

Ten Minutes to Twelve.

By M. G. MCLELLAND.

Matters went smoothly, for the boy's choice of a profession fell in with her wishes for him. There had always been physicians in the Royal family—some distinguished ones. The love of healing might be said to run in the blood.

At one-and-twenty John Royal returned from Philadelphia with his diploma in his pocket, and further fulfilled his destiny by falling in love with his cousin Phyllis, then a girl of 16. A boy-and-girl marriage was no part of Miss Royal's plan for the young people. She wanted John to become a distinguished surgeon, and as his whole heart, or rather mind, was set on his profession, she yielded readily to his wish for a few years in the Vienna and Paris hospitals. An engagement between the cousins was sanctioned, and the understanding was that the marriage should take place as soon as, in her aunt's opinion, Phyllis should be old enough.

Of the reasons for six years' delay of his marriage, and of his residence during that time abroad, John Royal did not speak; they were not germane to the matter in hand. His wish was to present the main facts of the case and to force upon his listener the necessity for immediate action.

At the end of the six years news had come of his aunt's sudden death, and with it a letter from her executor informing him of the terms of her will. These were a little singular, and more than a little arbitrary, which, however, was in accordance with the character of the testatrix. The property, of considerable value and duly enumerated, with the exception of a small legacy or two, was left absolutely to John Hart Royal and Phyllis Royal as a marriage gift, provided their marriage to each other should take place between the hours of 11 and 12 o'clock on Dec. 28, 18—. In the event of the marriage not taking place on the day and during the hour appointed, there were restrictions laid upon the property which would prove a serious annoyance to the legatees; and in the further event of the marriage not taking place at all, the entire property was to be converted into money and divided, share and share alike, among her kindred of Royal blood from the first to the third degree, Phyllis and John to have an equal portion with the rest, but not a stiver more on behalf of nearer kinship.

The story was given in short sentences, with rests between to spare the patient's strength. The energetic brain of the listener grasped the situation in its entirety, and his sympathies were more than ever aroused. To him it appeared a terribly mean advantage to take of the power which the possession of wealth confers. His first restive impulse was to say, "Let the money go to the devil, and marry the young lady to suit yourself," but a glance at the face before him sent back the words unspoken. A well man, hale and strong, could afford to assert his independence, to take his own life and that of another into his own hands. But when a man lay dying the case was different; he must do that which he could, not that which he would, to secure the future of the woman thrown so absolutely upon his honor and protection. Royal's pity for the pair grew apace, and he felt that there was not much he would stick at to circumvent the misery entailed by that "iniquitous will," as he styled it in his thought.

"Are there many kindred?" he queried, forgetful that his own name might entitle him to a position as residuary legatee.

"Legions of 'em," John Royal responded irritably. "My aunt had forty-five first cousins, and the bulk of them of Royal blood. I've heard her say so scores of times. In the second count, God and the census taker alone know what the tally may be. 'Tisn't worth while even to wonder about the third. It's a good property, but the sands of Egypt wouldn't divide up handsomely among the Royal clan."

After a moment he went on: "I feel like the veriest scoundrel that ever drew breath! But for her determination to bring about this marriage my aunt would have left her money to Phyllis. The only thing I can do for her now is to marry her before 12 o'clock to-morrow, and God only knows how it's to be managed! That cursed accident!" His eyes were filled with yearning pain.

The doctor smiled cheerily and looked at his watch. "Don't fret," he said; "it's bad for you. The marriage is the main thing, and we can secure that. I'll take that 4:30 train and go after the young lady, and you can be married at once. The conditions, whatever they may be, must be put up with. It's a case of half a loaf or no bread. By the way, what are the conditions?" He rose as he put the question.

"That neither Phyllis nor myself shall touch one cent of the money for ten years, dating from midday to-morrow."

"The devil!"

"You may well exclaim!"—speaking fast and bitterly. "The marriage before 12 o'clock to-morrow would leave my poor girl comfortable and cared for; after 12, as good as a pauper. And she's helpless—helpless!" His voice broke and he turned his head away.

Royal felt something hot and stinging rush into his own eyes; his heart ached for the pain he could not mitigate.

The head on the pillow turned again; the eyes sought Royal's appealingly, co-cervely:

"Man, have you no help for me? Haven't you science or skill enough to put vitality into this miserable carcass sufficient to enable me to drag it a few miles further? Can't you do anything for me?" The sense of impotence was strong upon him; his voice was hoarse and feeble, his eyes showed that he knew beforehand what the answer must be.

Royal put out his hand to him pitifully, but shook his head:

"My poor fellow, God himself couldn't help you that way. Stop a minute and let me think. There ought to be a way out of it—there must be a way out of it, if only I were smart enough to see it. Don't fret, please. It exhausts vitality and does no good. Try to rest."

The closing phrases were born of professional instinct and delivered mechanically. His mind was busy with the problem he had set himself to solve. He was a man quick to trust his own judgment and to form new plans. Emphatically a man of action, prompt in conception, prompt also and untrifling in execution, Dr. Royal's mind worked habitually along positive lines. To rush at a difficulty and carry it by assault was the method which most recommended itself to him, and the active, practical life of the frontier had fostered his natural proclivities. There was little of the "shivering and shaking on the bank" so condemned of the English wit about Hart Royal. To "jump in and scramble through" as well as he could might be reckoned his rule of conduct.

The plan he elaborated within the next half hour might, as a legal measure, be open to question, but it possessed the merit of tangibility and could be put into immediate execution. It was, in brief, that John Royal, flat on his back on that which might well be his dying bed, in Matocca, should at the appointed hour on the following day marry his cousin, on the other side of the mountains, by proxy.

"I don't know how the law stands," the originator of the scheme admitted, "and there isn't time to look it up. I never heard of a marriage by proxy outside of a novel, but if a man can marry by telephone I don't see why he can't be married by proxy. To me it looks as though it would give a fighting chance for immediate possession of the money. You can have the marriage celebrated if the lady should prefer it. She will join you at once, of course."

The sick man caught at the plan. His own knowledge of the laws of the commonwealth in regard to marriage was nebulous, but to him also the scheme proposed seemed to offer a fighting chance, and even that appeared of priceless value. His eagerness was pitiful, his insistence almost aggressive. The poor fellow, drifting into the shadow of the inevitable, yet holding back with terrible earnestness, with yearning tenderness, not for his own sake, but for that of the woman left to his care, the pathos of it dimmed Royal's gray eyes more than once, and acted as a spur to his helpful, sympathetic nature.

There was no question in the mind of either man as to who should be the representative. The bond of the order had done away with all strangeness or sense of obligation between them, even before the recognition of the deeper, human brotherhood had come. Royal made the necessary arrangements for the care of the sick man during his absence, and also provided himself with the wedding ring which he found in his namesake's pocket. The license would be waiting at the other end of the line, John Royal said; he had written about it from the hospital to the gentleman in whose family his cousin had lived since their aunt's death.

In the urgent need of haste it occurred to neither man that Dr. Royal, being a stranger, should have some sort of credentials, or that it might be necessary for a proxy to have a written power of representation, as it were, from his principal. Nor did the thought that the similarity of name might cause a complication suggest itself. The sick man was unaware of the coincidence, and the mind of the other was filled with weightier matters. There was little time for detail.

CHAPTER III.

Whether or not malevolent spirits have power of interference in human affairs is an open question; but certain it is that, to prima facie view, events can at times arrange themselves with a malignant disregard of individual needs and desires which would leave nothing to the invention of the most perverse devil the imagination could conjure up. Also certain it is that everlasting truths ament the inexorable interplay of circumstance and environment and the operation of unchangeable laws fail of the recognition and reverence they merit when interplay and action combine to knock the foundations from under a man's personal calculations. And the individual thus stranded is a good deal more apt to blaspheme like a stevedore than to accept the situation like a rational and scientific gentleman.

The train which left Matocca at 4:30 pulled into the little mountain station at 10:55, when, according to a perjured schedule, it should have been there at 10 sharp. There was no reason that Royal could discover for such flagrant breach of contract save the unhesitant of a single track road with no competition and few connections. Passengers, employes and even the engine appeared content to take it easy over the mountains, and when Royal in a frenzy of impatience entered protest he was met by the con-

ductor with intolerable good humor and the assurance that matters might be much more unsatisfactory.



And received from the hands of a white haired gentleman his unknown bride. "We used to aim to be on time," the official observed cheerfully, "but these here grades are tremendous heavy, an the curves sharper 'n common. The hind coach junks the track once in a while if she ain't humored, an' it takes a durned sight longer to hist her back with fence rails 'en it does to run kee-ful."

"The schedule oughtn't to say one thing and the road do another," retorted Royal. "It's an imposition on the public."

"Well, it don't look considerate," acquiesced the conductor, then added, with the esprit de corps of all railway men. "We do make it most in general. Sometimes, like today, we gets bothered. It don't happen more'n once a fortnight we lose over fifteen or twenty minutes." He walked away with uplifted shoulders, which gave to the back of his coat an expression of protest against intemperate haste. And Royal, as though that could expedite matters, established himself on the platform.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Mind Reading Boy.

The policeman had been standing on the corner for about ten minutes, and a foxy looking boy sitting on a nearby doorstep was watching him. The boy's curiosity overcame him at last, and he sidled along up to the officer.

"I say, Mr. Copper," he said at a safe distance, "what are you standin on this corner for?"

"That's my business," he replied curtly.

"Well, you seem to be 'tendin to it," ventured the boy.

"That's what I'm paid for."

"Alle samee," chirruped the lad, "I know what you're standin there for."

"I'll give you a nickel if you'll tell me," bantered the officer as he held out a coin to the kid.

"Throw it to me," said the boy, keeping his distance warily.

"Not much. You tell me what I'm standin here for, and I'll give it to you."

The boy came up close enough to reach the coin. "You're standin here fer ten minutes," he said, with a grab at the money, and the officer chased him in vain.—Detroit Free Press.

BEFORE A FULL HEAD OF STEAM

Is gathered by that tremendously destructive engine, malaria, put on the brakes with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which will check its progress and avert disaster. Crises and fever, bilious remittent, dumb's ague and ague are promptly relieved and ultimately cured by this genial specific, which is also a comprehensive family medicine, speedily useful in cases of dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, sick headache, nervousness, rheumatism and neuralgia. Against the hurtful effects of sudden changes of temperature, exposure in wet weather, close application to laborious mental pursuits and other influences prejudicial to health it is a most trustworthy safeguard. It fortifies the system against disease, promotes appetite and sleep, and hastens convalescence after debilitating and flesh-wasting diseases.

Sparrow—How nice and warm this telephone wire is! Swallow—Yes; there must be a prize fight or a football game somewhere.

Mrs. Jones—There goes Mr. Gray. He's an octogenarian. Mrs. Robinson—Are you sure of that? I have always understood that he was a Unitarian.

SCROFULOUS TAINTS

Lurk in the blood of almost everyone. In many cases they are inherited. Scrofula appears in running sores, bunches, pimples and cancerous growths. Scrofula can be cured by purifying the blood with Hood's

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25c.

TAKE THE BEST CURE THAT COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE

25cts. and 50cts. and \$1.00 Bottle. One cent a dose.

It is sold on a guarantee by all druggists. It cures Inflammation of Consumption and is the best Cough and Croup Cure.

The Chanler Girls.

Miss Alida Chanler, the last young woman to be reported engaged to George Vanderbilt, belongs to the Chanler family, who are prominent not only because of their social position and wealth, but on account of their strong individuality. Miss Chanler is a sister-in-law of Amelia Rives, her oldest brother being Armstrong Chanler.

There are three Chanler girls, each with pronounced ideas and views of her own. Miss Margaret Chanler is devoted to woman's rights and Miss Bessie Chanler to art, but at the same time is fond of society. The youngest of the family is Miss Alida, whose hobby is society.

She is a tall, handsome brunette, who is fond of all sorts of sport, and a girl who will undoubtedly make a brilliant match, even though she may not marry that most prominent of bachelors, Mr. George Vanderbilt.—New York Herald.

Silvering Mirrors.

Mirrors are usually silvered by coating the glass with amalgam. For this purpose a large, perfectly flat stone is provided, and upon it is evenly spread a sheet of tin foil without crack or flaw. This is covered to the depth of one eighth of an inch with clean mercury. The plate of glass, perfectly cleaned from all grease and impurity, is floated on to the mercury by sliding, so as to exclude all air bubbles. It is then pressed down by loading it with weights, in order to press out all the mercury which remains fluid. This is received in a gutter around the stone. After about 24 hours it is gently raised upon its edge, and in a few weeks it is ready to frame.—Family Journal.

His Shirt.

"What do you charge to wash a shirt?" inquired the man at the counter in the laundry.

"What kind of a shirt?" asked the clerk, with his mind on outing shirts, dress shirts, negligees and the various other possibilities in that line.

"A dirty shirt," replied the man, and the clerk fell in a faint.

Helping Out a Medical Authority.

A medical authority says that in view of a threatening plague people cannot be too careful in the selection of the ice they use, as all sorts of disease may be communicated by this medium, but no directions governing the selection of ice are given. In order that the public welfare may be conserved we present a few general rules for the guidance of ice purchasers.

The best ice is always cold, and sometimes a slight moisture may be observed upon the surface. It is devoid of smell and will melt when exposed to a temperature of 110 degrees F. Ice made of water is most desirable. It should be transparent, or nearly so, and should break into fragments when given a sharp blow. Tough ice that will not break is generally adulterated. Avoid soft ice or ice that has been subjected to excessive heat while under process of manufacture.

It sometimes presents a fine appearance, but is unhealthful. Ice more than three days old should not be purchased, as it is liable to turn sour on your hands and will have to be thrown away. After having melted, ice loses many of its virtues and should not be used. It should always be kept in a cool place and at a distance from gas fixtures to avoid explosions.—Washington News.

No Sleep For a Year.

The Scull guardians, County Cork, have, according to the West Cork Eagle, discovered a case of insomnia in that workhouse which possibly is without a parallel. A man named Decourcy, who is half witted, has, it is alleged, been 380 days without sleep, day or night. He is over 70 years of age, eats his meals regularly and is in excellent health.

Zerah Colburn, the mathematical wonder, could mentally raise any sum less than three figures to the sixteenth power.

NEW WAY EAST

Portland, Walla Walla, Spokane, via O. R. & N. Railway and Great Northern Railway to Montana points, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Omaha, St. Louis, Chicago and East. Address nearest agent, C. C. Donavan, Gen. Agt., Portland, Or.; R. C. Stevens, Gen. Agt., Seattle, Wash.; C. G. Dixon, Gen. Agt., Spokane, Wash. No dust; rock-ballast track; fine scenery; palace sleeping and dining cars; buffet-library cars; family tourist sleepers; new equipment.

N. P. N. U. No. 581—S. P. N. U. No. 658

"HE THAT WORKS EASILY, WORKS SUCCESSFULLY." CLEAN HOUSE WITH **SAPOLIO**

MALARIA! DO YOU FEEL BAD? DOES YOUR BACK ache? Does every step seem a burden? You need **MOORE'S REVEALED REMEDY.** Three doses only. Try it.

HOW TO SAVE MONEY. Buy your GROCERIES and PROVISIONS of us, and we will save you money. We handle the best goods and deliver free to trains or boats. We buy and sell for spot cash, and sell goods cheaper than any other firm in the country. Send us your name and address, and we will mail you our new price list, which will be out soon. We offer to day: Climax tobacco, 40 cents per pound. Best brands of sugar in 10-lb sacks for..... \$1 75 Best coal oil per case..... \$1 80 Dry granulated sugar in 10-lb sacks for..... \$1 75 Best coffee per pound..... 22 1/2 Best brands of flour per barrel..... 2 15 Arbuckle's coffee per pound..... 22 1/2 Send us a list of what you need, and we will make you special prices. Address your orders to **MARK L. COHN & CO. 146 Front Street, Portland, Or.**

A Stable Forewoman.

When John Thompson, who drives a coal cart for J. T. Story of Kent avenue and Wilson street, Brooklyn, was arraigned in the Gates avenue police court the other day before Justice Quigley on a charge of driving a lame horse, a stout, elderly woman stepped to the bar and commenced speaking:

"You have nothing to do with this case," said the justice.

"Indeed I have," said the woman. "I am foreman of Mr. Story's stables, and I can assure you that the horse only went lame the day of the arrest."

When the justice had recovered from his surprise, he was informed that Mrs. Mary Rocket was indeed forewoman over a stable containing 50 horses. A year ago her husband was removed from the position of foreman, and his wife was put in charge. Justice Quigley fined the prisoner \$5, which Mrs. Rocket paid.—New York News.

Keep on Going.

Above all things, the novice must learn "to keep on going," as the bicycle teacher says. The tendency is to stop working the pedals when one feels a little afraid. Fatal mistake! Almost every possible disaster can be averted by a bicycle rider if she only remembers to "keep on going," to sit up straight and to use the handle bars with calmness and discretion. It is folly to attempt to ride a bicycle without having taken a few lessons from a capable teacher. Then mounting and dismounting, riding and turning are easy, and falls will not occur.—New York Journal.

The Wrong Lead.

"If you please, mum," began Mr. Dismal Dawson, "I wish you would gimme something to eat. That there woman next door gimme a handout; but, on the dead, the stuff wasn't fit"

"See here," was the answer he got, "that woman next door is my mother, and if you aren't out of here in less than two minutes I'll set the dog on you. Now, you git."

Mr. Dawson got.—Indianapolis Journal.

A WORK OF ART.

Hood's Calendar for 1895 is "a thing of beauty." In the novelty of the design and the exquisiteness of the coloring the calendar surpasses all previous issues. The calendar is formed in the shape of a heart, and is ornamented with two beautiful child faces. The calendar gives the usual information concerning the lunar changes, and upon the back is printed a table of astronomical events especially calculated for C. I. Hood & Co.

The calendar is issued to advertise Hood's Sarsaparilla, Hood's Pills and the other preparations of the firm. The edition of Hood's Calendars for 1895 was 10,500,000, or about 2,500,000 more than last year.

Those who are unable to obtain Hood's Sarsaparilla Calendars at the drug stores should send 6 cents in stamps for one, or 10 cents for two, to C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

She—I'm sorry I married you. He—You ought to be. You cut some nice girl out of a mighty nice husband.

NO DEBT.

It is not merely pain that people dread in sickness. Many a man will bear the pain unflinchingly who utterly breaks down in view of the heavy expense involved, often increased by his being incapacitated for work and thus deprived of his income.

To such persons ALLCOCK'S POREUS PLASTERS are an unspeakable boon. They are within the reach of every one. They are genuine, too. Notwithstanding the innumerable counterfeits and imitations it is always easy for anybody to make sure of getting the real thing at a low price.

Any one suffering from weakness of the chest, throat, stomach, kidneys, liver or from lame back will find them a cheap and sure remedy.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are a good corrective.

"Here comes your old enemy, the Major?" "Is he loaded?" "I think so." "Jug or shotgun?"

Use Ename-line Stove Polish: no dust no smell.

TRY GERMEA FOR BREAKFAST

SMOKE Sweet Virginia PLUG CUT

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. For sale by all Druggists. 25 Cents a bottle.