WHEN THE POPS GET IN.

There'll be Pullmans for 'Wealers all
ready at hand,
As soon as the pops get in;
And in these in the future they'll
march o'er the land,
As soon as the pops get in.
Fat jobs for the jobless will surely
abound,
And offices, too, enough to go around,
While the air with pop peans will
loudly resound,
As soon as the pops get in.

There'll be just enough wind to turn
everyone's mill,
As soon as the pops get in;
And rain can be called from the
heavens at will,
As soon as the pops get in;
There'll be no more droughts and
premature frost
To cut off the harvest and make a
great loss,
But instead milk and honey will flow
without cost,
As soon as the pops get in.

—Philadelphia Press.

Tricks in Every Trade.

"It's a jolly old place," said Squire Silex, nodding at the fire, as though the fire was personally interested in the matter. "A fine ancestral mansion, as they say in the novels. Been in the family a hundred years and shall be a hundred more, if I have anything to say about it! And, Bertie, I'd advise you as a friend, to think seriously over my proposition; it's a chance you won't come across every day."

Herbert Silex felt his moustache perplexedly.

"But, uncle," he began, "the idea of having one's fancies and partialities put in harness, as it were—"

"Bother," undiplomatically interrupted his granduncle. "Who wants to do anything of the sort?"

"You, I should suppose."

"That's just where your suppositions are at fault. All I ask of you is to come down to the Cedars and see the girls—your second cousins, you know, and all that—the most natural thing in the world. Of course they can't help being curious to see you, after your long absence in Europe; and if you like either of 'em, and she chances to retain the feeling, why, you shall be my heir."

"And if not—"

"Then," said Squire Silex, with a curious contradiction of the upper lip, "you'll have to do as many a better one has done before you—work your own way in the world."

Herbert was silent.

"At all events," went on his granduncle, "you can come down and see me and your cousins. Call it next week, on Saturday—fine weather, seasonable, and plenty of it. No place like the Cedars."

So Herbert Silex promised, and the squire went exultantly home to tell his widowed sister of the plans he had laid.

"Oh, Jared," said Mrs. Playfair, "you've made a mistake."

"Made a mistake!" echoed the squire. "How? I don't understand you, Matty."

"If you wanted him to fall in love with one of the girls, you never should have breathed a word of it; not a single word."

"But why not?"

"Because of course he'll set himself to work to imagine all sorts of obstacles and hindrances. The very fact that you want him to marry his cousin will be the very best of reasons why he shouldn't. It's human nature. Ten to one he'll take a dislike to his cousins on the first meeting, and all because you were too eager to carry your point."

"He can do as he likes," sputtered her brother.

"Of course he can, and probably will."

"But what would you have done?"

"Why, I should just have asked him down for a pleasant little visit, and left the girls' eyes to do the rest."

"Then why didn't you say so!"

"Why didn't you ask me?"

"I wish I had—but it's too late now."

"That doesn't follow by any means."

And Mrs. Playfair, in a mysterious series of whispers, told her brother what she meant.

It was a glorious winter twilight, when Herbert Silex reached the Cedars—the sky belted with orange, the moon just steering her silver crescent into view above the western woods, while evergreens, veiled in whiteness, kept guard around the old mansion. It seemed scarcely an instant from the time the old knocker sounded a summons before he was in the old hall, his uncle shaking his hand, and four of the prettiest girls he had ever seen gathered around the fire.

"Are all these my cousins?" said Herbert, internally congratulating himself upon his new relatives.

"No such good luck, my boy! said Uncle Silex, chuckling. "Amy and Clara come here and kiss your cousin. Nonsense, nonsense; no shyness here! We're all one family, remember. These yellow-haired lassies are their visitors, Lizzie and Lucy Saxon."

And so Herbert became acquainted all around.

Miss Amy Silex was a tall, graceful girl, with great dreamy eyes and a tremendous aptitude for poetical quotations. Clara was a brunette, altogether on a smaller pattern, who laughed and danced about as if the world were all an amusing joke. Lizzie Saxon was a light-haired beauty, with cherry cheeks and the most bewitching of smiles; while Lucy—well, Mr. Herbert Silex came to the conclusion that Lucy wasn't pretty at all. Too pale, too slight, too shy.

"My cousin Clara is certainly the prettiest [illegible] in right such 'Heighho! it's a pity a fellow can't marry'm all. I'll do my best to fall in love with Clara."

But love and laughter do not always harmonize. Pretty Clara was the most charming of companions for half an hour, but when Herbert came to consider it as a life question, it was quite another thing. And Amy was a little tiresome with her poetry and her reveries. Lizzie Saxton was well enough, but Lizzie seemed to be one of those young ladies who are made to look at only. And as for Lucy—

"Tell me, Lucy, what's the reason you won't go with us tomorrow?"

Bertie Silex had fairly caught the little shy damsel on the broad stairs, where the bars of moonlight from the Gothic window made the floor look as if it were inlaid with pearl.

"I would rather not, Herbert."

"But why? You are fond of skating?"

"I like it sometimes," she answered, hanging down her head like a lily of the valley.

"Promise me that you will go."

But Lucy only shook her head.

"Lucy, have I said or done anything to offend you?"

"You! Oh, Herbert, no."

"Then why are you so cold and shy with me?"

"Am I?"

"You know that you are."

"I didn't mean it," she hesitated; "but—"

"Well, what is the 'but?' Come, Lucy, you shall not escape me now. I will penetrate into the mystery of all this avoidance—this apparent coldness toward me."

"I don't want to interfere with your uncle's plans," said Lucy.

"His plans! I don't understand you."

"He wants to keep the Silex property in the family," went on Lucy; "he—he wants you to like one of the girls—"

"Lucy, if there wasn't another woman on the surface of the globe I would not marry either Clara or Amy."

"But why not? They are beautiful."

"Granted; but you see I don't happen to fancy them."

"But you could if you were to try."

"I don't believe I could. Love cannot be guided or controlled; it goes whithersoever it is sent. At all events, I don't mean to try."

"But your uncle?"

"I am very much obliged to him for his kindness, as a matter of course; but I can't sell myself, even for the Cedars and his wealth."

Lucy was silent.

"Moreover," went on Herbert, "there's another reason, more cogent than all the rest, why I do not fancy either one of my undeniably charming cousins."

"And what is that?"

"Because I love someone else."

She lifted her blue eyes to his.

"Whom?" she ventured to ask.

"Yourself, Lucy."

"Oh, Herbert!"

"It is the truth, nothing but the truth. Did you think I was made of cast-iron, or granite, to live a whole month in the same house with you and not lose my heart? Do you think you can learn to love me well enough to become my wife? We shall be poor at first, but I can work valiantly for us both, and I shall not be afraid of anything the future has in store for us, if I can have you."

That was Herbert Silex's wooing; and Lucy answered:

"If—if your uncle consents."

"Will you come to him with me now?"

"Yes."

So they went to Uncle Silex, arm in arm.

"Hey! what's this?" cried the old gentleman.

"Only that I love Lucy Saxon, and want to marry her," said Herbert, bravely.

"What! and lose the Cedars?"

"Lucy is worth a thousand Cedars."

Aunt Matty wiped her spectacle glasses.

"Didn't I tell you how it would be, Jared?" she whispered, beaming all over.

"So you haven't told him?" exclaimed the squire.

Lucy shook her head, blushing and smiling.

"It was your secret, not mine."

"Bert," said the squire gravely, "look here. Suppose I was to tell you that if you took Lucy you would have to take the Cedars too!"

"I don't exactly understand you, sir."

"Well, here it is. The girls have changed names and identities, for 'this occasion only,' as the teatre bills say, Lizzie and Lucy are my veritable granddaughters. Clara and Amy are the true owners of the name of Saxon. And you've fallen in love with your cousin, after all, just as I wanted you to do!"

And Squire Silex laughed heartily, although there were tears in his eyes. And Lucy's blue orbs, turned to her cousin, appealed mutely for the pardon that was already awarded.

"I couldn't help it," she said softly.

"Nor would I wish it otherwise," answered Herbert tenderly, "so long as I have you!"

And Aunt Matty's little ruse de guerre had succeeded.—New York News.

CAN'T RESIST GREEN GOODS.

The Easiest "Guys" Those that Know the Game and Try to Beat It.

John W. Goff asked one of the gang of green-goods swindlers, who have fallen into his confidence recently, whether it was possible, after all that had been printed in the newspapers, there were any considerable number of men still ready to believe the story of "the stolen treasury plates" and the counterfeit money that will defy detection.

"There used to be those kind of fellows, Mr. Goff," replied the green-goods man, "but I haven't had anything to do with one of them, not for a long time now. For several years we have been doing business with a lot of men who consider themselves 'dead fly mugs,' but they are 'guys' all the same. They have read how the trick is turned. They know that we use a genuine bank roll at one stage of the proceedings, and that the box with the real stuff is before them. They study the thing out to their own satisfaction and come down here prepared, so they think, if they once get their hands on our money, not to let go without a fight.

"It has been found necessary in late years to add another man to the crew of the 'turning joint,' whose sole business it is to prevent these smart guys from drawing their guns. They go up against the game with their eyes wide open. They know that a shift of boxes is to be attempted and they are going to beat it. It is just the same thing as old, experienced gamblers going up against 'three-card monte' or the 'shell game.' Either of those sure things is as good a money maker today as ever, just because there are always people who think that they know your business better than you do.

"The best guys that have come to New York recently have been hanky-panky gamblers from the West, who were going to beat the shift of the boxes. And have they beat it? Not yet, Mr. Goff. No, they as a rule believe that they have beat the shift, and are in no hurry to open the box, for fear that we will be after them. They are really better meat than the cool old-fashioned guy, who, after [illegible] to his relatives that a relative in New York has died and left him a large sum of money, comes down here and pays $650 for a brick wrapped up in brown paper."—New York Herald.

MAN'S SHORT-COMINGS.

Infidelity and Intemperance His Least Forgivable Faults.

"What shortcoming in man is most distasteful to a woman?" asks a writer in Woman who professes to take testimony from British wives and daughters as to their preferences. The result is that the majority questioned hadn't objections to the wickedness of man as set forth in "The Heavenly Twins;" in fact, only fourteen looked upon inconstancy as a fatal flaw in masculine character. Some of the replies to the query are too flippant to deserve notice. Shyness, a lack of humor and the like are mentioned, all of which goes to prove that the English and American woman hold widely different views on this matter.

When, a twelvemonth ago, a question of somewhat similar nature came up, and about it for a whole afternoon discussion raged in a woman's club, "Unfaithfulness" was set down as the most unforgivable weakness. Intemperance was set next to it. Then a woman arose to ask, apropos of a remarkable incident of wifely devotion then recently and publicly exemplified, whether a woman loved her husband less or more for his having defrauded or even murdered his fellowman. The verdict was quickly returned that for such crimes a true wife would not only not love her husband less, but if he had always been a faithful and affectionate consort she certainly would love and comfort him more and remain truer in her affection, for the very reason of his errors and the punishment he might endure.

MILLIONAIRE PAPER TEARERS.

Visitors to the New York Stock Exchange frequently comment on the fact that the floor of the large board room is thickly strewn with tiny pieces of paper. Each broker carries a small memorandum pad, and as he becomes excited he tears off a page and proceeds to convert it into the largest number of infinitessimal pieces of which his fingers are capable. Some uncommonly nervous brokers will destroy two or three pads a day in this manner. Henry Clews is a tireless paper tearer. When he is talking business in his office his hands are restlessly reducing paper to snowflakes, which he throws into the air and watches with apparent interest as they scatter over the floor and the furniture. He probably tears up more paper, and tears it finer, than any other man on Wall street. Jay Gould was also somewhat addicted to the habit of paper tearing, although like his friend Russell Sage, he folded it and twisted it and played with it for quite a while before destroying it. John H. Inman tears up a great deal of paper while talking. General Samuel Thomas not only tears it up, but frequently puts it in his mouth and chews it in an absent-minded way. J. Pierpont Morgan will carefully make ribbons out of a sheet of note paper while meditating upon some financial problem. John D. Rockefeller, when interested in conversation, will make figures, letters and fantastic characters on his pad. When he fills a page with characters he will tear it off, crumple it up and throw it away and then begin on another page.

COMING FASHIONS.

English corduroys and Bedford cords are still very popular fabrics.

Jet garnitures are used in profusion both in dress and millinery. They are conspicuous this season on all sorts of wraps and gowns.

Some of the cadet and swallow-blue costumes for young girls are made up in Russian style with girdle and cape-collars edged with mink or beaver fur.

Braiding in intricate designs is used upon natty coats for youthful wearers, made of Russian green, marine blue, auburn brown and pale tan cloths severally.

Besides being used for entire gowns or parts of the costume, the new perforated cloths are employed for trimming the bodice and bordering the skirt-hem or overskirt.

Beef-eater crowns are again fashionable with either flat or rolled brims, and, like the long-popular English walking-hats, are trimmed with a simplicity which should characterize all hats intended for utility purposes.

There is a great display of flowered and satin-striped moires designed for winter gowns. These fabrics are far more pliable than the old-style moires, for they are lighter in texture, and the usual heavy stiff filling is now omitted in the weaving.

Black velvet will be much worn this winter for capes and coats. Black velvet is capable of most artistic treatment and effects, and now that silk velvet is overshadowed by the production of fine cotton velvets that have the appearance of Lyons qualities, there will probably be an eruption of black velvet toilets.

The closely-woven but medium weight woods are the very best fabrics to select for utility gowns for the autumn and winter. The greens, browns and grays present a wide range of shades this season. The lightest and deepest tones with intermediate shades are alike popular, but the new blues are mostly of the deepest dye—some with a touch of plum color, others leaning towards peacock dyes, and again there is the pure marine shade, which is of all blues the most enduring.

USED FOR OLD STREET CARS.

People Who Wonder How They Once Lived without One.

Scores of articles have been written telling what becomes of faithful, worn-out street car horses, but never yet has a newspaper stated where the old street cars go to. Ask Brighton people. The back yards out there are full of them, and every day their number is increasing. Strangers cannot understand how so many of the cars have got off the track. It seems to them as if there must have been a tidal wave which washed all the Cambridge cars into the next town. There the "Cambridge railroad" is stranded, its coaches cast high and dry against side hills and into hollows.

What was to be done with the old cars? the street railroad companies asked themselves. It would cost more to split them up than they would fetch for kindling. But Cambridge has a bright man named Sturtevant. While the West End was wondering if it would not be the cheapest way to take the cars out by the shipload and dump them into some place where they would not interfere with navigation, he stepped in and bid for thirty-six of them. He got thirty-six. Then he adroitly put one in the back yard of a friend in Brighton and told the children they might use it for a playhouse. The children were "tickled about to death." They sat up nights to use the car, and never did the advance coach of Barnum's circus or Sarah Bernhardt's car attract more attention. The little folks came for miles and peered through the pickets of the fence. Then they went home and teased for a street car, and kept right on teasing. That first car was like the first boy's bicycle in an out-of-the-way town; it created a demand. In a few days Mr. Sturtevant began to make sales. It got so at last that when people ordered them Mr. Sturtevant would ask, unconsciously, "How many?" as if he were selling eggs.

People with a large number of children found that they must have several; and now one can tell about how many young ones a Brighton man has by counting the cars in his yard and allowing three children to each car. Mothers found they could put their small children inside, and shutting the door, leave them with a feeling of security. It was the cheapest way, too, in many cases to provide shade. The cars could be secured for $5 apiece, while not much stock was to be bought from the nurseries for that money. Then, also, it was necessary to wait for trees to grow, and by the car method a whole nursery was forthcoming So the cars were secured, dragged by horses into back yards, and the trucks removed from under them. Then the brakes were taken off, and now there they lie like dismantled ships, and like a ship something of sentiment clusters. At first they were thought of only as play houses. One purchaser concluded to turn his into a hen house. Another is a contractor, and pays his men every Saturday night from the old car. Another, a Kendrick street man, has fixed up his as a carpenter shop for his boy. One woman in Cambridge wanted to buy ten cars, and, wheeling them down to the seashore, convert them into cottages and bath houses, shifting their position with the tide. She thought that two or more could be joined together, one to be used for a sleeping car. But the owners of the beach would not sell her land for this purpose.

The contractor before mentioned is building a basement under one of his cars and is painting it. He talks of putting a railing around the top and buying a few flowers, so that he can have a roof garden. More than one car has been preempted for nocturnal "lunch" purposes. The cats find them a glorious place to snooze, while the wind plays gently with the quaint old dimity curtains. One boy has converted half his car into a dove house. The barbers and Chinese laundrymen are now after cars, but the supply is running short. If they cannot get any they say they may buy watering carts and put windows in them. One of the playhouses is used during the evenings as a club house by children of a larger growth. The lamps are handy, and when a light is necessary the blinds are pulled up to shut off the sight of card playing. One mother has rigged up a cord running from the house to the bell in the car, and can tell her offspring without moving. Several mothers have taken the straps out of the cars, and are using them to excellent advantage. Some of the cars have colored glass, Gothic-shaped windows, and it is rumored that the Salvation Army wants one for a chapel.—Boston Transcript.

THE SANTIAM MINES.

Steps Being Taken for Their Immediate Development.

The following from the Oregonian means a great deal for Salem and the Santiam mines:

It is announced that foreign capital has been enlisted in the development of large mining interests in the Quartzville district, Linn county, comprising, in addition to a group of eight gold-bearing quartz mines, a large field of placer ground, embracing 400 acres, that for years past has been worked with more or less success. Mr. William B. Lawler, of Salt Lake City, well known as a mining operator, is at the head of the enterprise, and has spent a good deal of his time perfecting his plans and securing title to the property. Associated with him is Mr. Horace Hotchkiss, a capitalist of New York City; the French banking house of Sourdis Brothers, of Paris; J. F. Medina, of the Nicaragua bank, Paris and London, and at one time representing the government of Nicaragua at the French capital, and Baron Almeda, also living in Paris.

The preliminary steps to secure the property were made last May, when Captain "Hank" Smith, of Comstock fame, visited the mines for the purpose of making a report thereon, and ascertaining the real value of the property. He was accompanied by Mr. Jesse Fox, a mining engineer, and Mr. Lawler, and after an exhaustive examination, a favorable report was reached. With this Mr. Lawler visited London and Paris, and laid the result before his associates.

Not content with the elaborate report of Captain Smith on the property as a mining proposition, and with the caution of careful investors, the Sourdis Brothers sought to verify the statement made, and secured the services of Mr. Alfred Rickard, a mining expert of prominence living in Colorado, who also visited the mines for the purpose of making an independent report. Mr. Rickard completed his work recently, and the report he has made fully corroborates that furnished by Captain Smith regarding the operation of the property as a safe mining proposition.

Thus assured, the syndicate is now prepared to operate the property in a legitimate manner and thoroughly test its merits during the life of the bond secured. All the money necessary to conduct the work on a comprehensive plan will be furnished, and, within a month, a force of men will be employed to do the necessary preliminary work for the commencement of more extended operations next spring.

The Quartzville mining district, of Linn county, has been known to miners for the past thirty years, particularly that portion designated as district No. 3, where the White and Red Bull claims are located. The White Bull company was incorporated years ago with $250,000 capital. At one time the stock sold above par, and a dividend of $50,000 was declared. Poor management and ignorance of methods in conducting mining in a scientific way wrought ruin to the property, until at last it remained unworked and the extensive openings, not protected, caved in. The adjoining mine, known as the Red Bull, presents an extraordinary amount of pay ore, and, since the result of the expert examination, the work of taking out ore has been continued.

The people of Linn county will be largely benefited by the introduction of new capital by men fully able to develop this most important source of mineral wealth. Mr. Lawler leaves this evening for Salt Lake City, on a brief visit, expecting to return within two weeks and go to the mines for the purpose of personally supervising development work.

FEEDING WHEAT TO HOGS.

Editor Rural World: I am feeding 150 hogs for market. Will it pay to buy wheat for feed at 50 cents per bushel, when I can get corn at 40 cents? My hogs will now weigh about 150 pound average.

Will you please ask some of your patrons to tell me through your paper how to make a good trough for feeding wheat? I have mine made in V shape, but the hogs put their feet in and waste considerable. I also notice they pass considerable wheat without digesting; is there any remedy for this? I soak my wheat from 24 to 30 hours. If you or some of your readers can give me the desired information through your paper, I will be very thankful; our family generally feed about 2,000 hogs and from 1,200 to 1,500 cattle every year, and I am anxious to know how to save and utilize all the waste feed and also avoid any waste in future. —B. H. Hammett, Randolph county, Mo., Oct. 13th.

REPLY.—Continued inquiries among those who have fed wheat to hogs last year, have elicited the following:

First: Whole wheat, either dry or soaked, does not give the best results.

Second: Cooked, steamed or ground wheat brings excellent returns; ground, the best results. The feeding of ground wheat soaked a short time has shown a feeding value of from 75 cents to $1.25 per bushel, according to the selling price of hogs.

Third: V-shaped troughs should have strips nailed across and the ground feed should be wet sufficiently to make a thick slop. Observation will determine the consistency. Several articles have appeared recently in these columns, upon this subject and the same will have still further attention in the next few weeks.

Fourth: The ground wheat should not be soaked long enough to become sour. In all cases it should be fed sweet.

FOREIGN FANCIES.

Tiny jeweled side combs are the fashionable girl's latest fad. Some awfully pretty French conceits are being shown in pearls and brilliants.

Magenta umbrellas are new. Their brightness commends them for gloomy, stormy days.

Oriental designs on colored satins are made up in blouses.

THE STAR OF OREGON

Pioneer Sailing Vessel of Oregon.

She Was Built Fifty-five Years Ago.

Was Only About Forty-Eight Feet Long, but Was a Trim Little Craft.

Nearly fifty-five years ago the pioneer sailing vessel of Oregon was constructed. That was long before Portland was thought of, and, at that remote day, the entire site of Portland was covered with giant sons of the forest and tangled, impenetrable thickets.

Swan island was the spot selected for laying the keel of the pioneer vessel, and the name chosen was the significant and appropriate one of "Star of Oregon." A number of giant oaks stood at the lower end of the island, just opposite the high, abrupt bluff where the river makes a sudden turn to the west, and it was under their wide-spreading branches that the venturesome little craft was built, and took its initial plunge into the Willamette.

Work on the Star of Oregon was commenced early in 1840, and on the 19th of May, 1841, she was launched successfully. The vessel was taken to Oregon City, where she was finished and equipped for a sea voyage. The company owning the craft was composed of John Canan, Ralph Kilbourn, Pleasant Armstrong, George Davis and Jacob Green. The work was done principally by Felix Hathaway, Ralph Kilbourn and Captain Joseph Gale. From all accounts there was very strong opposition from members of the Hudson Bay company, many of whom were then stationed at Vancouver, and as a natural result of the jealousy and rivalry, many obstacles were thrown in the way. Thus the work progressed slowly and under discouraging circumstances.

Finally Hathaway became disheartened and abandoned the work before the vessel was more than half completed. The piece of timber which was used for the keel was cut from a tree on Sauvie's island. In those days the island went by the name of Wapato. This stick of timber was found, on measurement, to be forty-eight feet and eight inches in length, and so it was resolved to make the new vessel that long. The tree was cut and roughly hewed, and transported to Swan island. After Hathaway threw up the job, Gale and Kilbourn went on and completed it. It was not until the summer of 1842 that the Star of Oregon was placed in readiness for her voyage. Soon after the vessel was completed, Captain Gale determined to take her down to where San Francisco now stands. It was then known as Yerba Buena (good herb), and consisted of a few rude adobe huts scattered about on the wild sand hills which overlooked the waters of the bay. A voyage in those pioneer days from where Portland now stands down to Yerba Buena, especially in so small and rudely constructed a craft, was considered a great undertaking, and fraught with many perils. So thought Captain Gale. All preparations were completed, and the little craft started on her passage not without many fears and misgivings. On the 12th of September, 1842, the Star of Oregon left Baker's bay and crossed the bay outward

Captain Gale, who was in command of the vessel, in a long letter written some years ago to the late Colonel J. W. Nesmith, gives a detailed and very interesting history of how the vessel was built, and an account of the voyage from the mouth of the Columbia down the coast to Yerba Buena. In his letter he makes very complimentary reference to Commodore Charles Wilkes, of the United States navy, who made a trip up the river during the time the Star was being built on Swan island. He mentions various acts of courtesy on the part of the old commodore. Among other things the commodore presented Captain Gale with a handsome flag, which the Star of Oregon proudly unfurled at her mast head when she set sail. Commodore Wilkes had command of the United States warship Peacock, which went ashore at the mouth of the Columbia and was lost in 1841. After the loss of the vessel, Wilkes and others came up the river to pay a visit to Rev. J. L. Parrish and Governor Abernethy, who then lived up the Willamette valley near the present site of Salem. In that way Captain Gale came to meet the commodore.

The crew of the Star of Oregon consisted of John Canan, Pleasant Armstrong, Ralph Kilbourn, Jacob Green, Charles Pfeffenhauser, and a little Indian boy about 10 years of age.

Captain Gale in his account makes reference to the late Captain John H. Couch, who came to Oregon in the brig Chenamus. While the Star of Oregon was lying near the mouth of the Columbia, Captain Couch came down in the brig on his way to the Sandwich islands. Both vessels came to anchor in Baker's bay, and Captain Gale accepted a cordial invitation from Captain Couch to come over to his vessel and take tea. The following day both vessels crossed the Columbia bar and bore away. Captain Gale's account of the voyage is very amusing in many respects. There were many difficulties encountered, such as fogs, head winds, sea-sickness, etc. At length, after many perils, Yerba Buena was reached in safety on the morning of September 17, 1842. Concluding the account of the voyage, Captain Gale says:

"The fog began to open, and we made sail and ran down with a light breeze until about 4 o'clock; the fog commenced giving way, and in a few minutes we looked up and saw the high lands immediately southeast of us, and in half an hour after the entrance of the port of San Francisco was opened to us. The breeze now freshened to a whole-sail breeze; we hauled in to the eastward and dashed through its portals like an arrow, and just as the sun went down we dropped anchor abreast of the old Presidio.

"It was pleasing to me to see what a difference there was in the aspect of my companions. The gloom of the voyage had now given way to pleasure, and they were happy. As for myself, Columbus himself could not have felt happier when first he solved the great problem than I did at this time."

Soon after reaching San Francisco, Captain Gale disposed of the vessel to Jose Y. Lamonture, a Frenchman, for 350 cows. These cows were driven from California to the Willamette valley in the spring of 1843. The whole country was then an unbroken wilderness, filled with wild animals and Indians. Seventy-five days were required to make the toilsome journey. Captain Gale reached the valley with but comparatively little loss.

Captain Tom Mountain, who is a "way-backer" when the question of a pioneer is considered, enjoys the honor of having seen the Star of Oregon before she was launched. Captain Mountain was on the sloop Peacock when she was wrecked, and accompanied Commodore Wilkes on his trip up the river. He was a mere stripling then, but vividly remembers the incident. About a year ago Captain Mountain constructed a miniature fac simile of the Star of Oregon, which was a very excellent and handsome specimen of marine workmanship. The model was about two feet long, and a perfect reproduction of the original craft in every point of detail. After it was completed, the model was photographed. The model was so handsome that Captain Mountain was requested to have it mounted and to send it back to the head office of the Union Pacific at Omaha. This was done, and the model of the pioneer sailing vessel of Oregon occupies a prominent place in the head office of that company. As may be well imagined the model is an object of unfailing interest and curiosity.

According to what is regarded as reliable authority, the first steamboat that navigated the Lower Columbia was shipped in sections from New York, about the year 1850, and was owned by the Pacific Mail company. At that time Upper Astoria was the end of the ocean route from San Francisco, and the boat brought there from New York was put together and christened the Willamette. This steamer connected at Upper Astoria with the old sidewheel steamship Columbia that ran between San Francisco and that port. The Willamette continued to run on the river until the Pacific Mail company made St. Helen's the head of navigation, when she was sent to run on the Sacramento river about the year 1852. The first steamer built in Oregon was at Upper Astoria. It was a sidewheel steamer of about 1000 tons register, and made weekly trips between Astoria and Portland. The next steamer that ran on the Lower Columbia was built up at Milwaukie. This craft was christened the Lot Whitcomb, after the name of one of the owners, and was placed on the Astoria-Oregon City route during the year 1852. The late Captain J. C. Ainsworth was in command, Jacob Kamm was chief engineer and Dan Lowell purser. Subsequently the Lot Whitcomb was sent to San Francisco and ran for many years on the Sacramento river.—Portland Telegram.

THE HOP MARKET.

Nuremberg, Ger., Oct. 11.—Arrivals and transactions are increasing. The amount of transactions for the week ending October 10th, was 100,000 bales, the highest of the year, although yesterday there was a holiday, which hindered the business. The tendency is better for good qualities, but owing to the rainy weather the quality in general has diminished. There were no purchases for exportation worth mentioning during the last week. Today's quotations are as follows, slightly higher than a year ago: Market hops 6½ to 9½c per pound.

London, Oct. 10.—Business in the new crop has been quite brisk during the week, many large orders from brewers having been filled and there is a decidedly firmer tone, especially in respect to the best qualities. A considerable parcel of East Kent Goldings brought 18c per pound and today a similar offer for a growth of Bramblings of a very fine color was made and refused. Other sales of Bramblings have been effected at about 16c. A few pockets of very choice Goldings required for completing an order realized as much as 18½c, but it is not fair to quote that as a genral selling price. It is probable that after the rush is over the market will greatly improve and harden so that holders, who have been able to hold their hops, may realize something approaching what they consider fair remunerative values. It is quite certain now that the late picked hops will give a large proportion of off-color samples, while many will show evidence of disease. The weather of late has not been favorable and as a result, hops have deteriorated. Generally speaking, the harvest has been brought to a close, but in many places it will go on for another week. The prices made here for small lots of American hops range at 10c for New York state and 11c for California hops.

Journal-Bulletin: Neither export nor home trade demand was sufficient to enliven the market. To the contrary, buying interest generally was tame and the prices offered were hardly up to the level of those that were paid early in the week, except, perhaps, for choice shipping quality. As a whole, the market shows rather weak tone, being more or less adversely effected by the faulty quality of considerable of the supply that arrives as well as by light export inquiry and indifferent buying on the part of home brewers.

A letter from Chas. Whitehead, dated Maidstone, Oct. 15th, says: Hop-picking is just finished—very late. I think the crop harvested will equal 640,000 cwt. to 650,000 cwt., and 30,000 cwt. left on the poles not worth picking. An unusual quantity is diseased and bad colored, and choice hops will sooner or later be relatively dearer. Prices are slightly better the last few days—from 5 to 12 shillings per cwt. advance, especially for the better kinds. The range is 40 to 55 shillings for common sorts; 60 to 75 shillings for Goldings, Bramblings, and good colory, well conditioned samples. As much as 80 to 85 shillings has been given for very fine East Kents—a few lots. Diseased hops make 30 to 40 shillings. Much of the German growth is injured by disease and wet weather, and many of the hops that come here are a quality that finds no sale. Evidently there are too many low grades, and too few first-class samples both sides of the ocean.

HE WAS NO HOG.

A democratic editor out in Oregon, after selling out his paper to a republican rival, breathed a parting sigh as he said:

Our plant has been sold to a hated rival and a putrid reminiscence of republicanism across the river; and the faithful old type that have whooped it up so long for fat old Grover, the stuffed prophet and uncrowned king of the true democracy, will hereafter do degraded service in expounding the pernicious but profitable theories of protection to the political sinners of the Evergreen state. We wanted a democratic government and we got it. After nineteen months' experience with Grover and Billy Wilson's congress we are willing to let go and give the republicans a chance. We are no hog.—Crawfordsville, Ind., Journal.

VIVID NECKTIES.

It has become a recognized fact that our fashions for men are taken almost without change from London, and on that account it may be stated that there will be an outburst of brilliantly hued neckties during the winter, very much in contrast with the sober hues that have prevailed during the past season. Tourists returning from London say that never in all their travels have they seen anything that quite equaled the brilliancy of the neckwear of the contemporaneous London swell. There is a color craze there of unrestrained virulence. Scarlet and vivid blue ties predominate, and as the waistcoats are still cut rather low, there is a blaze of color beneath the chin of every man in London who aspires to anything approaching swelldom.—New York Sun.

FACTS IN HYPNOTISM

How It Has Caused Murder to Be Done.

The Act of a Man Crazed By the Power.

Some Startling Tests and Experiments Recently Made in London—Leave It Alone.

The tests of hypnotism which a band of metaphysicians recently made in London have given fresh impetus to this cult, says the New York Advertiser. It has been said that in the approaching trial of Mrs. Meyer her lawyers will advance the plea that Dr. Meyer, convicted of poisoning Brandt, swayed his wife by hypnotic influence. It was only the other day that a Mrs. Beatrice Landeman, of Minneapolis, in excusing herself for robbing a man in a hotel, testified that her husband, a hypnotic, had influenced her to commit the crime.

Only a fortnight ago Europe was startled by the news that a young woman of a prominent family in Vienna had died in a trance produced by Herr Neuokmm, hypnotic. He put her into a trance in the presence of a large audience. In about twelve minutes she became greatly excited. She described the nature of an ailment she had, diagnosing it and using terms which might have been expected only from an experienced scientist. Suddenly she fell back, uttering a piercing shriek. She became senseless and died eight minutes later.

In Amsterdam, Holland, the city officials who were trying to unravel the mystery surrounding the disappearance of Mrs. De Jong decided to have De Jong, the woman's husband, placed under hypnotic influence in the hope of obtaining information from him while in that state that would clear up the mystery. The newspapers pointed out that even should De Jong confess that he killed his wife, as was strongly suspected, he could not be convicted upon the confession obtained in this manner. Nevertheless he was hypnotized by Dr. Renterghem, of Amsterdam, and Dr. De Jong, of The Hague. The latter was not a kinsman of the prisoner. While in a trance he described the way he had killed two wives. His narrative was circumstantial. The body of one was found where he said he buried it, but the other corpse was never discovered. Still, it was not until the same facts were revealed from another source that the authorities were able to convict him of murder.

Crazed by hypnotism, Michael Curtis took his life in New York City some weeks ago.

Curtis lived with his family at 442 West Fifty-fifth street, and hanged himself in the woodshed in the rear. In his pockets were found several papers. One of these headed "Hypnotism and Mesmerism" said: "I being a sufferer from hypnotism, fortune takes this method of getting rid of it." Another document dated in July said:

"If I am found insane I've been hypnotized by a man named Thompson. I was hypnotized at Fourteenth street and Fourth avenue or Fifty-third street and Tenth avenue."

Some extraordinary exhibitions of hypnotic power were given at the Charite hospital in Paris by Dr. Luys recently. Two women and three men were the "subjects." After briefly outlining his plans and the theories he proposed to explain, the professor seated one of the women in an easy chair. He held before her a gingerbread figure of a woman, and, with a few mystic signs and phrases, transferred, as he said, the living sensibility of the woman in the chair to the gingerbread. Then with great deliberation he dismembered the cake, breaking off one hand after the other, abbreviating the arms, mutilating the legs and finally taking a bite out of the head.

At every fresh assault upon the gingerbread the subject shrieked and clutched at her own limbs. As the gingerbread woman became smaller and smaller, the shrieking woman became weaker and weaker, until her final burst of agony was little more than an incipient shudder.

Of course the professor was not inspired by bloodthirsty instincts and he spared the female to exert the same influence upon her later for the mystification of other inquirers into scientific wonders. He restored her strength with a few words of gibberish, and as she arose from her seat, dazed and evidently suffering from the indistinct remembrance of some indefinite torture, the professor invited one of the men to take the chair.

A camera was wheeled from a corner and pointed at a man, who, meanwhile had been suitably posed by an assistant, who now stood near by ready to strike a flash-light when he was directed to do so. The professor showed himself a capable photographer as well as a skillful scientist, and after trifling with the focus and otherwise prolonging the entertainment he gave the word that produced the flash-light, and the negative was made. It required but a few moments to develop the likeness and then was seen a fairly good reproduction of the sitter's pictures. The sitter recognized the picture and conceded that it looked like him.

The professor made a few passes with his hands above the head and on the forehead of the man in the chair. A thing as soulless as a corporation sat in the chair and another, as full of soul as a bride, was on the negative. Standing with his back to the subject the professor, with great deliberation, drew a pinpoint across the face on the negative, lining both cheeks. At the same instant the man uttered an exclamation of pain, raised his hand and passed it across his face. But, most wonderful of all, a red mark appeared for a moment on the cheeks of the man, following exactly the course taken by the pin. In turn the sharp instrument was passed over the skin of the forehead, the lips, the ears, and in each instance the accompanying shrinking and pain of the subject were noticeable, as was likewise the red mark. Pricking the negative with the pinpoint, even gently, was felt by the victim and indicated by his nervous action. The professor explained that, of course, no special virtue attached to the negative. The same transference of soul could be made to a print from the negative to an engraving, to an oil painting or any other pictorial object.

The man was then placed upon the scientific shelf and the second woman called. She was a delicate subject, readily susceptible to the influence of exteriorization and showing her sympathy with the nondescript dummy that was supposed to represent her in the professor's hands.

This was a rag baby, and, after going through the usual ceremony, the professor plunged a knife deep into the cotton vitals of the baby repeatedly. With every stroke the female in the chair shrieked and looked about her in the most pathetic manner, seeking some means of escape, leaving no doubt in the minds of her audience that she thought she suffered every agony the rag baby was being subjected to. It was not until the cotton had been slashed into bits and the woman had shrunk into her chair as though expiring that the professor ceased and brought her back to her senses.

OCCIDENTAL JOTTINGS.

News of the Northwest Gathered from Various Sources.

John Henderson, of Yamhill county, dug about 6,000 bushels of potatoes from thirty-seven acres and says it beats wheat all hollow at 50 cents a bushel.

Mongolian pheasants are gradually increasing in numbers in Douglas county.

Snow fell to the depth of six inches on October 20th, thirty miles east of Prineville.

The first ton of coal from Coos bay was shipped to San Francisco just forty years ago.

The oldest Baptist church on the Pacific coast is the La Creole near Crowley station.

Mrs. John Redmond and two children, of McMinnville, have diphtheria in a malignant form.

Thirty hens, owned by James Hemenway's son at Eugene, between January 1, 1893, and August 1, 1894, laid 354 dozen eggs, worth $70.80.

Drain will ship 20,000 pounds of prunes this year, as against 2500 pounds last year.

Three Iowa families arrived in Cottage Grove last week.

The Multnomah county court has repealed the order authorizing the payment of a bounty for the scalps of wild animals.

Congressman Hermann has returned to Washington, after having spent but a few days with his friends and neighbors at his old home. Mr. Hermann intended remaining longer, but his visit was cut short by the news from Washington as to the sm