In a New Guise.

Oh Mary had a little lamb, regarding whose cuticular,
The fluff exterior was white and kinked in each particular,
On each occasion when the lass was seen perambulating,
This little quadruped likewise was there a gallivating.

One day it did accompany her to the knowledge dispensary,
Which to every rule and precedent was recklessly contrary.
Immediately whereupon the pedagogue superior
Exasperated did eject the lamb from the interior.

Then Mary on beholding such performance arbitrary
'Suffused her eyes with saline drops from glands called lachrymary,
And all the pupils grew thereat tumultuously hilarious
And speculated on the case with wild conjectures various.

'What makes the lamb love Mary so?" the scholars asked the teacher,
He paused a moment, then he tried to diagnose the creature,
Oh pecus amorem Mary habet omnia temporum."
"Thanks, teacher dear," the scholars cried, and awe crept darkly o'er 'em.

Must be His Sweetheart.

Here she comes, with a step like a laddie's,
And a whistle as sweet and as clear
As a bird's, in one hand lightly swinging
Her hat, and her hair rather queer;
And her eyes have a diamond brightness
As, nearing, she calls, "Yo! ho! ho!
Saw you ever a lovelier morning?
What say you, old chap, to a row?"

Oh! isn't she breezy and easy,
And free from all fine-lady airs?
Skirts guileless of flounces and ruffles,
And a neat-fitting jersey she wears.
She can jump—a low fence—quite expertly,
Play ball in the cleverest way,
And drive with a go that is startling,
And beat every game at croquet.

When she laughs—why, she laughs; when she talks, you
Will probably hear her use some
Expressions at school never taught her,
Such as "Chestnuts," "You bet" and "Yum-Yum;"
But if any one's got any fault to
Find with her, whate'er it may be,
I hereby that person admonish
H'd better steer quite clear of me.

THE CHOICE OF THREE:

A NOVEL.

About a fortnight after these letters, addressed Ernest Beyton, Esq., Postoffice, Maritzburg, Natal, had been dispatched, Kesterwick and its neighborhood were thrown into a state of mild excitement by the announcement that Mr. Halford, the clergyman, whose health had of late been none of the best, purposed taking a year's rest, and that the Bishop had consented to the duties of his parish being carried on by a locum tenens named the Rev. James Plowden. Mr. Halford was much liked and respected, and the intelligence was received with general regret, which was, however, tempered with curiosity as to the newcomer. Thus, when it became known that Mr. Plowden was to preach in the parish church at the evening service on the third Sunday in September, all Kesterwick was seized with profound religious fervor, and went to hear him.

The parish church at Kesterwick was unusually large and beautiful, being a relic of an age when, whatever men's life may have been, they spared neither their money nor their thought in rearing up fitting habitations to the Divinity whom they regarded, perhaps with more of superstitious awe than true religious feeling. Standing as it did somewhat back from the sea, it alone had escaped the shock of the devouring waves, and remained till this day a monument of architectural triumph. Its tall tower, pointing like a great finger up to heaven, looked very solemn on that quiet September evening as the crowd of church-goers passed beneath its shadow into the old doorway, through which most of them had been carried to their christening, and would in due time be carried to their burial. At least so thought Eva and Dorothy as they stood for a moment by the monument to "five unknown sailors," washed ashore after a great gale, and buried in a common grave. How many suffering, erring human beings had stood upon the same spot and thought the same thoughts? How many more now sleeping in the womb of time would stand there and think them, when these two had suffered and erred their full, and been long forgotten.

They formed a strange contrast, those two sweet women, as they passed together into the sacred stillness of the church—the one stately, dark and splendid, with an unrestful trouble in her eyes; the other almost insignificant in figure, but pure and patient of face, and with steady blue eyes which never wavered. Did they guess, those two, as they walked thus together, how closely their destinies were linked? Did they know that each at heart was striving for the same prize, a poor one indeed, but still all the world to them? Perhaps they did, very vaguely, and it was the pressure of their common trouble that drew them closer together in those days. But if they did, they never spoke of it; and as for little Dorothy, she never dreamed of winning. She was content to be allowed to toil along in the painful race.

When they reached the pew that the Ceswicks habitually occupied, they found Miss Ceswick and Florence already there. Jeremy had refused to come; he had a most unreasonable antipathy to parsons. Mr. Halford he liked, but of this new man he would have none. The general curiosity to see him was to Jeremy inexplicable, his opinion being that he should soon see a great deal more of him than he liked. "Just like a pack of girls running after a new doll," he growled; "well, there is one thing, you will soon be tired of hearing him squeak."

As the service went on the aisles of the church grew dim, except where the setting sun shot a crimson shaft through the west window, which wandered from spot to spot and face to face, and made them glorious. When it came to the hymn before the sermon, Eva could scarcely see to read, and with the exception of the crimson pencil of sunlight that came through the head of the Virgin Mary, and wavered restlessly about, and the strong glow of the lights upon the pulpit, the church was almost dark.

When the new clergyman, Mr. Plowden, ascended the steps of the ancient pulpit and gave out his text, Eva looked at him in common with the rest of the congregation. Mr. Plowden was a large man of a somewhat lumbering make. His head, too, was large, and covered with masses of rather coarse-textured black hair. The forehead was prominent, and gave signs of intellectual power; the eyebrows thick and strongly marked, and in curious contrast to the cold, light-gray eyes that played unceasingly beneath them. All the lower part of the face, which, to judge from the purple hue of the skin, Nature had intended should be plentifully clothed with hair, was clean shaven, and revealed a large jaw, square chin, and pair of thick lips. Altogether Mr. Plowden was considered a fine man, and his face was generally spoken of as "striking." Perhaps the most curious thing about it, however, was a species of varicose vein on the forehead, which was generally quite unnoticeable, but whenever he was excited or nervous, stood out upon the level of the skin in the form of a perfect cross. It was thus visible when Eva looked at him, and it struck her as being an unpleasant mark to have on one's forehead. She turned her eyes away—the man did not please her fastidious taste—and listened for his voice. Presently it came; it was powerful, and even musical, but coarse.

"He is not a gentleman," thought Eva to herself, and then dismissing him and his sermon too from her mind, she leaned back against the poppy-head at the end of the pew, half-closed her eyes, and let her thoughts wander in the way that thoughts have the power to do in church. Far across the sea they flew, to where a great vessel laboring in a heavy gale was plowing her sturdy way along—to where a young man stood clinging to the iron stanchions, and gazed out into the darkness with sorrow in his eyes.

Wonderfully soft and tender grew her beautiful face as the vision passed before her soul; the ripe lips quivered, and there was a world of love in the half-opened eyes. And just then the wandering patch of glory perceiving her, settled on her like a butterfly upon a flower, and for a while wandered no longer.

Suddenly she became aware of a momentary pause in the even flow of the clergyman's eloquence, and waking from her reverie glanced up at the spot of light surrounding him, and as she did so, it struck her that she herself was illuminated with a more beautiful light—that he and she alone were distinguishable out of all the people beneath that roof.

The same thought had evidently struck Mr. Plowden for he was gazing intently at her.

Instinctively she drew back into the shadow, and Mr. Plowden went on with his sermon. But he had driven away poor Eva's vision; there only remained of it the sad, reproachful look of those dark eyes.

Outside the church Dorothy found Jeremy waiting to escort her home. They all went together as far as the Cottage. When they got clear of the crowd, Florence spoke:

"What a good-looking man Mr. Plowden is, and how well he preached!"

"I did not like him much," said Dorothy.

"What do you think of him, Eva?" asked Florence.

"I? Oh, I do not know. I do not think he is a gentleman."

"I am sure that he is not," put in Jeremy. "I saw him by the post office this afternoon. He is a cad."

"Rather a sweeping remark that, is it not, Mr. Jones?" said Florence.

"I don't know if it's sweeping or not," answered Jeremy sententiously, "but I am sure that it is true."

Then they said good-night, and went their separate ways.

CHAPTER XIX.

EVA TAKES A DISTRICT.

The Reverend James Plowden was born of rich but honest parents in the sugar-broking way. He was one of a large family, who were objects of anxious thought to Mr. and Mrs. Plowden. These worthy people, aware of the disadvantages under which they labored in the matter of education, determined that neither trouble nor money should be spared to make their children "genteel." And so it came to pass that the "mansion" near Bloomsbury was overrun with the most expensive nurses, milliners, governesses and tutors, all straining every nerve to secure the perfect gentility of the young Plowdens. The result was highly ornamental, but perhaps scarcely equivalent to the vast expense incurred. The Plowden youth of both sexes may be said to have been painted, and varnished and gilded into an admirable imitation of gentlefolks; but if the lacquer-work would stand the buffetings of the world's weather was another question, and one which, except in so far as it has to do with a single member of the family, does not concern us.

Master James Plowden came about half-way down the family list, but he might just as well have stood at the head of it, for he ruled his brothers and sisters—old and young—with a heavy rod. He was the strong one of the family, strong both in mind and body, and he had a hand of iron.

For his misdeeds were his brothers thrashed, preferring to take those ills they knew of from the hands of the thrasher rather than endure the unimagined horrors Brother James would make ready for them should they venture to protest.

Thus it was that he came to be considered *par excellence* the good boy of the family, as he was certainly the clever one, and bore every sort of blushing honor thick upon him.

It was to an occurrence in his boyhood that Mr. Plowden owed his parent's determination to send him into the Church. His future career had always been a matter of much speculation to them, for they belonged to that class of people who love to arrange their infant's destinies when the infant's themselves are still in the cradle, and argue their fitness for certain lines of life from remarks which they make at three years old.

Now, James' mamma had a very favorite parrot with a red tail, and out of this tail it was James' delight to pull the feathers, having discovered that so doing gave the parrot a lively twinge of pain. The onus of the feather-pulling was then, if discovered, shouldered on to a chosen brother, who was promptly thrashed.

But on one occasion things went wrong with Master James. The parrot was climbing up the outside of his cage, presenting the remainder of his tail to the hand of the spoiler in a way that was irresistibly seductive, but, aware of the fact that his enemy was in the neighborhood, he kept a careful lookout from the corner of his eye and the moment that he saw James' stealthy hand draw near his tail made a sudden dart at it and actually succeeded in making his powerful beak meet through its forefinger. James shrieked with pain and fury, and shaking the bird on to the floor stunned it with a book. But he was not satisfied with this revenge, for, as soon as he saw that it could no longer bite, he seized it and twisted its neck.

"There, you devil!" he said, throwing the creature into the cage. "Hullo, something has burst in my forehead!"

"Oh, James, what have you done?" said his little brother Montague, well knowing that he had a lively personal interest in James' misdoings.

"Nonsense! What have you done? Now, remember, Montague, you killed the parrot."

Just then Mr. and Mrs. Plowden came in from a drive and a very lively scene ensued into which we need not enter. Suffice it to say that, all evidence to the contrary notwithstanding, James was acquitted on the ground of general good character and Montague, howling and protesting his innocence, was led off to execution. Justly fearful lest something further should transpire, James was hurriedly leaving the room when his mother called him back.

"Why, what is that on your forehead?"

"Don't know," answered James, "something went snap there just now."

"Well, I never! Just look at the boy, John. He has got a cross upon his forehead!"

Mr. Plowden's papa examined the phenomenon very carefully and then, solemnly removing his spectacles, remarked with much deliberation:

"Elizabeth, that settles the point."

"What point, John?"

"What point! Why, the point of the boy's profession. It is as you remark, a cross upon the forehead. Good! He shall go into the church. Now, I must decline to be argued with, Elizabeth. The matter is settled."

And so, in due course, James Plowden, Esq., went to Cambridge and became the Rev. James Plowden.

Shortly after the Rev. James had started in life as a curate he found it convenient—having first succeeded in beguiling his parents into settling on himself a portion just twice as large as that to which he was entitled—to cut off his connection with a family he considered vulgar and a drag upon his professional success. But, somehow, with all his gifts, and undoubtedly he was by nature well endowed, especially as regards his mind, that was remarkable for a species of hard cleverness and persuasive power, and with all the advantages he derived from being in receipt of an independent income, the Rev. James had not hitherto proved a conspicuous success. He had held several important curacies, and of late had acted as the locum tenens of several gentlemen, who, like Mr. Halford, had, through loss of health or other reasons, been called away from their livings for a length of time.

But from all these places the Rev. James had departed without regret, nor had there been any very universal lamentations over his going. The fact of the matter was, that the Rev. James was not a popular man. He had ability in plenty, money in plenty and would expend both without stint if he had an end to gain. He was more or less of a good companion, too, in the ordinary sense of the word; that is, he could make himself agreeable in a rough, exaggerated kind of way, to both men and women. Indeed, by the former he was often spoken of carelessly as a "good fellow;" but women, or rather ladies, following their finer instincts, disliked him intensely. He jarred upon them.

Of course, it is impossible to lay down any fixed rule about men, but there are two tokens by which they may be known. The first is by their friends; the second by the degree of friendship and affection to which they are admitted by women. The man to whom members of the other sex attach themselves is in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred a good fellow, and women's instinct tells them so, or they would not love him. It may be urged that women often love blackguards. To this the answer is, that there must be a good deal of good mixed up with the blackguardism. Show me the man whom two or three women of his own rank love with all their honest hearts, and I will trust all I have into his hands and not be a penny the poorer.

But women did not love the Rev. James Plowden, although he had for several years come to the conclusion that it was desirable that they should, or rather that one of them should. In plain language, he had for several years past thought that he would improve his position by getting married. He was a shrewd man, and he could not disguise from himself the fact that so far he was not altogether a success. He had tried his best, but, with all his considerable advantages, he had failed. There was only one avenue to success which he had not tried and that was marriage. Marriage with a woman of high caste, quick intellect and beauty might give him the tone that his social system so sadly needed. He was a man in a good position, he had money, he had intelligence of a robust if of a coarse order, he had fairly good looks and he was only thirty-five; why should he not marry blood, brains and beauty and shine with a reflected splendor?

Such were the thoughts which were simmering in the astute brain of the Rev. James Plowden when he first set eyes upon Eva Ceswick in the old church at Kesterwick.

Within a week or so of his arrival, Mr. Plowden, in his character of spiritual adviser to the motley Kesterwick flock, paid a ceremonious call on the Misses Ceswick. They were all at home.

Miss Ceswick and Florence welcomed him graciously; Eva politely, but with an air which said plainly that he interested her not at all. Yet it was to Eva that he chiefly directed himself. He took this opportunity to inform them all, especially Eva, that he felt the responsibilities of his position as locum tenens to weigh heavily upon him. He appealed to them all, especially Eva, to help him to bear his load. He was going to institute a new system of district visiting. Would they all, especially Eva, assist him? If they would, the good work was already half done. There was so much work for young ladies to do. He could assure them, from his personal experience, that one visit from a young lady, however useless she might be in a general way, which his instinct assured him these young ladies before him were not, had more influence with a distressed and Godless family than six from well-meaning but unsympathetic clergymen like himself. Might he rely on their help?

"I am afraid that I am too old for that sort of thing, Mr. Plowden," answered Miss Ceswick. "You must see what you can do with my nieces."

"I am sure that I shall be delighted to help," said Florence, "if Eva will bear me company. I always feel a shyness about intruding myself into cottages unsupported."

"Your shyness is not surprising, Miss Ceswick. I suffered from it for many years, but at last I have, I am thankful to say, got the better of it. But I am sure that we shall not appeal to your sister in vain."

"I shall be glad to help if you think that I can do any good," put in Eva, thus directly appealed to, "but I must tell you I have no great faith in myself."

In due course a district was assigned to the two Misses Ceswick, and for her part Eva was glad of the occupation. It brought her a good deal into contact with Mr. Plowden, which was not altogether pleasant to her, for she cherished a vague dislike of the clergyman and did not admire his shifty eyes. But, as she got to know him better, she could find nothing to justify her dislike. He was not, it is true, quite a gentleman, but that was his misfortune. His manner to herself was subdued and almost deferential. He never obtruded himself upon her society, though somehow he was in it almost daily. Indeed, he even succeeded in raising her to some enthusiasm about her work, a quality in which poor Eva had of late been sadly lacking. She thought him a very good clergyman with his heart in his duty. But she disliked him all the same.

Eva never answered Ernest's letter. Once she began an answer, but bethought her of Florence's sage advice and changed her mind. "He will write again," she said to herself. She did not know Ernest. His was not a nature to humble himself before a woman. Could she have seen her lover hanging about the steps of the Maritzburg post-office when the English mail was being delivered, in order to go back to the window when the people had dispersed and ask the tired clerk if he was "sure" that there were no more letters for Ernest Beyton and get severely snubbed for his pains, perhaps her heart would have relented. And yet it was a performance which poor Ernest went through once a week out there in Natal.

One mail-day Mr. Alston went with him.

"Well, Ernest, has it come?" he asked as he came down the steps, a letter from Dorothy in his hand.

"No, Alston, and never will. She has thrown me over."

Mr. Alston took his arm and walked away with him across the market square.

"Look here, my lad," he said, "the woman who deserts a man in trouble, or as soon as his back is turned, is worthless. It is a sharp lesson to learn, but, as most men have cause to know, the world is full of sharp lessons and worthless women. You know that she got your letter?"

"Yes, she told my friend so."

"Then I tell you that your Eva, or whatever her name is, is more worthless than most of them. She has been tried and found wanting. Look," he went on, pointing to a shapely Kaffir girl passing with a pot of native beer upon her head, "you had better take that Intombi to wife than such a woman as this Eva. She, at any rate, would stand by you in trouble, and if you fell would stop to be killed over your dead body. Come, be a man, and have done with her."

"Ay, by Heaven, I will!" answered Ernest.

"That's right and now, look here. The waggons will be at Lydenburg in a week. Let us take the post-cart to-morrow and go up. Then we can have a month's wilderbeeste and koodoo shooting until it is safe to go into the fever country. Once you get among the big game, you won't think any more about that woman. Women are all very well in their way, but if it comes to choosing between them and big game shooting, give me the big game."

CHAPTER XX.

JEREMY'S IDEA OF A SHAKING.

Two months or so after Ernest's flight there came a letter from him to Mr. Cardus in answer to the one sent by his uncle. He thanked his uncle warmly for his kindness, and more especially for not joining in the hue and cry against him. As regards money, he hoped to make a living for himself, but if he wanted any he would draw. The letter, which was short, ended thus:

Thank Doll and Jeremy for their letters. I wou'd anewer them, but I am too much down on my luck to write much; writing stirs up so many painful memories and makes me think of all the dear folks at home more than is good for me. The fact is, my dear uncle, what between one thing and another, I never was so miserable in my life, and as for loneliness, I never knew what it meant before. Sometimes I wish that my cousin had hit me instead of my hitting him, and that I was dead and buried, clean out of the way. Alston, who was my second in that unhappy affair, and with whom I am going up-country shooting, has been most kind to me and has introduced me to a good many people here. They are very hospitable; everybody is hospitable in a colony; but, somehow, a hundred new faces cannot make up for one old one; and I should think old Atterleigh a cheerful companion beside the best of them. What is more, I feel myself an impostor, intruding myse[illegible] on them under an assumed name. Good-b[illegible] my dear uncle. It would be difficult for [illegible] explain how grateful I am for your goo[illegible]ne. Love to dear Doll and Jeremy. Ever your affectionate nephew,

E. K.

All the party at Dum's Nesa were much touched by this letter, more especially Dorothy, who could not bear to think of Ernest all alone out there in that strange, far-off land. Her tender little heart grew all alive with love and sorrow as she lay awake at night and thought of him travelling over the great African plains. She got all the books that were to be had about South Africa and read them, so that she might be the better able to follow his life in her thoughts. One day when Florence came to see her she read her part of Ernest's letter, and when she had finished was astonished to see a tear in her visitor's keen eyes. She liked Florence the better for that tear. Could she have seen the conflict that was raging in the fierce heart of the woman before her, she would have started from her as though she had been a poisonous snake. The letter touched Florence—touched her to the quick. The tale of Ernest's loneliness almost overcame her resolution, for she alone knew why he was so utterly lonely and what it was that crushed him. Had Ernest alone been concerned, it is probable that she would then and there have thrown up her cruel game; but he was not alone concerned. There was her sister who had robbed her of her lover—her sister whose loveliness was a standing affront to her as her sweetness was a standing reproach. She was sorry for Ernest and would have been glad to make him happier, but as that could only be done by foregoing her revenge upon her sister, Ernest must continue to suffer. And, after all, why should he not suffer? she argued. Did not she suffer?

(To be Continued.)

Popular Science and Art.

There are 8,000 miles of overhead wires in London.

A genius for statistics has figured out that 1,000,000 dollar bills weighs 2,841 pounds.

Dr. G. C. Simmons recommends the use of spectacles with plates of mica for cooks and others who suffer with conjunctivis through exposure to heat.

A repeating-rifle, invented by a French officer, can be loaded with its seven cartridges in ten seconds and completely discharged in four, and it does not require to be removed from the shoulder until the machine is exhausted.

The applications of electricity become more varied every day. Air-pressure, heat, steam-pressure and water stages at distant points are now recorded by its use, and now a California electrician has invented a process whereby gold, silver and copper can be instantly smelted by a lightning stroke.

According to Professor J. Norman Lockyer, the English astronomer, the total number of stars of which some knowledge can be gained with the optical aid now available is from 40,000,000 to 50,000,000. Only about 6,000 are visible to the naked eye—3,000 in the northern hemisphere and 3,000 in the southern.

Mr. Kissop Holter, of Glasgow, says the Scotch head is larger than the English. York has the largest English range, Cambridge next, then Oxford; the Professors of the Scotch universities average 7 1-6; Joseph Hume took 8½; Chalmers, 7¾. Other heads of interest are: Mr. Gladstone, 7⅜; Lord John Russell, 7¼; John Bright, 7⅛; Lord Selborne, 7⅛; the Prince of Wales and Lord Beaconsfield, each 7.

A new use for the tobacco plant is said to have been discovered. Its stems and waste, it is claimed, are equal to linen rags in the manufacture of paper. Tobacco waste costs less than $10 a ton, linen rags $70 to $80. There is no expense in assorting the former and very little shrinkage, as against the loss of one-third of rags. The yearly tobacco waste is estimated by the census reports at from 3,000,000 to 4,000,000 pounds.

Professor Chon, of Breslau, the eminent oculist, has recently touched upon the influence of electric lighting on the eyesight. He remarks that as diffused daylight is best for the eye, our artificial lighting should aim at a similar diffusion. Artificial light should not dazzle nor flicker, and it should be abundant without heating the eye. Glow lamps should never be looked at unless blurred by ground-glass shades, because of the intense concentration of light on the line of the filament. The electric light was, according to Professor Chon, greatly to be preferred to any other for reading or writing by, if it be steady and abundant.

It is not generally known, perhaps, that the cork tree is really a peculiar kind of oak, the cork being the soft cellular bark lying just inside the exterior woody covering. It is removed by making several longitudinal clefts up and down the trunk, and then girdling the latter with horizontal incisions. This operation is not performed, however, until the tree has attained a certain age, generally fifteen years, and the first crop is employed only for inferior purposes. Seven years afterward the tree will have another coating of bark, which is stripped and used for making corks, and so on, every five or seven years, according to the quality of the ground. Between the cork and the tree there is another bark that is used for tanning, but this is only removed when the tree is cut down. It is a curious fact, too, that if any portion of this inner bark be destroyed further formation of the cork on the injured spot ceases.

To Marry Again.

The statement that the Duchess of Albany contemplates marrying again is probably correct. Why should she not marry again? She has not by any means reached the prime of womanhood. Even the Queen, who is opposed to second marriages under ordinary circumstances, must recognize the fact that the young widow of Prince Leopold is not bound by any consideration to remain in her present condition. The future husband of the Duchess is Prince Fanir de Barriere, the owner of large estates in the South of Russia, and it is said that he knew and fell in love with the Princess of Waldeck-Prymont long before the Duke of Albany appeared at Waldeck. The Prince has considerable influence at the Russian Court, but the engagement, if it takes place, will not have the slightest political significance.

Three Things Girls Can't Learn.

Coming down School street in the rain one day last week a wise, self-respecting looking gentleman of middle age, carrying a serious serge umbrella, met a hurrying high school girl with a small assertive silk umbrella in her hand. According to all ordinary rules of umbrella carrying it looked as though there would be a collision when the two umbrellas pointed at opposing angles to each other should try to pass. But the gentleman saw she girl just in time, and, with a superior air of experience, lifted his umbrella high up in the air. That would have saved things, but the girl had evidently been trained in the very unusual feminine accomplishment of umbrella dodging, and she shot her shade upward at the same critical instant. The collision came, the umbrellas betangled themselves, the girl blushed and stammered and begged pardon; and the gentleman said, as he straightened out the frame of her umbrella and politely returned it to her: Girls should not try to learn Greek or to sharpen lead pencils or to carry umbrellas. It can't be done."—*Boston Record.*

Gov. Pierce, of Dakota, has resigned and will become editor of the St. Paul *Pioneer Press.*