

Eugene Weekly Guard.

CAMPBELL BROS., Proprietors.

EUGENE OREGON.

Two heads are not better than one if the baby buggy isn't built for twins.

Cuba has us beaten all to pieces in the matter of selection of an inauguration day.

A Western man came to his death trying to kick a cat off his porch. The moral is sufficiently obvious.

Love and Sunshine are grocers at Johnston, Pa. Formerly it was Love, Sunshine & Joy, but Joy fled.

Our fellow citizens in Luzon are catching on rapidly. Out of a possible eighty-four votes in Balanga, eighty-nine were cast.

When Miss Susan B. Anthony says there are too many children born into the world, she has reference more particularly to boys.

We shall reserve the right to take our own time in assimilating that story about Russell Sage losing a quarter of a million dollars.

The doctrine may be restated so as to convey the idea that all the good children do not die young, but that all who die young are good children.

The Sultan has issued an order prohibiting gambling in his dominions. The Bulgarians will not care. They operate only on a sure money basis.

In view of the fact that she is now at liberty to do as she pleases it is no more than right to commend Miss Ellen M. Stone for making so little noise.

In Japan it is always the rule of politeness to pay a trifle more than the sum mentioned on your hotel bill. Here it would be considered a form of incurable insanity.

The world has 30,000,000 artificial teeth set in its face every year. Suppose each month claims ten of them, that would set out 3,000,000 grandpas so they can nibble a little piece of comfort off of their plugs.

That there are some things worse than war is further demonstrated by Mr. Moody's remark that we have saved in a single year in Cuba more lives from death by pestilence than were lost on both sides in the conflict with Spain. A rather striking fact, that.

The Lake Erie and Ohio River canal proposition is attractive to those who know what water transportation has done for the Northwest. Cheaper freighting between the Lake Superior mines and Pittsburgh would mean cheaper steel products, and cheaper coal from the Pennsylvania mines would mean a reduction of cost in the industries which are thriving at all the lake ports.

A good satire at the expense of the Baconian cipherists has been perpetrated by an anonymous Englishman, who shows by methods quite as defensible as those used in demonstrating that Bacon wrote the Shakespearean plays that Shakespeare really wrote the book of psalms. For his system it is necessary to spell the poet's name either Shakespeare or Shakespeare, both of which are permissible. In the name "Shakespeare," he points out, there are four vowels and six consonants, which make the number forty-six. Turning to psalm 46, the forty-sixth word from the beginning is "shake," and the forty-sixth word from the end, excluding the "selah," is "psalm." What could be plainer?

Some day in this country we shall have old age pensions. Call it a paternal view if you will, but it is true that the nation owes something to its aged poor. They have served it, many of them, as well as have its soldiers and sailors. The American spirit revolts at the almshouse. The fear of such a fate makes life miserable to many an unfortunate. It is the height of impertinence for a lusty young person to claim that the world owes him a living, but the world certainly owes a living to the worthy, industrious but unfortunate old man or woman who has failed in the attempt to gain a competence for decent living. More and more does the terrible law of the survival of the fittest crush under it those who have made a faithful fight. They have done the world's work, but have been bereft, no matter how, of the adequate reward. Society owes it to them to care for them in a respectable way when they can no longer care for themselves. England is at this time attempting to provide for her worthy aged through a pension system. There are many more unfortunates of this kind there than here. They are said to number nearly half a million. The aged pensioners' bill, now before parliament, provides pensions of \$1.25 to \$1.75 per week for worthy persons of 65 years of age and over who have not an income of more than \$2.50 per week.

"I am glad my children are all boys, for I do not have to be so particular with them as I should have to be if they were girls." "I should hate to have one of my girls marry one of your boys." The above conversation occurred on a street car, between a couple of ladies, who were returning from the meeting of a club, of which both were members. Volume have been written on "Causes of Crime," but one of the largest factors responsible for crime is represented by the mothers who do not think it necessary to be "so particular" with their boys as they are with their girls. It is this double standard of morality, which is held up by so many women, that is wrecking homes, destroying health, ruining girls and boys, degrading the public conscience and filling our penal institutions. As in the sewing so shall be the reaping. In the penitentiaries of the State of Iowa there are 833 men and 20 women. In the reform schools 209 boys and 16 girls. Is not this a legitimate harvest from the sowing of such mothers? Another pertinent point is the fact that 411 of the male inmates of the penitentiaries are under 30 years of age; 221 under 25 years of age, and 108 under 20 years of age. There is a fearful arraignment in the above statistics of the mother who is not "so particular" with boys as she would be with girls; of the women who uphold a "double standard" of morality for men and women.

"Papa, sharpen my pencil, please!"

The child waited, and then repeated the request. "Don't bother me," finally replied the father. The little one walked over to a corner and looked out a window, while a tear glistened in his eye. The father had not intended to be cross. He was worried. Stocks had taken a slump late in the afternoon and his broker had called for further margins. So, thinking only of his losses, he had pushed his son from him. At school that afternoon the boy had been taught his first "example" in multiplication. He had waited until evening, when his father should arrive, that he might illustrate to his parents the knowledge he had gained. It was to do this that he had asked that a pencil be given him. What a surprise would it prove to the father should he propose some new plan, a product of his brain, to those above him in the business world, and be met with the rebuff, "Don't bother me!" But the wound to his pride would be no more severe than that inflicted on the boy's. And if the father had been worried during the day by the fall of stocks, so had been the boy by the breaking of a slate, the loss of a prize marble or a top. What seem to us mole hills in retrospect were at one time mountains, and the obstructions of childhood days are every whit as difficult to climb as those encountered later in life. Do not push the boy from you. If you do there will come a day when he will no longer seek you for advice and comfort, and then you will bitterly regret the refusal to sharpen his pencil.

Success is a pyramid. Towering upward its form narrows. Scattered along its sides are the men who have achieved partial success. At its apex are the few men who have achieved successful success, their towering forms lit up by the pure sunshine of merited fame. That is the idealistic and true picture of success. But is it the real picture of the success of our day? Is the common view of success a narrow or a broad one? Decidedly narrow. Aside from the President, perhaps, Pierpont Morgan and J. J. Hill are more important in the public mind of to-day than any American statesman. In other countries men of mere wealth are the acknowledged inferiors of the statesmen, writers, scholars, scientists and philanthropists. In this country the men of great wealth look somewhat contemptuously down upon those outside their class. We need a new definition of success. Failure in the world's material eye may be success. Ignoble success is "successful success." We must quit our estimates of success by the score of a man's bank account. Until we come to respect the achievements of Americans in morals, in literature, in science, in art, and to honor the men who have made these achievements, we shall have no great reformers and philanthropists, literatures, scientists and artists. The tendencies of our times toward money-getting give the young men of to-day a false view of the purposes of life. He finds no satisfaction in a great book, in the glories of art or in the philosophy of things. His satisfaction is in piling up dollars. Who can blame him? He has his exemplars all about him. Here is work for the colleges and the churches and all the ethical forces of the day. They must plant and water the ideals of the race.

Tricking a Burglar.

A lady who has distinguished herself at Glilton, and who assumed that she was of a very timid and nervous nature, says that one night she awoke to find a burglar in her room. She was conscious that some one was fumbling at her door. The room was quite dark; the clock struck one. She lay there considering what to do, not at all frightened, but very indignant at being robbed. Many minutes passed; the burglar still moved stealthily about. Meanwhile she had in idle moments practiced the ventriloquist art, and calling her skill into service, she said in a deep voice, seemingly at the burglar's elbow:

"Parsons, light the gas."

Her maid in the next room, thus called, shot out of bed, and the burglar shot out of the window. Investigation proved that the man's search had not yet reached the drawer containing the valuables.

"He robbed me only of what I could well spare," the lady said, with a laugh. "My fears."

Present Pole Star.

The present pole star is the only one called Alpha, in the constellation Ursa Minor. It has been the world's pole star for nearly 2,000 years.

If a married woman can't ever understand what a girl can have to cry for, it is one sign that her husband is cross to her.

TRAMP TO GOVERNOR

CHAPTER IN THE CAREER OF JOHN P. ALTGELD.

His Trials and Hardships as a Farm Laborer in Missouri—His Early Love Suit Spurred and the Pathetic Result.

In the spring of 1873 the late John P. Altgeld, then 29, was working on a railroad grading contract in Southeastern Kansas. He had drifted west from his Ohio home in the effort to better his condition, but opportunities were scarce and money was still scarce with him. To live he had to work, and day labor was the only thing that he could find to do. While employed on the railroad job, he was taken ill with a fever. He was taken to the rudely constructed temporary hospital maintained by the contractors, and there he lay for some weeks while the fever ran its course. When he was discharged as cured and ceased to take up his work again he found that he was unable to do the labor expected of him. He had to abandon the job, and penniless, weak and emaciated, he started to walk to the State capital, where he hoped to obtain occupation more suitable to his condition.

Cared for by a Farmer.

When three miles east of Topeka he stopped at a farmhouse and asked the farmer to give him some light work suitable to his condition, asking in return only board and lodging for a short time. The farmer liked his appearance and modesty, and being a kindly disposed man, took Altgeld in. In the fortnight he remained there he recuperated with wonderful rapidity. Hunger and the severity of the fever had weakened him both physically and mentally, and the interest of the farmer and his neighbors led them to debate the advisability of sending Mr. Altgeld



JOHN P. ALTGELD.

into the city and procuring his admission to one of the city hospitals for treatment. Young Altgeld hotly opposed the wishes of his new friends on this point, and, fearing they would send him away without his consent, resolved to go away himself. He quit the farmhouse late one night, and some weeks later appeared on the streets of St. Joseph, Mo. He had tramped the entire distance. His clothes were in tatters, and in place of shoes he had his feet bound up in rags, his shoes having given out on the tramp. Thus attired he started out to get a situation.

From place to place Mr. Altgeld went in search of employment, and man after man heard his hard-luck story without offering him any encouragement. After putting in a week at this discouraging work young Altgeld arrived at the conclusion that he must move further on. Again he started on the tramp, and finally, in Andrew county, he obtained work on the farm of Henry Mueller, who gave him his lodgings for his labor. He chopped wood all the first morning of his stay, and at noon sat down to rest and told of his troubles and travels. Mueller became interested, and was shrewd enough to discover that there was metal of worth in the young fellow's make-up. His sympathy was aroused, and he made him a member of his family circle. For \$10 a month wages Altgeld worked for two years, during which his strength returned and his recovery was complete. He bent his energies constantly toward the acquirement of means to the study of law. He tried for a certificate to teach a district school, but found that he had not knowledge enough to pass the required examination. A farmer Mueller and David Rea, afterward a member of Congress, fixed it so Altgeld got a certificate, and he also got a school that paid him \$25 per month.

Judge Rea loaned young Altgeld law books and after the day's work he would sit down at night to store his mind with the knowledge that was to arm him for battle with the world. In a few months he became so tremendously earnest that Rea took him into his office, where Altgeld read law for some time.

From that period the determined German student worked with the star of success glimmering as a faint possibility in the distance of the future. He went into politics and soon had his name up for prosecuting attorney on the Democratic ticket in a strong Republican county. A hard fight was before him, but he won through sheer persistence, and the admiration which he excited in the minds of the farmers, who, to this day, refer to him as "Pete Altgeld."

His Love Suit Rejected.

About this time there entered, for the first time, as far as is known, the element of romance into Mr. Altgeld's life. One day, while in Savannah, Mo., he met Miss Anna Rohrer, daughter of George Rohrer, the President of the State Bank of Savannah, and one of the wealthiest men of the town. To the young lawyer the girl appeared the incarnation of his ideals, the realization of his dreams of womanhood, and it seemed that a rosy world of bright possibilities had suddenly been disclosed to him. With characteristic decision he set to work to win her. His suit did not prosper, however, and the girl's father at last gave him to understand that his visits to their home must cease.

This was a hard blow, not only to the affections but to the pride of Altgeld, and for the first time in his life he found himself face to face with an obstacle which he could not surmount.

Never did he lose sight of his intent, and later, when the situation became less strained, he visited Miss Rohrer again. He made a formal proposal of marriage, but was refused by the young woman, in obedience to the wishes of her father.

He at once made an effort to get away from Savannah, although he had served but six months of his two years' term as prosecuting attorney of Andrew County. He made arrangements to that end, and soon sold his law library for \$100 and the prosecuting attorney of Andrew County left for Chicago, where he practiced law and where his subsequent career is familiar history.

Miss Rohrer, who was one of the brightest as well as prettiest girls in Andrew County, in the meantime married the man of her father's choice, the cashier of Rohrer's bank. He lived recklessly, and finally died, leaving the wife poverty-stricken and with five children. A few years ago she appealed to Mr. Altgeld to send her and the children to some friends in Syracuse, N. Y., and he responded. She is dead now, and Mr. Altgeld later made a contribution for the support of her children.

WHERE TRUE DECORUM REIGNS.

Strangers Are Awed by the Dignity of the Supreme Court.

The Supreme Court is a ceaseless source of interest to the stranger in Washington. Even when the court is not in session the chamber in which it sits is visited by a constant stream of visitors, who enter it with quiet reverence. Ordinarily it is the quietest place, where men assemble to do business. The decorum is painful, but this does not deter the American who comes to inspect the seat of government from lingering fondly about the place. When the famous Kentucky case was argued not only was the chamber filled, but a long line of visitors waited in the hall, says the Washington Post.

The manner of these pilgrims at the shrine of the law does not indicate any how they could be done to death in a chemical vat. Come, said he, seeing my serious, anxious look, "let the matter alone, we can do nothing with it. The chemical works are an abomination, but the only recent death I can suspect them of is that of an unfortunate dog; some one had dyed him a blazing scarlet; for a while he slunk about the streets, an object of loathing to himself, and of terror, curiosity and scorn to the whole dog world; then he disappeared—withdrawn, probably, in shame and despair to that pond in the clough and put an end to the glaring anomaly of his existence. But, after all, I think the chief harm they do is to every green thing and to Steinhardt's reputation for honesty. I see this morning," he continued, turning and picking up the newspaper, "that he is again in court for infringement of some patent."

Our talk then turned on the former case of the kind, the heavy damages paid, and the strange disappearance of Mr. Lacroix. I asked him if he had ever heard the romantic history of the Lacroix family. He knew all about it; he had heard it from Birley.

I broached to him my hope of either finding the lost Mr. Lacroix, or at least of finding out what had become of him; and I told him I had written some weeks before to some friends who, I had thought, might make inquiries for me in London, but that I had heard nothing from them, and that therefore I thought of going to London myself on that errand as soon as my six months had expired. He shook his head.

"I fancy," said he, "all inquiries have been made. However, since it is desirable to find out if possible something for certain"—he paused and looked at me—"I tell you what. We are going for our fortnight's holiday at the end of the month; I will gladly do what I can for you like."

I agreed with him that it might, or might not, result in something; a very safe concord—and so it was settled that it was less than three weeks he would be in London doing his best to emulate Lacroix.

HAD THE WRONG MAN.

How a Representative Was Mistaken for a Chiropodist.

William Richardson is a representative from the State of Alabama and receives his mail at the capitol. Another William Richardson is a colored gentleman of large dimensions who is an attendant in the luxurious bathrooms located in the basement of the house of the capitol for the benefit of members. The latter William Richardson is incidentally also a chiropodist, or, as he terms himself, "a corn doctor."

A few days ago a letter was placed in the box of Representative William Richardson at the house postoffice, which, on being opened, Mr. Richardson found to be from a young woman clerk employed in the treasury department. The letter simply ordered Mr. Richardson to call on the writer "at once." Mr. Richardson ransacked his memory to ascertain whether he had an acquaintance with the writer, but concluded that he had not, and the letter was carefully deposited in his official waste basket.

About three days later another mandatory missive came to him from the young lady. This time the request for a call was still more urgent and still unexplained. Representative Richardson, dictating a brief missive to the young lady, calling her attention to the fact that he did not know her and knew no reason why he should call upon her. By return mail he received a very humble and apologetic note. The young lady was having trouble with her corns, says the Washington Star, and wished to add another link in the chain of the colored William Richardson's reputation as a successful chiropodist.

Where the Tan Shoes Have Gone.

What has become of all the tan shoes? This was a question asked by many until the damp weather of early March, when several wearers of supposedly black leather shoes discovered that their pedal adornment was only out-of-date tan shoes dyed black. Now it is told in the Shoe Trade Journal that two Chicago dye houses alone have recently changed 18,000 pairs of shoes from tan to black. But the dye won't stand the dampness, and the firms who have thus victimized their patrons have lost a great amount of trade and discovered that their greed to economize has cost them dearly.

The man who scatters ashes on an icy sidewalk is never remembered in the small boy's prayers.

HERR STEINHARDT'S NEMESIS

BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

CHAPTER V—Continued.

That was all I wanted, and I soon left the little draper. I went to call on Freeman. I found him sitting with his pretty, pleasant wife at an early dinner. They invited me to sit down and partake. I declined on the ground of having just had breakfast.

"If," said he, "have managed with my dinner combined."

"I wished," said I, "to have a little talk with you."

"If," said he, "it is about that affair of the night, say on; I and my wife are one."

I then told of my gossip with the draper and its purpose.

"You need not have gone to him," said he; "I could have told you that there has been no death of that sort since we have been here, and that's nearly five years. Of course, it's absurd to suppose that the death of 15 years ago is the one poor Dick was thinking of. No; I've come to the conclusion that he had some hair breadth escape from death in his mind, and that the rest was delirium."

"But, dear," said Mrs. Freeman, "don't you forget, both of you, that Dick's confession, according to himself, was of a murder which has not been found out?"

"You are right, my dear," said he. "But, at the same time, there has been one man missed who could have been disposed of in that way. Two men, I remember, have disappeared, but they had nothing to do with chemicals, and they were last seen near that deep pond in the clough; it would be detective speculation thrown away to imagine how they could be done to death in a chemical vat. Come," said he, seeing my serious, anxious look, "let the matter alone, we can do nothing with it. The chemical works are an abomination, but the only recent death I can suspect them of is that of an unfortunate dog; some one had dyed him a blazing scarlet; for a while he slunk about the streets, an object of loathing to himself, and of terror, curiosity and scorn to the whole dog world; then he disappeared—withdrawn, probably, in shame and despair to that pond in the clough and put an end to the glaring anomaly of his existence. But, after all, I think the chief harm they do is to every green thing and to Steinhardt's reputation for honesty. I see this morning," he continued, turning and picking up the newspaper, "that he is again in court for infringement of some patent."

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CHAPTER VI.

I had tacitly assented to Freeman's suggestion, that no more was to be thought of said of Dick's horrible pantomime confession; but it impressed me as being too vivid to be lightly discarded as without any basis of fact. I continued to think of it very much. I thought of it more because, in spite of the unreasonableness of such a conjunction, and its manifest "waste of detective speculation" (as Freeman would have said), the vapors, so to say, of Louise's dream would persist in mingling in my imagination with the vapors of Dick's delirium. Could it really be that Mr. Lacroix had met his death in some such way? And if he had, how had he come by it?—and where? Was it even possible in the mystery of things that Lacroix had been smothered in one of his own vats?

But a discovery I made about this time—trivial, apparently, yet to me significant—fixed my idea more firmly in my imagination. One night while I sat thinking of my return to London I took up my Bradshaw, and carelessly began noting the times of trains from the neighboring large town to the metropolitan. The lines of three companies passed through it, and I became interested in noting how the rivals ran fast and still faster trains against each other. In this survey my attention was fixed by a very small fact: one company ran one of its two quickest trains so that it reached the neighboring town about midnight—the only very quick train within two or three hours of that time. I found easy opportunity to test in some degree what significance this fact might have.

Early in the week following Dick's confession, Mr. Steinhardt had gone to London to attend his trial, in the court of Queen's bench, I think it was. He would be absent for more than a fortnight, and I had therefore many welcome chances of being in Miss Lacroix's company. I was asked several times to dinner, and was encouraged to find other and sundry occasions for calling.

On one of these occasions I found Miss Lacroix alone. After some casual remarks I began to work toward my purpose by alluding to Steinhardt's business in London.

"It will be a serious thing for him," said I—"won't it?—if he should be so unsuccessful in his defence as your father was?"

"He will not be unsuccessful as poor

father was," answered she, with a sad shake of her beautiful head; "Mr. Steinhardt is not scrupulous as father was; he tells falsehoods with rude simplicity, like his great chancellor, and so people think him to be all honest truth. He will succeed in his case, I think—I have heard him talk it over Frank—and he will come back more despondent than ever. Poor father!" She leaned back, and looked sadly over the valley, from which rose the smoke and sound of its daily toil, fatigued and forced, I thought, on that warm summer afternoon.

"I have thought a great deal," said I, "seizing the opportunity her exclamation afforded, 'of that strange dream you told me of.'"

"Yes," said she, turning with sudden interest.

"Do you still dream it?" I asked.

"Yes, I do; but not often now."

"It is a very strange thing. Does the dream come at any particular hour of the night?"

"It does," said she; "and that, I dare say, makes me think more of it. It always comes two or three hours after I have gone to bed. I dream it, and then become wide awake; and after I have lain awake a little I always hear the hall clock strike two—my room is over the hall."

"And the first night you had the dream—do you think it came then about the same hour?"

"Yes," said she, "I think so. But," and she leaned forward, eager and pale, "why do you ask me these questions? Have you found out something from your friends in London, perhaps?"

You had heard nothing when last I asked you, I know. Tell me—have you heard something now?"

"No, I am sorry to say, I have not. Still I do not despair; I have a hope I may learn something soon."

"Oh, what?" she eagerly demanded.

"I think," said I, "you had better not ask me; it may only end in disappointment, and this matter already preys upon you too much."

"You are very kind to me," said she. My pulse beat tumultuously, and I was on the point of saying something rash concerning my devotion, when she added, almost as if she knew what I was thinking of, "But I can think of nothing else much—I can be interested in nothing else. It is very foolish of me, but I cannot help it. Mr. Steinhardt sometimes is rather rude to me about it; he wants me to marry Frank, said she, simply; 'but I do not wish to marry him. I do not wish to think of marrying at all just yet.'"

"I suppose," said I, piqued, and jealous, too, I dare say, "Mr. Steinhardt wants you to marry his son that he may keep your father's money, which you will inherit, in his business."

"I do not think," said she with a smile, "that there is much now of poor father's money. Mr. Steinhardt reckons off it that 20,000 pounds which, he says, father lost without any cause."

"But does Mr. Birley, your other guardian, agree to that fraud?—for fraud it is."

"I do not know," said she listlessly. "But I think dear Mr. Birley is somehow in Mr. Steinhardt's power; I think he fears to say much."

Mr. Steinhardt returned from London replete with success and self-satisfaction. He had won his case. He had been able to lead the court to believe that he had found out for himself the chemical process for which the plaintiffs had taken out a patent, with this difference, that he had employed a wet method, whereas they used a dry one or vice versa; I do not remember which it was. The plaintiffs were going to carry their case to a higher court, but he did not care for that. He called together his friends and his neighbors to rejoice with him, of whom I was one; for since he got the better of me over the lecture affair he had been as amicably disposed as before. The dinner was a very sumptuous affair, and Mr. Steinhardt thought himself so much master of the situation that, I think, he indulged rather more freely in wine than was his habit. In the drawing room after dinner his eye was the brightest and his talk the loudest and most volatile. He watched his son paying gallant little attentions to a strange young lady, while Miss Lacroix was surrounded by the beaus of the neighborhood, and he called him, in audible asides, "Fool!"—"Idiot!"—"Blockhead!" At length he became so impatient that, shouting "Frank, I want you!" he strode out of the room. Frank at once arose and followed him in evident alarm.

After some time he returned, looking pale and agitated. He came up to me (I sat talking with Mr. Birley), and to my great surprise said:

"Mr. Unwin, the governor wants to speak to you in the dining room." I had a disagreeable recollection of a former interview there, but before I could say anything he continued—"I'm afraid I've got you into a row, without meaning sought of the sort. The governor's always at me to make love to Louise; he wants me to make love to Louise; he wants me to make love to Louise. (Mr. Birley shifted uneasily in his seat.) "That was what he called me out about now; he jawed me, and I told him I didn't want to marry Louise; he got very angry, and then I said, what was the use of my making love to a girl that was in love with somebody else. I shouldn't have said that, I know, but I was very tired; I am very sorry."

The hot suspicion now dawned on me that I was the fortunate "somebody else" of his legend. I felt I grew said afterward, but it was to the effect that this father angrily dismissed him to the order to send me to the dining room. Birley sat unusually silent and disturbed. I also was silent a moment. I turned to him.

"Do you think I ought to go?" I asked him.

"Yes, I do; go," said he, laying his hand on my shoulder, "and I'll go with you."

We entered the dining room together. Steinhardt stood on the hearth rug. He frowned and pulled his great moustache on seeing Birley with me.

"I wished to speak to Mr. Unwin

privately, Jim," said he. "Well," said Birley, "I've come to you, being a foreigner, I can't understand some things an Englishman might say. You see, 'Mannel,' for one thing you don't seem to understand that an English clergyman is not the thing you may get a pastor of the fatherland to be. You mustn't say 'Come here' and 'Do this' or 'Don't do that' without any rhyme or reason, but your high and mighty will. That may be Bismarckian. 'Mannel,' but it's not English. An Englishman would say, 'You be d—d, sir! Who are you talking to? A dog at your heels?'—I dare say, my friend here would say he didn't happen to be a parson."

"When you've quite done, Jim," said the brother-in-law.

"Eh?" said Birley, as if he caught faintly a distant interrupting sound. "Perhaps, Mr. Birley," said I, "had better hear what Mr. Steinhardt wishes to say to me."

"Yes, of course," said he, and imposed an unwelcome silence upon himself.

"I only wish to tell you, Mr. Unwin," said Steinhardt, looking at me, "since you have seen a good deal of my ward, Miss Lacroix, I have evidently chafed at that, especially lately, I understand, and since a time may have entered your head that some day she might make you a beautiful wife, I wish to tell you that you must give up thinking anything of the sort, because she is going to marry my son Frank."

"Oh, that is—d—d for a tale," "Mannel" exclaimed Birley, before I could say a word.

"Will you be quiet, Jim?" said Steinhardt, with restrained voice, his glaring eyes, and that apoplectic, flushed suffusing his head and face.

"Nay, lad," said Birley; "that's a point on which I must have my say. Before you tell anybody Louise is going to marry Frank, you must get the consent of at least three people—the girl herself, your son, and her other guardian, that's me." Steinhardt looked at him in unfeigned surprise, but he said not a word.

"Your son, that's your affair, of course, but the girl, that's partly mine, and shall not see Paul's Louise engaged to marry anybody against her own wish and liking."

"Liking!" scoffed Steinhardt. "What has liking to do with it? Liking should come after marriage with a proper, modest girl, not before."

"That may be your foreign way, 'Mannel,' but it's not our English way, nor our Lancashire way, neither."

"Confound your Lancashire!" cried Steinhardt.

"If it had not been for Lancelotti, my lad," said Birley, thoroughly roused, "you wouldn't be the big man you are!"

"Are you mad?" exclaimed Steinhardt, striding up and down the hearth rug, and glaring from Birley to me. "You shall repent this! Mr. Unwin, I had better have a talk with you another time."

(To be continued.)

Ruby With a History.

The king's coronation crown is adorned with what is termed "the Black Prince ruby." It is not generally known that this stone, which forms the center of the Maltese cross on the late Queen Victoria's crown, is a ruby at all, but simply a spinel. It is of large size, and is a true ruby would far surpass in value the Koh-i-noor itself, for rubies never run to the same size as diamonds, and being also far rarer are considerably more valuable in price per carat. A four carat ruby, for instance, would be worth about \$10,000, probably more if it were a flawless stone; a four carat diamond would not be worth half of that sum.