VENEZUELIAN WARSHIP CAPTURED BY DUTCH

Caracas, Dec. 13.—The news of the capture of the Venezuelan coast guardship Alexis by the Dutch cruiser Gelderland became known in Caracas this (Sunday) morning. A big crowd on the plaza of Bolivar demonstrated in support of the government, and a decree was issued by Acting President Gomez placing the republic in a state of defense.

WAS COAST GUARDSHIP

Willemstadt, Dec. 14.—The seizure of the Venezuelan coast guard ship Alexis by the Dutch cruiser Gelderland revealed the fact that the Alexis carried only six rifles in poor condition and a small quantity of ammunition. The captain of the Alexis declared that his vessel was a merchant steamer, but a passenger on board said she was a coast guard vessel, and a search of the captain's effects brought forth her pennant, furnishing final proof.

NOTE TO THE DIPLOMATS

Caracas, Dec. 14.—The foreign minister, Paul, in a note to the members of the diplomatic corps protesting against the action of the Dutch warships in Venezleuan waters, says:

"Venezuela protests with energy against these aggressions upon the territorial rights of the republic, and she holds Holland responsible for all the consequences."

CASTRO AT BERLIN

Cologne, Germany, Dec .14.—Castro arrived here last evening and today will proceed to Berlin. He appears to be a sick man. While here he was reserved and gave out no interviews of consequence.

Berlin, Dec. 14.—President Castro arrived here tonight, but it is not believed in official circles that he is coming to Germany on a political misson.

JAP IMMIGRATION TO BE PROHIBITED

Chicago, Dec. 14—A special dispatch to the Record-Herald from Washington says that all Japanese emigration to the United States will be stopped by the Japanese government. Baron Komura, minister of foreign affairs, will make an official announcement to the diet that the government has decided to prohibit all emigration to the United States after a given date. Thus will disappear the last remaining difference or possible cause of trouble between the United States and Japan.

The dispatch says that the Tokio government was brought to this decision after a long series of conferences between Secretary Root and Baron Takahira. Had the matter been left unsettled, and although neither government desired war, both nevertheless might have been forced into it had anti-Japanese riots occurred in San Francsico or elsewhere on the Pacific coast.

OVER 2300 SCHOOL CHILDREN IN EUGENE

The enumerators have finished their work of taking the school census, but their report is not yet ready to hand in, for the reason that some checking up will have to be done first. Last year's enumeration showed that there were 2175 school children in the district. This year the figure will be over 2300, a good increase for the year.

DIED

Mrs. Elizabeth Irwin, wife of A. Irvin, died this morning at 2 o'clock at her home in Riverview between Eugene and Junction, aged 70 years. Besides her husband, four daughters survive her, two of whom are living in Lane County, and the other two in California. She was born in Missouri, and came to California in an early day. Her home has been in Oregon about ten years. The funeral services will be held at Santa Clara at 10:30. Rev. D. C. Kellems will have charge of the funeral. Interment will be made in the Masonic cemetery. The many friends of the family are requested to be there.

HOG CHOLERA

Whenever you see any symptoms remove your stock at once to higher ground, so that no drainage from the old sty can reach new ground. Get some good clear lime, pulverize same (not slack), spread while dry and hot over the old ground and the disease will disappear.

All diseased or dead hogs on hand bring to the Chemical Works, Eugene, where they will pay 1-2 cent per lb. After treatment by our chemical process we are able to guarantee on the highest authority that all germs of the dread disease are gone. Our goods are open for inspection.

I do not believe in Dr. Christie's measles (although I think he means well) any more than I do in brainstorm.

Farmers, by heeding our advice you will not only benefit yourself.

It would pay to treat every railroad stockyard the same as stated above.

I. J. SCHOFIELD,
Eugene Chemical Works.

S. H. Friendly is having his warehouse at the depot grounds painted, obliterating the unsightly advertisements on the building. All of the warehouses will be painted a uniform color.

The Y. M. C. A. committee has compiled a list of those who subscribed to the $50,000 building fund. It was found that there were 1445 subscribers and the amounts ranged from $1 to $2500. The building committee has had several meetings lately and has been in conference with architects. The matter of selection of plans will be definitely settledtled soon and the actual work of construction on the building will begin within a few weeks.

MARRIED

At the home of the groom on the Mohawk, December 9, 1908, C. W. Pettijohn and Mrs. Flisia B. Shackelford, Justice of the Peace, J. E. McKibben officiating.

At Vancouver, Wash., a few days ago, Orval Gilstrap and Mrs. Lillian Goodenow Gilstrap, both of this city.

BORN

In Eugene, Dec. 11, 1908, to Daniel A. Muth and wife, a daughter.

Drain Nonpareil: Her many friends will be pleased to learn that Mrs. Jake Sawyers was able to return to her home near Elkton this week from Eugene, where she had been under treatment for some time in the hospital. She has not enjoyed good health since her baby was born five months ago. Her husband met her at Drain Sunday.

Large shipment of 30-lb. Silk Floss Mattresses just received, which we will sell for $10.00, while they last; this is a savin gof $2.50. Chambers Hardware Co.

SPIRITED MEETING OF COMMERCIAL CLUB LAST NIGHT

Many Matters of Interest Discussed and Acted Upon

The most spirited meeting of the year was held last evening by the Commercial club, it being the regular monthly December meeting. After routine business was disposed of, Dr. Paine called attention to needed improvements and that started the ball rolling. Considerable good-natured banter was indulged in and after it was all over, everybody admitted that the heated discussion would lead to much needed improvement. Dr. Paine wanted the toilet rooms as well as the club rooms kept in better order, wanted a glee club formed, wanted the club to purchase a piano, also a comb and brush. All these things were disposed of, a committee being appointed to get figures on pianos. Frank L. Chambers started another outburst by suggesting the buying of a pianola-piano. Allen Eaton and other members spoke against this and created considerable merriment, but the motion was put to a vote and the no's were just about as emphatic as the ayes and President Williams declared the motion lost.

A committee was appointed to look into the enlarging of the billiard room, so that additional tables may be purchased.

Jack Rodman, chairman of the committee appointed to see if the intervening 140 feet between the eastern limit of the S. P. right-of-way and Pearl street could be purchased in order to give the merchants an entrance from the east to the freight houses, reported that his committee, together with Manager Hartog, had seen the warehousemen but had been unable to raise the required amount and on motion the committee's report was accepted and the committee discharged.

The purchasing of a set of the "Art Work of Oregon," a set of photogravures to be issued by the W. D. Harney Co., of Chicago, was discussed and on motion the purchase was voted for. It will be the entire nine parts bound in leather and will be a splendid addition to the club's literature.

An invitation from the Washington, D. C., chamber of commerce offering intending visitors to the Inauguration the courtesy of the chamber's headquarters and offering to arrange for accommodations for any who intend to go, was read.

Manager Hartog suggested disposing of the gymnasium fixtures to the new Y. M. C. A. and Vice-President Spencer stated that the board of trustees had just been considering that matter.

Assistant Secretary Callison read the names of the sixteen new members just elected by the trustees.

Dr. Whitson proposed the appointment of a committee of three of which President Williams was to be one to revise the by-laws and the Chairman announced that he would make the appointment later.

The board of governors had planned to receive Mr. Wells of Sunset in January to hear his advertising proposition, but the deal being one of considerable cost, the matter was placed before the club and it was decided to ask Mr. Wells to lay his proposition before the general meeting of the club in October.

Cards were authorized printed and mailed to all the members inviting them to the festivities to be arranged by the Ladies' Auxiliary for New Year's Day.

The chair appointed Dr. Paine, G. W. Griffin and A. C. Dixon a committee to finish up the promotion fund subscriptions, so that a complete list of subscribers may be printed.

DEXTER NEWS

(Special Correspondence.)

Dexter, Dec. 14.—Miss Ida Maurey is in Eugene for a short stay.

Frank Whiteman has gone to Salem, where he will work in a butcher shop during the winter. Homer Gulley has charge of his farm during his absence.

Charles Hills and bride visited relatives here the first of last week.

Will Kelsey and wife have left for Klamath Falls. They will cook for the S. P. surveying crew.

Supervisor E. T. Templeman, with Will Veach and Charles McBee, are working on the new road surveyed out last fall this side of the new bridge.

E. A. Wegner has been vsiiting with his parents at Camp Creek for the past three weeks.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Cruzan, December 5, 1908, a daughter.

"Uncle" James Parvin, who has been sick for some time, is quite low with dropsy.

A. B. Addington returned from Portland last Monday, where he went to visit his sister, Mrs. Minnie Callison, who has been in the Good Samaritan hospital for the past ten weeks, she having undergone two very serious operations.

Little Veda Tilton, the 18-months-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Tilton, died Tuesday morning at H. S. Tilton's of brain fever. The little one was laid to rest in the Pleasant Hill cemetery yesterday, Rev. R. G. Callison, of Jasper, conducting the services. The parents have the sympathy of all in their bereavement.

Roy Addington has a contract for C. L. Williams to cut and fall about one million feet of logs on Wm. Williams' timber claim. He will begin work about the first of the new year.

The Trent Literary Society gave a basket social Saturday night for the benefit of the society.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Tilton and baby, accompanied by Mrs. Tilton's sister, Mrs. Powell, have gone to Wendling, where they will visit for some time.

Mrs. A. P. Hill, after having been here in the interests of the Yeomen, left for Albany on the noon train today.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

Eugene d'Albert's opera "Tiefland" met with success at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, at its first performance the other night.

♠ ♠ ♠

Charles Frohman's company of Sicilian players made its debut in New York recently in a blood-curdling tragedy entitled "Malia" and scored a hit.

♠ ♠ ♠

Winona Winter has gone on the vaudeville stage and made her debut in New York the other day, giving imitations, singing and ventriloquism, and was well received.

♠ ♠ ♠

Mrs. James Brown Potter will return to America early next year to appear in vaudeville. She will probably appear in a little play in which she will act the part of Mary Stuart.

♠ ♠ ♠

Maude Adams will make her first appearance in J. M. Barrie's new play, "What Every Woman Knows," at the Empire theatre, New York, on Monday, December 21, and will remain there eight weeks.

♠ ♠ ♠

William Collier, in "The Patriot," will begin an engagement in the same play at the Comedy theatre, London, next spring, under the management of Charles Frohman, who has booked him for a long engagement.

♠ ♠ ♠

The shortest speaking part in any play is that of Oowankatchie, the Indian in Edgar Selwyn't "Pierre of the Plains," played by George Schaeffer, an actor of many years of experience. The lines of the part are "Me Mike."

♠ ♠ ♠

George Arliss, who first came to America as the support of Mrs. Patrick Campbell about seven years ago, has proved himself a fine actor of exceptional versatility and his work in the part of the "Devil" is critics.

♠ ♠ ♠

Louis Mann is doing some of the best work in his career in "The Man Who Stood Still," on the bill of the Circle theatre, New York, at present. There is every probability that the play will continue its attractive power through the rest of the season.

♠ ♠ ♠

A new comedy by Roy McCardell, the humorist, met with flattering success at its initial performance at Baltimore the other night. The play is a free dramatization of Mr. McCardell's stories of chorus girl life, and is entitled, "The Gay Life." The cast includes Consuelo Bailey and Thomas Thorne.

♠ ♠ ♠

Mrs. Carter expects to regain her former position in the theatrical profession by the new play which she expects to bring out soon. It was written by John Luther Long, the author of "Andrea." The action passes partly in Japan and partly in Europe; and the character of the work is said to be both emotional and spectacular.

♠ ♠ ♠

It is reported that David Warfield will at last be given an opportunity next season to appear in one or more plays more worthy of his great talent than the insignificant plays in which he has appeared heretofore. He will probably play Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice" and later, perhaps, the part of King Lear in Shakespearle's tragedy of the same name.

♠ ♠ ♠

Anna Held recently produced her play, "Miss Innocence," in Philadelpaia, for the first time. It is said to be as sensational and even more risque than its predecessor, "The Parisian Model." Miss Held wears some beautiful gowns, mostly skin-tight, and sings a few songs. The chorus, consisting of exceptionally handsome women in scanty costumes, does the rest.

THE NEWSPAPER GUY.

I see a man pushing his way through the lines
Of cops where the work of the "fire fiend" shines.
"The Chief?" I inquire—but a fireman replies:
"Oh, no! that's one of those newspaper guys."

I see a man walk through the door of a show,
Where great throngs are blocked by the sign, "S. R. O."
"Is this man the star, that no ticket he buys?"
"Star nothin'! He's one of these newspaper guys."

I see a man start on the trail of a crook,
And he scorns the police, but he brings him to book.
"Sherlock Holmes?" I inquire—someone scornfully cries:
"Sherlock H—! Naw, he's one of dese newspaper guys."

And some day I'll pass the great "Gates of Gold,"
And see a man pass through unquestioned and bold.
"A saint-" I'll ask, and old Peter'll reply:

THE MAN WHO DOES NOT ADVERTISE

(Exchange.)

The man who does not advertise simply because his grandfather did not ought to wear knee breeches and a queue.

The man who does not advertise because it costs money should quit paying rent for the same reason.

The man who does not advertise because he tried it and failed should throw away his cigar because the light went out.

The man who does not advertise because somebody said it did not pay ought not to believe the world is round because the ancients said it was flat.

Prof. W. C. Harvey, an experienced teacher in business colleges, has accepted a position in the Eugene Business College. He will have charge of the commercial department. He is aged 50 years and was formerly president of the Washington Commercial College at Tacoma.

The Coolness of Peter.

By EDGAR WELTON COOLEY.

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"BR-R-R-ING!" sounded a bell shrilly in the stillness.

Peter Quiggles opened his eyes with a start, then sat bolt upright and stared. Not four feet from him stood a man with a mask over his eyes. He was holding a dark lantern, flashing the light glaringly in Peter's face.

"How dare you," began the man with the mask, offended—"how dare you set an alarm clock to go off at the very moment I'm ransacking the house? D'ye want to scare me to death? How do you know but I might be subject to heart failure or something and that the sudden fright"—

"I—I'm sorry," began Peter humbly. "I didn't mean to disturb you. I—I can't sleep comfortably on one side all the time, you know, and I have to set the alarm to awaken me so I can turn over."

"Oh!" said the man apprehendingly. "Well, don't let it occur again."

"I'll try not to," replied Peter obligingly. "But, you know," he hesitated, "you can't always tell about that clock. You can't always anticipate its behavior. It is a very absentminded clock and possesses some very peculiar notions of its own. Really it is the most aggravating clock you ever saw. Why, once I set the alarm for 4 o'clock in the morning. I wished to go to the station to meet my uncle, you know. He was a very rich bachelor, with no immediate family. Besides, he was in exceedingly poor health. And, would you believe it, that miserable clock betrayed the confidence imposed in it?"

"And your uncle?" asked the man interestedly.

"My uncle was compelled to hunt me up and ring us out of bed. It was very embarrassing. Of course we had to make some kind of an explanation. But unfortunately, you know, my wife and I had no opportunity to consult together. We told entirely different stories. That made my uncle suspicious."

"Naturally," said the man.

"Then, to make matters worse," resumed Peter, with a sigh, "my uncle was a chronic story teller, one of those people who take a frenzied delight in relating a long narrative with a joke at the end of it—the kind of a joke, you know, that you don't really laugh at until the next day."

"I understand," said the man, taking a seat on the edge of the bed resignedly. "I've heard them kind of jokes myself. I call 'em vaccination jokes. They have a point to 'em all right, but they don't take until later. Besides, they are pretty near as bad as having the smallpox."

The man chuckled softly. "Well," Peter continued, "at breakfast that morning this uncle of mine told one of his stories. It was during the days when nearly everybody had one of those silly little things they called chestnut bells. You remember?"

"Perfectly," said the man.

"Well, at the very moment my uncle sprang his joke and leaned back to enjoy our mirth that clock—that unregenerate, malicious clock"— Peter laughed long and loudly.

"Don't!" cried the man in a hoarse whisper, glancing affrightedly about. "You'll arouse the household."

"There isn't anybody else in this part of the house," reassured Peter, "but my wife, asleep in the next room, and she's deaf, you know. Really she is so deaf that I can wear a red necktie, green checkered trousers and a purple vest and come home any hour of the night without awakening her."

"You're lucky," said the man, "and being lucky"—

"Lucky!" repeated Peter. "I'm so lucky"—

"Never mind about that," interrupted the man. "I was just going to remark that I never saw a lucky man who didn't have money."

"Money?" replied Peter. "Of course I have money. Really, I've got so much money that I can't fall down without breaking a bill, you know. Once I"—

"Just hand it over, then," interposed the man with the mask commandingly.

"Do I understand that you wish me to hand my money over to you?" queried Peter cautiously.

"That's what I remarked," replied the man, "and you'd better be quick about it if you don't want"—

"My dear sir," said Peter impressively, "as one who has speculated more or less successfully, I beg to give you a little timely advice."

"See here," said the man irritably, "I ain't going to waste any more time with you. I've wasted too much already."

"Why, so you have," remarked Peter thoughtfully, "but you see it isn't exactly my fault! I didn't invite you here, and, really, I'm not insisting upon your staying, you know. Maybe you're waiting for me to order you out?"

"Well, you are cool," said the man admiringly.

"Of course I'm cool," replied Peter. "It's very convenient to be cool sometimes—on a cold winter's night, for instance. You see, your wife won't put her feet against you if you are cool."

The man with the mask laughed softly, then arose to his feet. "Look here," he said, "are you going to give me that money or ain't you? I've got a gun in my hand, it's pointing at you, it's loaded, and my finger is on the trigger."

"It certainly is very kind of you to warn me of my danger," replied Peter gratefully. "The light of your lantern blinds me so that I had not noticed you had a gun. But, really, won't you please point it in some other direction? It makes me nervous, you know, and when I get nervous my memory fails me quite suddenly. I might forget where I put my money. I always experience considerable trouble in remembering what I do with all my money anyhow."

"Come, come," said the man. "Hand it over. Fork it out. I can't stay here all night. I want to be going."

"Since you speak of it," replied Peter wearily, "I really wish you would go. I would enjoy going back to sleep, you know. I'm tired. You see, I was out to the lodge last night. Do you belong to any lodge? No? Well, the union, then—you belong to the union, of course?"

"I see very plainly," said the man resolutely, "that you do not intend to give me that money peacefully. Guess I'd better"—

"Why, my dear sir," responded Peter naively, "I haven't refused, have I? Really I beg your pardon if I have appeared backward in complying with your most natural and reasonable request. I am not unmindful, you know, that you are at this moment a guest in my house, and I certainly meant no disrespect. How much money do you want?"

"All you have," replied the man gruffly.

"But, my dear sir," protested Peter humbly, "if you could just manage to get along with a trifle less—just a trifle, you know—perhaps some time in the future I can repay your kindness and consideration. You see, tomorrow morning before breakfast is the day and the hour when our cook expects her week's wages. Possibly you lack the experience that would enable you to thoroughly understand the situation, but really, you know, I cannot imagine any position more embarrassing in which a man could be placed than to be forced to face his cook on such a momentous occasion without a cent in his pocket, and my cook unfortunately is a very robust cook. Really I shudder to even think of such a predicament."

"To thunder with the cook!" replied the man shortly. "I want to know if you're going to"—

"And, then, there are the gas man and the iceman," resumed Peter. "Of course I realize that you have nearly as much claim upon my money as they have—really it is rather difficult to discriminate between you—but it wouldn't be just right, you know, to give you all the money and not save a cent for the other holdup men, now, would it? Of course I understand that between you all you will get all my money anyhow, and I'm really not much concerned who gets the most, only I don't want to appear partial, you know."

"You can do just as you please," replied the man determinedly. "You have your choice between giving me all your money and taking the consequences. I'm not here for my health, I tell you."

"Oh, well, if you feel that way about it," said Peter resignedly, "you'll find my trousers on a chair at the foot of the bed. My purse is in the right hip pocket."

The man with the mask walked to the chair, slipped his hand in the pocket indicated and pulled out a black wallet. Emptying the contents upon the bed, he counted them deliberately.

"See here," he said indignantly, "there is only $10.24 here!"

"What!" gasped Peter breathlessly, leaping out upon the floor. "How—much—did you say?"

"Ten dollars and twenty-four cents," replied the man.

"Are you sure?" demanded Peter in an agony of despair. "Are you certain you haven't made a mistake?"

"No," said the man. "That's all there is."

"Oh, dear, dear!" wailed Peter. "I see it all. I didn't want to believe it, but I guess it must be true. It really is too bad. I don't see why she did it. She might have known"—

"She?" said the man. "Who?"

"My wife," replied Peter tearfully. "I am exceedingly sorry, but she beat you to it, you know."

"Well," said the man, rather disappointedly, "I reckon this will have to do then. But next time"—

"Pardon me," interrupted Peter, who had followed him to the door, "but really I am afraid you will fall down the stairs. It is so dark behind that lantern. Wait. I will turn on the light. There; now you can watch me and see where you are going at the same time."

"Thank you," said the man, backing slowly down the stairs, his revolver still in his hand. "As I was going to remark, I never met anybody who was quite"—

"No; that isn't right," said Peter. "You have to turn that small knob first. There; that unlocks the door. But you were saying"—

"I was going to say," again began the man, looking up at Peter, but placing one hand behind him and pulling open the door, "that I never"—

But two policemen suddenly sprang through the door and pinioned the man's arms behind his back.

"Really, I am sorry," grinned Peter, "but I guess you will have to finish your sentence in jail, won't you? You see, that bell was a burglar alarm. You rang it when you entered my room, and unfortunately, you knew, it is connected with an automatic device at the police station. They were rather long coming, but I trust you found my companionship agreeable. I certainly did my best to entertain you."

"Say," said the man, submitting quietly to the officers, "you lied to me about the iceman, didn't you? Your wife don't need no ice when she's got a cold storage plant for a husband. You're the coolest"—

But the patrol wagon was rolling away.

Immortal Love.

"One of the most singular features of human nature," remarked the anatomist, "is the breaking up of love between two persons when one dies."

"Love does not necessarily break up in such an event," replied the psychologist.

"I don't agree with you. Love after the death of the being loved is simply memory."

"Cases of actual love between the sexes are very rare—one in a thousand. They are not mere memory after death; they are immortal."

"Can you give me such a case?"

"Yes, one. It is the only one that has ever come to my knowledge. Listen and I will relate it.

"Douglas Bissell knew the moment he set eyes on Caroline La Cour that she and he had been appointed by Providence to be lovers. Miss La Cour recognized the fact at the same instant. Bissell was a young northerner who, after being graduated at college, went to New Orleans as a teacher. Miss La Cour was a creole. Their love came as a child is born—that is, a perfect thing, though it grew as the child grows. It cannot be said that it was a case of that turbulent evanescent love which comes with extreme youth, for Bissell was thirty years old when they met, and Miss La Cour was twenty-five. It was unalterable from its inception.

"It was the woman who was taken away. She died during one of the epidemics of yellow fever that occurred about the middle of the last century and but a few weeks before they were to have been married. Such partings—partings between beings in whom there is this real immortal love—are terrible. Miss La Cour in all the physical agony of death resulting from that awful disease did not suffer bodily as the lover suffered in soul, and when all was over he fell into a stupor from which his friends despaired of ever awakening him. He never was again the same man.

Bissell never married. He lived alone. If he had a companion it was his wife. He told others that there was such a companionship, though when he attempted to explain it he failed signally. He could say rather what it was not than what it was. For instance, she did not visit him. It was not one of those cases where one broods over a grave. The mortal part of his love was placed in a tomb provided for it, and Bissell went there but seldom. He did not consider what was there as being any more a part of his love than one of her gowns. She was elsewhere.

But one day when he made one of his periodical visits to the tomb to see that the premises were in condition he met with a surprise. He found a man weeping before it.

"'Pardon me,' said Bissell, 'we have a common sorrow. You must be the brother. I often heard my love speak of him—he who was living in South America.'

"'I was not her brother. I am her lover.'

"For a few moments there was silence, during which the two men regarded each other with a strange expression on the face of each. Then Bissell spoke:

"'You say you are her lover. That is my position.'

"'Pardon me, it is mine.'

"'Do you mean to assert that she ever loved you?'

"'She did. We met in Paris. She was but eighteen. I offered her my love, and it was accepted. Circumstances which I do not care to reveal parted us.'

"'Strange,' replied Bissell, half to himself, 'that she never told me of this—affair.'

"'There was no affair. It was an undying love.'

"'On your part, not on hers.'

"'I believed she loved me always. I believe she loves me now.'

"Bissell carried a cane. It was one of those sword canes very much in use at that period. Taking it in both hands, he partly drew the blade, then thrust it back.

"'Pardon me; I forget you are unarmed.'

"'You mistake; I am armed.' And the stranger drew from his own walking stick a similar blade.

"'Fortunate,' said Bissell, drawing his steel. 'She whose mortal part lies there is mine. You dispute her possession with me. We cannot both have her. One must give place to the other. But, mind you, if I fall she is still mine.'

"There was a fervor in the last few words that could scarcely have been equaled had the object been a living being.

"'It seems to me,' said the stranger reflectively, 'that we are about to fight for that which has no real existence.'

"'Your words show that this love you speak of in your case is not real love. And she—she never considered it worth the while to speak of it to me, though perhaps she may have considered your preference for her sacred.'

"The words angered the stranger. His eyes flashed ominously, and he placed himself on guard.

"One of the workmen in the cemetery, hearing the clash of steel, rushed to the La Cour tomb, but only in time to see Bissell fall pierced through the heart. His antagonist was unhurt."

The speaker paused. He seemed to consider that he had established his point.

"What place," asked the anatomist, "do you give the stranger in this case of love?"

"None at all. In a year he was married." D. HUNTER HALSEY.