Eugene Weekly Guard.

CAMPBELL BROS., Proprietors.

EUGENE.....OREGON.

No babies are named for Tsi Aun outside of China.

Trusts that live in glass combines shouldn't throw stones.

Dr. Loeb's perpetual-life treatment might be a good thing for some Presidential booms.

No man is truly great unless he can become famous without making any of the noise himself.

The man who works only to please himself never gets much praise for what he accomplishes.

A Boston professor says people may live to be 150 years old. Of course they may, but very few of them do.

The Mississippi man who objects to being hanged in company with a negro has succeeded in finding a slipknot in the color line.

Alphabetical lists of French quotations have enabled many a poor stick to get credit for the possession of wonderful culture.

The Rev. Sam Jones and the Hon. Poultney Bigelow ought to collaborate on something. It would be sure to be a noisy affair.

The discovery that there is a gang of counterfeiters at work in Porto Rico seems to indicate that the Americanization of the island is proceeding rapidly.

The policy of "enlightened selfishness" may be a good one, but what is the matter with this more modern policy of unenlightened selfishness as a world-beater.

According to Miss Susan B. Anthony women will quit marrying as they become more intelligent. Why does Miss Anthony want to discourage the education of women.

The Indians are to have their hair cut short by the paleface barber, which is perhaps only poetic justice as the Indian was formerly addicted to cutting the hair of the paleface.

Hall Caine asserts that too much credit is given to Shakspeare. William has few relatives now living to take up the fight for him and Mr. Caine's cut is rather an unkind one.

The Emperor of China has finally acknowledged that he isn't running the world. After his experience with the Empress Dowager it is remarkable that he clung to the foolish belief in his own supremacy so long.

Sir Robert Ball, astronomer royal, stands in with the coal man and predicts another glacial age. It may take several thousand years, however, and by that time we will keep warm by electricity manufactured by the government.

John M. Allen says the Mississippi valley can produce enough grain to feed the whole world, enough cotton and wool to clothe the whole world, enough oil to light the whole world, enough coal to warm the world and enough money to carry on the commerce of the world. John is telling the truth about it.

The Canadian government made a mistake and printed on its new four-dollar bills the picture of the American lock at the "Soo" instead of the Canadian lock. It was supposed that the plate would be changed immediately and a lot of American curio hunters began buying up the bills at a premium. But the government went right on, and the wise speculators find that they have been paying $5 for $4 and have lost money by it.

The huge Celtic, one of the biggest leviathans ever launched, is to be surpassed by a still bigger vessel, the Cedric. At least current report says so. Are steamships a furlong in length to be excelled by Titanic bulks more than an eighth of a mile from stem to stern and proportionately wide and deep? What is to be the limit of ambitious shipbuilding? Floating cities we have already, and superb they are. Are we to see hereafter floating republics and kingdoms?

Professor Edward North, of Hamilton College, resigned recently from the chair of Greek, which he had held continuously for almost sixty years. His retirement prompted one of the most charming Christmas gifts of the season. Nearly seven hundred letters bearing appropriate greetings and loving messages were sent by old alumni from all parts of the country. The president of the college gathered them into a bushel basket, covered with with a huge armful of roses and carried them to "Old Greek's" door. The mercury was below zero that Christmas morning, but the atmosphere into which the beloved old professor plunged was warm.

Sociologists write papers and print books all their lives in seeking a solution of the tramp problem. The city of Portland, Ore., does not philosophize. It acts. It is not seeking so much a solution of far reaching problems as the practical elimination of the hobo. In this latter effort, if one may judge from the account in the Oregonian, it has measurably succeeded. The Oregonian says: "There were only four hobos working on the rock pile yesterday, and indeed the knockers' gang has been a slim one all week. Since the advent of the rock pile hobos are not placing Portland on their visiting list to any extent. Even business at the police station and municipal court is decreasing, because there are fewer arrests. A new era of peace has been ushered in. Policemen are beginning to look fat, happy and contented. Trainmen report that cars bound for Portland are no longer groaning under the weight of Weary Willies." It is very plain from this woolly phraseology that Portland votes the rock pile a success. It is drastic, but goes to the spot. The medicine easily nauseates the hobo's stomach and he dreads a repetition of the dose.

Did you ever have what the physicians call nostalgia? In plain language nostalgia is homesickness. Doctors say the collapse of Americans in the Philippines is due to nostalgia. A pining for home and friends becomes a veritable disease. It causes abcession and benumbs every faculty of the mind. The victim dreams of home day and night and is unfit for any sort of activity. However the mental kaleidoscope may rotate, it always shows a picture of "the old folks at home." So, many a soldier boy in the far away islands who is isolated for weeks and months, to whom letters and home newspapers are a rarity, broods and dreams away the weary hours. He loses his ambition, his vitality is sapped and he is bereft of the power to overcome his melancholy. He pines and droops into an actual sickness. Some day there will be a daily news service to the Philippines and American newspapers will be printed in Manila and elsewhere containing the news of the world and especially the news from the United States. That will take away some of the isolation. A daily touch with "God's country" will do much to relieve the forlorn American. With close communication will also come the feeling that the islands are really a part of Uncle Sam's domains. "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home," sang the homeless John Howard Payne. And none have so keen an appreciation of home as the exile.

More speedy, certain and severe punishment should be provided for those who are guilty of food adulteration, and more thorough preventive methods must be devised for the general protection of the people from the dangers to which the villainous practice subjects them. The average individual has scarcely the faintest conception of the extent to which unscrupulous manufacturers are said to have carried the business of substituting deleterious and not infrequently poisonous ingredients in food articles of the most common and necessary use. It has long been widely known, of course, that attempts are often made to palm off on the public many articles of diet which are fraudulent in their composition. That poisonous adulteration, however, has become such a feature of the manufacture of the staple foods of daily use as to be responsible for wholesale loss of life the consumer finds it hard to believe, even though experts of high repute for honesty and skill so declare. But statements of such purpose are openly and explicitly made. The subject has recently been brought somewhat prominently into view through the revelations of a careful and competent investigator, who unequivocally lays the charge of manslaughter at the door of many who prepare and traffic in the necessaries of life. Not only are the dangerous chemicals made use of in the manufacture of adulterants, this man says, but they are allowed to remain in the completed food products, as their retention is requisite for a profitable traffic in them. Bread, sugar and meat bought from reputable dealers, and presumably of the best quality, have been found, when subjected to careful analysis, if this man's evidence is to be accepted, to contain quantities of acid adulterants, the entrance of which into the human stomach is calculated to entail to the most serious consequences. Flour, too, is included in this expert's list. Some of that which ranks among the choicest lacks much of being chemically pure, he asserts, while many grades contain no less a proportion than 25 per cent of adulterants. Such declarations, even though abundant allowance be made for possible error or bias, are necessarily startling and disturbing. That the evil is a present and a growing one can scarcely be questioned. Many States have enacted laws whose purpose is the protection of consumers against adulterated food impositions, but they have proved inadequate. The greedy and conscienceless adulterators seem to be pushing their nefarious traffic with unabated vigor. More severely restrictive measures, of wider scope, must be provided. If in a mad scramble for the extra profit believed to be thus obtainable men are making and selling dangerous adulterations to purchasers who pay for and suppose they are getting pure, healthful and necessary food substances, there should be a law which will encompass not only their detection, but their appropriate punishmeat. If they are poisoning people, subject them to such a penalty as others who endanger human life are made to suffer.

ATTEMPT THIS TRICK AND HAVE SOME FUN.

There is a good deal of fun, but more for the onlookers than for those who try to do it, in the following tricks: Several persons can take part in the game, and each must assume the position shown in the accompanying picture, namely, he must stand on his right foot, hold his left foot behind his back with his right hand and grasp his right ear with his left hand. When all the players are in this position a newspaper or some other object which is about six inches in height is placed on the ground, and each player is to hop toward it and do his utmost to catch it with his teeth and raise it to his own height. Those who succeed in doing this are hailed as winners, while those who do not succeed have to pay a forfeit.

THE AIR WE BREATHE

A FEW SCIENTIFIC FACTS ABOUT OUR ATMOSPHERE.

Covers the Earth to the Depth of from Forty-five to Fifty Miles—The Barometer and Its Use—Differences of Climate.

The three geographical elements in nature are land, water, and air or atmosphere. In our geographies we learn considerable about the land and water of the earth and their many divisions, but little or nothing in regard to the atmosphere which is so indispensable to all forms of life. For a knowledge of this we must turn to physical geography. The few points touched upon here, it is hoped, will prove to be the means of leading some one to seek further and learn more of things about him.

What we call the atmosphere is a vast ocean of air enveloping the whole earth, both land and sea, and at the bottom of this ocean is where we live. The atmosphere furnishes the elements upon which depends all animal and vegetable life, but there is another way in which it contributes to the welfare of man. Many countries in the world which are now warm and fertile would be cold and barren were it not for the heat and moisture carried to them by the winds. Indeed, our Mississippi Valley, the most productive region in the world, would be but a barren desert were it not for the moisture distributed over it by the winds from the Gulf of Mexico. The reason for this is found in the fact that this region is so remote from the oceans, and is flanked on either side by high ranges which prevent the rains from passing over them.

The composition of the atmosphere is of oxygen and nitrogen in the proportion of twenty-one parts of the former to seventy-nine of the latter, with a very small quantity of carbonic acid; besides these, there is always more or less watery vapor held in suspension. Atmosphere is one of the most elastic bodies in nature, the slightest change in temperature causing it to expand or contract to a remarkable degree.

The weight of atmosphere is measured by its pressure on the barometer. The word barometer is made up of two Greek words meaning weight measure. The instrument is made of a slender glass tube closed at one end and filled with mercury. The tube is then reversed and placed in a cup of the same fluid. The atmosphere pressing upon the fluid in the cup keeps the column of mercury within the tube at a height exactly sufficient to balance its own weight. At the level of the sea, the column within the tube is thirty inches in height. By this we understand that the entire weight of the atmosphere is equal to a layer of mercury thirty inches deep covering the whole earth, and exerting a pressure of fifteen pounds to every square inch of surface. When the pressure of air increases the barometer rises; when it decreases, the thermometer falls.

The atmosphere being so highly elastic, the layers closest to the surface of the earth having to support all those above, are most dense, the density diminishing upwards with the decrease of pressure. It has been proven that one-half the entire atmosphere, by weight, is condensed within three and two-fifths miles of the sea level, and two-thirds below the summit of the highest mountains. Were it not for this fact, mountain ranges would not have such an influence in directing and modifying the course of the winds.

It is calculated that from forty-five to fifty miles above sea level the atmosphere is so rarefied that its pressure would have no perceptible effect upon the barometer. Taking this as practically the upper limit, the atmosphere appears as a thin film measuring not more than one-hundredth the radius of the earth.

The climate of our globe is governed by astronomic causes, namely: the action of the sun's rays upon the earth's surface, the spherical form of the earth, and its daily and yearly motions. These causes operate so as to effect differences of temperature and rainfall in different latitudes, and variations in the same latitudes in different parts of the year. This is called astronomical climate. Besides this, there is also what is called physical climate. Physical climate is simply astronomical climate modified to a greater or less extent by physical agencies, such as atmospheric and marine currents, position in regard to the oceans, direction of prevailing winds and elevation above the level of the sea.

CROMWELL THE LITTLE.

Vicissitudes in the Life of Oliver Cromwell's Son.

The wheel of fortune has strange turnings, but it has often turned so completely round as in the spring of 1659. In April, Richard Cromwell sat on the throne of England, King in all but name, master of two palaces, with an allowance of £10,000 a year. In May he wandered homeless in a strange land, a fugitive, not from justice, but from the law. In his trunks were the congratulations he had received a month or two before from the crowned heads of Europe. A dozen years before his father's name had made the world tremble; now it was a name to which his son dared not answer. His wife waited fifteen years for his return, and died at last without seeing him again; his favorite daughter, Dorothy, was married and buried in a few months. She was the only Cromwell, somebody has said, "born in the purple."

Cromwell came home at last, to live in lodgings at 10 shillings a week. Nobody guessed that the Mr. Clarke who lived simply and quietly at Cheshunt was the man who had been the Protector of the Commonwealth. Mrs. Pengelly, his landlady, kept his accounts in great detail, and Sir Richard Tangye has unearthed many of them, which give us strange glimpses of the later life of Cromwell's son. He smoked a great deal, paying 2 shillings 8 pence per gross for his "pypes," and he was generous even in his poverty. On one occasion he borrowed £2 from his landlady, who entered it down for the day "when you had your feast." When his daughters came to see him from Hursley, his home 'n better days, Richard would treat them to a comfortable dinner in Westminster, borrowing the money from good Mrs. Pengelly, who seems to have done something to soften the hard fate to which an ungrateful country had doomed the son of Cromwell.

More than once Richard had come to his last shilling. Once, when visiting at Hursley, he had to put off his return for want of a shirt. But generally he seems to have been a tolerably happy man, blessing everybody in spite of circumstances, and blaming none. When Queen Mary died he spent half a crown, we are told, on a pair of mourning gloves. His last days were made unhappy by a painful quarrel with his daughters concerning the property at Hursley. The daughters did their utmost to deprive their father of his rights, as though his life had not been hard enough, and in his old age Richard, who had left Whitehall palace freely years before, was driven from his own home. A lawsuit established his rights at last, and before his death the family was at peace again. "Live in love; I am going to the God of love," he said to his daughters, as he lay dying at Hursley in 1712.

There is a story told of a great ceremonial in which Queen Anne was the central figure. The Queen was surrounded by a host of gayly dressed courtiers, and in the throng was an old man of 83, wearing the plain dress of a country farmer. "Have you ever seen such a sight before?" asked a looker-on and the throng was startled to hear the old man say: "Never since I sat in her chair." It was Cromwell's son.—London St. James' Gazette.

WHAT DID THE FAKIR DO?

Is Hypnotism the Secret of East Indian Magic?

Wonderful stories are told of the powers of the Hindu fakirs. Careful attention to their tricks has not discovered their secret with any certainty, but Capt. James Parker, the English traveler, who has just returned from a tour of India, gives it as his belief that hypnotism is the means by which they accomplish their most startling illusions. One incident which he describes seems to bear out his view.

The trick which is acknowledged to be the greatest of these Hindu mystic performances, says Capt. Parker, and the one that has been described by trustworthy persons too often to be doubted, is the one in which the fakir throws a ball of twine into the air above him, until it disappears from sight. The loose end of the string he holds in his hand, and after the boy assistant has climbed up the string until he, too, is out of sight, the fakir himself follows, with a knife between his teeth.

The spectators, surprised when both boy and man climb out of sight, are horrified when the boy's severed head, arms and legs, followed by the trunk, fall to the ground, and the man slides down close behind. Their astonishment is increased when the fakir gathers the severed members and restores the boy to life.

Well, I saw this performance once, and once I didn't see it; and the latter experience was more wonderful than the other. I had some London friends visiting me, and after having left them for a few minutes on the veranda of my bungalow, I saw, as I was returning, the same fakir and his assistant, whom I had seen perform the trick, standing about forty feet in front of my friends, apparently preparing to begin a performance. As I was about as far behind the natives as my friends were in front of them, and had not been observed, I stood quietly where I was.

The man placed a drawn knife between his teeth, took the usual ball of twine in his right hand, made a motion as if throwing it into the air, and then stood perfectly quiet. My friends on the veranda were looking into the upper air with astonishment on their faces, which in a minute turned to a look of horror as their eyes came back to the ground. In another minute their countenances lighted up with pleasure, and they applauded roundly.

They could not say enough about the wonderful performance they had seen, and they were astonished beyond measure when I told them I had been as near the fakir as they, and had seen nothing of what had so wonderfully impressed them.

If that was not hypnotism, what was it?—Youth's Companion.

Rich Gifts that Embarrassed.

The funniest thing I ever heard of has happened in a family of moderate means, but whose daughter is a young person of vaulting ambition. She was engaged to a very nice young man, who was equally impecunious, and they would often bewail their lot at not being able to be married and receive a quantity of "numerous and costly" presents. The time arrived, however, not very long ago, when the wedding came off, and to this young lady's astonishment her friends sent bridal gifts that, in name at least, equaled millionairedom.

There was a yacht, and a house, an automobile, which is one of the "new" offerings in smart society, a chest of silver, and, last but not least, a diamond tiara. But alas, all these coveted objects were toys! With them, however, has been forwarded many a pretty and useful souvenir, so the bride does not quite know whether to laugh or cry at her wishes having been gratified at the expense of her sense of humor. The practical joke, at any rate, made much fun, and to my mind is a good satire on the opulent displays at fashionable weddings.—Boston Herald.

New Affection of the Eyes.

A new affection of the eyes, caused, it is said, by the prevailing method of seating passengers in street cars and omnibusses, has been discovered. The effort to fix the gaze upon passing objects results in a strain and twitching in the external muscles of the globes, which is quite annoying.

Two Years at Philippines.

In view of the arduous duties demanded of naval officers in the enervating Philippine climate two years on the station will hereafter be considered as a three years' cruise and entitle the officer to shore duty.

No man is truly great unless he is able to retain his self-respect.

CHAPTER XII.

Griselda, darting homeward through the twilighted garden, after another stolen meeting with Tom Peyton on the garden wall, stops as she reaches the summer house, a favorite resort of Vera's, notwithstanding the father unpleasant associations connected with it, and pokes in her head to find Vera there.

"I've come back," she cries, breathlessly, sinking into a seat and looking at Vera with despair in her eyes. "I have done as you desired me, I have said good-by to him forever!"

"What did he say? Was he very much upset?" with burning interest.

"He said he'd manage to see me in some way or other," says Griselda, with a heavy sigh.

"Oh, well—come now, that's not so bad," says Vera, cheerfully, forgetful of prudence at sight of her sister's grief. "He seems from all I have heard from you a—a sort of a person who would be difficult to baffle. I think I should put faith in that declaration of his if I were you."

"Oh, he said more than that," cries Griselda. "Why, it appears that Tom—Mr. Peyton—knows Seaton quite well, and likes him, too. Mr. Peyton says that he, Seaton, is engaged to be married to a Miss Butler, a friend of Lady Rivers'ale's."

For a moment there is a dead silence, during which the pretty crimson on Vera's cheek dies out, leaving her singularly pale. No doubt the surprise is great.

"Is that true?" she says. "I should not be surprised, though I confess I am; it is only what I might have expected from my first judgment of him. And one should not condemn him, either; it is not his fault that he calls Uncle Gregory father."

A footstep upon the gravel outside makes them both turn their heads.

"What is it, Grunch?" Vera calmly asks as the housekeeper appears on the threshold.

"The master wishes to see you, Miss Dysart, in the library." There is an expression of malignant amusement in the woman's eyes as she says this.

Vera had gone into the library with a pale face, but it was with one paler still she came out of it half an hour later, white as death, and with a strained look of passion on every feature not to be subdued. She might perhaps have given way to the blessed relief of tears if she had had time to escape Griselda; but as she finds herself looking at Seaton Dysart, who has at this moment entered the inner hall leading to the room she has just left, all her being seems to stiffen into a cold horror of contempt.

She stops short and fixes her heavy eyes on his.

"So you betrayed me!" she says, in a low tone that vibrates with scorn.

"Betrayed you?" echoes he, starting. There is that in her face not to be mistaken, and a presentiment of coming evil sends a hot flush to his brow.

"You are a bad actor," says she, with a palesmile; "you change color, at a crisis; you have still a last grain of honesty left in you. You should see to that; kill it quickly, it spoils your otherwise perfect role."

"You are pleased to be enigmatical," says he, with a frown. "I am, however, at a loss to know what you mean."

"Oh, are you ashamed to keep it up—the deception?" cries she with a sudden outbreak of wrath. "Oh, how could you do it?"

"Great heaven! how can I convince you that I have done nothing?" exclaims he, growing pale as herself.

"There was no one else awake, there was no one to see me," says she, trying to stifle her agitation. "What, then, must I think but that you were the one to tell your father of that unlucky night when I was locked out in the garden?"

"He has heard that?" Seaton, as if thunderstruck, looks blankly at her.

"Why do you compel me to tell you what you already know?" says she, with a little irrepressible stamp of her foot. "If you will listen to what is already no news to you, learn that your father sent for me just now—a long time ago, hours ago, I think," putting her hand to her head in a little, confused, miserable way, "and accused me of having spent the whole night alone with you, purposely, in the garden."

"And you think that I——"

"I don't think," with a condemnatory glance. "As I told you before, I know. Your father has insolently accused me of an impossible thing; but even if I had stayed in the garden with you that night, of my own free will, I cannot see where would lie the disgrace he connects with it."

"You are right, no one could see disgrace where you were," says Seaton, calmly. "My father is an old man, he—"

"Is old enough to know how to insult a woman," coldly, "when," with a terrible glance at him, "shown the way. Oh," laying her hand upon her breast in a paroxysm of grief, "it was abominable of you, and you said—twice you said it," coming closer to him, and lifting accusing eyes to his, "'Trust me,' I remember it as though you uttered it but now, and I believed you. 'Trust me,' you said."

"I should say it again," says Dysart, "a hundred times again. Come," he says, and leads her back again to the library she has just quitted.

Gregory Dysart still sits in his usual chair, his arms on the elbows of it, his face is set, as though death had laid its seal on it, save for the marvelously, horribly youthful eyes, so full of fire and life.

"You will be so good as to explain to Vera at once," begins Seaton, in a dangerous tone, "how it was you learned of her being in the garden the other night."

"What night? She may have been out every night, for aught I know; she tells me she is fond of moonlight," replies the old man, impassively.

"You understand perfectly the night of which I speak," says Seaton, his face now livid. "Who?" he repeats, in a low but terrible voice.

"Grunch," replies Mr. Dysart, shortly; something in his son's face warned him not to go further.

"You hear?" says Seaton, turning to Vera. "It was Grunch who betrayed you. You are satisfied now?"

"On that point, yes. I suppose I should offer you an apology," says she, icily. "But," with a swift glance at his father, "how can I be satisfied when——"

Her voice breaks.

"Sir," cries Seaton, addressing his father with sudden passion, "why did you speak to her of this? Why have you deliberately insulted your brother's child?"

"There was no insult. I may have told her that if she chooses to do such things as society disapproves of, she must only submit to the consequences and consider herself ostracised."

"'Compromised,' you said."

"Well, it is as good a word; you are welcome to it."

"Pshaw!" says Seaton, with a quick motion of the hand, as if flinging the idea far from him, "let us have no more of such petty scandal. You forget," sternly, "that when you seek to compromise Vera, you condemn me, your son."

Dysart shrugged his shoulders.

"The man is never in fault; so your world rules," says he, lightly.

"You persist, then, in your insult," says Seaton, going a step nearer to him, the veins swelling in his forehead. "You still say that she——"

"I say that, and more," replied the old man, undaunted, a very demon of obstinacy having now taken possession of his breast. "I feel even bold enough to suggest to her the advisability of an immediate marriage with you, as a means of crushing in the bud the scandal that is sure to arise out of her imprudence."

"Go, Vera; leave the room," says Seaton, with great emotion.

"Why should she go? It seems to me you give her bad advice," says Mr. Dysart, looking from one to the other with a satirically friendly glance. "Let her rather stay and discuss with us your marriage with her."

If he had been so foolishly blind as to hope by this bold move to force Vera into an engagement, his expectations are now on the instant destroyed by his son. "Understand me, once for all, that I shall not marry Vera," says he, white with anger, and some strong feeling that he is almost powerless to suppress. "Were she to come to me this moment and lay her hand in mine, and say she was willing so far to sacrifice herself, I should refuse to listen to her."

Vera, for the first time since her entrance, lifts her head to look at him. Was he thinking of Miss Butler? Was he true at last to her? A little bitter smile curls her lip.

"I thank you," she says, with a slight inclination of her head toward her cousin, and with a swift step leaves the room.

CHAPTER XIII.

Four long days have crept languidly into the past, four of the dullest days Griselda Dysart has ever yet endured, as she is compelled to acknowledge even to herself. Slowly, with aimless steps, she rises and flings aside the moldy volume she had found in one of the rooms below, and which she has been making a fruitless effort to read, and looks out upon the sunless pleasure-ground beneath her window. She becomes suddenly aware of an unfamiliar figure that, kneeling on the grass before one of the beds, seems to be weeding away for its dear life.

It is certainly the new gardener. Poor creature, whoever he is, what could have induced him to come here? Uncle Gregory had evidently found no difficulty in replacing his former employe. Had he secured this new gardener on the old poor terms? Unhappy creature! poverty indeed must have been his guest before he and his clothes came to such a sorry pass! At this moment the "unhappy creature" lifts his head, turns it deliberately toward her, and—she finds herself face to face with Tom Peyton!

A little sharp cry breaks from her; she stifles it, but turns very pale.

"You! you!" she says.

"Don't look like that!" he says, in a low tone, but sharply. "Would you betray me? Remember, it was my only chance of getting near you. Don't faint, I mean, or do anything like that."

"Oh, how could you do such a thing?" says she, in a trembling voice. "And—and how strange you look, and what dreadful clothes you have on!"

"Well, I gave a good deal for them," says he, casting an eloquent glance at his trousers; "more—four times more—than I ever yet gave for a suit. I'm sorry you don't approve of them; but for myself, I think them becoming, and positively glory in them; I would rather have them than any clothes I've ever yet had, and I think them right down cheap. It's rather a sell if you don't think they suit my style of beauty."

He is disgracefully unalive to the horror of his position. He is even elated by it, and is plainly on the point of bubbling over with laughter. Given an opportunity indeed, and it is certain he will give mirth away; Griselda, however, declines to help him to this opportunity.

"It's horrid of you—I don't know how you can laugh," says she, beginning to cry. "I can't bear to see you dressed like that, just like a common man."

"Well—I think you're a little unkind," says he, regarding her reproachfully. "I did think you would be glad to see me. I thought, I fancied—I suppose I was wrong—that when we parted on that last day you were sorry—that you would like to see me again."

"Well, that was all true," says Griselda, sobbingly.

"Then what are you crying about?"

"I am unhappy that because of me you must be made so uncomfortable."

"If that's all," says he, beaming afresh, "it's nothing. I'm not a scrap uncomfortable. It strikes me as being a sort of a lark—h'm—a joke, I mean. I feel as jolly as a sand-boy, and," with a tender, earnest glance, "far jollier, because I can now see you."

"But how long is it to last?" says she, nervously. "It can't go on like this forever, and Seaton comes down here sometimes, and he knows you."

"I dare say I shall manage to avoid him. Though I have often thought lately that it would be a good thing to take him into our confidence."

"Oh, no, no, no indeed," cries she; "he might tell his father, and then all would be up with us."

"Well, there's my sister, Gracie—she's a very good-natured woman, and clever, too. If I were to tell her all, she would tell Seaton, and between them they might manage something. There's a step! Go away, and try to see me to-morrow if you can."

They have barely time to separate before the gaunt figure of Grunch is seen approaching through the laurels.

CHAPTER XIV.

To-day is wet; a soaking, steady downpour that commenced at early dawn is still rendering miserable the shrubbery and gardens.

Vera, depressed by the melancholy of the day, has cast her book aside, and, with a certainty of meeting nobody in the empty rooms and corridors, wanders aimlessly throughout their dreary length and breadth. These rooms are well known to her, and presently wearying of them she turns aside and rather timidly pushes open a huge, faded, baize-covered door that leads she scarcely knows whither. She pushes it back and looks eagerly inward.

It is not an apartment, after all. A long, low, vaulted passage reveals itself, only dimly lighted by a painted window at the lower end. It appears to be a completely bare passage, leading nowhere; but presently, as she runs her eyes along the eastern wall, a door meets them, an old oaken door, iron-clasped and literally hung with cobwebs.

Curiosity grows strong within her. Catching the ancient handle of this door, a mere brass ring sunk in the woodwork, she pushes against it with all her might. In vain. But not deterred, she pushes again and again; and at the last trial of her strength a sharp sound—a ring of something brazen falling on a stone floor—crashes with a quick, altogether astounding noise upon the tomblike silence that fills the mysterious passage.

At the same moment the door gives way, and she, unexpectedly yielding with it, steps hurriedly forward into a dark and grewsome hole.

The poverty of the light has perhaps dimmed her sight, because after a little while a shadow on the opposite wall, that resolves itself into an opening, becomes known to her. It is not a door, rather a heavy hempen curtain, and now, resolutely determined to go through with her adventure, she advances toward it, pulls it aside, and finds herself face to face with Gregory Dysart!

He is on his knees, next that peculiar cabinet described in an earlier chapter, and as he lifts his head upon her entrance, a murderous glare, as of one hunted, desperate, comes into his curious eyes.

The side of the cabinet is lying wide open, and, as he involuntarily moves, the chink of golden coins falling one upon another alone breaks the loud silence that oppresses the atmosphere. In his hand he is holding an old and yellow parchment.

"I—I am sorry," murmurs Vera, terrified; "I did not know; I——"

"What brought you here, girl—here where I believed myself safe? Go, go—there is nothing—nothing, I tell you—they lied to you if they told you anything—go, I say!"

He has entirely lost his self-possession, and is still kneeling on the floor, now hugging, now trying to hide beneath him the paper he holds with his sinewy, nervous fingers. "Go, go, go!" he shrieks, beside himself. He is in a perfect frenzy; all dignity is gone; to the girl standing trembling there it is a loathsome sight to see this old man on the brink of the grave thus crouching, abased, dishonored.

"I am going," she says, faintly. She is ghastly pale; the sight of him in his horrible fright, cringing thus upon the ground, has so unnerved her that she actually grasps at the curtain for support.

(To be continued.)

PARADISE FOR BIRDS.

The White House Grounds Possess Many Charms for Them.

Birds having a keen eye out for residence quarters in Washington find the White House grounds the most fashionable and select neighborhood they can enter. This is especially so of birds desiring a quiet life, without being subjected to the "rubber-necking" of other birds, animals and human beings. Sparrows in great numbers have their homes in the grounds, but they would be just as much at home on Pennsylvania avenue, and it is said by the bird doctor at the White House that the sparrows which live around there are recluses, or have been run away from the thickly settled quarters of the city. There is plenty of room for more of these little rascals in the grounds, where the trees furnish quiet places for building and hatching, but the great majority of these birds appear not to care much for these delightful grounds. For feeding purposes the White House grounds are not a success, because they are always kept clean. In addition to the value of the grounds for residence purposes, there is one distinct advantage. That is in the bathing facilities. The White House sparrows are like Japanese people in this respect. When they are not chattering about this thing and that they are bathing in the different fountains in the grounds. At all hours of the day, but more particularly in the morning, the little sparrows assemble at the fountains, flit to the leaves of the water plants and dive and duck as long as they desire. They are not good swimmers and do not wear fancy bathing suits. Where water is convenient sparrows are cleanly little animals. Each leaf of a water plant is strong enough to hold the weight of a bird, and there is not much danger of drowning. At any rate, no life guards are stationed by the sparrows to watch and protect incautious birds.

Blackbirds, robins, thrush, bluebirds and crows make their homes in the White House grounds, together with other varieties. Nearly all the year round robins may be seen in the grounds, and they have their nests somewhere about. They fly about the front of the grounds and hunt among the flowers and plants for worms. They do not bathe themselves like the sparrows. They are comparatively tame, as no one bothers them. These few robins have been in the grounds for years. They do not go far north, like the others of their tribe, in the summer months. The Washington climate suits them. In the winter they disappear for a trip to the winter resorts in the South, but come back in the early spring. The blackbirds seen in the grounds are big fellows, half as big as crows and just as glossy black.

A rain crow which lives in the grounds and in the trees of Lafayette Square can be heard just before each rain, giving his peculiar warning that rain may be expected. Oldtimers at the White House say that this bird is a better weather prophet than the weather bureau, so far as rain is concerned.

Profit for the Druggist.

Mrs. Richmond—I always hate to go into a drugstore and ask to see the directory and then walk out without buying anything.

Mrs. Bronxborough—Oh, I never do that. I always buy a postage stamp or something.—New York Journal.

A Certain Way.

"How can you tell mushrooms from toadstools, little boy?"

"Easy! If de guy dat eats 'em is alive next day deys mushrooms. If he's shifted off de mortal coil den deys toadstools."