Eugene Weekly Guard.

CAMPBELL BROS., Proprietors.

EUGENE.....OREGON.

Another war has broken out in South America, probably to prevent an interruption of the sequence.

If King Edward's coronation is anything like its prospectus it will at least add to the gayety of nations.

The daughters of cabinet officers when their approaching marriages are announced get rather more prominence before the public than do their distinguished papas.

The injunction is a handy thing to have about the house. It has been invoked by a New Jersey girl to restrain a young man whom she says promised to marry her from marrying another girl.

German doctors may get excited because of the enormous increase of quacks, but they do not seem to rise to the profundity of truth that advertising pays. According to the regular school a "quack" is a doctor who is short on professional ethics and long on practice.

An editor whose types converted "spider web social" into "spindle leg social" has taken to the hills, a wanderer upon the face of the earth, not through fear of the ladies who attended the party, but because his amazonian wife is so unreasonable as to insist upon being shown how he secured the information.

From the settler's cabin may come a Clay. From the towpath of the canal may come a Garfield. From the woods may emerge a Lincoln. From the cornfields may rise a poet and a scholar. But who looks to the tenements of New York and Boston and Philadelphia for our future presidents and our future masters of literature and art and finance? Who looks to the slums of the great cities and to their fetid sweatshops for the world's leaders and torchbearers? Yet the drift of this country is steadily toward the tenement, and the drift from the tenement is toward the slum.

It appears that the punishment meted out to the reckless bicyclist is quite inadequate to impress upon the reckless automobilist the seriousness of his offense. To a man able to own an automobile valued at say $2,000—what is a $10 fine to him? A mere bagatelle If for each violation of the speed limit law he should be mulcted in the sum of from $200 to $400 perhaps it might make some impression on him. A still more salutary effect would be secured by a brief term of imprisonment—for the lawbreaker theoretically stands in the same light before the bar of justice, be he millionaire or vagrant.

The successful utilization of waste products has been a large factor in the solution of the problem of production worked out by this generation. The meat-packing industry is a notable illustration. Should the packers only make expenses from the packing business the waste product would afford ample profit. However, the utilization of waste, the turning of refuse into profit is only in its infancy. It is no fancy, that story of the chemist who turned a pair of boots into a fine quality of jelly. In the Middle Ages such a man would have been a magician. He would have examined the entrails, watched the flight of birds or noticed which way the smoke blew ere he announced such a metamorphosis. Today the magician converts old skirts into glucose, makes ink from an old copper coffee pot and writing paper from old collars. The possibilities of the future transcend present belief. A New York physician says that good milk can be made from the sewage of the city. He could furnish as much from the present sewage volume as can be produced from a hundred thousand cows. It is simply a question of producing the milk more cheaply than from cows. When it is remembered that the smoke from smelters is carefully converted into white lead and the waste soapsuds from large woolen factories is now converted into pressed brick, some conception is afforded of the apparently fantastic, but really useful adaptations, of modern chemistry.

A peculiar phenomena is observable in the fact that while the nation, through the policy of expansion, is growing more cosmopolitan, in spots it is growing more provincial. It is true that certain districts in the United States are becoming more and more isolated because of certain conditions. Evidences may be discovered in the mountain districts of Kentucky where the feud of the middle ages is as strong as it was years ago. Regions in Tennessee, northern Georgia and West Virginia are untouched by the swift movement of modern thought. Peculiarities, customs and modes of thought bind communities of this sort into narrowness and isolation. Even our language is distorted into dialects, so that as in scriptural times, a man's speech betrayeth him. You can tell the down East Yankee by his omission of the "r," the Southerner by his concessions to negro dialect, and the rounder of the city by his patois. Communities are provincial in many things. Who would look for an unbiased opinion of the Chinese coolie on the Pacific coast? And yet what people more than the Californians admit the Chinese to their households? How many planters in the cotton states believe the negro has a soul? Note how aristocratic dwellers in "Athens" religiously stand by Bostonese as good English. "Can any good come out of Chicago?" asks the New York City provincial. The Missourian has to be "shown" when Iowa is concerned. We are coming to be a broad nation in many particulars, but we remain very narrow in spots.

The Judge who sustained a ruling of the Treasury Department that immigrants afflicted with tuberculosis had no right to enter the country did not go into the merits of the case. He simply held that the matter was one for the Treasury officials to decide. But it is clear that the Treasury decided wisely, that it is doing no more than it should to protect the health of the country. Tuberculosis is the most destructive disease known. In Europe, as well as in the United States, it is the cause of more deaths than any other. Epidemics of plague and fever are responsible for more scares and sensations, and occasionally produce a high death rate and a large mortality list, but tuberculosis works steadily year in and year out with the persistence of fate. It cannot be cured like the epidemics, and though new and promising remedies are announced every little while the one thing of a remedial nature upon which the best medical minds agree and insist is that the greatest care should be taken to prevent its inception and spread. There is no doubt that it is communicable; that the agent for its dissemination is the sputum of patients; that without strict regulations this agent is apt to be found everywhere. The seed of the disease is in the street of every town and city, in the workshop and on the farm. Hence the recommendations for the segregation of consumptives and the erection of public hospitals for their special care. When the dread of the disease is so great and such extraordinary precautions are urged against it within the country it is certainly reasonable that official precautions should be taken to prevent its importation. They are fully as justifiable as the measures which are taken to keep the sufferers from contagious diseases in quarantine.

Prof. Georgeson, who has been representing the Department of Agriculture in Alaska, has prepared a pleasant surprise for the American people. It appears that the current notion of Alaska as a bleak and somewhat terrifying wilderness, abounding chiefly in gold deposits and rigorous winters, is not altogether accurate. Alaska can be made the home of the farmer as well as that of the miner. There are at least four strips of territory, says Prof. Georgeson, where for about 400 miles the hardier grains can be cultivated with success. It is true these strips are not so spacious as the Mississippi Valley, being only thirty or forty miles wide at most. But, small as they are, they are fertile, and on their 10,000,000 acres it is thought that a population of 3,000,000 people might find a comfortable subsistence. Besides the cereals, vegetables are found to thrive in the Alaskan climate, and during the past year the town of Dawson was fully supplied with green vegetables grown at home. It was also proved that grazing is a prospective Alaskan industry. Horses, sheep and cattle can find excellent pasture and can get through the winter even when turned out to find their own food. What with cereals, therefore, and vegetables and stock, the farmer of the Yukon valley will be able to settle down in that part of the world as a permanent resident. It is to be understood, of course, that the hardships of Alaskan life are undeniable. While the country is by no means the gigantic iceberg which some people suppose it to be, yet the climate is a little bit more than bracing, and the farms, though good, can never be of the kind called bonanza. Alaskan agriculture, as Prof. Georgeson remarks, is for the small farmer, who shall own his own land and who shall support himself largely by what he himself produces. To such a man, intelligent and industrious, Alaska offers great opportunities, for, like the "Great American desert" and much of the Canadian Northwest Territory, it has outlived its reputation for sterility and hopelessness, and is now ready to be exploited.

WHEN WILD ANIMALS SLEEP.

Heavy, Peaceful Slumber of Lions, Tigers and Bears.

There is nothing odd or peculiar about the sleep of the lions and tigers. In captivity they show the same indifference to danger that they manifest in the jungle, and by day or night will slumber through an unusual tumult, unmindful or unconscious of the noise. Their sleep is commonly heavy and peaceful.

Bears are also heavy sleepers, but less disposed than lions and tigers to slumber in the daytime. Grizzly bears usually curl up under the rocks, but sometimes they crawl up to the very top of the rocks, and with front paws spread around the iron cage bars go to sleep in what seems an uncomfortable position; but bears never release their muscular grasp of any object when asleep.

The black bears will curl up among the branches of a tree when they have the opportunity and go to sleep in this peculiar position. The polar bears show a peculiarity in the selection of their sleeping places. They choose one particular corner of the cage for the purpose, and invariably seek this out for the night's rest.

The high-strung, nervous animals are the most interesting to watch at night. They usually belong to the hunted tribes, whose lives are in constant danger in the forest, and they possess such a highly developed nervous system that they really sleep with one eye open. The slightest noise will instantly awaken them.

The prairie wolves merely seem to close their eyes for an instant and then open them again to see if all is quiet. Many vain attempts have been made to photograph these animals by flashlight, and without exception the camera has revealed the fact that one eye at least was partly open.

The day sleepers in the menageries are for some reason the heaviest slumberers of all, and when they close their eyes in early morning they seem almost as stupid as if drugged. This is in marked contrast to the light night sleepers, who, on the approach of danger, are instantly awake and on the alert.—Penny Pictorial Magazine.

Very Likely.

"Why does Mrs. Gazely persist in wearing that old-rose waist?"

"She says it's the prevailing tint."

"Wonder if her husband wears his old-rose complexion for the same reason?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

If love would only make a man's income go round he wouldn't care anything about the gyration of the world.

DANGEROUS TO LAUGH

ROYAL ATTENDANTS MUST COMMAND THEIR FEATURES.

Officer of the Czar Lost $12,000 a Year and High Position on Account of Inopportune Mirth—Kaiser Also Is Touchy in This Regard.

It was awkward for the Czar's confidential adviser, Baron Enidoff, a few weeks ago, that he had not a quicker control over his features, for a laugh at the wrong moment lost him his high position and £12,000 a year.

While the royal suite was at Compiegne, soon after the arrival, the Czar was tired, and a little irritable, by the effects of the long journey. While going through the big library, which was part of the great apartments prepared for him, he slipped on a wolfskin mat that lay on the highly polished floor, made a wild attempt to save himself, and clutched at one of his attendants.

He nearly brought himself and his standby to the ground, but he just managed to avoid a fall. The spectacle was rather ludicrous, especially in such a stately personage; and when the rather irritated monarch turned round he found his favorite Enidoff indulging in a grin of amusement, which he could not suppress.

The Czar, who detests levity on state occasions, spoke very sharply to the culprit, who, next day, was dismissed his post, and relegated to an assistant secretaryship, with plenty of hard work to do, and wherein he never sees the Czar at all. Although wealthy and of the oldest nobility, the baron dared not refuse the minor service. His former stipend was £12,000 a year.

But the Kaiser, on the whole, is the most dangerous person to laugh at, or before, and more than one person has "done for" himself in this way. So did the unfortunate Gough Milbanke find it—the clever but bluff Scottish colonial administrator. It was he who used to command the Sultan Abou Din's troops and manage the Arabian finances.

The Kaiser took him up, four years ago, as a guest, with a view to making use of him in the new "expansion" policy of the German Empire, and had decided to give him a fine position in the East, to guard German interests in China, at a princely remuneration, of course. The Kaiser sees to these things himself, and anybody who becomes one of his right-hand men is pretty well set up for life.

At one of the audiences given him at Potsdam, Milbanke was giving the Emperor the benefit of his experience and receiving his orders, when the Kaiser made a rather absurd suggestion as to eastern diplomacy, proposing to win the confidence of the Japanese and Kurile Islanders with presents.

Milbanke, bursting into a guffaw, asked the Kaiser if he thought the Japanese were Congo niggers, who could be bought over with a few glass beads and a flint lock gun? The Kaiser froze at once, wished Milbanke good-night, and never reopened relations with him.

The moral is, when you are chatting with a king don't forget he is a king, and dig him in the ribs. A still more amusing case of this kind was the mistake of another Scottish administrator, Duncan McVea, who was, next to McLeavy Brown, of Corea, the most famous of "wandering" governors. Scotland, by the way, supplies 80 per cent of the world's pioneer administrators, as well as its engineers.

McVea was dealing with that pleasant but touchy monarch, the King of Portugal, who had proposed to put the rather shaky government of the Cape Verde Islands into his hands, to set things going and pull the finances together. This would have been a big step, and meant some £25,000 a year to the famous adventurer; but he had too much of what Scotchmen are supposed to lack—sense of humor. At any rate, it was the ruin of the finest prospect he ever had.

The king became a little excited and irritated at the various common-sense objections that McVea, knowing what he was talking about, opposed to some of the monarch's plans, and though the king speaks admirable English as a rule, when excited it becomes a very odd mixture indeed. This, finally, so worked on McVea's feelings that he smiled audibly, with the result that he was promptly ordered away, and the Cape Verdes still lack a Scottish governor to look after their affairs.—London Answers.

GEN. GRANT AND HIS FATHER.

Elder Gentleman, Visiting His Son, Was Entertained by Gen. Dickie.

On the authority of the late Judge Dickie, for some time chief justice of Illinois, and during the Civil War chief of cavalry under General Grant while Grant had his headquarters at Memphis, the Chicago Times-Herald tells a remarkable story. It shows how General Grant once fulfilled his sense of honor in a matter in which he believed his own father was improperly concerned, without hurting his father's feelings.

While at Memphis Grant had received word that his father was coming to visit him. His staff might have perceived that the prospect of this visit did not please him, but it passed without comment. One night very soon before the date set for his father's visit, General Grant summoned General Dickie to him, and said:

"I have sent for you as a personal friend. My father is coming to visit me, and what I have got to tell you about that visit is not pleasing to me; but something must be done. Some of the money sharks and cotton speculators have gained an unwarrantable influence over him, and he is really coming down here to use his influence over me to gain favors for them.

"This cannot be. I do not wish to wound his feelings. I do not wish him to know that I understand the object of his visit. I have prepared a plan of action which I wish you to aid me in carrying out."

He then relieved General Dickie of duty as commander of the cavalry, and told him to devote himself wholly to Mr. Jesse Grant during his stay—to take him to his own tent and entertain him there, and above all to prevent the old gentleman from being alone with his son, General Grant, for an instant.

The general's father arrived, and was very much pleased to accept General Dickie's hospitality, not knowing what it involved.

General Dickie entertained him most hospitably, but stuck to him very closely. If the elder Grant found himself alone and hastened to see his son, there he found General Dickie.

Four or five days passed, and he had gained no opportunity for a private interview, and no chance to force one.

For nearly ten days he kept up the attempt, but had to go away at last without having accomplished his errand. When he was gone Dickie was restored to his cavalry duty. The subject was never again referred to between Grant and Dickie, but General Dickie, shortly before his death, told the story to a Chicago lawyer.

SURGERY OF BIRDS AND BEASTS.

They Evidently Have a Method of Treating Their Wounds.

That wild birds and animals possess a knowledge of surgery or something that answers the purpose is well known to those who are intimate with their habits.

An example of this in small birds was noted by an amateur naturalist last winter. He shot a specimen of the horned lark. On going to pick up the bird he was very much annoyed to find, as he thought, that he had shot off one of its legs. But on closer inspection it was developed that the loss was an old one, the right leg being off from the joint. The skin seemed to have been drawn over the end of the stump and had healed perfectly. The loss of this leg must have inconvenienced the bird considerably while on the ground feeding, but it certainly did not hinder its flying ability, for it was bowling along in good shape when shot.

That a bird of this size should survive the shock and the attendant loss of blood of such an injury is nothing short of marvelous. And there is no accounting for it, except that they have some means of treating such injuries.

Another case bearing on this was that of a three-legged deer on Long Island. He had been known by his track for several years before his death (which, according to report, occurred last season, although it is only rumored), and many of the hunters had made special attempts to kill this buck. The loss of the limb did not seem to interfere in any way with his fleetness of foot, for he seemed able to distance the best dogs on the island.

No one seemed to know how he had lost his leg, but lost it he had, and any one with even a crude knowledge of anatomy must know that without treatment of some kind to stop the flow the animal would have bled to death.

It all goes to show, says the New York Times, that our feathered and furred friends of the woods have an efficient Red Cross system of their own.

Sagacious Cats.

South of Fulton street, in New York City, the cat is not a pet but a business investment, an insurance policy against the river rats. Yet, wild as some of these animals are, there is one man, says the Tribune, whom they regard with approval. That is the cat's meat man.

"I don't know all of them," he says. "No man could; and, besides, there are changes all the time. But if I don't know them they all know me, every last cat of them.

"And they're wise; cats are as wise as any beast that lives. Every cat on the block runs to meet me, but they are always on their good behavior.

"Now, here's a place where I leave meat for six cats. They all follow me in when I give it to the porter. They are the cats that belong here, and all the rest of the cats are waiting peaceably for me to come out. Now, see those four cats run ahead and into the next place; they're the cats that belong there, and they line up to meet me.

"But that is a small part of the wisdom of these cats. Five mornings in the week I get around my beat between seven and eight o'clock, but on Saturdays I am always late, and never reach this block before nine. Well, on Saturday mornings the cats know that I'm late, and they don't put their heads outside the doors until it lacks only a little of nine.

"You see there are calendars hanging up in every office to tell the day of the week, and clocks, too, and there's nothing to hinder the cats from consulting them. If they don't find out that way, how do they know when it's nine o'clock Saturday mornings?"

Dowry of Brides.

In almost every country but America there are restrictive conditions in force with regard to the marriage of army officers. In Russia especially is this to be found, as no circumstances will permit the marriage of an officer under the age of 23, and not even between that and 28 years, unless the bride's dowry is a sum sufficient to allow him to keep his money for his personal use. The limit of this dowry is fixed by the government.

In the Austro-Hungarian army the number of officers authorized to marry is limited by a fixed proportion in each grade, and when these totals are reached further marriages are prohibited until vacancies occur in the married ranks. The Italian army regulations fix the limit of a bride's dowry, but the law is frequently broken, for it has been recently estimated that only about one-eighth of the marriages have occurred under the proper conditions. The other seven-eighths are attended with all the inconveniencies of a marrige not recognized by the civil law.

In the Billville District.

"Who's that thundering down the road yonder?"

"It's Johnson—coming with his shotgun. Run and meet him half-way and tell him that his man's elected!"—Atlanta Constitution.

To Select From.

She—The angels sent me ma two twin babies last night.

He—Has she picked out the one she wants yet?

The more reasons there are why a man should save money, the less likely he is to save it.

You just naturally hate to have some people "sell" you.

The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

CHAPTER XXVIII.—(Continued.)

"My daughter," he said, "I bade you leave even your duty in my keeping. Now I summon you to fulfill it. Your duty lies yonder, by your husband's side in his agony of death."

"I will go," I whispered, my lips scarcely moving to pronounce the words, so stiff and cold they felt.

"Good!" he said, "you have chosen the better part. Come! The good God will protect you."

He drew my hand through his arm and led me to the low doorway.

The inner room, as I entered, was very dark with the overhanging eaves, and my eyes, contracted by the strong sunlight, could discern but little in the gloom. Tardif was kneeling beside a low bed, bathing my husband's forehead. He made way for me, and I felt him touch my hand with his lips as I took his place. Richard's face, sunken, haggard, dying, with filmy eyes, dawned gradually out of the dim twilight, line after line, until it lay sharp and distinct under my gaze. The poor, miserable face! the restless, dreary, dying eyes!

"Where is Olivia?" he muttered, in a hoarse and labored voice.

"I am here, Richard," I answered, falling on my knees where Tardif had been kneeling, and putting my hand in his; "look at me. I am Olivia."

"You are mine, you know," he said, his fingers closing round my wrist with a grasp as weak as a very young child's; "she is my wife, Monsieur le Cure."

"Yes," I sobbed, "I am your wife, Richard."

"Do they hear it?" he asked, in a whisper.

"We hear it," answered Tardif.

"I CAME UPON A GRAVE."

A strange, spasmodic smile flitted across his ghastly face, a look of triumph and success. His fingers tightened over my hand, and I left it passively in their clasp.

"Mine!" he murmured.

"Olivia," he said, after a long pause, and in a stronger voice, "you always spoke the truth to me. This priest and his follower have been trying to frighten me into repentance, as if I were an old woman. They say I am near dying. Tell me, is it true?"

"Richard," I said, "it is true."

His lips closed after a cry, and seemed as if they would never open again. He shut his eyes wearisomely. Feebly and fitfully came his gasps for breath, and he moaned at times. But still his fingers held me fast, though the slightest effort of mine would have set me free. I left my hand in his cold grasp, and spoke to him whenever he moaned.

There was long silence. I could hear the chirping of the sparrows in the thatched roof. Monsieur Laurentie and Tardif stood at the foot of the bed, looking down upon us both, but I only saw their shadows falling across us. My eyes were fastened upon the face I should soon see no more. The little light there was seemed to be fading away from it, leaving it all dark and blank.

"Olivia!" he cried, once again, in a tone of mingled anger and entreaty.

"I am here," I answered, laying my other hand upon his, which was at last relaxing its hold and falling away helplessly. But where was he? Where was the voice which half a minute ago called Olivia? Where was the life gone that had grasped my hand? He had not heard my answer, or felt my touch upon his cold fingers.

Tardif lifted me gently from my place beside him, and carried me away into the open air, under the overshadowing eaves.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The unbroken monotony of Ville-en-bois closed over me again. A week has glided by—a full week. I am seated at the window of the salon, gasping in a breath of fresh air—such a cool, balmy breeze as blows over the summer sea to the cliffs of Sark. Monsieur Laurentie, under the shelter of a huge red umbrella, is choosing the ripest cluster of grapes for our supper this evening. All the street is as still as at midnight. Suddenly there breaks upon us the harsh, metallic clang of well-shod horse hoofs upon the stony roadway—the cracking of a postillion's whip—the clatter of an approaching carriage.

Pierre, who has been basking idly under the window, jumps to his feet, shouting, "It is Monsieur the Bishop!" Minima claps her hands and cries, "The Prince, Aunt Nelly, the Prince!"

Monsieur Laurentie walks slowly down to the gate, his cotton umbrella spread over him like a giant fungus. It is certainly not the Prince; for an elderly, white-haired man, older than Monsieur Laurentie, but with a more imposing and stately presence, steps out of the carriage, and they salute one another with great ceremony. They entered the house and came directly to the salon. I was making my escape by another door, when Monsieur Laurentie called to me.

"Behold a friend for you, madame," he said, "a friend from England. Monsieur, this is my beloved English child."

"You do not know who I am, my dear?" The English voice and words went straight to my heart.

"No," I answered, "but you are come to me from Dr. Martin Dobree."

"Very true," he said, "I am his friend's father—Dr. John Senior's father. Martin has sent me to you. He wished Miss Johanna Carey to accompany me, but we were afraid of the fever for her. I am an old physician, and feel at home with diseases and contagion. But we cannot allow you to remain in this unhealthy village; that is out of the question. I am come to carry you away, in spite of this old cure."

Monsieur Laurentie was listening eagerly, and watching Dr. Senior's lips, as if he could catch the meaning of his words by sight, if not by hearing.

"But where am I to go?" I asked. "I have no money, and cannot get any until I have written to Melbourne, and have an answer. I have no means of proving who I am."

"Leave all that to us, my dear girl," answered Dr. Senior, cordially. "I have already spoken of your affairs to an old friend of mine, who is an excellent lawyer. I am come to offer myself to you in place of your guardians on the other side of the world."

I moved a little nearer to Monsieur Laurentie, and put my hand through his arm. He folded his own thin, brown hand over it caressingly, and looked down at me, with something like tears glistening in his eyes.

"Is it all settled?" he asked, "is monsieur come to rob me of my English daughter? She will go away now to her own island, and forget Ville-en-bois and her poor old French father!"

"Never! never!" I answered vehemently, "I shall not forget you as long as I live. Besides, I mean to come back very often; every year if I can. I almost wish I could stay here altogether; but you know that is impossible, monsieur. Is it not quite impossible?"

"Quite impossible!" he repeated, somewhat sadly, "madame is too rich now; she will have many good friends."

"Not one better than you," I said, "not one more dear than you. Yes, I am rich; and I have been planning something to do for Ville-en-bois. Would you like the church enlarged and beautified, Monsieur le Cure?"

"It is large enough and fine enough already," he answered.

"Shall I put some painted windows and marble images into it?" I asked.

"No, no, madame," he replied, "let it remain as it is during my short lifetime."

"I thought so," I said, "but I believe I have discovered what Monsieur le Cure would approve. It is truly English. There is no sentiment, no romance about it. Cannot you guess what it is, my wise and learned monsieur?"

"No, no, madame," he answered, smiling in spite of his sadness.

"Listen, dear monsieur," I continued; "if this village is unhealthy for me, it is unhealthy for you and your people. Dr. Martin told Tardif there would always be fever here, as long as there are no drains and no pure water. Very well; now I am rich I shall have it drained, precisely like the best English towns; and there shall be a fountain in the middle of the village, where all the people can go to draw good water. I shall come back next year to see how it has been done. There is my secret plan for Ville-en-bois."

The next morning I took a last solitary walk till I came upon a grave. It was my farewell to the wrecked romance of my married life. Monsieur Laurentie accompanied us on our journey, as far as the cross at the entrance to the valley. He parted with us there; and when I stood up in the carriage to look back once more at him, I saw his black-robed figure kneeling on the white steps of the Calvary, and the sun shining upon his silvery head.

* * * * * * *

For the third time I landed in England. When I set foot upon its shores first I was worse than friendless, with foes of my own household surrounding me; the second time I was utterly alone, in daily terror, in poverty, with a dreary lifelong future stretching before me. Now every want of mine was anticipated, every step directed, as if I were a child again, and my father himself was caring for me. How many friends, good and tried and true, could I count! All the rough paths were made smooth for me.

I soon learned to laugh at the dismay which had filled me upon my entrance into my new sphere. It would have been difficult to resist the cordiality with which I was adopted into the household. Dr. Senior treated me as his daughter; Dr. John was as much at home with me as if I had been his sister. Minima, too, became perfectly reconciled to her new position.

I saw little of Martin. He had been afraid I should feel myself bound to him; and the very fact that he had once told me he loved me had made it more difficult to him to say so a second time. He would not have any love from me as a duty. If I did not love him fully, with my whole heart, choosing him after knowing others with whom I could compare him, he would not receive any lesser gift from me.

"What will you do, Olivia?" asked Dr. John one day.

"What can I do?" I said.

"Go to him," he urged; "he is alone. I saw him a moment ago, looking out at us from the drawing room window. God bless him! Olivia, my dear girl, go to him."

"Oh, Jack!" I cried, "I cannot."

"I don't see why you cannot," he answered gaily. "You are trembling, and your face goes from white to red, and then white again; but you have not lost the use of your limbs, or your tongue. If you take my arm, it will not be very difficult to cross the lawn. Come; he is the best fellow living, and worth walking a dozen yards for."

I believe I should have run away, but I heard Minima's voice behind me, calling shrilly to Dr. John, and I could not bear to face him again. Taking my courage in both hands, I stepped quickly across the floor, for if I had hesitated longer my heart would have failed me. Scarcely a moment had passed since Jack left me, and Martin had not turned his head, yet it seemed an age.

"Martin," I whispered, as I stood close behind him, "how could you be so foolish as to send Dr. John to me?"

* * * * * * *

We were married as soon as the season was over, when Martin's fashionable patients were all going away from town. Ours was a very quiet wedding, for I had no friends on my side, and Martin's cousin Julia could not come, for she had a baby very young, and Captain Carey could not leave them. Johanna Carey and Minima were my bridesmaids, and Jack was Martin's groomsman.

On our way home from Switzerland, in the early autumn, we went down from Paris to Falaise, and through Noireau to Ville-en-bois. The next stage of our homeward journey was Guernsey. Martin was welcomed with almost as much enthusiasm in St. Peter-port as I had been in little Ville-en-bois.

My eyes were dazzled with the sunshine, and dim with tears, when I first caught sight of the little cottage of Tardif, who was stretching out his nets on the stone causeway under the windows. Martin called to him, and he flung down his nets and ran to meet us.

"We are come to spend the day with you, Tardif," I cried, when he was within hearing of my voice.

"It will be a day from heaven," he said, taking off his fisherman's cap, and looking round at the blue sky with its sunflecked clouds, and the sea with its scattered islets.

It was like a day from heaven. We wandered about the cliffs, visiting every spot which was most memorable to either of us, and Tardif rowed us in his boat past the entrance of the Gouliot Caves. He was very quiet, but he listened to our free talk together, for I could not think of good old Tardif as any stranger; and he seemed to watch us both, with a far-off, faithful, quiet look upon his face. Sometimes I fancied he did not hear what we were saying, and again his eyes would brighten with a sudden gleam, as if his whole soul and heart shone through them upon us. It was the last day of our holiday, for in the morning we should return to London and to work; but it was such a perfect day as I had never known before.

"You are quite happy, Mrs. Martin Dobree?" said Tardif to me, when we were parting from him.

"I did not know I could ever be so happy," I answered.

We saw him to the last moment standing on the cliff, and waving his hat to us high above his head. Now and then there came a shout across the water. Before we were quite beyond earshot, we heard Tardif's voice calling amid the splashing of the waves:

"God be with you, my friends. Adieu, mam'zelle!"

(The end.)

A CORPORATION WITH A SOUL.

Favors Shown Its Employes by a New York Bank.

It seems to be certain that ere long the saying, "Corporations have no soul," will be sent into limbo. One incident to help the cynical remark that way, says the New York Times, developed at the Fifth Avenue Bank during the scorching weather. While the clerks were sweltering in the heat some one suggested laughingly that they looked as if they needed the comforts of a shower bath. The suggestion reached the ears of President Frissell and Cashier Dean. They did not look on it as facetious, but as sensible. So shower baths were at once installed in the lavatory in the basement of the bank building, and under these the clerks were permitted to cool off at as frequent intervals as they chose during the superheated days.

Relations between employer and employed have always been most cordial and friendly at the bank, and the thoughtfulness for the welfare of the clerks has been a frequent subject of favorable comment among members of the Bank Clerks' Association and similar organizations. The Fifth Avenue Bank people themselves haven't had much to say about it, but the bank clerks know that such things as private lockers, bicycle storage rooms, a substantial luncheon in a room provided especially for the purpose, and at cost prices, and now bathing facilities, do not at all lessen the interest taken by those clerks in the routine work and the success of the bank.

Consumption Can Be Cured.

Reading aloud is recommended by physicians as a benefit to persons affected with any chest complaint.

The recommendation is made because in all cases of lung trouble it is important for the sufferer to indulge in exercise by which the chest is in part filled by and emptied of air, for the exercise is strengthening to the throat, lungs and muscles of the chest. Reading aloud can be practiced by all, and can be a pleasure and profit to both reader and hearers. In this treatment it is recommended that the reading be deliberate, without being allowed to drag, that the enunciation be clear, the body be held in an easy, unstrained, upright position, so that the chest shall have free play, and that the breathing be as deep as possible, without undue effort.

Regarded as an Evil in Austria.

As a result of a report submitted to the Austrian council of agriculture, setting forth that suits cannot be brought to recover losses in transactions for the future delivery of grain, the council has unanimously declared itself in favor of prohibiting altogether transactions in grain for future delivery. This information is conveyed in a communication to the State Department from United States Consul Warner at Leipzig, Germany. Mr. Warner states that the council has petitioned the government to use its influence to suppress this practice altogether in Austro-Hungary.

Chances Increased.

A boy baby a month old can expect but 42 years of life. If, however, he lives to 5 years his chances of living have increased to 51 years and 6 months.

Regulation of Price of Medicine.

The price of medicine in Prussia is regulated by the state.

The girls who are away at school will return in a few weeks, with new ideas about doing up their hair.