Philippe at Delmonico's:

"If one of our waiters constantly speculates on 'tips' loss and failure are certain to come sooner or later. As in the case of Beau Brummel's neckties, one never hears of the unsuccessful, and their losses. It generally happens that a waiter is successful at first. If he puts the money he makes into real estate he prospers; but let him continue to speculate and he generally loses his all. I have had some good winnings, but prefer investment in real estate.

"Stock speculation really distracts a waiter," continued the Philippe, according to the New York Times, "and he cannot properly attend to business. As soon as we find a waiter getting too engrossed in speculation we discharge him, as he cannot keep away from the ticker, and confuses his orders. One poor fellow nearly went crazy here last winter in consequence of his stock speculations. He would forget his orders and call for 'one Western Union,' when he should have said 'one steak underdone,' and so on, until we had to discharge him. I do not know what has become of him, but expect to hear he has landed in the insane asylum."

Sheer Nonsense.

Joakley—Queer thing about that tall man over there. All his intimate friends call him "Short."

Coakley—Just because he is so tall, eh?

Joakley—No, because that's his name. —Philadelphia Press.

They Didn't Dare to Notice It.

Although the late ameer of Afghanistan was bow-legged, nobody dared to allude to the fact until after he was officially declared dead.

This shows what it is to be a successful autocrat.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Clash of Brains.

The man of staid and studious turn
Will struggle day and night to learn;
And rival seers will try to show
That all his knowledge isn't so.
—Washington Star.

Every man hides his deformity. We are all caught oftener than we imagine.

The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

CHAPTER XXVIII.

I do not know why terror always strikes me dumb and motionless. I did not stir or speak, but looked steadily, with a fascinated gaze, into my husband's face—a worn, white, emaciated face, with eyes peering cruelly into mine. It was an awful look; one of dark triumph, of sneering, cunning exultation. Neither of us spoke.

He sank down on the seat beside me, with an air of exhaustion, yet with a low, fiendish laugh which sounded hideously loud in my ears. His fingers were still about my arm, but he had to wait to recover from the first shock of his success—for it had been a shock. His face was bathed with perspiration, and his breath came and went fitfully. I thought I could even hear the heavy throbbing of his heart.

"I've found you," he said, his hand tightening its hold—and at the first sound of his voice the spell which bound me snapped—"I've tracked you out at last to this cursed hole. The game is up, my little lady. By heaven! you'll repent of this. You are mine, and no man shall come between us."

"I don't understand you," I muttered. He had spoken in an undertone, and I could not raise my voice above a whisper, so parched and dry was my throat.

"Understand!" he said, with a shrug of his shoulders. "I know all about Dr. Martin Dobree. You understand that well enough. I am here to take charge of you, to carry you home with me as my wife, and neither man nor woman can interfere with me in that. It will be best for you to come with me quietly."

"I will not go with you," I answered, in the same hoarse whisper; "I am living here in the presbytery, and you cannot force me away. I will not go."

"The silly raving of an ignorant girl!" he sneered. "The law will compel you to return to me. I will take the law into my own hands, and compel you to go with me at once. If there is no conveyance to be hired in this confounded hole, we will walk down the road together, like two lovers, and wait for the omnibus. Come, Olivia."

Our voices had not risen much above their undertones yet, but these last words he spoke more loudly. Jean opened the door of the sacristy and looked out, and Pierre came down to the corner of the transept to see who was speaking. I lifted the hand Richard was not holding, and beckoned Jean.

"Jean," I said, in a low tone still, "this man is my enemy. Monsieur le Cure knows all about him; but he is not here. You must protect me."

"Certainly, madame," he replied. "Monsieur, have the goodness to release madame."

"She is my wife," retorted Richard Foster.

"I have told all to Monsieur le Cure," I said.

"Monsieur le Cure is gone to England; it is necessary to wait till his return, Monsieur Englishman."

"Fool!" said Richard in a passion; "she is my wife, I tell you."

"Ah!" he replied phlegmatically, "but it is my affair to protect madame. There is no resource but to wait till Monsieur le Cure returns from his voyage. If madame does not say, 'This is my husband,' how can I believe you? She says, 'He is my enemy.' I cannot confide her to a stranger."

"I will not leave her," he exclaimed.

"Good! very good! Pardon, monsieur," responded Jean, laying his iron fingers upon the hand that held me, and loosening its grip as easily as if it had been the hand of a child. "Madame, you are free. Leave Monsieur the Englishman to me, and go away into the house, if you please."

I did not wait to hear any further altercation, but fled as quickly as I could into the presbytery. Up into my own chamber I ran, drew a heavy chest against the door and fell down trembling and nerveless upon the floor beside it.

But there was no time to lose in womanish terrors; my difficulty and danger were too great. Why should I not write to Tardif? He had promised to come to my help whenever and wherever I might summon him. I ran down to Mademoiselle Therese for the materials for a letter, and in a few minutes it was written, and on the way to Sark.

The night fell while I was still alone. Suddenly there was the noisy rattle of wheels over the rough pavement—the baying of dogs—an indistinct shout. A horrible dread took hold of me. Was it possible that he had returned, with some force which should drag me away from my refuge and give me up to him?

I heard hurried footsteps and joyous voices. A minute or two afterward, Minima beat against my barricaded door, and shouted gleefully through the keyhole.

"Come down, Aunt Nelly," she cried; "Monsieur Laurentie is come home again!"

I felt as if some strong hand had lifted me out of a whirl of troubled waters and set me safely upon a rock. I ran down into the salon, where Monsieur Laurentie was seated, as tranquilly as if he had never been away, in his high-backed armchair, smiling quietly at Minima's gambols of delight. Jean stood just within the door, his hands behind his back, holding his white cotton cap in them; he had been making his report of the day's events. Monsieur held out his hand to me, and I ran to him, caught it in both of mine, bent down my face upon it, and burst into a passion of weeping, in spite of myself.

"Come, come, madame!" he said, his own voice faltering a little; "I am here, my child; behold me! There is no place for fear now; I am king in Ville-en-bois. Is it not so, my good Jean?"

"Monsieur le Cure, you are emperor," replied Jean.

"If that is the case," he continued, "madame is perfectly secure in my castle. You do not ask me what brings me back again so soon. But I will tell you, madame. At Noireau, the proprietor of the omnibus to Granville told me that an Englishman had gone that morning to visit my little parish. Good! We do not have that honor every day. I ask him to have the goodness to tell me the Englishman's name. It is written in the book at the bureau. Monsieur Fostere. I remember that name well, very well. That is the name of the husband of my little English daughter. Fostere! I see in a moment it will not do to proceed on my voyage."

The cure's return, and his presence under the same roof, gave me a sense of security. When the chirping of the birds awoke me in the morning, I could not at first believe that the events of the day before were not themselves a dream. Matins were ended, and the villagers were scattering about their farms and households, when I noticed Pierre loitering stealthily about the presbytery, as if anxious not to be seen. He made me a sign to follow him out of sight, round the corner of the church.

"I know a secret, madame," he said, in a troubled tone, "that monsieur who came yesterday has not left the valley. I followed monsieur your enemy. He did not go far away."

"But where is he then?" I asked, looking down the street, with a thrill of fear.

"Madame," whispered Pierre, "he is a stranger to this place, and the people would not receive him into their houses—not one of them. My father only said, 'He is an enemy to our dear English madame,' and all the women turned the back upon him. I stole after him, behind the trees and the hedges. He marched very slowly, like a man very weary, till he came in sight of the factory of the late Pineaux. He turned aside into the court there. I saw him knock at the door of the house, try to lift the latch, and peep through the windows. After that he goes into the factory; there is a door from it into the house. He passed through. I dared not follow him, but in one short half-hour I saw smoke coming out of the chimney. The smoke is there. The Englishman has sojourned there all the night."

"But, Pierre," I said, shivering, though the sun was already shining hotly—"Pierre, the house is like a lazaretto. No one has been in it since Mademoiselle Pineau died. Monsieur le Cure locked it up, and brought away the key."

"That is true, madame," answered the boy; "no one in the village would go near the accursed place, but I never thought of that. Perhaps monsieur your enemy will take the fever and perish."

"Run, Pierre, run!" I cried; "Monsieur Laurentie is in the sacristy with the strange vicaire. Tell him I must speak to him this very moment. There is no time to be lost!"

I dragged myself to the seat under the sycamore tree, and hid my face in my hands, while shudder after shudder quivered through me. I seemed to be watching him again, as he strode wearedly down the street, leaning with bent shoulders on his stick, and turned away from every door at which he asked for rest and shelter for the night. Oh! that the time could but come back again, that I might send Jean to find some safe place for him where he could sleep! Back to my memory rushed the old days, when he screened me from the unkindness of my step-mother, and when he seemed to love me. For the sake of those times, would to heaven the evening that was gone, and the sultry, breathless night, could only come back again!

I felt as if I had passed through an immeasurable spell, both of memory and anguish, before Monsieur Laurentie came, though he had responded to my summons immediately. I then told him in hurried, broken sentences, what Pierre had confessed to me. His face grew overcast and troubled, and he at once started for the factory. He returned after a long, long suspense.

"My child," he said, "monsieur is ill! attacked, I am afraid, by the fever. I shall remain with him all this day. You must bring us what we have need of, and leave it on the stone there, as it used to be."

"But cannot he be removed at once?" I asked.

"My dear," he answered, "what can I do? The village is free from sickness now; how can I run the risk of carrying the fever there again? It is too far to send monsieur to Noireau. Obey me, my child, and leave him to me and to God. Cannot you confide in me yet?"

"Yes," I said, weeping, "I trust you with all my heart."

"Go, then, and do what I bid you," he replied. "Tell my sister and Jean, tell all my people, that no one must intrude upon me, no one must come nearer this house than the appointed place. You must think of me as one absent, yet close at hand; that is the difference. I am here, in the path of my duty. Go, and fulfill yours."

For three days, morning after morning, whilst the dew lay still upon the grass, I went down, with a heavy and foreboding heart, to the place where I could watch the cottage, through the long and weary hours of the summer day.

Here in the open sunshine, with the hot walls of the mill casting its rays back again, the heat was intense; though the white cap I wore protected my head from it, my eyes were dazzled, and I grew ready to faint. No wonder if Monsieur Laurentie should have sunk under it, and the long strain upon his energies, which would have overtaxed a younger and stronger man. I had passed the invisible line which his will had drawn about the place, and had half crossed the court when I heard footsteps close behind me, and a large, brown, rough hand suddenly caught mine.

"Mam'zelle!" cried a voice I knew, "is this you?"

"Oh, Tardif! Tardif!" I exclaimed, as I rested my beating head against him, and sobbed violently, whilst he surrounded me with his strong arm, and laid his hand upon my head, as if to assure me of his help and protection.

"Hush, hush! mam'zelle," he said. "Tardif is Tardif, your friend, my little mam'zelle; your servant, you know. I am here. What shall I do for you? Is there any person in yonder house who frightens you, my poor little mam'zelle? Tell me what to do."

He had drawn me back into the green shade of the trees, and placed me upon the felled tree where I had been sitting before. I told him all quickly, briefly, all that had happened since I had written to him. I saw the tears start to his eyes.

"Thank God I am here," he said. "I lost no time, mam'zelle, after your letter reached me. I will save Monsieur le Cure; I will save them both, if I can. He is a good man, this cure, and you must not let him perish. He has no authority over me, and I will go this moment and force my way in, if the door is fastened. Adieu, my dear little mam'zelle."

He was gone before I could speak a word, striding with quick, energetic tread across the court. The closed door under the eaves opened readily. In an instant the white head of Monsieur Laurentie passed the casement, and I could hear the hum of an earnest altercation, although I could not catch a syllable of it. But presently Tardif appeared again in the doorway, waving his cap in token of having gained his point.

It seemed to me almost as if time had been standing still since that first morning when Monsieur Laurentie had left my side, and passed out of my sight to seek for my husband in the fever-smitten dwelling. Yet it was the tenth day after that when, as I took up my weary watch soon after day break, I saw him crossing the court again and coming towards me.

What had he to say? What could impel him to break through the strict rule which had interdicted all dangerous contact with himself? His face was pale, and his eyes were heavy as if with want of rest, but they looked into mine as if they could read my inmost soul.

(To be continued.)

"THIS MAN IS MY ENEMY."

DON'TS FOR FATHERS.

Some of the Best Ways to Treat Growing Boys.

Do not expect your son to keep perfectly quiet for any length of time. You could not do it when you were a boy, writes Mrs. M. E. R. Alger.

Do not expect your son to confide and trust in you if you do not meet him half way.

Remember there is no one on earth who has a keener sense of right and wrong than your boy. Remember, also, that naughty, mischievous boys are usually very clever and have the making of smart, reliable men.

Always keep your promises. If you threaten to punish a boy the next time he offends or disobeys, be sure to do it.

Remember your wife had had the care of the children all day. Few men realize the responsibility and unceasing labor in the care of children, the long, weary hours with the babies, the constant attention, the everlasting patience necessary. Help her in the evening with the boys.

I am a firm believer in "early to bed" for children.

Do not spoil your children with luxuries. Plain food, plain clothes, and what they should have. Silk dresses, diamond rings, trips to the theater and opera in the evening take the zest away from your daughters when they become young women.

Visits to your club, and the keeping of late hours, do not tend to make your sons either healthy or wise. They will know all about life before they are grown up. Keep both your daughters and sons amused and interested in childish things as long as possible—time enough for the care of life later on.

Why We Need Hobbies.

Business is not inseparable from higher things. Men may be born grocers, but need not live only as grocers. Solon and Thales, wise men of the Greeks, were merchants; Plato peddled oil; Spinoza, the philosopher, mended spectacles. Linnaeus was a cobbler as well as a botanist. Shakspeare prided himself more upon his success as a stage manager than as a dramatist. Spenser was a sheriff. It might require a rather strong wrench of the imagination to imagine sheriffs of to-day writing another "Faerie Queen"—but while Milton taught school, as have almost all great men. Walter Scott, the wizard of the North, was circuit clerk and practical man of affairs; Grote was a London banker, Ricardo a stock jobber and Sir Isaac Newton master of the English mint. Paul was a tent-maker and the Great Gentleman an apprentice at a carpenter's bench.

"I practice law simply to support myself," said one of the greatest of St. Louis attorneys—an attorney-at-law, not an attorney-at-politics—"but my real life is at home in my library." Thoroughly practical people need the help of hobbies to keep them from shriveling up.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

High-Priced Book.

The biggest price ever paid for a book was $4,500, given for an original copy of the Psalterium, published by Fust in 1459. It was bought by Bernard Quaritch.

Tasmania's Mineral Wealth.

Tasmania, in proportion to its area, is the richest in Australasia's colonies in mineral wealth.

Some women are so humble that they think every woman who has more money than they have, good looking