Eugene Weekly Guard.

CAMPBELL BROS., Proprietors.

EUGENE.....OREGON.

Blessed is the peacemaker—to the man who is getting the worst of the scrap.

Let us hope that Mr. Carnegie will not get discouraged and swear off trying to become poor.

A new broom is able to raise more dust in a minute than a fresh young man can produce in a thousand years.

The rubber trust has advanced prices 5 per cent—not to make money, but to facilitate the economies of production.

It is now stated that Limburger cheese makes drunkards. There is no doubt that it causes intemperate language.

Two professors of the Chicago University have discovered the secret of life—and there is Mr. Rockefeller with the dyspepsia.

New Zealand will buy its bridges in this country. New Zealand has an abiding affection for the motherland, but she knows a bargain when she sees it.

A man claims in court that the dentist stole his wife's affections while filling her teeth. A person may love her dentist but how can she do so when he is filling her teeth?

The woman reformer who found that cigarettes are adulterated made an interesting discovery. The general impression has been that they are an unadulterated nuisance.

Edison at least encourages Marconi to persevere in his experiments, and expresses the hope tht he will be successful. Edison's hope in this matter is almost equivalent to an expression of his belief that wireless telegraphy will soon be an accomplished fact.

It may be interesting to know that the banking business in Canada is on a different plan from that in this country. The headquarters of most of the banks throughout the dominion are in either Hamilton, Montreal or Toronto. Each bank has its central office in one of the cities named, and as many branches as it cares to maintain in different parts of the country, some being as far north as Dawson.

American meat may be occasionally ruled out of Germany, American machinery be returned, American insurance companies be hampered; but for the American Church, the corner-stone of the new building of which was laid in Berlin on Thanksgiving Day, the Germans have only praise. It is undenominational, exerts a strong influence for good over the many American students in Berlin, and co-operates with all good work in the city. The silver trowel with which Ambassador White laid the corner-stone was the gift of the court jewelers representing the Emperor.

The beneficial effects of the exhibition of American fruit at the Paris Exposition are strikingly illustrated by some figures in the report of the Secretary of Agriculture. In 1899 the United States exported about four hundred thousand barrels of apples, worth nearly a million and a quarter of dollars. The next year the figures rose to more than half a million barrels, valued at nearly a million and a half of dollars; and in 1901 more than eight hundred thousand barrels had been shipped, and the value had passed the two-million-dollar mark. The exports of oranges also doubled last year. The Exposition may be said to have borne good fruit.

An expert declares that it would be less costly to cut out a garment from ten-dollar bills than to cut it from some furs. One silver fox skin not more than two and a half feet long recently sold in London for three thousand dollars; a black fox skin at the Paris exposition brought twenty-seven hundred dollars; a man who has cornered the chinchilla market values his present holdings at nearly five hundred thousand dollars; the price of ermine thanks to the coming coronation in England, is almost fabulous. No fewer than a hundred and twenty ermine skins are required by each peer for his coronation cape and collar, and it is questioned if at any price the supply will equal the demand.

Our English cousins condemn as "commercialism" the argument that because a young woman lavishes hospitality on men she expects some small attentions in return. They are right. In catering to the comforts and pleasures of men, women are simply atoning in a small way for the great outrage perpetrated by a woman in the Garden of Eden; in expecting more than an occasional "Thank you" in return they are merely commercial. It should be not only a pleasure but a thrill of joy to give up evenings and other leisure moments for the gratification of those whom they have so cruelly wronged in the past, and we are surprised that American girls are so lost to a sense of duty as to demand compensation, however small.

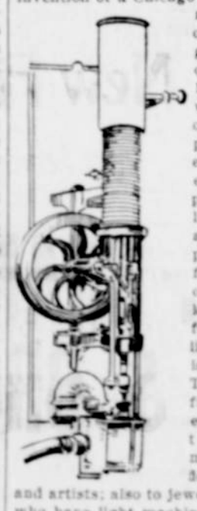
It may be that by faith men have moved mountains, but there are instances where absolute reliance upon its miraculous power, without words or material assistance of any kind, has proved disastrous. One such instance, and a most conspicuous one, occurred recently at the town of Verona in the province of Ontario. A religious sect which has faith for its basis was holding a peculiarly enthusiastic service during which one of the brothers, wrought up to a high pitch, declared that he could fly by faith. Thereupon he sprang suddenly up into the air, working his arms and legs, and as suddenly came down again, in his clumsy descent knocking an oil lamp off the table. It exploded, scattering burning oil upon the clothes of men and women, eight of whom were seriously burned. The building also took fire, a panic ensued, and in the wild rush the brother who had caused all the trouble led the way and was the first to reach a place of safety. He has probably come to a conclusion that faith without wings is dangerous in aerial navigation. There is a lesson in the brother's sudden come down for those who rely upon the miracles of faith too literally.

Andrew Carnegie has done well to provide ten million dollars for the higher education of the country. No one will question the propriety of the gift. At the same time it may be stated that there is abundant opportunity for philanthropist to do something for the "lower education." The higher education has been receiving assistance for years. Millions have been poured into the laps of the great colleges and universities. These institutions have not been suffering from lack of support. But in every city there are tens of thousands who are not able to secure the rudiments of an education. In many cities the public school facilities are lacking. In many cities the children of the poor who are obliged to work to help support the family are given but little chance for mental improvement. Here is a chance for the liberal millionaire. Let him give his money for the education of the masses, providing industrial and night schools. Indeed it may be doubted if the great colleges and universities throughout the country will be much better off by additional millions. If the philanthropists are determined to give to colleges let them help the smaller colleges. These institutions, especially in the West, are doing a great work. They are the intellectual lights of whole communities. One philanthropist, Dr. Parsons, has realized this. His millions have been distributed to the struggling colleges of the West. Higher education is doing very well. Let the lower education be given a chance.

A correspondent raises the question as to the present attitude of the artistic public toward long hair. A decline in hirsute luxuriance is noted in art circles, and the correspondent is curious to know if it is a fact that the public has ceased to associate long hair with the artistic temperament. Are shaggy locks no longer a sign of genius? It is true that some of the great artists, particularly on the concert platform, have recently excited the wonderment of their former admirers by appearing in public shorn of the locks of crimpy hirsute that were once their pride and glory. On his last visit to this country Paderekski had his hair clipped away in front so as to reveal his eyes and a portion of his facial lineaments. While the impressario was creating a furore among the female musicians and endeavoring to create a stampede for front seats it was necessary to grow Samsonian locks and to look utterly unlike all other human animals. Now that he has become the "fad" in the smart set, however, it is no longer necessary to swell the gate receipts by having his hair cut crescendo. But there is a noticeable shrinkage of shagginess in all departments of artistic endeavor. Time was when the poets, painters, musicians, medicine men and preachers all wore long hair. The man who dallied long with the barber could not hope to become a genius. But there are indications that we are approaching the short-haired age, the age of strenuous strife, where the race is to the man who has no bushy bunches on his face or on his head for the winds to whistle through and impede his progress.

USEFUL HOT AIR POWER MACHINE IS INVENTED.

What is perhaps one of the most unique of hot air power engines is the invention of a Chicago man. The little machine can be operated from a gas jet at the cost of less than 1 cent per hour, while it gives one-sixth horse power. It has no exhaust, cannot explode and is perfectly noiseless. The original plans were to perfect a cooling fan for the use of small shopkeepers and also for private dwellings where there is no electricity. The engine's usefulness, however, will appeal to professional men, including doctors, dentists and artists; also to jewelers and others who have light machines to operate.



The engine is attached to a wall and a rubber tube is strung from the gas jet to the hot air cylinder. Two pistons, one a power piston (similar to the ordinary engine piston) and a transfer piston (which is a long, tubular shell closed at both ends, and also called the hot air chamber), are its main equipments. The air in the cylinder is compressed on top of the transfer piston, which is in the hot end of the cylinder during compression stroke. Just before the completion of the downward stroke the transfer rises slightly, allowing the completion of compression to occur in the hot end of the cylinder, causing the air to expand, thus driving both pistons upward to the end of their stroke. The transfer piston drops back again and forces the air into the cold end of the cylinder, which causes it to contract, and the operation is repeated, using the same air over and over again.

Yankee as She Is Spoke.

They say that the New Englander as a rule doesn't waste his words and yet here is the actual reply—noted down in shorthand as it was made—by a typical Vermonter to a remark that the telephone was a good deal of bother sometimes: "That's right! That's right, Seymour, sir, by George! Yes, sir, I tell you it's an awful nuisance, times, by gosh!"—Somerville Journal.

Industrial School for Negroes.

An industrial and agricultural school for colored youths of Maryland was opened recently near Laurel in that State.

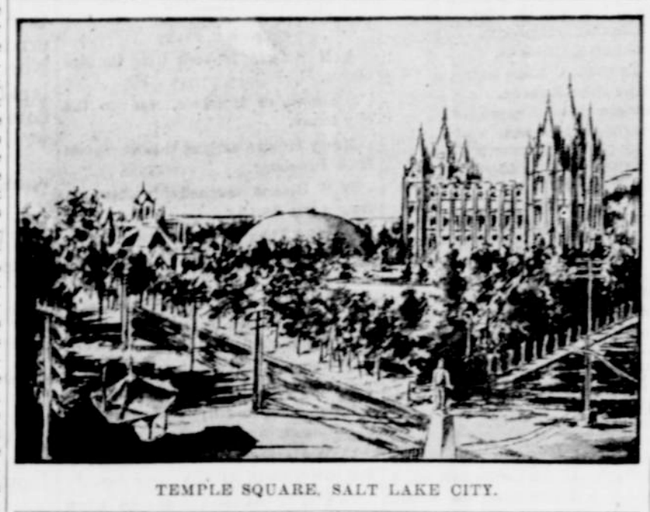
POLYGAMY THE BAIT.

WITH THIS THE MORMONS MAKE CATCHES IN THE WEST.

Missionaries of the Latter-Day Saints Said to Be Preaching the Plural Marriage Gospel of Joseph Smith—Two Thousand Proselytes at Work.

Missionaries of the Mormon Church have for some time been unusually active in several of the Western States. Most of them look and act like farmers' sons turned into preachers without much more preparation than a thorough knowledge of the Mormon Bible, and the farming regions have been selected as the fields of operation. They urge the people to emigrate to Utah and Idaho. Formerly the missionaries merely sought converts and were careful to insist that polygamy was no longer a doctrine of the church. They generally traveled in pairs and went from house to house, quietly pushing the work of convincing men and women that the Latter Day Church offered a simpler and nobler plan of salvation and belief than the older denominations. They admitted that the old leaders had practiced polygamy and that while they were obeying the letter of the law in that they lived with but one wife they were not shirking the duty of support to the others still alive. In their crusade they were aided by the general belief that the church had submitted to the inevitable and had banished polygamy. They held public meetings also and openly sought for converts. That they were successful was proved by the number of congregations they organized in various parts of Nebraska, Kansas and Iowa.

JOSEPH SMITH.



TEMPLE SQUARE, SALT LAKE CITY.

The campaign now being prosecuted is a masked one. It is no longer insisted on that polygamy has been banished from the church. In a covert way it is stated that they are now seeking coverts to the church because polygamy is possible in Utah and Idaho, where the Mormons are the dominant power in politics. One of these missionaries is quoted as having said recently in a talk with prospective converts that the true Mormons have never relinquished their polygamous beliefs and that he expected to secure many converts, and that in a church governed and run as a business organization a plurality of wives is not only not a burden, but a distinct help to worldly prosperity. These arguments, confined as they are to the less educated part of the population, have been bearing fruit, and it is said that soon there will be a considerable immigration to the two States named.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

These missionaries have been quoting leaders of the church as saying that the law of plural marriage is God-given, and that no Mormon need fear man-made laws. They are also accused of tempting their prospective converts with a picture of Mormon supremacy in the future by reason of the fact that plurality of wives means larger families, and that as the average non-Mormon family numbers no more than three children, in time the whole earth will be filled by the true believers. They seek to prove that in ancient days according to both their Bible and that of the Christian Church, polygamy was not regarded as a sin.

In fact, these missionaries are preaching the old gospel according to Joseph Smith, but with more cunning and diplomacy. It is recognized that the Mormon Church holds the balance of political power in Wyoming, Nevada and Idaho, which means that its very practical leaders find it easy to secure immunity from arrest and prosecution to those Mormons who discreetly desire to continue their old practices. Even in the most flagrant cases of violation of the anti-polygamy law, only nominal fines are assessed, and most of the offenders immediately return to their wives.

Rev. Mr. Lillywhite, who has been in charge of the Nebraska propaganda, says that the church has now 2,000 earnest and active missionaries at work in the United States. This includes those in charge of churches.

It has been found difficult to secure much of a foothold in the States east of the Mississippi, because of the greater prejudice that exists against anything that bears the name of Mormon. The policy of the apostles who have charge of all civil and religious matters, has been to bunch the believers in one part of the country, and when converts are secured in the East every inducement is held out to them to settle in Utah, Nevada, Idaho or Wyoming. More recently the apostles have given orders to extend their domain a little further to the East, to include Colorado, New Mexico and later it is presumed, Kansas and Nebraska.

The anti-polygamists declare that the present missionary movement is intended, in part, to create a public sentiment that will not retard the Mormon Church's growth, while at the same time effort is being made to gain a membership that will in the future make it impossible ever to prohibit polygamy by amendment to the Federal Constitution.

ARE SLAVES TO CAMPHOR.

New York Women Have Taken to a New Drug Habit.

Women far more readily than men fall into the drug habit. It is estimated by medical journals of repute that there are four times more women than men addicted to the morphine and cocaine habits. The cause is, probably, that physicians too often prescribe these drugs to alleviate the sufferings to which their finer nervous organization renders them subject.

It is now learned from Eastern physicians that women have of late become addicted to the camphor habit. The motive is the improvement of the complexion and the means adopted is camphor eating. The number of camphor eaters among the well-to-do classes in this and other cities would, it is said, cause a sensation if known. Of course the practice is carried on secretly as far as possible.

The idea seems to prevail that this gum, taken in small and regular doses, gives a peculiar clear creaminess of complexion, and scores of young women buy it for this purpose. The habit, is, moreover, very difficult to cast off, for camphor produces a mild form of exhilaration and stupefaction and in many instances where very large doses have been swallowed the habit has become a sort of slavery.

Camphor eaters all have a dreamy, dazed and very listless air and in most of them there is an ever-present longing to sleep, or at least to rest. Extreme weakness generally follows the taking of regular doses and cases have been seen where it has been almost difficult to tell the effects from those of alcohol. As to the complexion, if a ghastly pallor be an improvement camphor certainly produces it.

Glad When the End Came.

A Milwaukee divine tells this story on himself:

In a celebrated Eastern theological seminary it is or was the practice of the faculty to require the students to take turns in delivering sermons, a custom, by the way, to which, as a rule, the young aspirants for ecclesiastical honors did not take kindly.

Among those who attended the school was a young man who now occupies the pulpit of a well-known Methodist church on the East Side, who, however, formed an exception to the rule above mentioned.

In the course of time it came his turn to speak. He prepared his discourse with great care, and when Sunday arrived he acquitted himself handsomely, everyone present listeing to his words with marked attention.

At the conclusion of his remarks one of the professors mounted the rostrum and announced the hymn:

"Hallelujah, 'tis done."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Reconstruction of the Face.

Thanks to modern surgery no one need be hopelessly ugly nowadays. All manner of changes are made in the personal appearance. The hare lip and distorted mouth are treated scientifically, and the face is restored to its normal condition and even greatly improved by the operations which these blemishes render necessary. Crooked noses are straightened, and ears that extend out from the head are skillfully put to rights with the most astonishingly gratifying results. Flat, humped, or depressed noses are made symmetrical and even beautiful. Of course, the treatment is more successful upon the young than when undertaken with those who have reached maturity, but even late in life it is quite worth while to have some of one's blemishes removed and to present to the world as good an appearance as possible.

His Feet and Hers.

Stratelace—I don't like these long and passionate kisses on the stage. They——"

Jocum—Well, you know, all kisses have to be rather long.

Stratelace—Why?

Jocum—Because a kiss has to be made over four feet usually.—Philadelphia Press.

Salt Produced by Evaporation.

Aden, on the Suez Canal, does a large business in the export of salt secured by evaporating sea water.

CHAPTER VIII.

July reigns, vice June, dethroned, but still the roses hold full sway.

Seaton Dysart has come and gone many a time to and from Greycourt, and by degrees a little of the constraint that had characterised his early visits has worn away. He has even so far advanced as to be almost on friendly terms with Griselda.

But between him and Vera that first dark veil of distrust still hangs heavily—distrust that, on Vera's side, has taken a blacker hue and merged itself into dislike.

Seaton Dysart's arrivals being only looked for by the girls at about seven o'clock in the evening—just an hour or so before dinner—gave them plenty of time to prepare for his coming. Any day on which he was expected, Mrs. Grunch brought a formal message to Vera from her uncle to that effect. Never yet had their cousin come without the announcement being made; and so thoroughly understood was it that he would not put in an unexpected appearance, that when, after a rather longer absence than usual, an absence extending over all last week and part of this, he turns up at half-past two in the afternoon, his coming causes distinct embarrassment in several quarters.

"What can have brought him at this hour? London must be reduced to ashes," hazards Griselda, her tone now as genial as usual. For one instant a sickening fear that it might be Mr. Peyton's knock had made her blood run cold. There had been a short but sharp encounter between him and her the day before yesterday, and a wild fear that he had come up to have it out with her now, and here, had taken possession of her. At such a moment the advent of Seaton is hailed by her, at least, with rapture.

"Why, what happy wind drove you down at this hour?" cries she, with the friendliest air, beaming on him as he comes into the room.

"It is good of you to call it happy," says he, casting a really grateful look at her as he shakes hands silently with Vera. "In time for luncheon, too, I see, though," with a rather surprised glance at the table, "you don't seem in a very hospitable mood. Nothing to spare, eh?"

"We didn't know you were coming, you see," says Griselda, mildly. "And it isn't lunch you see, or rather you don't see, before you; it is dinner."

"What?" says Seaton, flushing a dark red. He has got up from his seat and is regarding her almost sternly.

"Is it true?" asked Seaton, turning to Vera. It is a rather rude question, but there is so much shame and anxiety in his tone that Griselda forgives him.

"Why should it not be true?" says Vera, coldly. "As a rule, we dine early."

"She means that we always dine early except when we know you are coming," supplements Griselda, even more mildly than before.

"And this—" with a hurried glance at the scanty meal, "do you mean to tell me that—that this is your dinner every day?"

"Literally," says Griselda, cheerfully. "This is the chop that changeth not. It is not all that one could desire, of course, but if sometimes it might be altered for——"

"Griselda!" interrupts Vera, rising to her feet.

"Why should I not speak?" asks Griselda, in a meekly injured tone. "I was merely going to add that a fowl occasionally would be a good deal of moral use to us. I have always heard that to keep the temper in a healthy state, change of food is necessary."

"I feel as if I ought to apologize to you for all this," says Dysart, with a heavy sigh, addressing Vera exclusively, "and as if, too, no apology could be accepted. But I shall see that it does not occur again."

"I beg you will do nothing," says Vera, quickly. "Nothing. I will not have my uncle spoken to on this subject. Griselda is only in jest; she speaks like a foolish child. I," folding her hands tightly together. "I forbid you to say anything about it."

"I regret that I must disobey you," says Seaton, courteously, but with determination. "My father's house is in part mine, and I will suffer no guest to endure discomfort in it."

"There is no discomfort now. There will be if you try to alter matters in our favor."

"You mean that you will accept nothing at my hands; is that it?" exclaims he, passion that will not be repressed in his tone; the coldness seems broken up, there is fire in his eyes and a distinct anger. "You have had that 'time' you spoke of; has it fulfilled its missions—has it taught you to detest me? No!" detaining her deliberately as she seeks to leave the room. "Don't go; you should give me a real reason for your studied discourtesy, for I won't believe that I am naturally abhorrent to you. There must be something else."

"If you must know," says she, looking back defiantly at him, her blood a little hot, "you are too like your father for me to pretend friendship with you."

"Oh, Vera, I think you shouldn't say that!" cries Griselda, now honestly frightened at the storm she has raised, but neither of the others hear her. Vera, with one little slender white hand grasping the back of a chair near her, is looking fixedly at Seaton, whose face has changed. An expression of keen pain crosses it.

"Has he been so bad to you as that?" he says; and then, with a profound sigh: "My poor father!"

There is something so honestly grieved in his whole air that Vera's heart smites her.

"Why will you bring up this discussion again and again?" she says, with remorseful impatience. "Why not let me go my way unquestioned, and you yours? What am I to you when all is told? I am outside your life—I ever shall be—yet it seems to me as if you were bent on compelling my likes and dislikes."

"You are right," says he, going closer to her, his face very pale, "I would compel you to—to more than like me."

"Compel!" She has drawn back from him, and her eyes, now uplifted, look defiance into his.

"If I could," supplements he, gently.

He turns and leaves the room.

CHAPTER IX.

While the two girls were discussing, in a frightened way, the result of Griselda's imprudence, Seaton was having a tussle, sharp and severe, with his father.

"They are all alone in the world,' he says.

"Yes, yes," acknowledges the old man with a frown. "Except for me," hastily; "I—I alone came to their rescue."

"That is true. It was quite what I should have expected of you."

"Why should you expect it? There was no reason," says the old man, sharply. "It was of my own free will that I took them. Do you question my kindness to them? What more am I to do for them? Would you have me kneel at their feet and do them homage? Have I not explained to you how desirous I am of making one of them my daughter? Ha! I have you there, I think! Is not that affection? Am I not willing to receive her? You should best know."

"Yes," says the young man, stonily, his eyes on the ground.

"Why, look you; I would give her even you! You! My son! My one possession that has any good in it!"

"You must put that idea out of your head once for all. I could not combat a dislike active as hers."

"Her dislike? Hers? That beggar!" his face working. "What d'ye mean, sir? I tell you it shall be! Shall!"

"Talking like that will not mend matters. It certainly will not alter the fact that I myself personally am objectionable to her. I can see that it is almost as much as she can do to be civil to me—to sit at the same table with me. I entreat you not to set your heart upon this thing, for it can never be."

"I tell you again that it shall!" shrieks the old man, violently. "What! is the cherished dream of a lifetime to be set aside to suit the whim of a girl, a penniless creature? She shall be your wife, I swear it, though I have to crush the consent out of her." He falls back clumsily into his chair, a huddled heap.

Seaton in an agony of remorse and fear hangs over him, compelling him to swallow a cordial lying on the table near.

"Here, sir. Be patient. All shall be as you wish. I implore you to think no more of this matter. Yes," in answer to the fiery eyes now more ghastly than ever in the pallid, powerless face, "I shall try my best to fulfill your desire." He feels sick at heart as he says this, and almost despicable; but can he let the old man die for want of a word to appease the consuming rage that has brought death hovering with outstretched wings above him? And yet, of what avail is it all? A momentary appeasement. Even as he comforts and restores his father, there rises before his mental vision that pale, proud, sorrowful face, that is all the world to him, and yet, alas! so little.

Vera having made up her mind to go to her uncle and fully explain to him that neither she nor Griselda desire any change in their way of living, waits patiently for Seaton's departure from his father's den, and now, at last, seeing the coast clear, goes quickly forward.

"Uncle Gregory, I wish to say something to you," she is beginning, hurriedly, hating her task and hating her hearer, when suddenly she is interrupted.

"Hah! For the first time, let me say, I am glad to see you," says the old man, grimly. "Hitherto I have been remiss, I fear, in such minor matters of etiquette. Sit down. I, too, have something to say to you." He fixes his piercing eyes on her and says, sharply: "You have met my son several times?"

"Yes," says Vera.

"You like him?" with a watchful glance.

"I can hardly say so much," coldly. "He is neither more nor less than a complete stranger to me."

"As yet. Time will cure that; and I speak thus early to you, because it is well that you should make up your mind beforehand to like him."

"Why?" she asks.

"Because in him you see your future husband."

There is a dead pause. The old man sits with bright unblinking eyes fixed upon the girl, who has risen to her feet and is staring back at him as if hardly daring to understand. From red to white, from white to red she grows; her breath fails her, passionate indignation burns hot within her breast.

"Absurd!" she says, contemptuously.

"Call it so if you will," with an offended flash from his dark eyes, "but regard it as a fact for all that. You will marry your cousin, let me assure you."

"That I certainly shall not," decisively.

"That you certainly shall. Did you not know that your marriage with my son was the last wish, the last command of your father?"

He is lying well, so well that at first the girl forgets to doubt him.

"My father?" she says, with much amazement. "He never so much as mentioned my cousin's name to me."

"To me, however, he did. Do you wish to see the letter?"

This is a bold stroke. Vera hesitates—then, "No," says she, steadily. "Even if my father did express such a wish, I should not for a moment accede to it. I shall not marry to please any one, dead or living, except myself."

"So you now think. We shall see," returns he, in an icy tone.

"May I ask if—if your son is aware of this arrangement?"

"My son is willing," says Mr. Dysart, slowly.

At this moment the door is thrown open and Seaton himself enters.

"You know!" she cries. Her tone is low, but each word rings clear as a bell. "You know! Oh, coward!" she breathes very low, her slender hands clinched.

Roused from his lethargy and stung by her contempt, he would now have made his defense, but with a scornful gesture she waves him aside and leaves the room.

"Great heaven! how did you dare so to insult her?" cries the young man, in terrible agitation, addressing his father. He casts a burning glance at him. Dysart cowers before it.

"Out of evil comes good," he says, sullenly, "and I did it for the best." He stretches out his hand to his son. "See, then," he cries, entreatingly, "I did it for you—for you!"

"For me! You ruin the one hope I had, which meant silence—time—and you say it was for my good!"

"I thought to compel her, to frighten her into a consent, and I will yet," cries he, eagerly. "Nay, Seaton, do not look thus upon me. I have not betrayed you without meaning, and all for the fulfilling of your desire—and mine."

"You misunderstand me," says Seaton, curbing his passion with difficulty. "I would not have her as a gift on such terms. Is it a slave I want, think you? No, not another word! I cannot stand it to-night. Forgive me, father, if I seem abrupt, but——"

He seems heartbroken as he turns aside and disappears through the door-way.

Long after he has gone the old man sits motionless, his head bowed upon his breast.

"Curse her!" he says at last; "the same blood all through, and always to my undoing! Cursed be her lot indeed if she comes between him and me! But that shall never be."

Presently he passes through a door on his right hand, gropes his way along the unlighted passage. Unlocking and entering an apartment here—where the strange old cabinet stands—he fastens the door securely behind him, and goes quickly up to it.

Kneeling down beside it he unlocks the secret door, and taking out the withered parchment opens and reads it with a feverish haste. It seems as though he hopes thus to slake the raging thirst for revenge that is tormenting him.

Long he kneels thus, conning each word with curious care, gloating over the contents of that mysterious document. So lost is he in his perusal of it that he fails to hear the approach of Mrs. Grunch until she lays her hand upon his shoulder.

"What, don't you know it by heart yet?" asks she, derisively.

(To be continued.)

WHERE TO LOSE TREASURE.

Best and Safest Place Seems to Be in a Paris Cab.

If a man must lose his purse somewhere, perhaps the best place is in a Paris cab. Major Arthur Griffiths, writing in Cassell's Magazine, tells some wonderful stories of money recovered after being thus left. He says that the cabmen of Paris are honest enough—possibly in spire of themselves, for they are a rough lot—and are carefully looked after by the police. As a result, some curious instances of self-denial on the part of these poorly paid servants of the public have been recorded.

One night a rich Russian, who had gone away from his club a large winner, left the whole amount, ten thousand francs, in a cab. He was so certain that he had lost it irreparably that he returned to St. Petersburg without even inquiring whether it had been given up.

Some time later he was again in Paris, and a friend urged him at least to satisfy himself as to whether the missing money had been taken to the lost property office. He went and asked, although the limit of time for claiming lost property had almost expired.

"Ten thousand francs lost!" said the official. "Yes, it is here;" and after the proper identification the packet was restored to him.

"What a fool that cabman must have been!" was the Russian's only remark. The comment spoke ill for public morality in Russia.

On another occasion a jeweler in the Palais Royal left a diamond parure worth eighty thousand francs in a cab. The police, when he reported his loss, gave him little hope of recovering the treasure. Not only were diamonds worth sixteen thousand dollars a great temptation to the cabman, but worse still, the loser did not know the number of the cabman, having picked him up in the street instead of taking him from the rank; and more unfortunately yet, he had quarreled with the driver, for which reason he had abruptly left the cab.

The case seemed hopeless, yet the cabman brought back the diamonds of his own accord. The quaintest part of the story is to come. When told at the prefecture to ask the jeweler for the substantial reward to which he was clearly entitled, he replied:

"No, not I; he was too rude. I hope I may never see him or speak to him again."

All cabmen are not so honest as this, yet a great deal of treasure finds its way to the prefecture, whither everything found in streets and highways, in omnibuses, theaters, cabs and railway stations, is forwarded. In one case an emigrant, who had made his fortune in Canada, and carried it in his pocket in the shape of fifty notes of ten thousand francs each, dropped his purse as he climbed on to the outside of an omnibus.

The conductor picked it up and restored it with its one hundred thousand dollars intact. To be sure, he was rewarded with two thousand five hundred dollars, but the temptation he overcame was great.

Troubled by Little Things.

The Quaker spirit, at its best, is the spirit of truth, righteousness and all-embracing charity; but sometimes Quakers, like other people, make too much of little things, thereby becoming, what they loathe, formalists. The Church Standard tells two anecdotes illustrating this tendency.

In the days when Friends were accustomed to wear cocked hats turned up at the sides, one good Friend bought a hat of this description, without noticing that it was looped up with a button. He sat one day in a meeting, when he noticed some looks of curious displeasure. Taking off his hat, he saw the reason for the looks, and then rose and said, "Friends, if religion consists in a button, I wouldn't give a button for it." His sermon was at least understood.

A somewhat similar story is told of an influential Friend who, on his way to meeting, was caught in a drenching rain, and borrowed a neighbor's coat.

He seated himself opposite to Jacob Lindley, who was so much disturbed by the glittering buttons that "his meeting did him no good." When the congregation rose to depart he felt constrained to go up to the Friend who had so much troubled him and inquire why he had so grievously departed from the simplicity enjoined upon members of their society.

The good man looked down upon his garment, and quietly replied: "I borrowed the coat because my own was wet; and indeed, Jacob, I did not notice what buttons were on it." Jacob shook his hand warmly, and said, "Thou art a better Christian than I am, and I will learn of thee."

Jacob was right. He had been paying too much attention to the "mint, anise and cummin" of Quaker tradition.

The First Thing.

Munson—What do you think we ought to do with the Philippines?

Brisbe—I'm thinking that it might be a good idea for us to capture them.

Some people like to be generous just to brag about it.