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JESSAMINE.

She had been crying, Mrs. Baxter saw at once, and she was still very pale. It had been a violent fit of weeping that had exhausted her to languor of expression and movement. The doctor spoke cheerily to her as she seated herself beside him.

"Well, my little girl, how are your spirits, this freezing night? Do they follow the mercury or rise as it descends?"

An unfortunate question, forsooth, but it brought a faint glow to her pale face.

"I shall be more lively when I have had my supper," she said, raising her eyes. "I am cold and tired now."

The doctor bent his head and raised his hand to ask a blessing, and then bade his wife "pour out Jessie's tea, forthwith; she looks as if she needed it," he subjoined, uneasily, watching her with eyes that were very keen while he was awake to what was passing in the everyday and material world.

Jessie sipped the scalding liquid, swallowing each spoonful with a tremendous effort, when it trickled down the lump that obstructed her larynx and epiglottis, wishing, in the while, that the doctor would subside into one of his fits of learned abstraction and knot his handkerchief, instead of staring so solemnly at her, expecting, every second, to hear him demand, "What have you been crying about, my daughter?"

She was very grateful to Orrin for his persistence, and, in the end, successful attempts to draw the fire of the searching regards; and, rallying her wits and courage, she at last joined in the conversation. Mrs. Baxter, likewise, was less voluble than was her wont. Appreciating the fact, recognized by the majority of his acquaintances, that Mr. Wyllis was not a marrying man, she aroused herself to ponder, in serious earnest, upon what was likely to be the result of his fraternal intimacy with her ward. Orrin had made all straight with her at the outset, even before Jessie entered her house as a visitor, by representing himself as an old friend of the family, and speaking of Mr. Kirke's daughter in a grandfatherly strain, that entitled him to become the platonic cavalier of the rustic debutante. But platonic grandfathers did not squeeze pretty girls' hands in an endearing way, or twinkle "or they should not," reasoned the duenna; and Jessie's red eyes and pallid complexion increased her misgivings to doubts. She had been asleep all winter until tonight she thought, shudderingly, and had awakened upon the edge of a precipice. If through her neglect or misplaced confidence Ginevra's child should come to grief, she would rue, to the last day of her life, the invitation that had enticed her from home and safety, to lose heart, the designing arts of a man of the world.

Orrin had small temptation to prolong his stay into the evening. There was an ineluctable disfavor in the hostess's eye, which was not neutralized by her stereotyped smile. The doctor betook himself to his study when he arose from the table, and Jessie shaded her face from fire and lamplight by a hand-screen, complaining that she was stupid after her walk in the wind.

"I promised to go up to Judge Provost's tonight," he said at the end of an unsatisfactory half-hour. "Won't you join our party for billiards and music? Miss Fanny charged me not to come without you."

Jessie did not raise her regards from the screen.

"No, thank you. I have had enough billiards for one day, and I am in an intensely unamiable humor."

"I really ought to do the polite to Miss Sanford," continued he, lightly, to Mrs. Baxter's ears, significantly to Jessie's.

"I have been shamefully remiss since her appearance among us. Miss Fanny took me to task for it an evening or two since, and I was obliged to plead guilty. I have paid very little attention except in public, and that has been confined to a dance or two at each party."

Mrs. Baxter, profoundly indifferent to Miss Sanford and the degree of court he offered her, yet strove to look interested.

"That is a little remarkable, Mr. Wyllis, considering your reputation for gallantry and hospitality, and she is invested with more substantial charms than any of our Hamilton belles can boast."

"I am afraid my taste for the substantial has been properly cultivated," was the reply.

Jessie was silent and gloomy, and Wyllis secretly lost patience with her.

"I thought her more of a woman," he said, only. "She acts like a fractious child, inconsolable for the loss of a toy. I gave her credit upon the depth of feeling, more power of endurance."

She called up a faint symptom of a smile, in response to his adieu, and relapsed into taciturnity and the shadow of her screen, when he had departed. Mrs. Baxter fled to the rooms like a perturbed guardian angel, poking the fire that her charge's feet might be warmer; dropping a curtain to shut out a draught from the back of her neck; pushing forward a brochure for her use, and giving her chair a gentle tug.

nearer the grate, before she essayed verbal consolation.

Finally she leaned upon the back of Jessie's seat and made several mesmerizing passes over her brow and scalp, the fringe of the scarlet scarf it was her pleasure tonight to sport twisted around her right wrist, brushing the chin and tickling the nose of her young relative.

"Does your head ache very badly now, my sweet?" breathlessly solicited.

"Not at all, thank you, cousin."

"I am delighted to hear you say so. You think you have taken cold, my precious, do you?"

"Oh, no, I never take cold."

"Mr. Wyllis seemed very anxious lest you had," Mrs. Baxter remarked, quite too earnestly. "I say 'seemed,' for these ladies' men are not models of sincerity, always, however charming they may be as parlor companions. If I had a daughter, my love—and it is the great sorrow of my life, as it is of the doctor's, that we never had one—if I had a daughter, just blossoming into womanhood, affectionate, susceptible and unsuspecting, I should caution her to be on her guard against a too-ready credence in the flattering tongues and the more insidious flattery of demeanor and action of gentlemen who are not oracles in all things else, I respect Mr. Wyllis," she continued, the passes faster and more agitated, and the silken fringes bobbing up and down before Jessie's vision. "I honor his many estimable—admire his many shining qualities. But I am fearful that in his otherwise commendable desire to please and make happy, he may excite hopes—or expectations may be the better term—he never intended to engender. There is in every community, my darling, a class of men—pardon me for saying that it is fortunately a small class—who do not care or intend to marry except for convenience—or pecuniary gain—perhaps not even then. Yet they are generally the pets of their respective circles, especially the favorites of ladies. Why, I cannot say, unless it be that they endeavor to make themselves agreeable to the entire sex, instead of concentrating their attentions upon one woman. Mr. Wyllis is a notable example of this order of carpet-knights."

Entirely out of breath by this time, she withdrew her hand from her guest's head, to press it upon her palpitating bosom, while her gulp of emotion was as loud as the cluck of a brooding hen.

"If your object is to warn me against attaching undue importance to Mr. Wyllis' friendly attentions, cousin, I can disabuse your mind of fears of that kind, by assuring you that it is not threatened from that quarter. I ought to have told you long ago of a circumstance that exculpates Mr. Wyllis from the charge of trifling, and I am engaged to be married to his cousin, Mr. Fordham, and he knows it. This makes all safe for us both—does it not? I am sorry I did not apprise you of this state of affairs when I first came to you. It would have been more honorable and kind to you—and an act of common justice to Mr. Fordham, if not to Mr. Wyllis."

CHAPTER XXII.

There was no prettier spot in the Dundee valley than Willow Creek, a somewhat wide, and in some places, deep stream, just where it was spanned by a rustic bridge at the bottom of the paragon meadows. The fringe of willows on the thither bank, and the alder and birch thickets studing that nearest the house, were reflected in the clear, brown mirror to the timeliest eyes of bud and blossom and between these were stretches of turf which were evergreens; beds of wild balsam that flowered all summer; ferns in great variety and profusion, from the tree ferns upborne by their wiry black stems to a height of four or five feet, to the delicate maiden-hair, hiding in the lee of straw and stones; and on the day we are describing—the 5th of September—these alternated with borders of hoary mountain sage, blue-eyed asters, tossing pinnate golden-bell, yet a little purple brush, stiff and gorgeous, and patches of bright yellow dodder, running riotously into the water, and entangling the commoner arrow-leaf and sedge in its meshes.

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[To be Continued.]

A STRAIGHT TALK TO THE COMPANY

Aldermen Determined to Have a Settlement of the Strike.

Things Must Not Go On as They Are—The People Evidently Against the Company—Getting Down to Work.

The strike committee of the city council got to work last night. The avowed intention of the members is to become thoroughly familiar with the differences existing between the street railway company and the employees, and use every effort to effect a settlement as speedily as possible.

A chairman was chosen, the documents in the case studied, and an official meeting with the local directors of the company arranged. Those present were the mayor, Ald. Parnell, Rumball, Wilkey, Graham and Douglass.

The mayor moved Ald. Parnell to the chair. Ald. Parnell demurred, and moved that Ald. Graham be chairman. The mayor's motion was carried.

The mayor asked the mayor to report on the negotiations to date.

The mayor reported, as he had done to the council, that Mr. Smallman and the men had met in an unofficial way and talked matters over in a very friendly manner. No offers had been made by either side, further than that Mr. Smallman had offered to give some of the men would be taken back if they made application.

The speaker had suggested that no new men be employed for 24 hours at least. This he did in the hope that the men and Mr. Smallman would have another conference with beneficial results.

But when the official committee was appointed he decided that through it alone could any negotiations be carried on. Therefore the proposed conference to Mr. Smallman at the end of the 24 hours had not taken place. Nothing had been done since the appointment of the official committee.

Ald. Rumball—We ought to get in writing from each side what they will do. Then we will be in a position to act. We have got to give the company to understand that the strike must be settled, and the cars run as they should be.

The mayor reminded Ald. Rumball that one could "take a horse to water, but couldn't make him drink."

"You can't make either the men or the company settle," he said.

Ald. Rumball—True, but we can make it so uncomfortable for those in fact that they will wish they had settled.

The mayor suggested talking with the company and the men, separately, and advising each, with a view to getting them closer together.

Ald. Graham emphasized the fact that the men had a great deal to do with the matter, despite what some of the aldermen might say. "There was much to do, and it couldn't be done too quick," he said. "We must give the company to understand that they have to do something. Things cannot go on as they are. When after conferring with both sides we hit upon an agreement satisfactory to us, we can shoulder the blame on the side that will not adopt, and let those at fault bear the consequences."

The mayor thought they could do more by coaxing than by force.

Ald. Rumball agreed that they should use their persuasive powers first, but if they failed, some other method should be tried. He suggested a discussion with the company.

Ald. Douglass moved that they try to get Mr. Smallman there at once.

Ald. Parnell telephoned Mr. Smallman, and the latter said he would communicate with the other local directors with a view to meeting the committee today.

While Ald. Parnell was at the phone some interesting comments on the strike situation at present were made.

Ald. Douglass—it was a caution to see the people walking in the rain tonight.

Ald. Wilkey—it's quite evident the people are against the company.

Ald. Graham—There is a good deal more sympathy with the men than people think. I have been surprised on talking with a number of people who come into the store. "Well, how do you like riding on the cars?" I ask. The reply is usually, "I've got too much principle to do that at the present time."

The other aldermen agreed that the people would not ride.

The committee concluded that it would be useless to meet the men until the company had been met.

The agreement made by the men last fall, their proposed new agreement, and the new Cleveland agreement were read and the differences noted.

The mayor and Ald. Douglass did not think the Cleveland agreement was as good as the old agreement here.

Ald. Graham—they have arbitration there.

The Mayor—Not as much as they had here. There it is only on dismissal. He added in a tone denoting an abandoned hope, "If the men here could get the old agreement again. That was a very fair agreement. If there had been provision for adjusting their grievances."

Ald. Douglass—it seems to me that was a very fair agreement.

Ald. Graham said the agreement might have been all right, but the company had found ways of avoiding it. Mr. Carr had admitted that although he did not ask men to sign an agreement not to join the union, he would not employ men whom he knew would join. Such a thing as that was aggravating.

Ald. Douglass said it would be in the interests of the company to take back all the old men.

The Mayor—we could get employment for the men who are objectionable to the company. He thought that about ten per cent were in that class.

Ald. Parnell thought that if 90 per cent were back at work, the others could be arranged for. (There is no doubt not come before the committee officially, and so far as was known no definite statement had been made by the company that they were ready to take back 90 per cent.)

Adjourned till 11:30 this morning.

SIFTON DEFEATS BRETT.

Winnipeg, Man., June 28.—A. L. Sifton was yesterday elected member for Banff by a majority of 16 over Dr. Brett, the late member, who resigned, owing to an informality in his election.

THE FEATS OF A TIRELESS MAN

Of Such Wonderful Strength and Endurance That He Is Called the Human Engine.

McMinnville, June 28.—There is little doubt that if Eugene Leeper, a characteristic but unassuming woodsawyer and man-of-all-work of this city, would proclaim himself a world-beater as a long-distance pedestrian against time, as well as a champion at almost any class of manual labor like wood-sawing, grubbing, spading and such work, his fortune would be made as soon as the wages could be secured and the tests applied.

Eugene Leeper is a spare-built man, 5 feet 8 inches high, 37 years old, and weighs 170 pounds. For many years he has been in the city, and the stories of his walking, wood-sawing, garden-spading, etc., have been told and retold, few doubting and many marveling; yet, strange to say, they have scarcely ever been published.

This is owing as much as anything to the trivial significance given them by Mr. Leeper himself, who is in no sense a sporting man, but who will walk, saw, grub or spade any time for 20 cents an hour.

His remarkable records he has made have in no sense been under test or on wages, but purely as matters of business. One day he found it necessary to go to Corvallis, which is 48 miles from here. He left the South Fork Pacific depot at 7 a.m., and arrived at Corvallis eight minutes before 12 m.

He ran every step of the way at a gait very nearly ten miles an hour. Leeper says when he is in a hurry he never walks, but runs. On this same occasion he went on to Albany, about twelve miles, remained there until the next morning at 7 o'clock, reaching home, via Salem, where he stopped briefly, at 3 p.m. The distance covered was nearly 70 miles, and he made it in about eight hours.

Salem is 25 miles from here. Leeper went to that city, transacted business, and was back in nine hours. Tillamook is likewise about 50 miles away, the Leeper left this place at 7 a.m., stopped an hour at Mountain House for dinner, and arrived in Tillamook at 4 p.m.

Leeper desired to see a man living near Newberg, about six miles distant. On arriving at the man's home he was disappointed to hear that he had just left on horseback for this city. Leeper started back, and arrived here ahead of his man.

It sounds incredible to hear Leeper say that he can travel further in a day than any livery team in the place, but he has made that statement, and the liverymen all know he has money to back it.

A prominent man of this place had a tree in his dooryard, and, desiring to have it removed, he asked Leeper what he would charge to grub up the tree, reduce it to stovewood, burn the logs and retil the hoe given twenty cents an hour? The reply, to which Mr. Leeper stated that he would not pay such wages for that kind of work. A little later he summoned Leeper and told him he would give him \$15 to do the job. Leeper sized up the tree and accepted the offer. On the following morning he set to work, and in just fifteen hours the job was completed, and he had made \$15 instead of 20 cents per hour.

Another old resident had a piece of ground he wished to have spaded. He asked Leeper what he would charge to do it. "Twenty cents an hour," was the answer, but the old gentleman "wouldn't pay any man such wages for that kind of work."

If Leeper wanted to do the job for \$4 he might do it. He accepted, and completed the work in twelve hours, doubling his 20 cents an hour.

Neither of the two gentlemen mentioned has since given Leeper a stroke of work, the only reason stated being that they cannot afford to pay such wages. These are not the only ones who have no work for Leeper for the same reason; but Leeper is ever ready with a shoulder to the wheel who patronize him for the very reason that a few have for not doing so.

On another occasion Leeper left here at 6 a.m. by train for St. Joe, walked the remaining distance of 40 miles to Lafayette, sawed two cords of ordinary cordwood into stove lengths, sawing each stick twice, walked the entire distance of five miles home, arriving before 3 p.m.

These are but a few of the phenomenal accomplishments of this man. Every day adds more of the same kind. He will tell you at any time that one very aggravating feature of his work for certain ones is that he has to do a part of the job and then go to another in order to make the work string out and save himself from the common complaint that he has made too much money—that such wages are too large for the class of work he follows.

Leeper is not a fairy, nor is this a fable. He is here, and any man can see him for the pains of coming to McMinnville, or he would, no doubt, be glad to vindicate his record as a pedestrian in quickly coming to him in person, assured of his "20 cents an hour."

He who would pass, his declining years with honor and comfort should, when young, remember that he may become old, and remember when he is old, that he has once been young.—Addison.

SUMMER COMPLAINT

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