Eugene Weekly Guard.

CAMPBELL BROS., Proprietors.

EUGENE .....OREGON.

They are now speaking of Marconigrams received from ships at sea.

At 30 a man is anxious for fame; it 50 he is willing to accept money as a substitute.

The Congressional package of garden seeds heals many a postoffice disappointment.

As an effectual wrecker of banks the the borrowing bank officer remains a class by himself.

Many a woman who knows how to dress herself knows very little about dressing a turkey.

President Harper wants $26,000,000. There is a brotherly feeling for Dr. Harper everywhere.

Job had his patience sorely tried, but he never lost his collar button at an inopportune moment.

The man who wants to prove everything he says advertises the fact that his word isn't to be credited.

This is the apt definition of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat: "A boodler is a thief who preys on the public."

Some men have the faculty of seizing common occasions and converting them into extraordinary opportunities.

The man who offered himself for vivisection has aroused so much hostile comment by his action that he feels all cut up about it.

A Kentucky man has been sent to jail for having thirteen wives. He should have remembered that 13 is unlucky and stopped with a dozen.

China has had to stand a great deal of roasting on account of the foot binding habit. And still China has never been addicted to the corset habit.

Wilhelmina's Prince Henry seems to be really trying now to live a blameless life. A testimonial of some kind ought to be forwarded to encourage him.

How does it happen that women do not have appendicitis? Is it possible that men have secured a monopoly of this trouble? Equal suffrage leaders should look into this.

It is said that the new British postage stamps are to be called in and destroyed because the engraver made the king face the wrong way. But, dear sakes, the king can do no wrong.

Students at a college hazed a new man the other night by gagging and blinding him and then dropping him twenty feet down a coal hole. Yet the victim failed to see the joke. Some people are so obtuse.

The gravestone of an English missionary, slain by the natives, has been used as a foundation stone for the cathedral in Uganda. The saying, "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church," is thus written once more in enduring characters for him who has a mind to discern spiritual certainties.

The truth is apparent enough that in politics, and even in the same political party, the old rule applies—"in essentials, unity; in nonessentials, liberty!" Times change and issues change with them. The policy upon a given subject, whether of finance, administration or what not, that seemed urgent and essential in a past campaign may be altogether impracticable and impolitic to-day. Manifestly, it is absurd to label such expedients with the misleading title of "eternal principles."

A few years ago all France and many foreign societies celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the public career of the great chemist, Monsieur Berthelot. Besides creating a host of new drugs, dyes and perfumes, and never taking out a patent on discoveries which have brought millions to others, Monsieur Berthelot has served for fifty years as professor, written countless pamphlets for the government, is an "Immortal," a life senator and an ex-minister. With Pasteur and Virchow he ranks as "perhaps of all men of the nineteenth century most useful to his fellow men." In view of such achievements, the medal recently presented to him by President Loubet, inscribed "For Country and Truth," speaks no empty praise.

The College Club of Boston, an association of women graduates, recently gave an arts and crafts exhibition for members only. It included books and book-bindings, paintings, photographs, sewing, embroidery, and all kinds of fancy work, and many things good to eat, such as jelly, cake and candy. The design of it all was to disprove the silly charge that the higher education unfits women for "practical work," for housewifery, or even for the manufacture of dainty and ornamental trifles. Of course the plan was justified by results. The exhibition was a complete success. So is the college woman, as a rule. Just one danger threatens from her special training, and this exhibition was one of many proofs that she perceives it and is on her guard against it. What it is was once suggested in a sentence by a woman who was long a power at Vassar College. "I do not see any room in your life for a blue-checked apron," said this famous teacher to an ambitious girl who had been expressing at length her plans for work and hopes for fame. It was a quaint reminder that, although housekeeping is not woman's only province, every woman should cherish the spirit of the home-maker. The blue-checked apron is not necessarily a shroud for any lawful ambition; but there is no woman so gifted that she need hesitate to acknowledge that she knows how to put it on.

When a man has triumphed over obstacles, has forced his way up the ladder, he has a right to be proud and to feel that there is something in his make-up that makes him superior to his fellow men. A few weeks ago Marquis Ito was being dined and feted in England. Dukes and Lords did him honor. He was made the guest of the greatest city in the world. Great Britain was at the feet of the man who has been four times Prime Minister of Japan. It wasn't Ito's first visit to England. On his first visit bands did not play, there was no bowing or hat waving. In 1863 the English sailing ship Pegasus arrived in London from the far East. On board with the crew was a Jap youth who had worked his passage before the mast. He was as poor as poverty. He had eaten "salt horse" and taken his share of abuse from the ship's officers. He was so absolutely friendless that when the crew rushed ashore he remained in the forecastle, forgotten, and went to his bunk supperless. That was Marquis Ito's start, and it is no wonder that he swelled up a bit when he contrasted 1863 and 1902. To-day he is a power in a great nation. He may be no happier than the humblest citizen of his home country. But he has done much good. His country is a world power, and a man who had no money, little influence and a great deal of ability has again proved that there is no position worth having that can not be secured by intelligent effort.

"He died learning" was the epitaph desired by J. R. Green, the English historian. Aristotle has given us what Matthew Arnold calls "this immortal sentence: 'All men naturally desire knowledge.'" Was this noble passion ever more active than now? Did it ever stir so powerfully the minds of all sorts and conditions of men? And were there ever before such adequate provisions for its gratification? The rich abundance of instruction, the expansion of cheap printing and the multiplication of libraries have practically brought every branch of knowledge within the reach of any one who cares enough about it to pay the price of diligent seeking. The desire for mental improvement is not confined to post-graduate students; it is taking possession of those who are called "the common people" because there are so many of them. It is notably active among men and women whose early opportunities were narrow, whose school-room life was cut short, and whose daily toil is exacting as a means of livelihood. The demand for shorter work hours is more urgent because multitudes are hungry for something better than daily bread. University extension work and other popular lectures come to meet this want; the scholarship of the land thus tends to diffuse itself and to make learning common property. The Chautauqua courses of reading work in the same direction. Instruction by "correspondence" is said to reach a greater number than are enrolled in all the colleges and high schools of the country. Indeed, "the higher education" must now be understood as a relative term; any round of the ladder is higher than the one next below. So the whole procession may as well be moving upward. Progress in intelligence is the peculiar need of free institutions, for as Laboulaye says, "What kills republics is ignorance." The warning against superficiality, conceit and big-headedness, as well as pig-headedness, is always in order. But at every stage of attainment, low or high, docility is the true safeguard against shallow pedantry and vulgar inflation. Grant White puts it well: "A little learning is not a dangerous thing, if we only know that it is little."

NEW YORK SOCIETY QUEEN.

Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson, the Leader of the Smart Set.

If you don't know Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson, of New York, you aren't anybody. That is the dictum of smart society in the metropolis, for Mrs. Gibson is its uncrowned queen. Not to be able to quote Mrs. Gibson's latest witticism, not to be acquainted with her gowns, not to have been invited to her last tea—all these speak badly for the woman who aspires to social distinction.

MRS. GIBSON.

Mrs. Gibson, whose husband is the well-known artist and illustrator and the creator of the "Gibson girl," is credited with having one of the finest figures in Gotham. She has a beautiful voice, inferior only to that of Melba, and possesses a charming manner. Like many other successful society women she is a Southerner and as Irene Langhorne was a famous belle in Richmond, Va. When she married, her husband was a struggling artist, and for a time in New York she declined many invitations on the ground that she could not afford to accept them. She is said to be the only woman who ever refused an invitation to dine at the Astor table. But now her husband is famous and growing wealthy and she has made her way to the top of the social ladder. Mrs. Gibson is related to many of the wealthy families of New York.

Uncomfortable Chairs.

At a dinner given in her honor a lady of small stature suddenly fainted. It was then found she had not been able to touch either her feet to the floor or her back to the chair; and the restricted circulation and prolonged discomfort had finally overcome her. An antiquarian traces the present mania for high seats to the fact that at the old French courts sets of handsome furniture were ranged along the walls for effect, but never occupied. The chairs and sofas actually used were much lower. Furniture makers of to-day copy the more showy pieces, and further enhance their inutility by spring cushions. The dictum of a famous cabinet maker is that in choosing chairs the knee of a person should come clear above the seat he intends to occupy. More even than homes, churches and assembly rooms, the great railway stations, in spite of their sumptuousness, offend against the comfort of nine-tenths of their occupants.

ATROCITIES IN NEW GUINEA.

M. Rouyer, a survivor of the massacre of a French scientific mission by cannibals at Sileraka, New Guinea, on Jan. 1, in describing the horrible occurrence, relates that the yacht Salvanti, with the mission on board, had anchored off the coast of New Guinea, and that several of the explorers landed. After an apparently friendly reception from the natives the latter treacherously attacked them during the night, murdering thirty-two of the party, including Baron Villars, Count de Saint Remy and MM. Hagenbeck and Vries, and wounding thirty-three, including M. Rouyer, the chief of the mission, and another Frenchman named Reimer.

M. Rouyer writes:

"We were all sleeping peacefully when there was a great uproar and we were attacked by hundreds of natives carrying torches. Several of us were felled to the ground with clubs, hatchets and spears. Others were overpowered, carried away and bound to trees. I was among this number. I received a blow on the head from a club and fainted. When I recovered consciousness at 5 o'clock in the morning I found myself tied hand and foot and surrounded by savages, who, believing me to be dead, were keeping me for themselves. I saw the body of Baron Villars near me, bound to a tree. His body was naked, his head had been split open, and his eyes had been gouged out. The Count de Saint Remy had been decapitated and his head stuck on the end of a spear as a trophy. M. Hagenbeck was spitted on a bamboo and was being roasted over a fire.

THE SCENE OF HORRORS.

"I waited my fate. I was afraid to move. My head hurt me dreadfully. All around me the ground was strewn with corpses. Suddenly a great clamor arose, followed by a fusillade. I opened my eyes and saw Dr. Fortier and the remainder of the mission from the yacht firing on the cannibals. I shouted and the rescuers ran to me and cut the bonds which bound me to the tree. Th canniabls fled, leaving many dead. The clothes of M. Vries were found, but his body was missing. He had evidently been devoured by the savages during the night."

TIME CHECK ON POSTAL CLERKS.

Every Employe in the Postoffice Must Contribute to His Own Record.

"Remember the Bundy" is the watchword in the big postoffices, and Uncle Sam's gray-coated men are in constant dread lest they forget to "ring in" or "ring out."

About a year ago the United States Postoffice Department at Washington, D. C., conceived the idea of procuring a clock to keep a correct record of the arrival and departure of all employes in that branch of the service all over the United States, which resulted in the supplying of all postoffices of importance with the now famous clocks at a cost of over $100 each. The Bundy clock is a large affair, having three strong mainsprings and an intricate time-recording apparatus. Two of the springs work the clock and the other is the power of the striking part, for the Bundy strikes off the time the clerks and carriers report on and off duty, not like other clocks that only strike the hours and half hours of the day. It is a complicated affair and many a poor

CHECKING THE TIME.

hard-worked clerk and carrier will verify the statement, for it has cost some of them much of their hard-earned and small salary.

The Bundy is worked as follows: When the office opens for business at 6 o'clock in the morning the clock is the first thing attended to. The three dating keys are used, and the date and hour, 6 a. m., is imprinted on the tape; then the employes each take their key and "ring in" their arrival. Each employe has his own number and that number is on his key. He is not allowed to use another's key or "ring in" or out any fellow clerk or carrier, under penalty of dismissal from the service. The letter carriers have four keys, the first being used when he reports for the day at 6:30 a. m. When he goes out on his first trip he takes down his next key, which is the key bearing the letter "L," and "rings out" and leaves the office. On his return he immediately on entering the office "rings in" his arrival, the key bearing the letter "R," and after he has performed his office work and it is time for him to take his "lay off" or "swing" for an hour or two, a carrier not being allowed to work more than eight hours per day, he uses the key bearing the letter "E," meaning end of duty. As each key is "rung in" the clock registers the time to a fraction of a minute.

Letter carriers are allowed by law to work only eight hours, and when a carrier has worked over that time, if only for one minute, intentionally or unintentionally, he must pay the penalty, which is usually suspension from one to three days without pay, for Uncle Sam is a very strict master in the postoffice and the Bundy never lies. There are penalties for failure to ring the clock on arrival and departure, for all employes, from the heads of the various departments to the porters. Letter carriers are suspended from one to fifteen days, according to how many prior convictions there may be recorded against them in the record book. Clerks suffer for their mistakes by being fined from one day's salary up, as the case may be, as prior convictions also count against the clerks.

THE ENGLISH SPARROW.

How the Obnoxious Bird Was Brought to This Country.

Two old residents of Germantown took advantage of a delightful day to saunter up Germantown avenue, stopping now and then at the different places of historic interest along the avenue. They spent some of the time at the old Ship house, telling each other about the ancient structure, and as to how the ship came to be placed there, when their attention was attracted by myriads of sparrows that congregated up on the roof.

"Ah! That reminds me," said the elder of the two, "of the old John Bardsley house and the story of how the sparrow came to Germantown."

Walking up the avenue farther they came to a halt in front of a little white painted two-story house at the northwest corner of Upsal street and Germantown avenue. For over an hour the two old men lingered in front of this "old house," and the following story was told:

The house was occupied for a number of years by the late John Bardsley, better known as "Sparrow Jack." During the time that William F. Smith represented the Twenty-second Ward in Councils he presented an ordinance appropriating $300 with which to purchase English sparrows to destroy the measuring worms that had become a nuisance in the city squares. John Bardsley, an Englishman, but for many years a resident of Germantown, was delegated to go to England to secure the sparrows. Being familiar with the English birds, he had no trouble in catching them in nets. He secured between 300 and 400. On his way over from England, one-half the sparrows died, but enough existed to insure a rapid increase of the little pests, which have since become more troublesome than the worms.

Bardsley was always an enthusiastic admirer of the sparrows, and to show his love for them he fed them regularly during the winter months, and had a number of fantastically constructed boxes, surmounted with weathervanes and ornaments, for their use. He always reproved any one who interfered with or abused the sparrow.—Philadelphia Telegraph

Luck Better Than Brains.

Ex-Governor Upham of Wisconsin, who, as the Post stated the other day, was once mourned for dead, told a good story on himself at the Capitol yesterday.

"I was once interested in two lumber deals," he said. "I had offered a valuable piece of property at $60,000 and at the same time I was trying to buy a tract of pine trees. While the deals were pending I ran across a gypsy fortune teller in the woods and I asked her to tell my fortune.

"'You will be very lucky in your deals,' she said.

"'That's good,' I remarked.

"'Yes,' continued the fortune teller, 'your luck will beat your brains.'

Governor Upham says that the woman spoke the truth. A few days later the syndicate which held the option of $60,000 upon the property he had offered at that price decided not to accept it, and it was not long before he was able to sell the land for almost double the amount.—Washington Post.

Had Given It Up.

"The priest was here the day," said Mrs. Lannigan to her husband, as the two sat down to supper. "He said he was hoping you nor your brother Tim would go to hear that walking delegate that's making speeches all around the town."

"Sure, and Oi'd no intintions to go," said Mr. Lannigan, his utterance clogged by a biscuit.

"He said," proceeded the wife, impatiently, "that the man indoolged too much in hyperbole. What is that, Arthur?"

Mr. Lannigan looked at her reprovingly, and paused in the middle of another biscuit.

"Oi'm a timperance man these eight years," he said, loftily, "and if you are wishful to know what annything of that koind is, Mary Ann, it's from some wan else besides me you'll have to get your information. Oi'm amazed at ye, woman!"

Law to Promote Honesty.

"We have an old statute in Arizona making it a misdemeanor for a hotel or restaurant keeper to set out viands on his bill of fare that he is not actually able to serve," said Clarkson Southard, of Bisbee, "and it might well be adopted here. It was enacted many years ago when prospectors and others, returning to the towns after months of privation, were deluded and enraged by elaborate bills of fare, to find afterward that the only articles they could really get to eat were bacon and beans, as usual. So many shootings resulted that this law was enacted and for a time was strictly enforced. The necessity for its enforcement has long since passed, but it has never, so far as I know, been repealed."—Philadelphia Times.

A boy doesn't believe the mottoes in his copy book after he is ten; a girl believes them all her life.

A man makes a sweeping assertion when he fills his opponent's eyes with dust.

FEMININE FRENCH "IMMORTALS."

Forty Royal Women, Authoresses, Artists and Actresses.

Supposing a second Richelieu, recognizing the achievements of the modern woman, were to found another French academy, reserved not this time for men, but for feminine members only, who would be the forty "immortal" women who would occupy its armchairs? A general vote on this question has just been taken among the readers of a French review, each of whom was requested to send in a list of forty names of living women. The women "immortals" thus elected include five royal personages—one empress and four queens, sixteen authoresses, eight actresses and singers, five artists, four women eminent for their philanthropic works, and two composers.

A sovereign lady in her own right, Queen Wilhelmina of Holland heads the entire list, with 5,212 votes, whereas the first of the authoresses, Mme. Adam, has only secured 4,150. The four other royalties are the Czarina, Queen Margherita of Italy, Queen Marie Christina of Spain and the Queen of Roumania, who is, of course, a writer as well as a queen. Among the authoresses Mme. Alphonse Daudet, with 3,433 votes, and the Countess de Martel ("Gyp"), with 3,040, run Mme. Adam close. The remaining eight include Mme. Rosemonde Rostand, who who wrote verse before she married Edmond Rostand; Mme. Severine, the disciple of Jules Valles; and Mddle. Lucie Faure, the daughter of the late President of the republic.

Among the artisas are Mme. Dumont-Breton, Mme. Madeleine Lemaire and Mddle. Louise Abbema. The actresses who would sit in the ladies' academy are, of course, Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, and Mmes. Rejane, Bartet, Marie Laurent, Emma Calve, Adelina Patti, Miss Ellen Terry and Signora Eleonora Duse. The last three women, with Mme. Augusta Holmes, who would represent music in the academy, by the side of Mddle. Chaminade and Baroness von Suttner, are the only foreigners on the list of forty.

Apparently the readers of the review in question, says the London Telegraph, are not very well up in contemporary English and American literature.

HIGH DIVING INTO THE TIBER.

Plunging into the River Tiber used to be a favorite pastime with the ancient Romans. Modern Romans have revived the old sport and have added some frills to it in the way of acrobatic feats and feats of daring.

A society, known as the "Rari Nantes," is the patron of the sport and offers each year diplomas for "winter swimming." These are awarded to anyone who braves the swift, cold waters of the ancient stream during the months of November, December, January and February.

At the fourth meeting of the society forty-two swimmers won the diploma, although the racing took place in a stream swollen to nearly fourteen feet above its normal level by torrential rains. High diving and swimming races in clothes are now exciting the sporting section of the Eternal City, and the illustration, which is from a remarkable snapshot photograph, shows the high diving in full swing.

Leather of the Egyptians.

The ancient Egyptians were skilled in the art of tanning leather and manufactured it in various ways and for various purposes besides that of furnishing coverings for the feet. Indeed it is to those builders of the pyramids that we are indebted for the first artistic forms of footwear, and so far as can be ascertained from history and the researches of archaeologists the Egyptians were the first shoemakers who were worthy of the name.

It is a fact, too, that tanners of today employ very much the same methods as did the ancients. About the same materials are used, and the processes are almost precisely similar to those in vogue hundreds of years ago. It is true that tanners of the present day have found means of greatly shortening the time required to convert a hide into leather and that steam power and modern machinery have done much to expedite and improve the processes of finishing the leather; but, after all, the principles of tanning remain the same as they have been from the first.

The Old Cellar.

A treasure cave it seemed to be,
Full of delicious mystery.
Across the windows' narrow panes
The spiders swung their silver chains!
Upon the swinging shelves o'erhead
Were jars of jams and jellies spread,
Which, when unsealed on festal days,
Outshone the ruby's richest rays.
In one far corner's dreamy dusk
Ripe apples stored their balm and musk,
Huge pumpkins from the next one rolled,
Like giant beads of richest gold,
Ranged upon shelves upon the wall
Were firkins short and firkins tall,
Where, youthful palates to entice,
Green pickles swarm in seas of spice,
Among them, bulging boldly out,
Was the brown oak cask filled with "krout."
Perchance that cellar, rough and dark,
Is type of many a man of mark
Whose mind, unpolished, yet has stored
Rich viands for life's festal board.
—Good Housekeeping.

Benefit of Boarding-House.

Keepers of Washington boarding-houses are taking prompt action under the new provision of the district code which fixes a heavy penalty against persons who fraudulently evade payment of bills for lodging and keep.

After women begin wearing store teeth, they all look alike.

CHAPTER XXII.

Night has quite closed in, a night exceptionally wild and violent, when once more the sound of wheels upon the gravel without catches Vera's ear.

Perhaps she had been listening for it—is even in a measure prepared for it, but even if so, this does not prevent the sudden agitated change that overspreads her face as she hears it. Her pulses quicken unpleasantly and she half rises to her feet.

An hour, two hours, pass, and she is in her room dressing for dinner, when a servant brings her a note.

"I have to thank you for the kind invitation which Griselda gave me. Business matters have compelled me to come here again—for the last time—to-night; to trespass, for the last time, upon your hospitality. I beg you will not let my presence disturb you; my stay will be so short that I dare to hope you will not mark the coming or going."

A quick wave of color dyes Vera's face; she lays the letter with studied slowness upon the table near.

"My compliments to Mr. Dysart, and I hope he will dine with me to-night," she says, calmly, but with an unconscious touch of hauteur. How does he dare to treat her like this, to persist in believing—or rather, to pretend to believe—that his presence is so distasteful to her? What is he to her, one way or the other, that she should care whether he was in her house or out of it?

At dinner, however, she will have an opportunity of widening his knowledge somewhat. It will be the simplest thing to let him see how utterly unimportant an item he is in the scheme of her existence. There is a brilliant light in her eyes as she turns to receive the woman who has now come back with an answer to her message to Dysart.

There is a timidity in the woman's air that warns her.

"Mr. Dysart's compliments and thanks, madame, but he has already dined in town."

"Fasten this bracelet," says Vera, holding out her arm. She is aware that the woman is watching her, curiously if nervously, and she so moves that the sudden pallor of her face, the sole thing that shows her indignation, shall not betray her. "That will do; you can go," she says after awhile. She sweeps down stairs almost in the servant's footsteps, and into the green drawing room, a smaller apartment than the usual reception rooms, and now looking delicately cozy beneath the touches of lamps and firelight, and with the perfume of many flowers hanging around it.

The wind, the thunder, the lightning, still rage, but the rain has ceased, and in the murky heavens above, a pale, sickly moon is striving feebly to break a way through the dense clouds. Suddenly the door is thrown open by an agitated hand, and the woman who had attended her upstairs comes hurriedly, without ceremony, into the room.

"Oh, madame, I thought you would like to know—that you should be told—" she stops, frightened by the expression on Vera's face.

"Well?" says Vera, going a step nearer to her.

"There is a ship in great distress, madame—somewhere out there," pointing vaguely in the direction of the ocean, "upon the rocks, they say! There is scarcely any hope——"

"But the life-boat?" cried Vera, sharply, forgetting everything now but the awful thought of death—and death so near—out there upon those cruel rocks, with the boiling, murderous waves leaping to receive their prey.

"Yes, madame, but that accident yesterday—you will remember it?—they say it has disabled six of the men, and it is almost certain death to go at all, and the hands being short, there must be volunteers, and who will risk their lives——" the townbred girl stops short with a quiver, and covers her face with her hands.

"Volunteers! Where is Mr. Dysart?" cries Vera, suddenly, with prophetic instinct. "Speak, girl!" turning fiercely on her maid.

"Gone down to the beach, madame, to see what can be done."

"Gone!" says Vera, slowly, as if dazed, and then again, "gone!" A little convulsive shiver runs through her—it is the final breaking up of any lingering deceits, any last illusions, that she may still have clung to.

"Order the carriage," she says, after a minute or two, during which mistress and maid have remained silent. This sudden waking-up has been so far a shock that it has killed all immediate nervousness. She feels chilled, calmed, strengthened.

The moon has in a measure conquered the clouds, and now shines out with a pale, watery luster, that rather adds to than takes from the weird wildness of the night. The thunder still rattles overhead, and vivid flashes light the blackness. Here and there, as the carriage passes by the outskirts of the wood, these intermittent bursts of light show where a tree has been felled, or the road ripped up, or a small bridge carried bodily away by the force of the swollen current underneath.

All through the deadly crashing of the storm a booming sound may be heard at long intervals. Half maddened by it, and by that other greater fear, Vera lies back in the carriage, pressing her fingers now to her ears, now to her throbbing brow, that feels as if it were bursting.

Arrived at the entrance to the village, a drive of about a mile from Greycourt, she stops the carriage, and opening the door springs to the ground. A sudden gust of wind passing by almost dashes her to the earth, but by a superhuman effort she defies it, and half blinded by the flashing lightning, and bewildered by the raging storm, she turns aside, and runs panting, struggling, down a side pathway that she knows leads to the beach below.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The wild scene that meets her sight strikes terror to her heart. The mad roaring of the waves that, mountains high, rush impetuously inland to dash themselves to pieces against the granite rocks; the cries of the women; the hoarse calls of the men; the flaming, restless torches that fling a weird light upon the picture; all serve to unnerve her.

And now a shout from the beach! A dark object being dragged forward, a valiant cheer, perhaps meant to reach those miserable souls hovering on death's brink, and so give courage to their failing hearts; it is the life-boat, and now——

A tall figure has suddenly become prominent; he seems to tower above all those around him. He is evidently addressing them with passionate words, and now he springs into the boat, and with renewed eloquence seems to compel those present to follow him. His voice, in its vehemence, rises even above the storm. Not that the stricken girl crouching within the shelter of her rock needs that testimony to know that it is he whom her soul loveth.

Vera staggers to her feet and stares blindly into the semi-darkness. A hearty cry goes up from those crowded together on the beach. The mists have cleared away from the moon, and she can see as well as those eager watchers that the five black spots that were upon the rigging are no longer there.

They have been successful, then, so far. They have taken those five half-dead creatures into the blessed lifeboat. Surely, if the rescuers could go through such a sea in safety, they can return.

A blessed relief comes to her, so sharply, so unpreparedly, that she almost gives way beneath it. The good ship, indeed, is gone! Where the black, indistinct mass stood a minute since, now all is bare—there is but sea and sky, and the memory of it! But the lifeboat still lives.

Every onward dash of the tempestuous waves drives the lifeboat the more surely into shelter, until at last it touches ground. A hundred eager hands are stretched out to prevent the returning wave from carrying it backward, some of the men, more adventurous than the rest, rush into the surging tide up to their waists and seize the boat and drag it forcibly into safety.

Dysart, springing to land, helps out the rescued men, now exhausted by fear and exposure—one of them, indeed, has fainted—but there are kindly arms open to receive them and kindly voices to bid them welcome—and to praise the God of sea and land for their delivery from death this night.

With a hurried wave of the hand he turns abruptly away from the cheering crowd and the dancing torchlights, and makes his way through the heavy darkness toward the small pathway that will lead to the road above. Stumbling, uncertain, and feeling altogether exhausted, he nevertheless finds it, and puts out his hand to grope for the rock that he knows stands at the right side of it, where the beach commences.

"Good heavens, what is this? He starts violently, and then his fingers fasten with almost convulsive energy over the small cold hand that has been thrust into his. A sharp little cry breaks through the darkness, and then the cold hand is hurriedly withdrawn, and two arms are thrown round him, and cling to him with passionate vehemence.

"It is you—you! And you are safe! Oh, Seaton! Oh, thank heaven, thank heaven!"

Whose voice is it? Not Vera's? Vera! and yet the clinging arms are warm, living, and genuine; the sobbing voice is real; a small disheveled head is very close to him—very! What has happened? Has he gone mad?

He is ghastly pale, white as the death from which he has but just now so narrowly escaped, and across his right temple there is a slight streak of blood, still wet. This adds to his pallor. Vera, seeing it, shudders violently, and involuntarily, almost unconsciously, lifts her hand, and presses her handkerchief to the wound.

"Speak!" says he, and now the word is a command. It rings sharply. There is a very anguish of doubt in his tone, and his eyes, burning into hers, are so full of desperate question, that they utterly unnerve her.

The strain of the past terrible hours has been too severe, and now she sinks beneath it. She bursts into tears.

"Oh, yes, yes, yes!" she cries, giving him thus vaguely the answer he requires.

In a moment his arms are round her, crushing her against his heart. To him those incoherent words are full of sweetest meaning. Yes, she loves him. Who shall tell the joy this knowledge brings him—joy that is almost pain?

"Darling, darling!" whispers he, softly. And then after a little while, "I am too happy. I do not know what to say. I cannot speak." And then again, "May I kiss you?"

He does not wait for permission, but presses his lips to hers—dear lips, that kiss him back again, with honest, heartfelt gladness.

(The end.)

Where There Is No Twilight.

The days and nights are of equal length at Guayaquil. The sun knocks off promptly at 6 o'clock in the evening and gets up at 6 in the morning with equal regularity the whole year around. There is no twilight, no gloaming, no interval whatever between daylight and dark—only a brilliant illumination, the sudden disappearance of a red ball into a blue ocean, a spread of flame color over all the western sky for a few minutes and a purple haze in the east. Then the surface of the ocean, like the heavens, is lighted with millions of strange and shifting stars, for the water is so impregnated with phosphorus that each tiny wave is tipped with light, and the foam that follows in the wake of the vessel is often like a stream of fire. Sometimes you can see porpoises swimming along the bow of the vessel livid with phosphorescent light and followed by a streak of sparks like a comet's tail. The southern cross, with the right arm tipped out at proper angle, lies straight ahead, in the midst of myriads of unknown worlds that look strange to those accustomed to the northern constellations. Under the left arm is a large black spot in the heavens, brightened by only a single modest star, which the sailors call "the devil's dinner bag." Over the stern of the vessel in the early evening you can plainly distinguish the familiar constellation of the "great bear," but it goes to bed with the children.—Chicago Record.

The British marquis working before the mast has turned up in St. Helena on a sailing vessel plying between England and Australia, according to the St. Helena Guardian. It is the Marquis of Graham, eldest son and heir of the Duke of Montrose, 21 years of age. He wants to find out all about the merchant marine and to earn a master's certificate.