Eugene Weekly Guard.

CAMPBELL BROS., Proprietors.

EUGENE.....OREGON.

A few touches of nature smooth many a wrinkled skin.

An honest man's the noblest work of God, unless he doesn't belong to your party.

England keeps on raising princesses for the German princes in spite of the strained relations.

Time waits for no man, but man has to wait at least an hour when a woman tells him to wait just a second.

When a girl begins to speak of herself as a bachelor maid it is a sure sign that she has given up all hope.

The author of "Goo-Goo Eyes dead, but the creator of "A Hot Time" has not yet gone to the reward of which he sang.

One good turn deserves another, every place except on the vaudeville stage. There the proportion is about one to ten.

Good deal of talk in the air about a German-American alliance. All of which is as interesting as a last year's mare's nest.

The number of first poems written by Whittier is now equalled only by the number of oldest Yale graduates who have recently died.

The man who leaves church just as the collection plate starts around may have been taken suddenly ill, but he rarely gets credit for it.

No kissing ever occurs in Japan except between husband and wife, not even between a mother and child. What a shameful neglect of opportunities.

Prince Henry was not born in a log cabin, nor did he work in a brickyard in his youth. He achieved his present greatness without these boosters which are so essential in the greatness-sprouting business in America.

The panic in the diamond market is growing worse instead of better. It is now almost impossible to get No. 2 whites in carload lots; No. 1 blues can be obtained only in bushel lots; and No. 1 straws are no longer quoted, except by the peck.

A fire in a fireproof building in Chicago the other day revealed a quantity of inflammable asbestos. The fire chief of Chicago has observed that much of the asbestos in use in large office structures is not only not fireproof, but highly combustible. The quick burning construction buildings are warranted to have it soon over with.

Hawthorne wrote in his note-book: "No place ever took so strong a hold of my being as Rome, nor ever seemed so close to me and so strangely familiar. I seem to know it better than my birthplace, and to have known it longer." The words furnish one of many reasons why the proposed statue of Hawthorne in the Eternal City will be a fitting memorial.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor defines a gentleman as a college educated man. Mark Twain disagrees and gives his definition: "A kindly, courteous, unselfish man, who thinks first, not of himself, but of his fellow man, that is what a gentleman is; not one of these society 'chappies,' who in reality is one of the most selfish men on earth." As between the two most persons will prefer Mr. Clemens' definition.

Since, by their own account, all the European governments are the fervent friends of the United States, we shall probably never find a better time than this to inquire if this country has enemies also, and if so, what share of blame rests upon us for having them. It is as true of nations as of men, that wise saying twelve centuries old, which Lowell rendered:

He who has a thousand friends has not a friend to spare,
And he who has one enemy will meet him everywhere.

The authorities of a Pennsylvania town, afflicted with a scourge of smallpox, acted in the light of experience when they ordered that all dogs and cats found running loose in the streets should be shot. It is well known that these animals carry contagion, as their hair offers a congenial lodging-place for disease germs. Parents cannot be too careful in keeping pet cats and dogs out of the sick-room of a scarlet fever or diphtheria patient, and in seeing that their children do not play with pets which belong to families where there is or has recently been contagious disease.

Professor Goodspeed, of Chicago University, writes to the Independent of a small, clearly legible slip among some Greek papyri which have lately come into his hands. It is a boat ticket from ancient Egypt, entitling the holder to a ride upon the canal that passed through Karnis, the modern Kôom Ushim, in the Fayûm. The ticket gives the passenger's name, the place from which he sailed, and what is supposed to be the captain's acknowledgment that the fare was paid. The traveler was Ptolemaeus son of Panemieus; and Isidorus, son of Isidorus, was the pilot. The last line of the document is "Even full," the "even" being interpreted to mean that the passenger had settled the charges, and the "full" that the ticket-holder is going as far as the boat route extends. We moderns would say "through" instead of "full." The ticket is assigned to the second century. The papyrus measures two and a quarter inches by three and a half inches, and has been folded, or perhaps rotted and crushed, four times. It is too late to wish Ptolemaeus a good voyage, or to congratulate Isidorus on his record as a faithful pilot; but the survival of their names has a pathetic interest, and is a reminder that time has an unexpected way of sparing what might reasonably be supposed doomed to destruction or to oblivion.

It is a sinfully hard thing to hold an American monthly magazine open, with one notable exception. Much of the pleasure or profit that might be derived from reading a magazine article is lost to the holder of the book because of his irritation—conscious usually, subconscious sometimes, present always—at being compelled to make a physical effort at the same time as his mental effort. When an old man is reading a statistical magazine article and is obliged to jam his mentor violently apart to find out whether the first word on the next line is 230 or 230,000, his mental embrace of the fact is loosened. When a girl, reading a love tale, has to pull at the two covers of the book, with her knee stuck between them, to find out whether the father cursed or consented on hearing Harold's proposition, she is less excited when she finds it out. It is because her train of thought, which has been highly emotional, is suddenly interrupted by a material annoyance. In each case the magazine is less satisfactory to the reader than it might have been. The reason that the magazines are so hard to keep open is because they are bound with wire binding. Wire binding is cheaper and quicker than thread binding. It is also a good deal less satisfactory to the reader. Many of the foreign magazines are bound with thread. When opened they stay open, and, after the American monthlies, they seem a delight to hold.

In view of the wrecking of the City Savings Bank of Detroit by its vice president, F. C. Andrews, who, by means of falsified statements, appropriated about $1,000,000 of the bank's funds to his own use, the advice given to young men by William J. Onahan, president of the Home Savings Bank of Chicago, as to the best means of acquiring a competency or wealth becomes both interesting and timely. One of Andrews' frequently expressed maxims was that it was idle to expect to get rich merely by saving a portion of one's salary, and that it was only through daring speculative ventures that large fortunes were amassed. Mr. Onahan holds, on the contrary, that thrift, honesty and steadfastness of purpose are now, as they always have been and always will be, the only safe and absolutely sound foundation-stones upon which to build a bank account, and that while riches may sometimes be acquired by other means, the chances that a departure from correct principles will be followed by disaster rather than success are so overwhelmingly great that the few exceptions serve only to emphasize the general rule. The fate of Andrews himself illustrates the truth of this clearly. Mr. Onahan is exceedingly well qualified to discuss the subject of money-getting in all its phases. Some time previous to becoming president of the Home Savings Bank he held the office of Comptroller of the city of Chicago, and for many years has been connected in one way or another with large financial interests. The advice he gives to young men and boys is by no means new. It has been repeated time and again by men of experience and authority, but for all that there are many persons, young and old, who seem to think that the methods by which the large fortunes of some years ago were built up have become antiquated and are no longer applicable. This certainly is a mistake.

Hard to Matriculate.

Mr. Peixoto, lodgekeeper at Girard College, prides himself on his intimate knowledge of the regulations of the institution. The other day a bright-looking young hoodlum of some 7 years of age, carrying a telescope bag and with a cigarette jauntily poised in his mouth, entered the lodge.

"Say, I want to come to this school," said the visitor.

"You can't come here if you smoke that thing," answered Peixoto.

"Well, I'll throw it away," was the ready reply.

"Is your father living?" asked the lodgekeeper.

"'Course he is," said the boy.

"We don't admit pupils whose fathers are not dead, only orphans."

"Gee!" was the response. "Then to get in I've got to kill the old man. Dat's tough!"—Philadelphia Times.

Too Early.

One raw February morning an instructor in the University of Michigan was calling the roll of an eight o'clock class in English.

"Mr. Robbins," said he.

There was no answer.

"Mr. Robbins," in a slightly louder voice.

Still no reply.

"Ah," said the instructor, with a quiet smile, "come to think of it, it is rather early for robins."

This is Current Literature's anecdote of the late Moses Coit Tyler, who later became professor of history at Cornell, and it shows him in the pleasing light of a man who could be boyishly gay at a gray and cheerless hour—no small feat, if one stops to consider an instructor's provocations to morning dullness.

A Retentive Memory.

Actual conversation overheard at the matinee performance of "As You Like It" at the Theater Republic in New York:

She—Who is that playing the part of the banished Duke?

He—That's Barton Hill, one of the veterans of the profession.

She—Is he very old?

He—Well—er—I don't know. But he created that part.—New York News.

The "Candy Craze."

According to a London paper, the "candy craze" is the latest fashionable importation from America. "No theater party," it is announced "worthy of the name, can exist for half an hour without the comfort of the appearance of chocolates and sugared almonds."

Monte Carlo's Suicide Cemetery.

Monte Carlo has a special cemetery for gambling victims who commit suicide. Since 1860 over 2,000 graves have been dug there.

The Lord hasn't much use for a man who contributes to foreign missions the money he owes his washerwoman.

NOVEL WRITERS' PAY.

EASY TO PROVE THAT IT IS NOT GROWING.

A Few of the Most Popular Novelists Are Making Fortunes, but the Work Hardly Pays the Rank and File—Some Authentic Figures.

Novel writing as a trade has not shown any material financial improvement in the last fifty years, says the London Mail. The enormous increase in the number of readers has been counterbalanced by the extraordinary increase in the number of publications, and also in the number of writers. Thackeray, for example, received 50 guineas a part for the periodical issue of "Vanity Fair." It appeared in nineteen numbers, one of them being a double part, so that altogether this issue brought his 1,000 guineas. Nowadays, though Mr. IpliKng received £5,000 pounds for the serial rights of "Kim," few writers receive as much as Thackeray, although it must be remembered that his publisher held the entire copyright for a certain short number of years.

For "Esmond" Thackeray had 1,200 guineas, and "The Newcomes" yielded about £4,000, while his editorial connection with the Cornhill is said to have been worth £4,000 a year—an income that will certainly compare with that of the editors of any twentieth century monthly publication.

"Pickwick" brought Charles Dickens £2,500 and a share in the copyright after five years. "Nicholas Nickleby" was worth £4,500, and "Barnaby Ridge" £3,000 for the copyright till six months after publication. It is interesting in view of the 300,000 copies sold of "The Master Christian," the 100,000 of "The Eternal City," the 500,000 of "Richard Carvel," and the 80,000 of "The History of Sir Richard Calmady," to note that the original sale of "Great Expectations" was 30,000 copies!

In four years George Eliot received £1,600 from "Adam Bede," but "Romola" brought her £7,000, from the Cornhill, and "Middlemarch" was, on the whole, even more profitable, the American edition alone being worth £1,200 to the authoress. Charles Reade received £30 for "Peg Woffington," but that was at the beginning of his career, and "Griffith Gaunt, or Jealousy" attained to £1,500. Anthony Trollope, a steady and persistent writer, made from his books a gross sum of £70,000, or some £2,000 a year. "The Claverings" brought £2,800, "The Small House at Allington" £3,000, and "Can You Forgive Her?" £3,525.

Charles Kingsley sold "Alton Locke" for £150 to Messrs. Chapman and Hall, a sum certainly less than a twentieth of the financial return his daughter, Mrs. St. Leger Harrison (Lucas Malet), will receive for her latest novel. In 1855 Messrs. Routledge gave Buiwer Lytton £20,000 for a ten years' copyright of the cheap edition of his novels, and at the end of that period they paid £5,000 for another period of five years, and made a contract on the same terms at the end of the second period.

Going back to the beginning of last century it is interesting to remember that while Scott received large sums for the Waverley Novels, Jane Austen earned during her lifetime less than £700 in all for the work of her pen.

Macauley was one of the first authors to receive payment on the royalty system, that being his arrangement with Messrs. Longmans for his history, and George Eliot also had a similar arrangement with Blackwoods for some at least of her novels.

An author now receives as a rule from 10 per cent—in the case of an unknown writer—to 25 per cent—in the case of an established favorite—on the gross retail price of his book. He also, of course, receives large sums for the serial rights. As a matter of fact, in the case of many writers the receipts from the serial rights often exceed the royalties on the complete book. Approximately it may, therefore, be concluded that in the case of a novelist like Miss Marie Corelli, with an enormous and constant public, one book, although she never serializes it, will bring at least £20,000 in all, a figure which is also probably reached by many of the books of Mr. Kipling and Hall Caine.

When one reads the statement that a successful book is selling at the rate of between 1,000 and 2,000 a week, it is safe to assume that the author is receiving between £100 and £150 a week for it, and so on. Of course these figures only apply to at the most half a dozen novelists. Another twenty, however, will receive from £400 to £500 for the serial rights of their books, and make on an average half as much more by their royalties. It may also be safely reckoned that outside the ranks of the first thirty writers novel-writing nowadays hardly pays.—Chicago Record-Herald.

OVERLAND TO CALIFORNIA.

Stripping for the Conflict with Forces of Nature.

Our last glimpse of civilization was "Grand Island City," a village of six or eight houses, on the Platte, in what is now Hall County, Nebraska. This was on the 6th of June, and a few days before we had passed through Columbus, another paper city. Columbus boasted an inn, a blacksmith shop and a trading post. The passage of the Loup at that place was accomplished by means of a rope ferry, for which service the ferryman, before landing us on a sand-bar near the farther bank of the stream, exacted a fee of a dollar and a half for each team; the cattle were swum across. The tide of travel was so great that we were obliged to wait all day for our turn to cross. I asked the proprietor of the ferry if he had had any touch of the California fever. With a twinkle of his eye he surveyed his ferry and his smithy, and said: "Wal, I allow this yere is Californy enough for me."

Our trail, after leaving the last settlements, was strewn with lame and abandoned cattle and the discarded material of those who had preceded us. As large companies passed on, they found their burdens lightened by the needful consumption of food supplies; wagons were left along the trail, and the next comers helped themselves to such parts as they needed, or fancied they needed. I knew of more than one such thrifty party who picked up and mended a broken wagon, only to find, later on, that they had encumbered themselves with something that they did not want. Queer-looking contrivances for mining, worn-out clothing, and even valuable tools, were plentifully scattered along the trail. Everybody seemed to be stripping for the conflict with the rude forces of nature that was to come when we reached the heart of the continent. It was our habit to to gather fuel from the floatsam and jetsam of the plains; but it often happened, in spite of this forethought, that the only fuel to be found in an otherwise excellent camping-place would be a few handfuls of dry grass, a cluster of dead weeds, or a clump of the ill-smelling grease-wood.—Century.

What Wallack Thought.

Aristocratic applause, to say nothing of the demonstration of royalty, would not be likely to be so uproarious as to drown the performers nevertheless the San Francisco Argonaut's account of the approval manifested at a play given at Windsor Castle in the earlier days of the reign of Queen Victoria may seem to some persons a trifle exaggerated.

There had been a series of performances at Windsor under the management of Charles Kean, and it is to be presumed that the comedians felt the absence of the hearty approval shown in the regular theater for one evening, when the queen sent an equerry to Mr. Kean to know if the actors would like anything, meaning refreshments, the actor replied:

"Say to her majesty that we should be grateful for a little applause when the spectators are pleased."

Back went the equerry and conveyed the message. At the end of the act there was a slight suggestion of hand-clapping and exceedingly gentle foot-tapping. James Wallack, who knew nothing of the message sent to the queen, hearing the mild demonstration, pricked up his ears and inquired:

"What is that?"

"That, my dear Wallack," Kean replied, "is applause."

"Bless me!" exclaimed Wallack. "I thought it was somebody shelling peas."

No Breach of Discipline.

The Colonel was entertaining some of his friends with stories of army life, and the talk turned to the inflexibility of orders. That reminded the Colonel of Tim Murphy's case.

Murphy had enlisted in the cavalry service, although he had never been on a horse in his life. He was taken out for drill with other raw recruits under command of a sergeant, and, as luck would have it, secured one of the worst buckers in the whole troop.

"Now, my men," said the sergeant in addressing them, "no one is allowed to dismount without orders from a superior officer. Remember that."

Tim was no sooner in the saddle than he was hurled head over heels through the air, and came down so hard that the breath was almost knocked out of him.

"Murphy!" shouted the sergeant, when he discovered the man spread out on the ground, "you dismounted!"

"I did."

"Did you have orders?"

"I did."

"From headquarters, I suppose?" with a sneer.

"No, from hindquarters."

"Take him to the guardhouse!" ordered the sergeant.

Silenced.

Those who make light of religion and morality seem sometimes, by the very energy of their attack, to be getting the best of it, but now and again they find themselves worsted by the ready wit of some quiet listener, who turns the tables upon them. Such was the case with the French students of whom Peter Lombard tells an amusing story in the Church Times.

An omnibus full of Parisian students was making its way along the Rue de Rivoli when a priest in his robes of office joined the party. The students hailed the newcomer with delight, and began at once to tell all the objectionable stories they could recall. The priest spoke not a word till he rose to get out. Then he said, politely:

"Au revoir, messieurs."

The French "au revoir" means literally, "till we see each again." One of the students evidently had this in mind when he replied.

"Um," he said, "we don't want to meet you again, old dismal!"

"But, au revoir," repeated the cure; "we are sure to meet again. I am the chaplain of the Mazas prison."

A Scotch Sahara.

The fact is not generally known that there is in the north of Scotland, a miniature Sahara, some 20 square miles in extent. From Nairn to the River Findhorn there is a great expanse of shifting sandhills, known as the Culbin Sands, which show all the great peculiarities of a great desert, and which successfully resist all attempts at cultivation. Three centuries ago the place was a smiling garden with several farms and a village, all of which were overwhelmed in a single night by a great storm of sand. The remains of the buildings can still occasionally be seen when the sand shifts, and many old domestic articles have been picked up. Some tragic stories are still current in the locality of the wonderful escape of the inhabitants from the blinding sand-drift on that terrible night.

Six Historical Ages.

Ecclesiastical authorities divide the history of man into six ages: (1) From Adam to Noah; (2) from Noah to Abraham; (3) from Abraham to David; (4) from David to the Baylonish captivity; (5) from the captivity of Judah to the birth of Christ; (6) from the birth of Christ to the end of the world.

Weight of the Water.

Water sufficient to cover one acre one inch deep will weigh 101 tons.

The question of sex never appears so gigantic to a man as when he starts out in search of a servant girl.

A man never poses as a hypocrite when he is alone.

HERR STEINHARDT'S NEMESIS

BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

I went in the morning and discovered how the strange tints of the water were produced. The pond was fed by a run-let, which flowed at the bottom of the bank on one side of the lane called by the name of Lacroix. This lane, I had already learned, had been in other days the private carriage drive of the first Lacroix (before a Steinhardt had been heard of) from his fine mansion to his dye works and his model farm. The mansion, with its noble rookery, had long ago become the prey of the omnivorous speculative builder; the model farm had disappeared, all but the farm house which, squeezed into a sordid corner of the spreading village, was now let out in tenements; a Steinhardt now reigned in the Lacriox dye works and, in his scorn of the past, was in the habit of "tipping" his aniline refuse down among the tree roots of the cherished avenue, narrowing more and more the already constricted channel of the little stream, and poisoning and discoloring the once clear flow of water in the whole neighborhood. This it was which washed color into the pond and gave it its varying tints.

I stood thus in some doubt and great indignation—doubt whether Miss Lacroix's dream might not after all be capable of as simple an explanation as I had found for the tints of the pond, and indignation at what I saw around me. I had never before ventured into Lacroix lane; I now passed under its wretched dying trees, along the brink of its cinder mud, ploughed a foot deep into ruts by lumbering coal carts and wagons, and fancied it metamorphosed back into the private, shady, well-kept avenue of the first Lacroix. I had walked almost the whole length of the lane when I met Mr. Birley, Mrs. Steinhardt's brother "Jim."

'Ah, there you are," he called cheerily, when he espied me, "I was just coming to look you up and take you round a bit; there's not much 'biz' doing, and so I've taken a holiday."

After greeting I gave vent to the indignation of which I was full. We returned along the lane.

"Well," said he, laying his hand on my shoulder, "it's not nice of course," —standing and surveying the lane. "But it's not for you or me to mend it; though I'm joint guardian with 'Manuel of Paul's girl" (he meant Miss Lacroix), "I've nothing to do with the property, and 'Manuel, you see, can't bear to spend the brass, and doesn't care a—well, a button—for Paul's family history. Poor Paul! he was a good chap. I suppose the name Lacroix is done for, and it has been what you learned fellows would call historical."

I asked what he meant. He stopped and pointed up the lane, away from Timperley.

"You mightn't believe it," said he, "but if you follow this lane right out to the end you'll get to the Bastille." (The dear old gentleman called it "Bastile.")

I looked at him: I failed to comprehend.

"You don't mean," I said, "the famous French Bastille?—the fortress prison of Paris?"

"That's it," said he. "You've read, I suppose, in your history books of the taking of the Bastille, and the man that was governor at that time, De Lacroix;—that's the family. The poor old fellow was killed in the streets, I believe."

Thus he went on, with much fullness of irrelevant detail. I gathered these feats of consequence which I here set down:—At the time of the great emigration of French nobility to this country, a member of the De Lacroix family found his way to Lancashire with one or two dependents, a packet of jewels, and some scientific learning, and without his aristocratic prefix "de." He prospected about a little, and at length invested the money he got for his jewels in the Turkey red and Indigo dye works of Timperley. He prospered. He was one of the first to apply chemical science to the manufacture of dyes. He made a large fortune, and became the great man of the neighborhood. He had, however, a family of four sons who gave him great trouble. They almost ruined their father and quite broke his heart before their several courses of extravagance and debauchery came to an end. The eldest, Paul's father, drew up just in time, married and settled down to the business; another broke his neck in a steeple chase; the third died of delirium tremens, or worse and the fourth still existed, for he could scarcely be said to live: he was the tongue and limb-tied paralytic, known as old Jaques, who inhabited the little octagonal house near the pond, which had been the lodge of his father's model farm. Paul had wished him to make his house his home, but he insisted on settling down there.

This sad and fateful story lay heavy on my mind and heart for the rest of the day. In the evening I took down the first volume of Carlyle's French Revolution, and read with new interest the wonderful passages in which he describes the taking of the Bastille by the mob, and the part which the old officer of the fortress played in its hopeless defence.

After that I sat down and wrote to a pair of London friends, asking them to make certain inquiries concerning Mr. Lacroix.

CHAPTER III.

I had in all this abundant food for rumination during the next two or three weeks. But I had little time for rumination and no time at all for visits to Tipmerley Hall until Whitsuntide was past. Whitsuntide is the great festival in the Lancashire calendar. Then mills and pits are idle for a week, and the work people have a spell of serious enjoyment, and wearing of new summer clothing, for which money has been saved from Christmastide or earlier. Some go on jaunts to the seaside for the week or for a day or two; but the recreations and dissipations of the multitude are those connected with the Sunday schools, which are gigantic and popular institutions; the time and attention (often to little purpose) that clergymen are expected to give to them can hardly be conceived by those who hold cures in the south. One day there is a grand procession round the parish of scholars and their friends arrayed in their new finery, accompanied by flaunting banners and a blatant brass band, and headed by their clergyman. The procession halts at fixed points, forms into mass and sings hymns, led by the brass band, while the banners take up positions to display their hideous devices and pictures. For another day a short excursion in wagons, with tea or milk and buns, and games are arranged for the benefit especially of the younger scholars; and for a third day a long railway excursion for the others. All these arrangements I had to undertake (some of them much against the grain, I confess; for I prefer to go through the parish as through life, unaccompanied by instruments of brass)—to undertake alone, along with all the duties more properly parochial and clerical; for the rector was still too ill to attend to anything.

For three weeks or so, therefore, I had no time to rumintae upon extraneous matters, and no time to spend at Timperley Hall. But I then made an acquaintance that considerably influenced the later events of my story—Mr. Freeman, the minister of a quaint little Dissenting Chapel in the village. We encountered first on the day of the procession in the Lacroix lane. He was marching along from the opposite direction to us at the head of his modest and silent troop; the lane was narrow; he halted, took off his hat, and smiled (while I could do no less in return), and he and his people (some of them with reluctance, I have no doubt) stood aside to let our noisier and more imposing procession pass. That was our introduction. When the Whitsuntide matters were all disposed of, he called on me one evening to ask me to be chairman at a lecture he was about to deliver in the little public hall of the village on some point of the land question. I was somewhat taken aback by his request, and I suppose I showed that I was.

"You are surprised, I daresay, Mr. Unwin," said he, with a little constrained laugh (he was a bright, genial little man, with a big, red beard). "I will explain why I ask you?—because, I understand, you, like myself, come from the south, where pure streams, and clear skies, and healthy trees may be seen, but especially because I believe you are the only man in the neighborhood who holds somethig like the same opinions as I do; my friend, Mr. Birley, has told me of the talks he has had with you about the way our Lancashire friends treat nature."

"Your friend, Mr. Birley," I exclaimed.

"Yes," said he, with a comical twinkle in his eye, "Mr. Birley and I meet not on theological, but on simply human common ground, and he is the friend of everyone who knows his good heart."

I began to like my visitor. I agreed to act as his chairman, and we then settled down to talk.

On the evening of the lecture I took my place on the platform in a considerable flutter of nervousness. There was a large attendance of work folk, with a fair sprinkling of well-to-do people from the neighborhood, brought together, I suppose, as much by curiosity to see two parsons of conflicting creeds together as by interest in the subject of the lecture. I observed on a back seat Mrs. Steinhardt and Frank, Miss Lacroix and our friend, Mr. Birley. Steinhardt himself was not there. On rising I was astonished to find myself greeted with rounds of applause, and on explaining in a few words how I came to be where I was, I was cheered with such hearty vociferation, that I concluded I had become, without knowing it, a popular personage. I accepted the explantion Mr. Freeman gave me afterward:—"It was a brave and risky thing to do, you know, to appear with me; and these Lancashire folk above all things admire a bit of pluck against odds."

CHAPTER IV.

This adventure with Mr. Freeman had results that I had not foreseen; but that I might have guessed had I considered sufficiently the situation in which I had placed myself—results which at the time caused me some anxiety, yet which, in the end, proved much to my advantage. Mr. Steinhardt, of course, heard of it, and took an early opportunity of calling me to task with characteristic German—I may perhaps say, Bismarckian—brusquerie. I had been asked to dine at Timperley Hall. He said little during dinner, but I found his eye on me several times. When the ladies withdrew from the table, he sent Frank after them. Then he opened upon me at once.

"What the deuce, Mr. Unwin, is this you've been doing with that ass, Freeman?"

I stared in speechless surprise—less at the actual question than at its dictatorial tone. His complexion was usually very ruddy; it now became a curious purplish red, even to his eyes and his bald crown, as if he had been dipped in a vat of his choicest dye.

"You mustn't do that kind of thing, you know, you'll spoil your chances in the church; and, more than that, I can't have you and him disturbing my workpeople, and setting them against me. I can't say anything to him, but I must tell you I can't have it; it won't do at all."

"I don't know," I answered, "what right you have, Mr. Steinhardt, to talk to me in this fashion."

I was angry. He moved about the glasses and decanters near him.

"What right? Your salary comes out of my pocket; your rector can't pay it."

"That," said I, "is a matter between you and the rector, sir."

"Perhaps it is. But I want to tell you that I must be master in this village; and if you are bent upon interfering with me, or between me and the people, you shall go away—that's all. You keep to your preachings, and your visitings, and your tea meetings," he continued, in a tone, doubtless, meant to be placatory, "and you will do very well."

"I take it to be my duty, Mr. Steinhardt," I replied, "to concern myself with whatever affects the welfare of the people; and, to my mind, the dreadful condition of the valley, and—"

"Oh,—d—d sentimental nonsense!" he exclaimed. "The valley is here for us to make money out of the best way we can."

"It is, of course, of no consequence that I don't agree with you," said I; "but as to what I shall think or say on these or any other matters, I can certainly take no orders from you, sir. You must excuse me saying it."

"Very well." He sat a moment in silence, fingering his glass; he seemed not to have expected this conclusion. Then he rose and said, as if he were quite unconscious of having treated me with rudeness. "We had better join the ladies."

"If you will excuse me," said I, "I think I must say good night."

"Eh?" He looked at me in some surprise. "Oh, you should talk to the women a little while at any rate. But just as you please."

The invitation was exasperatingly unconcerned, but, thinking this was but his habituaally churlish Teutonic way, and that if I did not appear in the drawing room the ladies might be distressed, I accompanied him. Both of the ladies glanced at me rather curiously; probably I showed signs of discomposure. Soon Mr. Steinhardt withdrew to his study and his pipe.

"You've been having words with Emmanuel, Mr. Unwin," said Mrs. Steinhardt, almost as soon as her husband was gone. "It's all about that dreadful lecture affair, I suppose. He thinks you've gone against him in it, and Emmanuel can't bear to be gone against." (The good lady always pronounced her husband's name with a lofty sense of its scriptural prestige.)

"I do not see" said I, still rather sore, "that Mr. Steinhardt should expect to have his own way everywhere and in everything, any more than another man."

"Mr. Steinhardt," said Miss Lacroix, "is now alone in his authority, now that father is gone, and he is by his nature what you would say a despot—oh, yes, dear Mrs. Steinhardt, he is—if any one is not obedient to him he is not nice at all. He said hard, rude, cruel things to you, Mr. Unwin—indeed, yes," said she in answer to my look of surprise, "I know he did; I felt him saying them all the time—and besides, I saw him saying them with his eyes all dinner time. But you must not trouble about his words; they come from his nature, which he cannot help, I suppose."

"What things, to be sure, you do say, Louise!" exclaimed Mrs. Steinhardt, "and what eyes you have got! My word!"

(To be continued)

THERE WAS A DISTINCTION.

Both Were Soldiers of High Rank, but in Different Armies.

Dr. Edward King, the venerated and saintly bishop of Lincoln, in England, is now much advanced in years and somewhat infirm. Recently he has been visiting Bournemouth for his health, and T. P. O'Connor, in his "M. A. P.," tells the following story of the venerable prelate's visit to that seaside resort: After resting for some time one afternoon on a seat on the "Parade" the bishop desired to move, but, owing to his age and infirmity, found some difficulty in rising. A kind hearted little girl of the town noticed his trouble and ran up, saying: "Oh, let me help you."

The good bishop beamed upon the child with one of his sweetest smiles, and the smile of the bishop is very sweet, indeed. "You are a dear little maiden," he said, "but I do not think you are strong enough."

"Why, bless you, sir," was the reply, "I've often hepled up daddy when he was a sight worse drunk than you are."

O'Connor says the truth of this story is vouched for by a canon of Ely, so it must be true.

A story of General Sir Charles Tucker is not quite so good, but it is well authenticated. The general was on his way out to India, when he found that there was another General Tucker on board the ship—General Booth-Tucker of the Salvation Army. As the P. & O. boat came alongside to land passengers at Port Said and the gangway was crowded a woman was overheard to say to her companion: "My dear, there are two General Tuckers aboard, I hear. Can you point me out which is which?" This was said in the hearing of the bluff general, who was standing right in front of them.

Turning sharply around and pointing to the other Tucker, he said: "Madam, that is the Salvation Tucker; I, in contradistinction, am known as the Damnation 'Tucker."—New York Press.

Would Accept Mrs. Davis' Offer.

The Mobile (Ala.) Register advises the legislature of Mississippi to accept Mrs. Davis' offer and buy Beauvoir, Jefferson Davis' late home. The house and grounds have, it is said, been neglected and ill-kept, only a custodian residing upon the premises and gathering what fees he can from chance visitors.

Zest for Sewing.

Englishwomen have taken up the "charity sewing clubs" with renewed zest since the return of the Duchess of York from her tour of the British colonial possessions. The Ophir brought home an astonishing number of frocks, flannel petticoats and wraps that the future queen had taken the time to cut and make during her trip, assisted by her ladies in waiting.

Peculiarity of a Family.

Mrs. Susan Holloway, a resident of Cicinnati, has three brothers and two sisters, and all of them have six fingers on each hand. Mrs. Holloway has just given birth to a baby girl who has a similar redundancy. Mrs. Holloway's mother and grandmother were also decorated in the same way, as is her brother's infant son.

John Daniell, a New York merchant, kept his marriage a secret for 34 years. His wife revealed it.