Eugene Weekly Guard.

CAMPBELL BROS., Proprietors.

EUGENE .....OREGON.

A fireproof Christmas tree would fill a long-felt want.

Cholera is raging in Java. Boil your coffee before using it.

It is none of our affair. Still, why doesn't Wilhelmina take a rolling pin to Henry?

If the earth's curves interfere with Marconi, the high places must be cut off and thrown into the hollows.

A woman is complaining because her husband threw a dog at her. Why didn't she lam him with the cat?

Perhaps King Edward didn't wonder at the way our nation is marching forward after he heard Sousa's band.

That thief who snatched a woman's purse after she was through shopping had but a slight insight into feminine way.

The proposal to send the anarchists to the Dry Tortugas is open to one objection. The Dry Tortugas is not sufficiently remote.

Short reckonings are supposed to make long friends, but when you begin to reckon on making a touch your friends are usually short.

If a man has the right kind of material in his backbone it doesn't matter whether he is born with a silver spoon or an iron ladle in his mouth.

The coronation day parade promises to set a standard which the American circus procession, which has hitherto held such prestige in England, cannot hope to live up to.

London newspaper men are afraid that American women journalists are going to crowd them out of business. Why don't they execute a coup by marrying the lady journalists?

A writer says women have simply got to go to bag punching if they expect to be healthy. A good many women who never punched a bag in their lives are in such high states of health that doctors are in despair.

Maine has abolished capital punishment and there is no State in the Union where murders are so comparatively frequent and where so many murderers are imprisoned. It should be added that Maine juries are much more likely to bring first-degree verdicts because of the fact that the guilty ones will not suffer the extreme penalty.

Whatever else may be said of the attempt of a telegraph company to expel Marconi from Newfoundland on the score of its monopoly of the right to transmit messages between that island and Europe, the company evidently has its fears as to wireless telegraphy. The telegraph company seems to have acted on the assumption that no man has a right to apply other methods of electric telegraphy but its own. Had Marconi sought to enter into competition with it on its own ground its course toward him would not have been without reasonable excuse. But it was a shabby business to attempt to hinder his experiments for transmission of wireless dispatches across the ocean—a matter in which the whole world has a profound interest.

A famous preacher has written and published a screed in which he says, "Oh, Chicago, you are hurrying into hell." Then he paints an awful picture of city life where men are struggling for position and money, crowding, crushing, lying, scheming, in a mad, unreasoning helter-skelter, which he declares leads to the bottomless pit as surely as the earth revolves. He also calls money a "heartless fiend that riots and revels in the havoc it makes among men." It is easy to juggle with words, and to make a picture of city depravity that will sicken the soul. But why not paint more pictures of the good? Some of the people are crazy after money, but the majority of them are fairly content with an income that is honestly earned to the last penny and will afford a comfortable living. Some of the people have introduced horse-trade ethics into their business dealings, but the majority of them buy and sell on an honest basis. When they say "All wool," you rarely find cotton. And money only becomes a destroyer when it is man's master. It has mastered thousands, but it has not mastered the millions. The desire for it is legitimate and laudable. So long as men earn their bread by the sweat of their brow there will be some kind of money, and most people will always desire more of it than they possess. If this minister and any of the pesimistic money-haters were turned loose in the subtreasury with instructions to help themselves, do you for an instant suppose that they would come out with empty pockets? Why, they would hire moving vans and coal wagons. And all because they have that instinctive desire common to humanity to possess more, to live better, to gain at least some wealth and to remove that nightmare of old age—poverty. A great many things are wrong, but don't forget that this is a good world, just the same, and that honesty and good morals are in the majority.

If the Anglo-American Air Company does not succeed in cornering the crop of atmosphere between the continents before the experiments of Marconi are completed there is no reason why the inventor's prediction that wireless messages may be sent from the western world to Europe for a cent a word should not come true. At a luncheon given by Governor Boyle of Newfoundland to Marconi at St. John's the inventor declared his belief that his system when perfected would make possible a rate of one cent a word for messages across the seas instead of twenty-five cents a word, the present rate charged by existing cable lines. In the light of the experiments at St. John's and the recent establishing of wireless communication between the Nantucket lightship and the steamship Lucania, seventy-two miles away at sea, the prediction of Marconi cannot be characterized as the dream of an enthusiast. Even though we are inclined to look dubiously for more definite results from the more recent experiments at St. John's, the practicability of long-distance wireless messages over the sea has been demonstrated beyond any possibility of serious controversy. Officers of the British navy have sent wireless messages from ship to ship in the Mediterranean over distances roughly estimated by them to exceed 100 miles. Messegase were sent in this way on land not long ago from Crookhaven, Ireland, to Poldhu, Cornwall, a distance of 223 miles. The experiments of Tesla and Marconi have at least demonstrated that we may send wireless messages across the ocean from ship to ship stations. Just how far the distances between the ship stations may be increased or whether they may be in time dispensed with altogether are questions to be solved by these and other inventors in future experiments. As the cable represents the principal cost in modern systems of marine telegraphy there is no way of telling at this time how much its complete elimination might cheapen messages between this country and Europe.

Delinquent parents are invariably responsible for delinquent children. In nine cases out of ten when a child goes wrong it will be found either that there are positively vicious influences in his home life or that there is an entire absence of a home training that is worthy the name. There are parents who have a good standing in the community, but who fail to establish a restraining discipline over their children. It is easy to identify these people with the class of respectable men who fail to vote and whose excuse is that they are so absorbed in business that their hours of leisure must be hours of pleasure and relaxation. Probably in no country in the world is this apology heard so often as it is here. Business, being exalted as the be-all and end-all of life, is held as a matter of course to have an exclusive claim upon a person's thought and nerve energy. No reserve is kept for any intellectual pursuit, none for any serious or laborious interest in any of the affairs of life that are not directly connected with business. The education of children is left wholly to unfortunate teachers, who have absolutely no help from parents. A boy who escapes being a delinquent merely drifts along from grade to grade, needing all the time that home inspiration which would start him right and save him an immense amount of trouble in the future. In fact, the absence or presence of the intelligent disciplinary home training will often explain why one man has carried away little from his schooling and is mentally confused and incapable of sustained intellectual work, while another remembers everything, is clear to his thinking an equal to almost any intellectual task. The natural endowment may have been much the same in both cases, and the delinquent parent is perhaps wholly to blame for the failure of his son. He asks far too great an indulgence for his own indolence, and when he attempts to shift responsibility either to the child or to the child's teacher he is merely acting after the usual delinquent fashion.

ODD SUMMER HOUSE NOW IN WASHINGTON.

A unique "summer house" is to be seen in Washington on the grounds of the United States Agricultural Department. It is formed of the hollow trunk of one of the great redwood trees of California, and is big enough to shelter a large family. The reader is not advised to write for a couple of these summer houses, simple as they are, unless he has more money at his command than he knows what to do with. The great trees of California are comparatively few, and it is becoming to be looked upon as a sin to cut one of them.

Fight Rats with Bacilli.

Lisbon has recently been subjected to an unprecedented invasion of rats, which has disordered the domestic economy of every household and made life miserable. Cats were powerless to check the invaders, poison seemed to act as a stimulant to their appetites, and traps only served to demonstrate the helplessness of man's ingenuity to cope with the pest.

At length the aid of the bacillus was invoked, and the municipal doctors were commissioned to inoculate some rats with an infectious disease. A suitable virus, harmless to man, was found, a few rats captured and inoculated, and then let loose. The bacillus triumphed. The rats sickened and died with wonderful rapidity, and Lisbon is celebrating the conquest of the voracious rodent.

It is now proposed to use the virus on board ships, where rats are known to be the carriers of infection fatal to man—notably plague.—London Express.

What Jarred the Barber.

General W. H. L. Barnes contributes the following mite to the many other good jokes that the opera has given us. On Saturday last, while being shaved, he happened to ask his barber if he had attended the Grau performances at the Grand. The answer was in the affirmative.

"How did you enjoy it?"

"Not at all, sir. From my place in the gallery I could see your head below me, and it mortified me to notice that I had not parted your hair straight."—San Francisco Wave.

His Idea of a Recluse.

"It seems funny to find a recluse living right here in the heart of a great city."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean Peter B. von Gossler."

"Why, he's not a recluse."

"He isn't, eh? Then why hasn't he a telephone?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Monuments at Gettysburg.

In Gettysburg Park there are about 300 monuments. In addition to this patriotic ornamentation there are 225 mounted cannon and over 200 monumental tablets.

ABOUT THE BIOGRAPH

MACHINE THAT PRODUCES THE MOVING PICTURES

Great Future for Them in Education—Some of the Uses to Which They May Be Put—How the Films Are Made.

There is a great future for moving pictures in education. To the insular child what more impressive method of information as to what a warship is like in all its majesty than to show him one in motion-photography? The children of the Central States will be shown waves dashing high upon the strand, or rolling in gentle billows on the bathing beach where children are at play. There are city children, too, who can be shown harvesting and haying scenes in the great West; cows, horses, and all animals, wild and tame. And for both rural and urban youngsters the mutoscope will display the Indian, the Conaman, the Zulu—all races of men and their manners and customs. To the geography class the mutoscope will display the capes, rivers, cities, bays, towns and historic buildings that heretofore have been but names to the book-dazed scholar. He will be shown the Muir glacier in its mighty disintegration, Vesuvius in eruption, and Niagara's resistless flood. It will take the scholar up the Danube or down the Mississippi, or show him the wondrous panoramas of London, New York, Paris, Bombay, and Canton life. To the history class the mutoscope will show the great personages of to-day, as they live and move and have their being. What more vital suggestion of the war with Spain than the two views of the Spanish warship Viscaya—one showing her at anchor in New York harbor, her captain, in bitter jest, training his cannon on the city; the other a battered wreck upon the beach of Santiago a few weeks later?

Life-motion pictures are made with one type of camera and projected by two kinds of machines. The moving-picture camera is arranged so that, when turned by a crank, either by hand or by an electric motor, the sensitized film passes behind the lens at a rate of 320 feet per minute. But, to make each picture, this film must come to a dead stop for one-seventeenth part of a second, during which time the shutter of the camera opens and closes. Then in less than the hundredth part of a second the film moves down about two inches, and the process is repeated until the picture is finished. From one-half a minute to a minute is sufficient time to take ordinary scenes in life-motion. Five hundred or six hundred men marching eight abreast can pass at a walk a given point in one minute; and so, in taking life-motion photographs of a parade, the operator of the camera turns on his machine only at the moment important personages are passing. Pictures three minutes in length or longer are often taken, but experience has shown that long pictures on the biograph grow tiresome.

A developed biograph film is simply a ribbon of semi-transparent celluloid three inches wide, on which appears a succession of pictures. These pictures are two inches high and cover the film to its edges, while between each picture there is a margin of one-sixteenth of an inch. A picture-film of a scene that has lasted a minute will be three inches wide and 320 feet long. On it will be 1,800 separate photographs of the subject. The camera makes exposures at the rate of thirty distinct snap shots per second, and the biograph or mutoscope (by which names the two forms of reproducing apparatus are distinguished) exhibit them to spectators at the same rate of speed. The eye cannot detect where one picture joins another, for they pass at the rate of 1,800 pictures per minute.—Everybody's Magazine.

USES HEIRLOOM RECIPES.

Secret of Fine Cookery at a New York Woman's Restaurant.

The trio of lunchers that went into the little home restaurant out of curiosity lingered long to eat and praise. "Such flavoring!" "Such seasoning!" they said to the proprietress. "Where did you get your recipes?"

The smart little woman smiled in appreciation of these little compliments. "You are right," she said, "in attributing my success to the recipes. Without them I should have been a rank failure. With them I have been able to establish a profitable business down on this corner.

"My cook book is simple. There isn't another like it in the whole country. If it should ever be given to the public it would be no misnomer to call it the Blue-Blood Cook Book, for every recipe therein is an heirloom of some old American family.

"I never knew until I went into the catering business how many families own a special dish that is looked upon as their own property. Indeed, the old colonial family that has not such a possession is rare, and friends and neighbors all respect the sanctity of this recipe, and would as soon rob them of valuable chattels as to purloin the secret of that dish, which was, perhaps, invented by some great-great-grandmother and solemnly bequeathed to posterity along with old lace and satin dancing slippers.

"In one respect these recipes are like unto Shakspeare's women—they have an infinite variety which custom cannot stale. Some treat of a special way to fry chicken, others tell how to prepare roasts and vegetables, and still others relate to desserts. But no matter what you want to cook, if you follow the minute directions given you can't help but turn out a culinary masterpiece.

"It was through pure luck that I secured this invaluable manuscript work. In my palmy days I was acquainted with many ladies who are now custodians of these recipes, and when I first turned my attention to a restaurant, their sympathies were enlisted in my behalf, and they kindly offered to loan the secret of their famous dishes, provided I would exercise proper precaution and divulge nothing to curious patrons. Then they wrote to friends who were also cherishing grandmother's particular way of making pancakes or cooking rabbit, and recommended me as an honorable, secretive person, to whom it was advisable to loan the family treasure. In almost every instance this request to accommodate me was complied with, and my collection of special dishes now includes tidbits favored by the exclusive families of the East, West, North and South, not to mention a few foreign concoctions. I consider that no greater honor could have been bestowed upon me than the loan of material for my cook book, for never before has the most privileged guest probed the secret of those choice dishes.

"According to agreement," said the proprietress, according to the New York Times, "my knowledge thus obtained is to be jealously guarded, but in the case anything ever should happen whereby my collection of recipes could be put on the market, the housekeepers and chefs of the land would have a right little gold mine to work on."

NEGROES AND GOLD TEETH.

Intense Longing of Southern Darkies to Possess False Molars.

"Negroes are foolish about gold teeth," said a citizen who lives in the old French Quarter, "and recently I have had this fact rather forcibly impressed on my mind. Some time ago I had a negro woman working for me, and one day she was telling me about a negro who had a gold tooth, and remarked that she had tried to get him to give it to her. It sounded so ridiculous that I laughed. 'Why, boss,' she said, 'dat nigger's teeth is better'n mine. He jes had de gold slipped on the outside, for he done took it off and showed it to me.' And it was a fact, too. It was just a thin and shiny covering for the outer part of one of his front teeth, and he used it because he believed it added to the sweetness of his smile.

"We have a new servant at our house, a negro woman, and she is afflicted with the same mad idea that there is nothing to equal a gold tooth when it comes to winning favors among the members of her race. A few days ago she brought a handbill home which she had picked up somewhere in the street. It had been scattered broadcast by a local dentist, who advertised the fact that he was giving to every patient who called at his office one gold tooth. This caught Lucindy's eye.

"I happened to be passing the kitchen window and I saw Lucindy before a mirror, with her mouth wide open, and she was making a close inspection of every tooth in her head. My wife had said something about the pretty, even teeth the negro had, but I thought probably she had the toothache. 'Toothache, Lucindy,' I asked. 'No, boss,' she replied, 'never has had toothache. Jes trying to see which one o' dese teeth I'm gwinter have pulled, so I can git one of dese gold teeth,' and she showed me the circular which she had picked up in the street. I told her she ought not to do it, and she seemed to be very much put out about it."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

CURB ON INQUISITIVE PEOPLE.

Chicago Man's Way of Getting Rid of an Impudent Crowd.

"Some people have a great deal of curiosity," said a Chicago traveling man as he sat swapping experiences with a group of his fellows at the club. "On my last trip South I took in a town that I had never visited before. The town was growing, and, among other improvements, was the establishment of a public stenographer in the office of the principal hotel. The stenographer, a pretty young lady, seemed quite an attraction to the young men of the town, and there was geenrally a dozen or more of them hanging around her.

"I had quite a lot of writing to do when I arrived, and I engaged her for the evening, and after supper I sat down to dictate. The usual crowd of youths and men were around, and when I began they at first moved back to a respectful distance. After a few minutes, however, they began to edge closer, and finally formed a ring around the stenographer and myself—so close that they could hear every word of my dictation. This was very annoying, and I determined to put an end to their impudence. So I began dictating a letter to my wife, in which I spoke of my arrival in the town, of which I gave a brief description, and then continued:

"'The people here are the most sociable I have met. As I sit here dictating a dozen of them are crowded around listening to every word I say. This is no doubt a fine trait, but it is somewhat annoying to the pretty girl who is doing my work.'

"In a minute the listeners began to move away, and after that I was not bothered with their curiosity."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Poet and the King.

A poet whose lines never would scan was summoned before the king and commanded to show cause why he should not be put to death.

"If your ear is imperfect," said the king, "you could count your syllables on your fingers, like an honest workman."

"May your majesty outlive your prime minister by as many years as remain to you," said the poet reverently. "I do count my syllables. But observe, my left hand lacks a finger—bitten off by a critic."

"Then," said the king, "why don't you count on the right hand?"

"Alas!" was the reply of the poet, as he held up the mutilated left, "that is impossible—there is nothing to count with! It is the forefinger that is lacking."

"Unfortunate man!" exclaimed the sympathetic monarch. "We must make your limitations and disabilities immaterial. You shall write for the magazines."—San Francisco Examiner.

Expresses a Lot.

"Has she an expressive face?"

"Well, part of it is."

"Which part?"

"The tongue."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Insurance in Germany.

The Germans are a cautious people. There are 17,000,000 people insured in the empire.

If a woman ever had enough pluck to go out and dig for greens, she would spoil the effect by saying that she was after ferns.

If you never imposed on your kin, that is something to your credit.

CHAPTER I.

Below, a great broad stretch of ocean, calm as death, slumbering placidly beneath the sun's hot rays; above, a sky of palest azure, flecked here and there by dainty masses of soft, fleecy clouds; and, far inland, a background of high hills, clothed with a tender foliage, a very baby leafdom, just bursting into the fuller life.

Toward the west the trees give way a little, letting a road be seen, that like a straight pale ribbon runs between the greenery for the space of quite a mile or so, and then reaches the small fishing village where the simple folk of Glowring Destley toil from one year's end to the other, some in careless joy, some in ceaseless labor, some, alas! in cruel weeping, because of those "who will never come back to the town."

Along the white road, that gleams thirstily in the burning sunshine of this hot middlay in June, a carriage is crawling with quite an aggravating slowness—an antiquated vehicle of a type now almost unknown, but which once beyond doubt "cost money." The carriage, being an open one, enables the people as it passes through the village to see without undue trouble that the occupants of it are two girls; both very young, both singularly alike, though in distinctly different styles.

"It is charming!" says the younger girl, with a little quick motion of the hand toward the sweeping bay, and the awakening trees, and the other glories of the landscape. "All charming, far better than I ever dared hope for; and yet my mind misgives me, Vera."

She turns a brilliant glance on her sister, full of terrible insinuations, and then laughs a little. Thus animated, she is a very pretty girl, half child, half woman, as fresh as the morning, and with eyes like stars. She lifts one slender black-gloved hand, and placing it beneath her sister's chin, turns her face gently to her.

Such a beautiful face! Very like the riante one beside it, yet unlike, too. There is a touch of sadness round the lovely lips, a mournful curve; indeed, a thoughtfulness too great for her years is stamped on every feature. A tender, loving, yet strong soul shines through the earnest eyes, and when she smiles it is reluctantly, as if smiles all her life had been forbidden to her.

"Oh! that reminds me," said Miss Dysart. "I quite forgot to tell you of it, but the day before we left Nice, Nell Stewart said that this cousin you speak of, if he does exist at all, at all events does not do it here."

"Which means?"

"That either he won't, or can't, life with his father. Can't, Nell rather led me to believe."

"Can't it is, you may be sure," says the younger girl, restlessly. "Fancy a father whose son can't live with him! And yet, after all, virtuous astonishment on that score is rather out of place with us. I can imagine just such a father."

"Well, never mind that," says Miss Dysart, hastily.

"Yes. Very good; let us then go from sire to uncle," says her sister with a little shrug. "Do you think we shall gain much by the change? This old relative of ours is, perhaps, as delightful as we could wish him, and yet I wish father had not left us to his tender mercies."

"Do not dwell on that," says Vera, with nervous haste; "do not seek for faults in the inevitable. He is all that is left us. You know the sudden decision arose out of a letter received by father from Uncle Gregory about a year ago. When father was—was—dying——" She pauses abruptly, and a tremor shakes her last words.

The younger girl turns quickly to look at her. There is infinite love and compassion in her glance, but perhaps a little contempt, and certainly a little impatience.

"Do you know," she says, "it may seem heartless—positively coarse, if you will—but I do not think our father was a man to excite respect, much less love or regret, or——"

"Oh! it is better not to speak like that," interrupts Miss Dysart, in a low, shocked tone. "Don't do it, darling. I know what you mean, but——"

"And I know that I shall never forgive or forget the life he led you," says Griselda, with a certain angry excitement.

"Well, that is over!" says Miss Dysart, with a quick sigh, heavily indrawn.

"What was this vendetta, this terrible lifelong quarrel that was kept up between him and father with such monotonous persistency?"

"That had to do with our grandfather's will. Papa was the eldest son, yet the property was left to Uncle Gregory; and that for no reason at all. Naturally, papa was very angry about it, and accused Gregory of using undue influence."

"Just so, and of course there is a good deal behind that you don't know. There always is; nobody ever tells quite everything. And besides— Oh! Oh, Vera! Oh! what has happened?"

Griselda clutches in an agonized fashion at the leather side of the crazy old chariot, which has toppled over to the left side and stands in a decidedly dissipated position. The ancient driver, presumably asleep, had let the horses wander at their own sweet will, and they being old and sleepy, too, the result was that they had dragged two of the wheels up on a steep bank and nearly capsized the carriage.

"Oh, thank you," says Miss Dysart, leaning forward and addressing with earnest glance and heightened color the young man who had risen—descended, perhaps, sounds pleasanter and more orthodox—like a good angel from somewhere—the wood on their right, no doubt. A fishing rod, lying on the road where he had flung it when preparing for his ignoble battle with those poor old horses, proclaims the fact that he has been whipping the stream that gleams here and there brilliantly through the interstices of the trees.

"Oh, no," says he, lifting his hat, "you mustn't thank me. It was really nothing. Poor brutes, I think they were asleep; they— It is hot, isn't it?" This last he says hastily, as if ashamed of his animadversion on the age of the sorry cattle in question—their horses, no doubt; and there is something wonderfully charming in the faint apologetic color that springs into his cheeks. As he finishes speaking he looks at Griselda so hard that she feels it incumbent on her to return his glance and to say something.

"We thought our last hour had come," she says, laughing softly, and looking at him a little shyly, but so prettily. "But for you, one cannot say where we should be now."

She bows to him, and so does her sister quite as graciously, and then the horses once more commence their snail-like progress, grinding through the dusty road at the rate of three miles an hour. The little episode is over; the young man settles his soft hat more firmly on his head, picks up his rod, regards it anxiously to see that no harm has come to it, and disappears once more into the shelter of the cool wood.

Half an hour later they are at the entrance gate of Greycourt, and practically at their journey's end. Both girls, with an involuntary movement, crane their necks out of the carriage to get a first glimpse at their future home, and then turn a dismayed glance on each other. Anything more dreary, more unfriendly, yet withal grand in its desolation, could hardly be seen.

"How dark it is," says Griselda, a nervous thrill running through her, as they move onward beneath the shade of the mighty trees that clasp their arms between her and the glorious sky—thus blotting it out.

A sudden turn brings them within view of the house. A beautiful old house apparently, of red brick, toned by age to a duller shade, with many gables, and overgrown in parts by trailing ivy, the leaves of which now glisten brightly in the evening sunshine.

The coachman, scrambling to the ground, bids them in a surly tone to alight. He is tired and cross, no doubt, by the unusual work of the day. And presently they find themselves on the threshold of the open hall door, hardly knowing what to do next. The shambling figure of a man about seventy, appeared presently from some dusky doorway, he waves to them to enter the room, and, shutting the door again behind them with a sharp haste, leaves them alone with their new relative, Gregory Dysart.

CHAPTER II.

Vera, going quickly forward, moves toward an armchair at the upper end of the room in which a figure is seated. She sees an old man, shrunken, enfeebled, with a face that is positively ghastly, because of its excessive pallor; a living corpse, save for two eyes that burn and gleam and glitter with an almost devilish brilliancy.

"So you've come," he says, without making any attempt to rise from his chair. "Shut that door, will you? What a vile draught! And don't stand staring like that, it makes me nervous."

His voice is cold, clear, freezing. It seems to the tired girls standing before him as if a breath of icy air had suddenly fallen into the hot and stifling room.

"Vera, I presume," says Mr. Dysart, holding out his lithe white hand to permit her to press it. "And you are Griselda? I need not ask what lunatic chose your names, as I was well acquainted with your mother many years ago."

"I feel that I must think you at once, Uncle Gregory, for your kindness to us," says Miss Dysart, gravely, still standing.

"Ay, ay. You acknowledge that," says he, quickly. "I have been your best friend, after all, eh?"

"You have given us a home," continues Miss Dysart, in tones that tremble a little. "But for you——"

"Yes, yes—go on." He thrusts out his old miserly face as if athirst for further words. "But for me you would both have been cast upon the world's highway, to live or die as chance dictated. To me, to me you are indebted for everything. You owe me much. Each day you live you shall owe me more. I have befriended you; I have been the means of saving you from starvation."

If so corpse-like a face could show signs of excitement it shows it now, as he seeks to prove by word and gesture that he is their benefactor to an unlimited extent. The hateful emotion he betrays raises in Griselda's breast feelings of repugnance and disgust.

"I have consented to adopt you," he goes on presently, his cold voice now cutting like a knife. "But do not expect much from me. It is well to come to a proper understanding at the start, and so save future argument. Honesty has made me poor. You have been, I hear, accustomed to lead a useless, luxurious existence. Your father all his life kept up a most extravagant menage, and, dying, left you paupers." He almost hisses out the last cruel word.

Griselda starts to her feet.

"The honesty of which you boast is not everything," she says, in a burning tone. "Let me remind you that courtesy, too, has its claims upon you."

"Hah! The word pauper is unpleasing, it seems," says he, unmoved. "Before we quit this point, however, one last word. You are beneath my roof; I shall expect you to conform to my rules. I see no one. I permit no one to enter my doors save my son. I will not have people spying out the nakedness of the land, and speculating over what they are pleased to call my eccentricities. They will have me rich, but I am poor, poor, I tell you. Always remember that."

Griselda's features having settled themselves into a rather alarming expression, Miss Dysart hurriedly breaks into the conversation.

"If you will permit us," she says, faintly, "we should like to go to our rooms, to rest a little. It has been a long journey."

Her uncle turns and touches the bell near him, and immediately, so immediately as to suggest the idea that she has been applying her ear to the keyhole, a woman enters.

"You are singularly prompt," he says, with a lowering glance and a sneer. "This is Mrs. Grunch," turning to Vera, "my housekeeper. She will see to your wants. Grunch, take these young ladies away. My nerves," with a shudder, "are all unstrung to the last pitch."

Thus unceremoniously dismissed, Miss Dysart follows the housekeeper from the room, Griselda having preceded her. Through the huge dark hall and up the wide, moldy staircase they follow their guide, noting as they do so the decay that marks everything around.

She flings wide a door for the girls to enter, and then abruptly departs without offering them word or glance. They are thankful to be thus left alone, and involuntarily stand still and gaze at each other. Vera is very pale, and her breath is coming rather fitfully from between her parted lips.

"He looks dying," she says, at last, speaking with a heavy sigh, and going nearer to Griselda, as if unconsciously seeking a closer companionship. "Did you ever see such a face? Don't you think he is dying?"

"Who can tell?" says Griselda. "I might think it, perhaps, but for his eyes. They"—she shudders—"they look as if they couldn't die. What terrible eyes they are! and what a vile old man altogether! Good heavens! how did he dare so to insult us! I told you, Vera"—with rising excitement—"I warned you that our coming here would be only for evil."

A moment later a knock comes to the door.

"Will you be pleased to come down stairs or to have your tea here?" demands the harsh voice of the housekeeper from the threshold.

"Here" is on Vera's lips, but Griselda, the bold, circumvents her.

"Down stairs," she says, coldly, "when we get some hot water, and when you send a maid to help us to unpack our trunks."

"There are no maids in this house," replies Mrs. Grunch, sullenly. "You must either attend to each other or let me help you."

"No maids?" says Griselda.

"None," briefly.

"And my room? Oh—is this mine, or Miss Dysart's?"

"Both yours and Miss Dysart's; sorry if it ain't big enough," with a derisive glance round the huge, bare chamber.

"You mean, we are to have but one room between us?"

"Just that, miss. Neither more nor less. And good enough, too, for those as——"

"Leave the room," says Griselda, with a sudden, sharp intonation, so unexpected, so withering, that the woman, after a surprised stare, turns and withdraws.

CHAPTER III.

A few days later the girls are sitting in the garden. It is a beautiful day. Even through the eternal shadows that encompass the garden, and past the thick yew hedge, the hot beams of the sun are stealing.

"A day for gods and goddesses," cries Griselda, springing suddenly to her feet, and flinging far from her on the greensward the musty volume she had purloined from the mustier library about an hour ago.

"Perhaps I'll never come back. The spirit of adventure is full upon me, and who knows what demons inhabit that unknown wood? So, fare thee well, sweet, my love! and when you see me, expect me." She presses a sentimental kiss upon her sister's brow, averring that a "brow" is the only applicable part of her for such a solemn occasion, and runs lightly down toward the hedge.

She runs through one of the openings in the hedge, crosses the graveled path, and, mounting the parapet, looks over to examine the other side of the wall on which she stands, after which she commences her descent. One little foot she slips into a convenient hole in it, and then the other into a hole lower down, and so on and on, until the six feet of wall are conquered and she reaches terra firma, and finds nothing between her and the desired cool of the lovely woods.

With a merry heart she plunges into the dark, sweetly scented home of the giant trees, with a green, soft pathway under her foot, and, though she knows it not, her world before her.

It is an entrancing hour. She has stopped short in the middle of a broad, green space encompassed by high hills, though with an opening toward the west, when this uncomfortable conviction grows clear to her that she is lost. She is not of the nervous order, however, and keeping a good heart looks hopefully around her.

Far away over there, in the distance, stands a figure lightly lined against the massive trunk of a sycamore, that most unmistakably declares itself to be a man. His back is turned to her, and he is bending over something, and, so far as she can judge thus remote from him, his clothing is considerably the worse for wear. A gamekeeper, perhaps, or a—well, something or other of that sort. At all events the sight is welcome as the early dew.

(To be continued.)

TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILROAD.

It Runs Through a Fertile Valley and Beautiful Country.

Somehow I had formed the idea that Siberia was, in the main, a mountainous, broken, barren and even sterile country, covered with forests—which opinion, I am inclined to think, is somewhat generally entertained in the west. Nothing could be further from the fact. Of all the surprises met with in my somewhat extensive travels, Siberia is the greatest. As a whole, it contains, perhaps, the largest continuous area of level lands on the globe. Excepting spurs of the great Altai range of mountains fringing its southern border, and cutting occasionally to some distance northward into Siberia, the entire western half of the country is exceptionally level, almost to flatness.

It would not be far from the fact to say that for 2,000 miles east of the Ural mountains, and extending to the Arctic sea, Siberia is almost as level as the ocean. In over 1,000 miles I do not believe the grade of the railroad varied 300 feet, and in many places it is as straight as an arrow, without the slightest curve, for forty or fifty miles. Indeed, there is one stretch of perfectly straight road for 116 versts, or nearly eighty miles.

Along the whole line there is the most luxurious growth of grass I have seen in any country. There are many varieties, some like the native blue stem of the West, and one variety that in appearance seemed closely allied to the Kentucky blue grass. Judging from the superb condition of the animals that graze upon them, they must all be of the most nutritious nature; it is, therefore, not only one of the finest, but by far the largest grazing region in existence. If fully utilized, I believe Siberia could furnish the beef supply for the world.

Although the winters in Siberia are very cool, they are not especially long or trying. While the extreme temperature during winter may reach a point 10 to 15 degrees lower than in Ohio or generally in latitude 40 degrees in the United States, still, as the air is very dry and there are no high winds, I have no doubt the winter season can be passed without especial discomfort. When winter sets in, which it does suddenly, and usually about the 1st of November, it continues steadily through about five months, when there is as sudden a breakup, ushering in permanently pleasant warm weather. By those who have the experience, I am informed that the winters are far more agreeable than in other countries, where the temperature is higher and more violent changes occur. The rainfall in summer is seasonable and abundant.

It is easy to see what a magical transformation must take place in this great region, even if slowly, under the influence of an extended railway system. It is all the more easily imagined by one who has already seen in his own country an object lesson of a similar character. I doubt if the Russians fully realize to what an extent their great enterprise is going to modify their economic, and, perhaps, social conditions.

If people didn't have hobbies the world would soon cease to revolve.