Eugene Weekly Guard.

CAMPBELL BROS., Proprietors.

EUGENE .....OREGON.

The bath tub is a foe to pessimism.

Possession is nine points of the law and self-possession is the other one.

The magnetic needle points to the pole, but, unfortunately, it is unable to point out a comfortable route.

The unfortunate man that ate $100 in paper currency must have been accustomed to patent breakfast food.

It is said that Zola made $1,500,000 writing books. What a power he might have been as a captain of industry.

Let us hope Mr. Rockefeller may not have a chance to pay that $1,000,000 for a new stomach. Oil is high enough now.

The professor who can discover a serum that will prevent train disasters can be assured of the public's gratitude.

There is no stopping these American girls. One of them has decided to take Lord Rosebery for a husband, and that settles it.

A high German official has committed suicide to avoid being snubbed. Some people take snubs altogether too seriously.

Inventor Marconi modestly disapproves of the idea of calling them marconigrams. Up to date this is the best argument in its favor.

Eleven million men in the United States are available for military service, several of whom know which end of a gun is the business end.

Editorial notice (in magazine of the near future)—Owing to the press of advertising matter, the literary features have been omitted for this month.

The Supreme Court of Minnesota has decided that advertisers must tell the truth. Truly, this is putting a curb on fancy in one field of literary endeavors.

Seven billions of cigars, or nearly 100 for every man, woman and child in the country, are consumed in the United States annually—unless the statisticians are lying about it.

The Oregon Senate proposes to stop the circulation of newspapers which make a specialty of reporting crimes. Here is a good place for Dr. Parkhurst to start his uplifting enterprise.

Is the novel to disappear? is the question propounded in a current review. People who have been reading the latest examples of historical romance will be disposed to maintain that it has disappeared already.

The spectacle of two women under arrest for embezzlement is interesting from its rarity. It is to the credit of lovely woman that, though she may—and frequently does—steal her employers heart, she very rarely robs him of the money intrusted to her care.

The greatest public service a newspaper can perform is faithfully and accurately to publish all facts of public interest. This is not only a right; it is a duty. And he who would restrain the liberty of the press in the exercise of the right and performance of the duty is an anachronism, a curious survival of an age when manhood shrank before tyranny and freedom was yet a pretty dream.

Rear Admiral Selfridge has no fear that a proper naval force would ever lead this country to go with a chip on the national shoulder. Those who oppose a reasonable naval and land defense ought, if consistent, to eschew bolts, locks and other handrances to the invasion of their houses. It is not ordinarily considered that the suitable protection of a home is an invitation to attack, or a stimulus to offensive pride.

Representative Lacey of Iowa opposes the plan of naming new States after famous Americans; he recalls that it was once proposed to name Colorado, and subsequently one of the Dakotas, for Abraham Lincoln, just as "Jefferson" has now been suggested for Oklahoma. Congress refrained, he believes wisely, from making the change. A statement that "Lincoln is leading in gold" or "in the front rank as a wheat producer" would not sound in harmony, he thinks, with the associations that cluster about the name of that great American. Each State should have an appellation that is distinctive. The Indian words have served the purpose admirably.

To gain admission to the first function given in the splendid house built by a leader of Boston society, one reporter disguised himself as a waiter, another masqueraded as a musician, and a third stood a ladder against the wall, and from the top of it tried to take note of the happenings within the house; yet this was in no sense a public festival, and the proceedings concerned none but the hostess and her guests. A certain type of newspaper man defends his intrusions by pleading that "readers are curious." Are they so curious as that? Suppose they are. Must the manager of a newspaper obey when Paul Pry commands him to help him play the eavesdropper?

When a man has money and no occupation; has been everywhere and seen everything, and is bored from the time he gets up till bedtime, he is called blase. Sometimes he buys a gun and ends it; or he takes to absinthe, which is a slower way. It is impossible to arouse or enthuse him. Isn't the bulk of humanity getting a touch of that feeling? It is a sort of fat, lazy sensation, and it isn't good for us. For instance: The other day Marconi sent wireless messages from President Roosevelt to King Edward, across the ocean. There was no trouble. It was as easy as calling a messenger boy, and much more prompt. The pursers of two ocean vessels, separated by fifty miles of heaving waves, played chess by the aid of the Marconi invention. The game was most enjoyable and uninterrupted. It was enlivened by wireless conversation, and the loser congratulated the winner. You would think that this Yankee nation would build bonfires and sit upon its hind legs and whoop at such a marvelous feat. It did nothing of the kind. It was scarcely interested. One New York newspaper gave the affair less than half the space that was accorded to a woman who had accumulated seven husbands, and as for pictures, the woman had the best of it by a ratio of two columns to nothing. It is doubtful if there has been an invention that will exceed in importance the one made practical by Marconi. It is worth all the enthusiasm that can be aroused over it, and any honor that this nation can show to the author of it should be his by right. When the steamer St. Louis limped into port days behind schedule time, and tears of joy rained down the cheeks of those who feared they had lost loved ones, a few persons at least realized that no amount of money could equal in value an invention that makes it possible to convey information without wires, through storm and fogs, to the friends safe on land.

The celebration of centenaries, which began vigorously in this country in 1875, with the centenary of the battle of Lexington, and has been proceeding at a lively rate ever since, is believed by some good people to be growing tiresome, and they call for a halt. If the practice is stopped, it will be because formal celebrations have become monotonous, not because the list of important centenaries has reached an end. The year 1803 was prolific of events deserving of recollection if not of celebration. So far as the United States is concerned the greatest event of 1803 was the Louisiana purchase. That transaction doubled the original area of the nation and confirmed its destiny of grandeur to which the revolution only opened the way. The territory thus peacefully acquired by President Jefferson from France for the nominal sum of $15,000,000, or less than $12 a square mile, extended from the Gulf of Mexico to Canada and from the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains. Jefferson made the purchase without authority, and there were critics who denounced his act as fatal to the constitution. The Louisiana Purchase Centenary will be duly celebrated at St. Louis by a world's fair projected upon such a scale that it cannot be got ready till 1904. Ohio was admitted to statehood on the 19th of February, 1803. It was in the same year that the Miami Exporting Company opened the first bank in Cincinnati. The twelfth amendment to the constitution of the United States was submitted to the States for ratification or rejection on the 12th of December, 1803. It remedied a defect in the electoral system relating to the choice of Presidents, which had been laid bare by the narrow escape from trouble when Burr instead of Jefferson might have been made chief executive of the nation in 1801. There are some people who suppose strikes to be of very recent origin. They are wrong. New York City had its first experience of a labor strike in 1803. A number of sailors demanded an advance from $10 a month to $14, and marched about the city compelling other sailors to join them. New York was a small place then. Its population in 1800 had been 60,000. The strike and the violence accompanying it created consternation till its leaders were arrested by constables and lodged in jail.

IS EVERY INCH A SOLDIER.

Russian Man-at-Arms Looks Like a Born and Bred Fighter.

In the summer gardens the most conspicuous figures are the army officers in their white caps and long, light, blue gray military coats. The Russian values a uniform, but really uniforms are so numerous at the places of popular resort that it is a distinction not to be seen in one. At Pavlosk, a suburb of St. Petersburg, where you will find the same life and diversity of classes as at Manhattan beach, it seemed to me that half the men wore uniforms.

To put it to a test, I counted the first ten men who sauntered past. Six of them wore officers' garb. The proportion seemed unnatural, and I counted ten more. Nine of them were officers. I was told that field evolutions near there partly accounted for their presence in such numbers. It would not be such a wild guess, however, to say that of all Russians who can read and write the majority are in officers' uniforms or in the civilian service of the government.

The Russian soldiers, as I have seen them, impress me as the most formidable looking body of men on the continent. They have no great appearance of dash, but they look as if they would go wherever they were sent, as if they would fight longer than it was sensible to fight, and as if, even in flight, they would show their teeth. They seem like men who would march for days with little or no food, and would render about as good an acount of themselves when things were going against them as when things were going their way.

Their physique is striking in its appearance of strength and endurance, and their faces are singularly good-natured. The effectiveness of such an army would depend on how it was led. I should not trust all the Russian officers I have seen with important commands. There is an element among them that impresses you more with their amiability, their fondness for ease and the creature comforts and their judgment as to a pretty face than with their probable quality at strategy or grand tactics.—New York Mail and Express.

Looking for It Cheap.

Dentist—"Now, do you want to take gas?"

Countryman—"Wal, I guess as how gasoline would be cheaper."

Jailers must lead a painful existence if we may judge by the number of felons they have on their hands.

Pride makes one man ridiculous and prevents another from appearing so.

REPLY AMAZED ENGLISHMAN.

Lingering Suspicion in His Mind that She Poked Fun at Him.

"The conversational versatility of your American girls astonishes me," said the Englishman who was approaching the close of his first month in New York. "Not only do I find that in society the young women have quickness of perception and readiness of repartee, but I have found that in the downtown restaurants, where girls are employed as waitresses, they are extremely handy with their retorts."

"Been trying two jolly 'em a bit, eh?" said the college graduate, who was finishing off in Uncle Jim's Wall street office.

"Not at all—not at all!" replied the Englishman, hastily. "My observations are based on what I hear them saying to other men. The girls are quite bright, y'know."

"What led you to think them otherwise?" said the American citizen.

"I did not look for the quality of gibness in girls of that class," said the man from London. "In eating places on the other side the waitresses never talk to you, not even after you have been going to the restaurant every day for months. Here in New York it is vastly different. And they seem to know where you are from, too.

"I went to my usual restaurant today. There was a new girl at my table, and the one who usually waits on me was a sort of assistant head waitress. She came over to the girl at my table before I had a chance to tell what I wanted and said:

"'Bring the gent a rasher of bacon, two eggs, underdone, a toasted muffin and tea. Is there anything else?' and she looked at me. I said that would be all right, and remarked that the weather was changeable, and what do you think she said?"

"Something equally bright," I suppose," remarked the college man.

The Englishman eyed him a moment. "I wonder if she was poking fun at me?" he said. "Well, she just answered: 'We have so many foreigners in New York we have to have all kinds of weather to suit 'em. This is not our day for English weather, but I hope you won't get tired waiting for your turn."—Mail and Express.

QUEER STORIES

An ordinary oak tree raises 120 to 150 tons of moisture from the earth during a single season.

The youngest monarch who ever ascended the British throne was Henry VII. He was eight months and twenty-five days old at his accession.

A raindrop one-twenty-fifth of an inch in diameter cannot fall at any greater speed than thirteen feet in a second. Raindrops rarely exceed one-eighth of an inch in diameter.

Originally the common or domestic goat was a native of the highlands of Asia. Naturalists generally regard it as having descended from an animal found in the Caucasus Mountains and the hill country of Persia, called in the Persian language the pesang.

Fancy two plants being so unfriendly that the mere neighborhood of one is death to the other! Yet this is the case with two well-known British plants. These are the thistle and the rape. If the field is infested with thistles, which come up year after year and ruin the crops, all you have to do is to sow it with rape. The thistle will be absolutely annihilated.

The use of hard coal has become so common that it is hard to comprehend how the community could be satisfied with soft coal. Yet the available supply of anthracite in America is so small that unless some other fuel be discovered, the use of bituminous coal must prevail within seventy-five years at the most. The anthracite fields of Pennsylvania will be exhausted within seventy-five years, and there is no other deposit of the sort in the United States of any importance. Europe has very little anthracite. Most of the Welsh coal is bituminous, though the coal of the western part of the South Wales field is hard coal. China has vast fields, however, compared with which our Pennsylvania field is but a dot on the map. The China fields underlie forty thousand square miles in Hunan, Honan and east Shansi.

Education in Sweden.

The largest school house in the world, one which has accommodations for nearly three thousand children, is claimed by Stockholm. In the basement are one hundred bath rooms, where the children are required to bathe if their teachers think they are not taught habits of cleanliness at home. Soap and towels are furnished free by the city. A wholesome dinner is furnished poor children at noon in all the public schools if they need it, as in Norway, which insures every child at least one warm meal each day. Children whose parents can afford to pay for the dinner are charged a nominal price, and the personal pride and independence of the Swedes compel many people to pay who really cannot afford to do so. This is a characteristic of the race, says William E. Curtis, who adds: "Swedes abhor charity, and as a rule, if they cannot take care of themselves, will suffer and even starve rather than accept it. They take care of their poor in a generous manner, and have asylums for the diseased, the afflicted and distressed, but you seldom see a beggar in Sweden. I visited every part of Stockholm, and did not see a beggar; one may travel for months in Sweden without being asked for alms."

Putting It the Right Way.

"I have no doubt you have heard some stories to my discredit," he said.

"I don't like to put it in that way," she quietly replied.

"How then?" he hopefully asked.

"I have never heard any stories to your credit," said she.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

If people like you, don't ever start trouble for yourself by asking them Why.

When a woman serves cake, she makes an apology for the frosting.

White Hand

A Tale of the Early Settlers of Louisiana.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK

CHAPTER IX.

Far away, in the depths of the forest, where a deep river ran, and where the cypress trees grew thick and tall, a party of Indians sat down to rest. Only ten red men are here upon the edge of the cypress swamp, and eight of them repose themselves to sleep, while the other two keep watch. It is near noon, for the sun has almost reached its highest point, and these men have been upon the trail since early last evening.

But these Chickasaws are not alone. Close by the side of a huge cypress log, one end of which is bedded in the swamp, lies the form of a child of the pale faces. The hands and the feet are bound, and a cord from the lashings of the hands leads along the ground, and is clutched by one of the sleeping Indians. In those fair features, now shaded by the large log, there is something of the look of Louis St. Julien; but even now the flesh seems sunken, and the beholder would think that many days, instead of only a few hours, of suffering had rested within that frame.

Thus the party rested until nearly four o'clock, and then one of the Indians, who had been placed a little way up the river to watch, gave a low, shrill whistle, and on the instant the whole party were upon their feet, and had seized their arms. On the next instant, a crashing of the bushes was heard at no great distance, and not long afterwards, a party of six Indians made their appearance. He who led the newcomers was very tall and athletic. It was the Natchez warrior, Stung Serpent.

The stout chieftain spoke not until he had seen the pale youth who still slept by the cypress log, and then a grunt of satisfaction escaped from his lips. He spoke with the chief of the Chickasaws for some time in his own strange tongue, and then he turned to where the youth slept, and awoke him. The sleeper started up, and with a look of terror, gazed around.

"Where is—is—where is my sister?" he asked, in a low, thrilling tone.

"She has gone on further south while you slept," answered Stung Serpent. "But the daughter of the white man is safe. No harm can come to her, for her life is precious. But you cannot go to her now. You must go with the Stung Serpent to the village of the White Apple. What can Louis St. Julien fear from his brother?"

The youth gazed into the face of the powerful Natchez, and for awhile he was utterly unable to speak. At that moment a hundred various thoughts and emotions flew wildly through his mind. He saw his father and St. Denis still searching for the hiders, and he heard their notes of alarm, and saw their tears of grief. Then he ran over the fearful journey through the deep forest, and he wondered why he was thus separated from his mate.

"Can I not go with my sister?" he at length asked.

"No," was the answer.

"And why may we not be together?"

"Because it is impossible. Remember, the Stung Serpent has spoken."

This was pronounced in a slow, meaning tone, and Louis St. Julien knew enough of the Indian character to know that no appeal would move his captors from such a purpose. He looked around once more, and when he saw that half of the Chickasaws were gone, he knew that his companion had gone with them.

In the meantime, Stung Serpent was performing a work that startled the prisoner not a little. After he had given his last answer to Louis, he approached the Chickasaw chief, and gave to him a heavy purse. The latter too it and emptied its contents into his broad palm, and Louis saw that it was gold. The Chickasaw's eyes sparkled as they rested upon the coin. Louis clasped his hands—for they were free now—and his frame shook as his former doubts grew to confirmations. Who could have placed that gold in the hands of the Natchez warrior? To be sure, there was a French fort near the Natchez villages; but then Louis knew that they had no gold to spare there. Thankful must the Indian be who could get even a few pieces of silver from the people of Fort Rosalie. Then who could have paid this gold but Simon Lobois? The thought came, and it was fixed. The prisoner's head was bowed, and when again he looked up, there was a shade of determination upon the finely chiseled features that contrasted strangely with the fear marks that had before rested there. He folded his hands upon his bosom, and for a single instant his eyes were turned heavenward.

With a satisfied look, the Chickasaw leader emptied the money back into the purse, and having placed it in his bosom, he turned to his followers and gave the signal for starting. They quickly gathered up their arms, and in a few moments more they were lost to sight in the thick wood.

"Now," said Stung Serpent, turning to his prisoner, "we will be on our way to our home in the domain of the Natchez. Can you walk?"

"Yes; but I am weak now, and shall hardly be able to keep pace with you if you hurry."

"The white youth speaks calmly for one in distress," pursued the chief, looking his prisoner sharply in the eye. "Perhaps he thinks he shall escape."

"If I speak calmly," returned the youth, "it is because I hope you mean me no harm."

"Ugh!" That was all the answer Stung Serpent returned upon that subject. In a moment more he took the prisoner's hand and gazed upon it.

"I did not tell the Chickasaw that it was you who slew his people," the Natchez said.

Louis trembled.

"For if I had, I should not have found you alive, having once passed through his hands. You have a small white hand for a warrior such as you have proved yourself to be." And Stung Serpent laid his own huge hand by the side of his prisoner's, thus making the youth's delicate limb appear smaller by the contrast than it really was. And then, with a smile, he continued: "While you live, we'll throw away your French name, and henceforth thou shalt be called White Hand. Eh—how does that sound?"

But the prisoner did not reply immediately, for this last remark was not the one that chained his attention. "While you live," were the words that sounded in his ears, and started his fears. They were spoken in a tone and with a peculiar emphasis which seemed to mean something, and if they had a meaning beyond the mere chance of natural cause and effect, then surely all was not meant well for him. But he did not speak his fears.

"Eh? Does not the son of the white chief like his name?"

"Yes—yes."

The other Indians had stood near at hand, and as they heard the name thus bestowed, they smiled, and repeated it several times. In a little while longer the party prepared for the tramp and set out. For a distance of some miles they followed the stream to the northward and eastward, and finally they left the river and struck into a narrow, dubious trail. It was dark when Stung Serpent gave the order to stop. They had reached a small lake, or deep bayou, upon one hand of which arose a steep bluff, directly beneath which they halted. White Hand saw that some one had stopped here before, for the traces of a fire were plainly visible against the face of the rock, and as he walked over the spot beneath it he could feel the dry coals. A fire was soon built, and then one of the party produced some dried venison, and some sort of esculent root that resembled the common artichoke. The prisoner was hungry, and he ate heartily, and then he was allowed to lie down and sleep, Stung Serpent having taken the precaution to secure his hands so that he could not move them without disturbing him.

When White Hand was aroused he started quickly up, and at first he thought the day had dawned, but as soon as his senses were fairly at work he found it was the moon that gave so much light. He was informed that the party were now to start on, and he was soon ready. The moon was nearly at its zenith, and he judged that it could not be much past midnight. For two or three hours the trail was dubious and difficult. It lay through a deep growth of oak, and the ground was uneven, and in some places wet and boggy from the late rains. In the morning they stopped for breakfast. During the forenoon a deer was shot, from which they took the skin and as much of the meat as they wanted; so at noon they built a fire and had some venison steak; only White Hand would have liked it much better could he have had a little salt with his meat.

Another night came, and again the youth slept with his hands confined; and this time he was allowed to sleep until morning. Another meal from the fresh deer meat was made, and then the trail was resumed. During the next day the prisoner came several times near failing for want of strength, for however strong may have been his close-knit frame, he was not used to this kind of labor. However, the Indians helped him some, and he managed to move along without much show of pain or complaint. He knew that if he would expect kind treatment at the hands of his captors he must be saving of complaint and trouble, and he resolved that he would stand up under the trial as unflinchingly as possible. When they had stopped for the night again he asked his captor how much further they had to travel.

"Not much," Stung Serpent replied. "One more day will bring us to the village where we are to stop. Does it please the White Hand, eh?"

"It will surely please me to rest, for I am weary and faint, and had we much further to travel I fear I should be a burden to you."

The Indian shrugged his shoulders, but made no further reply, and shortly afterwards White Hand lay down to sleep.

In the morning they were once more in motion, and before noon they struck into a broader trail that gave evidence of much travel. The sun was some two hours high when they reached the top of a gentle eminence, and upon looking down into the valley beyond, White Hand saw quite a village of Natchez huts. There were some fifty or sixty dwellings, built in a sort of circle, while within this circle stood four buildings of larger dimensions.

"Does the White Hand see yonder village?" asked Stung Serpent, as the party stopped upon the hilltop.

The prisoner answered in the affirmative.

"That is the village of the White Apple, the home of the bravest warriors of the Natchez, and the abode of peace There lives my brother—the Great Sun, and the chief of all our people. That is his dwelling next to the temple. But does the White Hand see where those trees seem to break away, as though the fire had run through the deep forest on a wide trail? Look—away towards the setting sun. Do you mark it?"

"Yes," replied the youth, looking in the direction pointed out.

"There travels the great Father of Waters in his way to the great salt lake. And do you mark that point? Ah! you can see a piece of cloth fluttering in the breeze. Do you not see?—away off there?—like a rag playing in the wind?"

White Hand looked, and he saw what his guide had pointed out. It was just visible over the intervening tree tops.

"I see it," he said.

"That is the village of the white man. He has built a fort there, and he calls it Rosalie. They tell me 'tis called so from a woman's name. Is it so?"

"It is."

The Indian watched his prisoner with a keen glance while speaking of the fort, and a simple "ugh!" was his only reply to the youth's last answer.

In a short time they started down the hill, and just as the sun was sinking from sight they reached the village. The men and children came flocking out, and while Stung Serpent was received with lively demonstrations of joy, looks of the most eager curiosity were fixed upon White Hand. But his captor did not stop to exhibit him. He pursued his way at once to a long, narrow building near the temple, the walls of which were formed of close-fitting timbers driven into the ground, while the door, which swung to and fro on wooden hinges, was uncommonly stout and strong, being formed of a succession of hewn logs secured together by cross-bars, to which each upright piece was pinned. This door was opened, and the youth was led in, and with the simple remark that he would remain there for the night he was left to himself.

As soon as the heavy door was closed upon him the prisoner gazed about. A little light came to the place through the small holes in the wall near the roof, and by this means he could see somewhat of the nature of his prison, for that this was a prison, and built for such, he had no doubt. The only floor was the earth, and that must also serve for chair, bed and table, for nothing save the bare walls and the naked earth met his gaze. He soon satisfied himself that he should never escape from this place by force, and he soon threw his worn and weary frame upon the ground. In the course of half an hour the door was opened and Stung Serpent entered and set down a wooden tray and an earthen drinking cup, and without speaking he retired. The youth found the contents of the tray to be boiled corn, and the cup was filled with water. He ate a little and drank a little, and again he lay himself down upon the hard earth.

CHAPTER X.

Some time during the night, White Hand was moved by strange dreams. Once he dreamed that Stung Serpent came to him to kill him. Then the stout Indian seized him, and in the struggle that ensued, his captor turned into a dragon, and blew fire from his mouth. Thus the prisoner was set on fire, and as the flames began to gather about the dreamer he started up in affright. A sharp cry escaped from his lips, for a glare of flame was really flashing in his eyes. He would have started to his feet, but a light hand held him down.

"Let the White Hand not fear," pronounced a soft, sweet voice, in gentle tones, "for Coqualla means him no harm."

The youth gazed up, and he saw an Indian girl standing over him with a small torch in her hand. She was a beautiful creature for one so dusky in hue, and the sweet smile that rested upon her lips was peculiarly grateful to the prisoner. As soon as she saw that she had quieted his fears, she removed her hand and stepped back. And now White Hand had more opportunity to survey her. She was young—not more than sixteen—very slim and straight, and lithe as the willow branch. Her features were faultlessly regular, and her eyes large, black and brilliant. The youth had seen many of the Natchez women, but never one like this before, and the thought quickly came to him that she was one of the royal blood, for all others were bent and hardened by work and drudgery.

"You do not fear me," she said, gazing upon him with a look in which inquisitiveness was about equally blended with a warmer feeling.

"No—O no. Why should I fear one like you?"

"I knew not but that my coming might disturb you. But I came for your good. I knew my father had brought a prisoner from among the sons of the whites men."

"Your father? Is the Stung Serpent, then, your father?"

"Yes."

"And your name——"

"Is Coqualla."

"And you are the next heir to the throne of the Natchez?"

"Next after my father."

"I have heard of you often."

But the princess did not seem at all anxious to know what the youth had heard of her. She remained for some moments in silence, and during that time she seemed to be studying every line of the prisoner's face.

"The White Hand is not a great man in bulk," she at length said, thoughtfully; "but yet he must be a brave man, for my father says he slew six of the Chickasaw warriors."

"Not alone, Coqualla. His friend was with him."

"So my father said. And yet you must be brave; and so I would save you."

"Save me?" uttered the youth, starting now to his feet.

"—sh! Speak not too loud, for no one knows that I am here. I would save you."

"But what danger threatens me?"

"I cannot tell you surely; but yet I think I can save you. If you have anything to fear, it must be from my father. Therefore, promise him whatever he may ask. If he means you ill, that ill will be death, and if he offers you life, you must accept it. I have come to assure you that he never speaks idly. If he makes you an offer he means it, and you must speak truth with him."

(To be continued.)

WHAT TRADE-MARKS COST.

They Are Cheaper Here than in Many Other Countries of the World.

The registration of trade-marks has become a necessity of late years, for unless an article of merit is protected by such means or by letters patent it is sure to be imitated by some unscrupulous person. It is only within a few years, however, that the question of protecting trade-marks has assumed grave importance. This is due to the enormous increase in advertising of health foods, cereals, patent medicines and athletic novelties. The tariff of charges for registering trade-marks in the various countries seems in some instances to be based upon the idea that authorized labels and the like are as much a luxury as a coach and four. In Zululand, Peru, Uruguay, Hong Kong and Granada the tariff fixed by law for each trade-mark is $145 in gold, the highest on the entire list.

In this country trade-marks are filed with the patent office, and the price for registering one is $55, which is the lowest rate charged anywhere. Canada charges $60 for a general or a special trade-mark. There are some countries of Europe that demand $100 for registering a trade-mark, but in Great Britain, Germany, Austria, France and Spain the fee in each case is $75. This is the rate asked in the majority of the English colonies, including New South Wales and New Zealand, but in Cape Colony it is $115, and in South Africa $135. The latter price is also demanded in Costa Rica. Some of the bargain-counter sales of registry for trade-marks are obtainable in the Leeward Islands, Jamaica, British Guiana, Mauritius, Argentine Republic, Bolivia, Chili, Guatemala, Sierra Leone and Bulgaria, each of which charges $115. Little Venezuela is content with $100 for the privilege of recording the existence of a patent label.

There are thousands of trade-marks that are never heard of by the great masses, because they are not properly advertised. The majority of trade-mark lawyers realize big profits fighting infringements of private marks rather than in registering new ones. One of them has just settled a case thtat was in the courts for four years. The single word "favorite" was at issue, and the courts have decided that there is no exclusive proprietary right in the word as a trade-mark. One of the most successful lawyers, who represents the interests of a big cereal firm and a cracker establishment as well, says that it costs more than $15,000 annually to protect his clients from those who twist the names of brands in every conceivable way.

Grim Humor.

"Do you wish your missionary steak rare or well done?" asked the most high chef, with an obeisance.

"What was the victim's occupation, in life?" replied the cannibal chief, wearily.

"He was a collector, your majesty," responded the chef.

"Well dun," concluded the chief, who enjoyed his own jokes hugely. The court attendants broke into a labored guffaw, for whoever did not laugh did not live.—Ohio State Journal.

He Wanted to Know.

Minister (to Sunday cyclist)—Young man, you are on the path to perdition.

Cyclist—That so? How are the roads?—San Francisco Examiner.

There are ordinarily from thirty to forty varieties of fish in the Honolulu market. A large percentage of the natives make their living by fishing.

SHEAR NONSENSE

"I see the new magazine is out." "Yes; and thank heaven, they've put my poem right next to advertising matter."—Atlanta Constitution.

"Dis is certainly fine, bracin' weather," remarked Weary Raggles to Tired Tatters. "Yes," replied Tatters, "I braced six men fer a dime dis morning an' on'y got one refusal."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

A man with an unusually large mouth has the habit of opening it on some occasions very wide. His dentist the other day administered a mild rebuke: "Not so wide, please; I prefer to stand outside and work."

Summed Up: The Widow—I want a man to do odd jobs about the house, run on errands, one that never answers back, and is always ready to do my bidding. Applicant—You're looking for husband, ma'am.—New York Life.

A Natural Question: 'Have you any two-cent stamps?" inquired the victim, after paying his bill at the Bong Ting Hotel. "I think so," replied the clerk, "how many do you want?" "How much are they apiece?"—Philadelphia Press.

"These Americanos," cries the affrighted Tagal, "are cannibals!" "Whatever gave you such an idea?" asks the Moro. "I just heard one of those soldiers ask that pretty school teacher to come and eat a Filipino with him."—What-to-Eat.

"Are they fond of their New York home?" "Oh, awfully fond. They spend their winters in Florida, their springs in Lakewood, their summers at Newport, and their autumns at Lenox, but they are simply devoted to their New York home!"—Exchange.

Convinced: "Do you read Dickens?" "No," said Mrs. Cumrox, rather coldly. "Perhaps you are one of those who do not regard him as representing the best literature?" "I am. I have seen his books offered for sale as cheap as 25 cents a copy."—Washington Star.

Very Unromantic: "They had one of the strangest marriages recorded for a long time." "In what respect?" "In every respect. Why, both parents on both sides were present, there was nothing sudden or secret about it, and their own clergyman performed the ceremony."—Judge.

The Lesser Evil: "Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I hope you will never conceal it from me when you bet on a horse race." "Won't you be angry if I lose?" "Not as angry as I would be if you were to win and not let me know about it."—Washington Evening Star.

Mrs. Bizzy—I am so sorry to learn that your wife has been throwing the crockery at you again, Casey. When did she hit you? Casey—Faith, ma'am. That's what Oi do be afther complain in' av. 'Twas a whole set av dishes broke to pieces, an' she nivir hit me wanst.—Brooklyn Life.

"You have just as much right and theoretically, just as good a chance as anybody else to be President," says the patriotic citizen to his neighbor. "I cannot agree with you," sighs the neighbor; "we have no children, and that fact alone would lose me the photographer's vote."—Judge.

Miss Mainchantz—I suppose you've heard of my engagement to Mr. Jetson. Miss Ascott—Yes, and I confess I was surprised. You told me once that you wouldn't marry him for a million dollars. Miss Mainchantz—I know, dear, but I discovered later that he had two millions.—Philadelphia Press.

Wished to be Prepared: "I'm hungry, sir," said the beggar; "won't you give me enough to get a meal?" "Here, my good man," said Mr. Pompus, "here's a penny for you." "Oh, thank you, sir. By the way, have you got a pepsin tablet about you? I always get dyspepsia when I overeat myself."—Tit-Bits.

Showed What She Could Do: Phoxy—I got a good square meal last night, the first in several weeks, and I have you to thank for it. Friend—Me to thank? Well, that's news to me. Phoxy—Yes, I know. I telephoned to my wife yesterday that you were coming out to dinner with me.—Philadelphia Press.

Selected Names: First Matinee Girl—That woman looks like an actress. Do you know what her name is? Second Matinee Girl—She was a Miss Ethel Johnson before she married George Billings, whose stage name is Alfred de Vere, but she is known professionally as Euphemia Frothingham.—Brooklyn Life.

Feminine Progression: "First she wondered if any man was really worthy of her." "Yes." "Then she wondered which man was the most worthy of her." "Yes." "Then she wondered which of several worthy men she had refused would come back to her." "Yes." "And then she began to wonder what man she could get."—Tit-Bits.

He was wandering in Ireland, and came upon a couple of men "in boots" rolling on the road. The man on top was pommeling the other within an inch of his life. The traveler intervened. "It's an infernal shame to strike a man when he's down," said he. "If you knew all the trouble I had to get him down," was the reply, "you wouldn't be talking like that."—Sporting Times.

For Future Use.

"Here's an advertiser," said the Western editor's assistant, "who offers us one of his 'Patent Sad-Irons for Stiff Bosoms' in exchange for space. Shall I accept?"

"Sure!" replied the editor. "Some day we may acquire a shirt in the same way."—Philadelphia Press.

The next time you complain of being overworked, think of the time you waste.

A museum curiosity is a man who can talk faster than his wife.