Eugene Weekly Guard.

CAMPBELL BROS., Proprietors.

EUGENE.....OREGON.

All men fall in love, but most of them get up again.

Castro has been president of Venezuela for six years—off and on.

Uncle Sam is rapidly becoming everybody's uncle in both hemispheres.

Making out a bill against the Sultan is one thing. Collecting it is several others.

The Baldwin north pole party has been heard from. The letter was not dated at the pole.

A boon companion is seldom considered a boon by the family of the man with whom he associates.

Few women are interested in the study of prehistoric man. Their specialty is the man of to-day.

It is wonderful what a bore even a good natured dentist can turn himself into when his buzzer gets busy.

Santos-Dumont is said to be very superstitious. Perhaps he thinks he was born to be run over by an automobile.

The mothers' congress was unanimous on one point, at least, and that is that mothers are necessary institutions.

A Missouri man has decided to stock his farm with 400 goats this spring. Hereafter the Missouri butter is likely to cut an enlarged figure.

A Russian has invented a monorailroad that carries passengers at the rate of 200 miles an hour. It is a good deal like dropping out of the airship.

An English professor says women are incapable of learning the Chinese language. If he can prove it Chinese may yet become the universal tongue.

The Senate is anxious to protect its dignity, and will do all it can to that end. But the States which select its membership will have to help some.

Elephants are said to be disappearing. It is still possible to see them in our larger cities if you don't care for your wife's restraining influence.

Gatling, the gun man, has invented a plow that does the work of sixty horses. But what can the ordinary farmer do with a contrivance of that kind?

A prominent "educator" in the East speaks of High School Latin and Greek as sanctified relics." Never mind. The boy is able to forget the past quite easily.

Turkey is to be held responsible for the kidnaping of Miss Stone. Turkey is already held responsible for so many things that one more or less will not make much difference.

We hope there will be no unseemly squabble over "marconigram." The idea of calling a wireless telegram by that name sprang up spontaneously in a hundred places at once.

The new kind of novel that is well written, but which begins nowhere and ends nowhere else, makes a person mad enough to strike his father. No wonder we go back and read Dickens to get the taste out of our mouths.

General Zano, a Filipino millionaire, is reported to have offered $500,000 each to the American army officers who will marry his daughters. Why does the general limit the offer to American soldiers? Let him open it to titled Europeans and his daughters will go like hot cakes.

The Marconi wireless systems are now in use on seventy ships and there are twenty-five land stations. The Marconi company now takes several hundred commercial messages every day for ships that have left port as well as for those coming in. The fleeing cashier can no longer consider himself safe when out of sight of land.

Lord Francis Hope, since coming of age, has spent $3,000,000, and, seeing no end to the waste, he turned over all his property and expectations to a life insurance company, which guarantees him an income of $10,000 a year for life. In this way he is assured a fair living and time to meditate on what a chump he has been.

Ordinance statistics now show that it cost $84,000 to extinguish Cervera's squadron and $50,000 to blow Montejo's out of water. Other statistics at Washington will show that the typewriting expense for the Santiago affair made the subsequent expense fully as great as for the ammunition. But the official figures will fail to record what the two engagements cost in the way of heartburnings, injured pride and reputations.

"Pluk adorned with ambition, baked by onor brite will always comand suces even without the almity dolar." This is part of an inscription on a large card which hung in a conspicuous place in the largest wholesale notion house in the United States. It was written by Charles Broadway Rouss, the founder of the business, who was known to the world as the "blind millionaire." And in the above quotation is the secret of his success. When he went to New York City in 1865 his entire capital was only $1.80. When he died at the age of 66 he was worth millions. "Pluk" and "onor brite" did it. He worked at least twelve hours every day, six days in the week. He was always the first at his desk, and the last to leave. To him every minute counted, and he even spelled phonetically in order to save time. Each of his employes was expected to work eleven hours a day, and each received his pay at the close of each day's work. When Rouss closed his store at night it was his boast that he owed no man a dollar. But Rouss paid dearly for his millions. He gained wealth and a place among the merchant princes of America, but in doing so he lost his eyesight. Overwork made him blind. He offered $1,000,000 to any one who could restore his sight. Many alleged remedies were brought forth, and he hired a blind man at a large salary on whom these remedies were tried, but none was effective. "Pluk" and "onor brite" will win success, but if in the pursuit of the almighty dollar all rules of health are thrown aside the millions of a Rockefeller would not be worth fighting for. The man without great wealth, and yet healthy and with his eyesight, is far more fortunate than the blind millionaire.

With the death of "Nell" Bryant there has passed away the last of the old-time negro mistrels. By a curious coincidence "Jack" Haverly, "Billy" West, "Billy" Emerson, and "Billy" Rice, and now "Nell" Bryant, the only prominent representatives left of the genuine burnt cork "artists," died within a few weeks of each other. With the exception of Haverly and Emerson, they were old men, but they preserved their sense of humor to the last. It was a genuine bit of humor, of the same kind that so moved Thackeray when he first heard the negro minstrels in America, when the dying impersonator said: 'Tell all my friends I have gone 'way back and sat down and they will find me on the end seat." With these men negro minstrelsy also passes. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that it passed away before they did. The minstrel troupes now on the stage have nothing in common with the old-time performers save their blackened faces. They represent no class and their programs are a hotchpotch of absurdly sentimental drivel and eccentric vaudeville specialties. The purpose of the old minstrels, beginning with the Christy troupe, fifty or more years ago, was to represent the plantation negro in his native humor and with all his racial peculiarities. The dances were the double shuffle, the breakdown, the pigeon wing, and the "Jim Crow." The instruments were the banjo, the fiddle, the bones, and the tambourine. The songs were the racy plantation melodies, the jubilee, hymns, and the melodies of a still higher and yet characteristic kind, which flowed so rapidly and so easily from the pen of Stephen C. Foster and were subsequently transplanted by Dvorak in his new world symphony as specimens of American folk music. In these minstrel performances the comedy of negro life in the plantation cabins, in the cotton fields, on the Mississippi River steamboats, and in the songs and dances of their recreation time was given with admirable truth and humor. In the place of all this we now have vaudeville acts, "coon" songs, ragtime, sentimental ballads, and, in fact, everything except negro minstrelsy. A row of performers with blackened faces sing and act a succession of numbers which have no more relation to the negro than they have to the Chinaman. Even the so-called "coon" song has nothing of the Ethiopian flavor. The sentimental ballad, when it was connected with the negro, as in "Way Down on the Suwanee River," "O! Susanna," "Old Dan Tucker," "The Old Kentucky Home," "Jump Jim Crow," and others had an element of real humor, at times mingled with pathos, because of a personal motive in it. The sentimental ballad of the modern troupes, on the other hand, is simply a mixture of sensational slang and maudlin sentiment. When "Billy" Emerson danced and sang "The Big Sunflower" he expressed the happiness of the darky enjoying his holiday. When a modern minstrel sings "The Goo-Goo-Eyes" he expresses mere drivel. Negro minstrely was comparatively short lived, but it enjoyed great popularity. Few artists, indeed, have been more successful than the four in black who have recently gone. They were comedians of a high order of talent.

SECURED A CONTINUANCE.

Sharp Trick Perpetrated by an Ingenious Illinois Lawyer.

Ethen Allen Sniveley of Springfield, tells a pretty good story of how, some years ago, when he was editor of a Carlinville paper, he brought the press agent of a circus to time and made him pay the paper its price for a big advertment by threatening to smallpox the show. But up till last week we don't know that we had ever heard of an attorney working this bluff on a court and jury, and the little incident, which occurred in the County Court, is quite laughable.

W. H. Crow was an attorney for a man under indictment for an assault, and the case had been continued several times on one pretext and another, and was up again, and the prosecution was insisting on going to trial. Mr. Crow's witnesses were not present, and to go to trial under the circumstances would surely result in a conviction of his client, and just what to do he was at a loss to know. The jury was in the box ready to be passed upon, and things were becoming desperate for Mr. Crow, when all at once a bright thought struck him, and, addressing his honor, he announced that the defense was ready for trial, but at the same time stated that he thought it was only fair to the court and all concerned to state that his client had been exposed to the smallpox and was just about due to break out with it. "But," said he, "as far as I am concerned, I have had smallpox, and am not afraid of it, and if the others interested in the case are willing to proceed I am."

The bluff worked like a charm, and it is needless to say that it was the unanimous opinion of the prosecution, judge and jury that they had better take no chances, and the attorney got his continuance. It, however, is due to Mr. Crow to state that his client resides in a neighborhood where there has been a case or two of smallpox recently and may have been exposed, but up to last accounts had not broken out. Pike County (Ill.) Democrat.

A man will promise a woman anything if she will promise not to interrupt him when he is reading.

No man has a moral right to disclose a cloven breath during the honeymoon.

ERA OF BIG SALARIES

MEN WHOSE ABILITY COMMANDS GREAT PAY.

Heads of Large Corporations Who Draw Annually in the Neighborhood of $50,000 for Their Services—Some Conspicuous Examples.

The present seems to be the era of high salaries. When Lyman J. Gage left his $8,000 cabinet place in Washington to become President of the United States Trust Company, at a salary said to be $50,000 per year, certain business men in Chicago expressed a doubt of his ability to earn that enormous amount. That any man should render actual services commensurate with a salary of $50,000 a year is really beyond the understanding of the average toiler whose stipend is $2 or $3 a day. Nevertheless, in this matter-of-fact age there are probably very few persons receiving prodigious pay who do not earn every dollar of it. Some months ago Secretary Gage told an assemblage of bank clerks in Denver that he could place at least 20 young men, if they had the ability, in financial institutions of the country at a salary of $25,000 a year each. His remark doubtless was intended to lay stress upon the fact that a score of young men worth $25,000 each could not easily be found.

R. M. DELAFIELD.

Some High-Salaried Men.

Some months ago, when Charles Counselman was elected President of the American Fisheries Company, a concern that has control of many of the canning factories in the State of Washington and along the shores of Alaska, it was announced that his salary was to be $50,000 a year. Mr. Counselman is a Chicagoan, and he has had a long and successful experience as a grain merchant on the Board of Trade, an owner of grain elevators, a builder of skyscrapers, a dealer in real estate and a man of large business interests generally. He began with little or nothing, and such education as he possesses he acquired in the school of experience. He is to-day a man of large fortune and great commercial activity, still in the prime of life.

There is another Chicago man who is said to be receiving a yearly salary so big that many would consider it a fair fortune after a lifetime of industrious effort. This is Conrad H. Matthieson, President of the Chicago Sugar Refining Company, some times called the Glucose Trust. He is now about 35, and his annual salary has been variously stated as $65,000 and $75,000. At any rate, it is big enough to be highly exceptional. It is but fifteen years since he left college, and at first he worked ten hours a day, carried his lunch with him, and earned $12 a week.

E. H. GARY.

Step by step he mastered every detail of the business and rose to be manager. Then a crisis arose, calling for the highest executive ability, and he was equal to the emergency. His company was in a rate-cutting pool and its profits had disappeared. Upon his aggressive initiative it withdrew from the pool, inaugurated a fight of its own and within two years was paying 30 per cent dividends. This triumph inspired in Mr. Matthieson an ambition to control the entire field, and this was accomplished under his direction. Most of the concerns absorbed by his company were losing money, but under the combine which he organized their stocks were transmuted into gold. This young man earns his princely salary by successfully handling $40,000,000 of combined capital and conducting the glucose business, comprising some 20 departments, in such a systematic and prosperous way that the shareholders are well satisfied. He says that hard work is a tonic to him and he keeps at it early and late, never asking a subordinate to do more than he does himself. He knows no other secret of success.

Bank President's $40,000 Salary.

When Richard Delafield, President of the National Park Bank of New York, had his salary raised from $25,000 to $40,000, early last year, it was said that no other bank President in the United States received such big pay for his services. The reason given for this increase was that the bank's business had expanded so much and the responsibilities of its executive head had become so great that he well deserved a salary only $10,000 less than that received by the chief executive of the nation. As the custodian of $70,000,000, to be successfully handled in such financial operations as are open to national banks, his responsibilities are tremendous. Mr. Delafield begin his business career as clerk in a mercantile house on a salary of $5 a week.

C. M. SCHWAB.

There has been much talk about the salary of Charles M. Schwab, President of the United States Steel Corporation. It is pretty well settled now that he receives $100,000 as annual salary, and an additional $25,000 as a contingent fee.

A little more than two years ago, Elbert H. Gary, who at that time resided at Wheaton, Ill., a suburb of Chicago, was elected President of the Federal Steel Company, which is now an integral part of the steel combination, and his salary was fixed at $60,000 a year. Having previously been attorney for the Illinois Steel Company, he had mastered the legal side of the great industry before he was able to command such high wages. He specialized his knowledge, and thus was able to attract the attention of the capitalists in control of the vast enterprises. As chairman of the Executive Committee of the great steel trust, he probably receives fully as much as he drew when President.

The two highest paid men in the American pulpit are Bishop Potter, of New York, and Rabbi Emil G. Hirsch, of Chicago, each of whom draws $15,000 annually.

PECULIAR DREAM STORY.

Lady Sees Visions of House and Is Herself Facsimile of Ghost Seen There.

Horace G. Hutchinson, who has been discoursing on "Dreams" in Longman's Magazine, gives the following peculiar instance:

A certain lady dreamed frequently of a certain house until it had become exceedingly familiar to her; she knew all its rooms, its furniture; it was as well known to her as that in which she lived her waking life, and, like a good wife who has no secrets from her husband, she often talked over all the details with him—a very pleasant fancy. One day they—husband and wife—went into the country to view a house that they thought of taking for the summer months. They had not seen it, but the account in the house agent's list had attracted them. When they arrived before it they gave a simultaneous exclamation of surprise. "Why," said the husband, "it is your dream house!" It was. The coincidence attracted them. They took the house.

In the course of their occupancy they learned that the house had the reputation of being haunted; that several people before them had taken it for short terms, but had seen—or fancied they had seen—"something," and had left before their term of tenancy expired. Had these new tenants not brought their own old servants with them, it is likely that they would have had some difficulty in whipping up a domestic staff, so uncanny was the reputation of their apparently reputable house. The new tenants dwelt in the house with all satisfaction and peace through the summer months until their term of tenancy came to an end. On leaving, husband and wife expressed their satisfaction to the local agent.

"The only thing," said the wife, "that we were disappointed in is that we never saw the ghost."

"Oh, no!" said the agent. "We knew you would not see the ghost."

"What do you mean?" asked the wife, rather nettled.

"Oh," the agent repeated, "we knew you would not see the ghost! You are the ghost that people have always seen here."

Relics of Manila.

On the mantel in Assistant Secretary of State Cridler's office at the State Department are several interesting relics of the famous battle of Manila in the shape of fragments of a shell from one of Admiral Dewey's six-inch guns and several large shells captured at Cavite arsenal after the defeat of Montejo. These relics were presented to Secretary Cridler by Consul Wildman, and their history is inscribed upon them. The fragment of the six-inch shell, which is rusty from exposure to rain, smashed the Spanish commandant's house at Cavite, destroyed $10,000 worth of property and killed five Spaniards. The shells, from which the charges have been removed, are unlike any that are in use in the service of this government. They are about eight inches long, one inch in diameter, and the bullet is made of steel instead of lead. Around the bullet is a band of brass, which shows beyond question that the Spaniards were using ammunition which is proscribed by civilized nations. Although Secretary Cridler receives relics from consuls in all parts of the world, he prizes none so highly as he does the piece of projectile which did such effective execution in the first foreign war in which this country has been involved since the war with Mexico, and which was the means of raising American gunners in the eyes of all the nations of the world.—Washington correspondence St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Same Old Trouble.

It was a frequent custom with Lincoln, that of carrying his children on his shoulders, says the Literary Digest. He rarely went downstreet that he did not have one of his younger boys mounted on his shoulder, while another hung to the tail of his long coat. The antics of the boys with their father, and the species of tyranny they exercised over him, are still subjects of talk in Springfield. Mr. Roland Diller, who was a neighbor of Mr. Lincoln, tells one of the best of the stories. He was called to the door one day by hearing a great noise of children, and there was Mr. Lincoln striding by with the boys, both of whom were wailing aloud. "Why, Mr. Lincoln, what's the matter with the boys?" he asked. "Just what's the matter with the whole world," Lincoln replied. "I've got three walnuts, and each wants two."

Chinese Nervelessness.

A North China paper is responsible for the statement that the quality of nervelessness distinguishes the Chinaman from the European. The Chinaman can write all day, work all day, stand in one position all day, weave, beat gold, carve ivory, do infinitely tedious jobs for ever and ever, and discover no more weariness and irritation than if he were a machine. This quality appears in early life. The Chinaman can do without exercise also. Sport and play seem to him so much waste labor. He can sleep anywhere, amid rattling machinery and deafening uproar. He can sleep on the ground, on the floor, on a chair, or in any position.—New York Ledger.

A Rag-Time Comment.

"The refrain," we said to our neighbor at the vaudeville performance, while the popular ballad was being rendered, "is prettier than the verses."

"Yes," he agreed. "I wish he would refrain altogether."—Baltimore American.

Berlin's Criminal Book.

Berlin's Black Book, the criminal record kept by the police, now consists of thirty-seven volumes, containing 21,000 photographs of criminals of all classes.

Many a girl's distant manner may be traced to the fact that she had onions for dinner.

A little guying judiciously administered often makes a weak man strong.

HERR STEINHARDT'S NEMESIS

BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

CHAPTER I—Continued.

"Ah," he said to me, "so you've come to try and enlighten our Hottentots about a thing or two in this world and the next. Well, you can only do your best, you know; we'll try to make you comfortable and back you up. Come all the way from London today, I suppose;—have you got yourself fixed up yet in the village?—what some author chap—Matthew or Mark Summat or other—calls a 'Lancashire Hell-hole.' Well, we're not quite so bad as that yet here, but we're getting to it. But it can't be helped, you know; we ha' gone forrard and we mun go forrarder, as the rabbit said when he let th' weasel get him into a hole. Yes, 'Hell-hole;' but it should be a useful change for you; it may give you an idea when you want to describe to your congregation the real—"

"Jim, lad," interrupted his sister, "you're forgetting yourself?"

"Eh? Oh?—ah, well I can remember, you know, when all round about here was as sweet and pretty a place—I was born back o' th' White Moss" (indicating that locality over his shoulder), "Toppleton way."

Thus the full, quaint and careless stream of his talk flowed on, meandering about one person and another, this subject and that. He seemed a well of curious and fearsome Lancashire lore—lore of the days when spinning and weaving were done in the cottage homes of remote hamlets and homesteads, when Lancashire energy applied itself to useful work and not to useless toil, when its fabrics were made to be worn and not merely to be sold—the days when the steam engine was not yet with its all-devouring, all-enslaving machinery.

We had talked thus for about an hour—or, rather, listened to Mr. Birley talk—when he paused and looked round (he had been fidgeting in his chair for some time.)

"What's got 'Manule?" he said, addressing his sister. "Is he stuck till midnight in his laboratory again? Doesn't seem as if that smoke was to come off tonight. In Paul's house now it used to be 'Smoke where you please'—drawing room or anywhere. Poor Paul!"

I was astonished and alarmed to see Miss Lacroix rise hurriedly, and glide without a word from the room. Mrs. Steinhardt made as if she would follow her, but she did not. She sank back in her chair with a sigh.

"Jim! Jim!" she exclaimed, reproachfully. "Why will you say things, when you know the poor girl cannot bear allusions to it?"

"Ah," said Birley, humbly. "Poor lass!—Her father," he explained, turning to me, "has never come back from London. Poor Paul!" He was visibly affected.

"He had to go to the law courts there," said Mrs. Steinhardt, "more than a year ago, about some dreadful business of the chemical works—he was my husband's partner."

"Hildersheimer v. Lacroix and Steinhardt"—(Frank turned on the music stool to correct his uncle's pronunciation.) "Well," said he, "that's all right; anyway that was the case. May be"—turning again to me—"you remember it in the papers. It was about the infringement of a chemical patent 'Manuel had put them up to in his eternal laboratory."

"Nay, uncle," interrupted Frank, flushing up. "It wasnt' father's fault more than anyone else's."

"Ay, lad," said Birley, "of course you know all about it. But you're right to stand up for your father. However, Paul, as the chief of the firm, went up to London to fight the case; he fought and lost to the tune of 20,000 pounds damages—which, I suppose, drove him mad, poor fellow, for he's never come back—made away with himself, very likely, or, somehow, got made away with."

"But, surely," interrupted Frank again, "it could hardly be the damages did it, uncle? You remember he went to Paris after the trial about some pattern business for the print works, and then got back to London again."

"Ay, lad—out 20,000 pounds damages can make a man feel very queer all the way to Paris and back. At any rate, poor Paul's gone—lost in the great London wilderness."

"It is a very extraordinary affair," said I. "But I dont' remember seeing anything of it in the papers."

"It got into the papers, though," said Birley, "to some extent—not much. We didn't want a noise about a private, painful thing like that,."

"But," said I, wondering, "I suppose inquiries were made?"

"They made inquiries high and low," said Birley; "they laid detectives on, and everything, but nothing came of it. Did there, Frank?"

"No," said Frank—"nothing at all."

"Did you try to trace him out of London?" I asked. "I suppose they did," said Birley.

"Yes—oh yes," said Frank.

I wondered that Birley should keep using the word "they." Had he borne no share in the investigation himself? I had my thought answered at once.

"I wasn't able to go to London myself," said Birley; "I was laid up with a broken leg; and, when I got better, I didn't think it was any use my going. There was an end of Paul—that was certain; for he wasn't the man to knock under like, and get lost just."

In a little while Miss Lacroix returned, with apology for her withdrawal.

"I had a little of headache," said she.

I now saw more clearly the encroachments which grief, and what I cannot describe by other words than "anxious waiting," had made on a young life which would, unoppressed, I was sure, have been so full of spirit and mirth. I longed there and then with an earnest desire that I might do something to brighten her life, to remove the weight of uncertainty and grief which burdened it, and preyed upon it.

But I had little further opportunity for talk with her that night. In a few minutes Mr. Steinhardt returned. We heard then what were the causalties resulting from the falling of the bell tower. A horse had been killed, as, also, had been a sow with her litter: and two pigs had been so injured that the butcher had to be summoned. We were now invited into the smoking room; but Mr. Birley rose, and said he must be going; he would smoke his pipe on the way home "wi' th' parson."

"Parson smokes, I suppose?" said he, laying his hand on my shoulder.

So he and I departed together. The valley was asleep under a white pall of fog; but the weird tongues of flame still flickered on the slope and ridge behind and beyond us (from coke ovens, my companion explained), and the tall chimneys dreamily and intermittently smoked. The great chimney of the chemical works, however, emitted not so much smoke as a thin pinkish vapor, which stole away imperceptibly over the neighborhood to poison all green things, and to filter through the cracks and crevices of doors and windows, to trouble sleepers with lethargy and headache.

"By George!" exclaimed my companion. "He'll get fined again some day. Paul used to be always at him about it. Poor Paul!"

So ended my first evening in Timperley—a memorable evening for me. I had made the acquaintance of one whom I have reason now to call as dear a friend as I have ever known, and as good a man as fortune has ever neglected, and of another who is now the dearest of all earth's creatures to me.

CHAPTER II.

I frequently looked in upon the ladies at Timperley Hall, and took a four-o'clock cup of tea with them (not, however, to the neglect of other, if less pleasant, parochial visitations). During these visits we talked without that constraint which somehow Mr. Steinhardt's presence imposed upon us. Miss Lacroix and I agreed in our opinions concerning the ruthlessness with which Lancashire pushed on its industrial way: we often astonished poor Mrs. Steinhardt (sometimes even ourselves) by the warmth with which we would discuss the outrage done to man and nature.

One afternoon we talked thus. It was well on in springtime; the stream was running full and all nature, in spite of drawbacks, was striving to look green. I told them how that morning I had stood by the little plank bridge just below Timperley Hall, looking across at the dreadfully lumbered little peninsula on which the ruined spinning mill stood, when there turned up at my elbow an old man whom I knew by sight as an ex-handloom weaver.

"A fine brook, that, parson," he said.

"Yes," said I, suiting my reply to what I thought his persiflage; "what a pity no trout seem to know of it!"

"Ah, but," said he, sadly, "there were trout in it wonst; though there's been none for mony a day. Trout! Aw defy onything to live in that, bout gettin' cured first, like a red herrin' or a sallymander! There was a lad drowned like as it might be this spring, and he were never found till like as it might be next back end, down theer in that mud; he were not gone at all, but he were cured thro' and thro'; black, mon—black!"

This I told; and then I continued: "Drowning, they say, is an easy death; but to drown in such a stream as that seems horribly repulsive. 'I fancy no one would care to commit suicide in it."

I perceived my stupid blunder as soon as I had spoken; I had not thought that what I said could be taken as "allusive" to the disappearance of Mr. Lacroix.

"Excuse me," said Miss Lacroix, rising hurriedly, "I do not feel very well. Do not come, Mrs. Steinhardt; I shall get better by myself."

I of course made apology to Mrs. Steinhardt for my stupidity.

"Yes," said she; "you see she can't bear any kind of allusion to her father's end. She told me soon after she came here (she couldn't, you know, go on living in that big house up there all by herself)—she told me a strange dream she had once or twice when her father was missing—the strangest thing, but I scolded her so, she has never said another word to me about it. Still I fancy she thinks a great deal about her father, though she does not say much; they were rare and fond o' one another."

That very evening I unexpectedly learned from Miss Lacroix herself what that strange dream was. I was returning by moonlight from the house of a parishioner along that same road which first brought me upon the valley. Passing the pond on my right (which I before mentioned as reflecting the lighted windows of the many storeyed mill), I observed a figure, cloaked and hooded, standing on the margin of the pond under one of the trees. I paused a minute, while my heart beat with apprehension, and then I passed through a gap in the fence and approached. The figure turned quickly, as if impatient at the intrusion, and in the pale moonlight I recognized the face of Miss Lacroix.

"Miss Lacroix!" I exclaimed, "You here!"

"Oh, Mr. Unwin," she began, in evident tension of feeling, "I could not rest indoors, and so I came down to see Uncle Jaques; I could not remain with him, and so I came out here to look at this, which always fascinates me. 'Look!'"

I stood by her side and looked; this is what I saw: An inverted reflection of the tall chimney of the chemical works which was emitting, as it often did late in the evening, its strange pinkish vapor; this vapor in the reflection looked as if it were slowly rising from the bottom of the pond, and, as its color blended with the tints the water somehow took as the breeze ruffled it this way or that, produced the impression of a slowly simmering cauldron of red, green, and copper-brown flame. This was so wonderfully weird a fancy that I confess I felt my skin creep. I turned my eyes away, and then looked again, and again, but the impression was ever the same.

"It's indeed very strange!" I said.

"Is it not?" said she. "You see it also? Mr. Unwin," she went on, turning suddenly to me, and speaking with a vehemence which increased as the words came, "I have wished to tell you. You are a clergyman, and must hear me make my confession; and you will keep it secret to yourself. You have heard, perhaps, that my father—my dear father!—is thought to be dead, now just a year ago?"

"I have," said I.

"He went to London and to Paris on business, and he never came back. It happened while he was away that I lived all by myself at home. I slept sound that night without dreaming, when suddenly I had a dream. I saw vapor or flame slowly rising just like that—I saw a man plunge into it, and I knew the man was my father—I felt he was. I awoke at once all trembling and did not go to sleep again. That was all my dream."

"Are you sure," I said, "that you had not heard some one—Mrs. Steinhardt, for instance—suggest that he had been drowned, and then you went and dreamt of the peculiar appearance of this pond?"

"No, no, no!" she protested with rapid vehemence. "Did I not say that I dreamed it the very night on which all trace of him was lost from his hotel in London? Nobody thought then that he was not coming home soon. And I do not think I had noticed this pond then. I have dreamed the same dream several times since, but that may be nothing at all. I shall very likely dream it tonight."

I turned away from the pond and she followed me. We walked along in silence for some distance.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, at length, "I do long so very much to know what has really happened to my dear father—my poor father!"

"I wish I could help you to find out," I said; "indeed I do. You may be sure I shall think of all you have told me, and shall try to discover anything more. I have friends in London who may be of use, if I may mention it to them."

"Oh, certainly," she answered. "You are very kind. Bacon's Hotel, Great Queen Street, is where he was last heard of."

At a certain corner where the lane to Timperley Hall diverged from the way through the village, she insisted on parting from me. I let her go with little hesitation, for I knew there was no fear of her being molested.

It may be presumed that while I smoked my post-coenal pipe I thought over the strange scene at the pond, and all that Miss Lacriox had said. It was certainly very mysterious, but all the conclusion I could reach concerning it that night was a resolve to go and look at the pond by day.

(To be continued)

A Double Team.

A man who was bicycling in Southern France was pushing his machine up a steep hill when he overtook a peasant with a donkey cart. The patient beast was making but little progress, although it was doing its best.

The benevolent cyclist, putting his left hand against the back of the cart and guiding his machine with the other hand, pushed so hard that the donkey, taking fresh courage, pulled his load successfully up to the top.

When the summit was reached the peasant burst into thanks to his benefactor.

"It was good of you, indeed, monsieur!" he protested. "I should never in the world have got up the hill with only one donkey."

Where the House Acted Hastily.

The house does funny things sometimes. It passed a bill the other day establishing a lighthouse on the coast of North Carolina. The second section of the bill provided that the "act approved March 3, 1901, be, and the same is hereby repealed." The act thus wiped off the statute books at one fell swoop was the sundry civil appropriation bill, which appropriated millions and millions of dollars for the expenses of the government. In the senate the bill was amended so as to be less sweeping in its effect.—Washington Post.

Industrial Consumption of Gold.

The industrial consumption of gold in the United States in the calendar year is estimated to have been $16,667,500, and in the world approximately $75,000,000. Although the United States led the world last year in the prodction of gold, our imports of the metal exceeded our exports by the sum of $12,866,101. The stock of gold coin in the country, including bullion in the mints, at the close of the fiscal year was estimated at $1,124,652,818, and the stock of silver coin at $610,477,025.

Khaki Color Doomed.

The British war office has decided that after the Boer war is over khaki will not be used, but a working dress will be made of a peculiar drab mixture, which is said to be of a more neutral color than khaki serge, so that the present campaign will doubtless be handed down to posterity as the khaki war. This material, it is complained, has not enhanced the appearance of English soldiers, and the authorities are by no means satisfied that it has added to their safety.

Worth of a Compliment.

Most compliments sound something like this: "They say he is a thief, but he never stole anything from me It may be because I have watched him closely, but so far I have never missed anything." When you feel that your friend deserves praise, why pay tribute to his enemies in praising him?

So Stupid.

"Who was that you just spoke to?" asked the first Chicago woman; "his face was rather familiar to me."

"I believe," said the other, "his name is Jenks—Henry Jenks."

"Oh! to be sure. How stupid of me! He was my first husband."—Philadelphia Record.

Disgusted.

Manager—What's this item in your expense account for "hardware, $50"?

Salesman — Hardware? Oh, yes; that's for poker. I thought it would look better put in that way.

Would Let Boys Fight.

Dr. Temple, the archbishop of Canterbury, declares that it is not a bad thing for boys to fight occasionally, provided there is no feeling of malice.