DISTANT THINGS.

Oh, white is the sail in the Faraway
And dirty the sail at the dock;
And fair are the cliffs across the bay
And black is the near-by rock.
Though glitters the snow on the peaks afar,
At our feet it is only white;
And bright is the gleam of the distant star
Though a lamp were twice as bright.

The rose that nods beyond our reach
Is redder than rose of ours;
Of thought that turns our tongues to speech
Our fellows leave greater dowers.
The waters that flow from the hidden springs
Are sweeter than those by our side—
So we strive through life for the distant things,
And are never satisfied.

We strive through life for these distant things,
But ever they hold their place;
Till beats life's drum and death doth come
And we look in his mocking face.
And the distant things crowd near and close,
And faith! they are dingy and gray!
For charm is lost when the line is crossed
'Twixt Here and Faraway.
For the charm is lost when the line is crossed
And we lose all things as they are,
And know that as clean is the sail at the dock
As the sail on the sea afar;
As bright the rays of the near-by lamp
As the gleam of the distant star.

—IRVING HOFFMAN.

Confession of Paul.

IN a record book of the probate court in Huntsville, his name was Paul Blanc; but beyond this nothing more was known than that a man, who was presumably a bachelor, had bought a certain picturesque stone cottage. The chief grocer admitted having received an order, written in a fine French hand, for an expensive supply of pantry stores, many of which were not on his shelves. The postmaster reported that the stranger neither sent nor received letters. No gossip could come from servants, for the stranger kept none.

The impertinent curiosity of the villagers was repelled by a gate which was always locked, but Paul Blanc did not hide himself and at certain hours of the day he might be seen walking on the asphalt path which surrounded an ellipse of blue-grass. His steps were slow as if from age, but when he reached the curve of the path nearest the gate, his face could be seen and showed that he was not so old as he appeared. His long hair was white, and his clean-shaven face was smooth save for a line which ran down his left cheek; his eyes were dark, and his smile sardonic. Of his voice no one could tell.

The isolation of his life was broken only by a Siberian mastiff, which, with head bowed in imitation of his master, followed him as he walked around the curving asphalt. Like his owner, the lazy, tan-colored dog seemed always in a state of acute pre-occupation. Speculative interest concerning the dreamer, as people termed him, was at full tide for some months, until a tacit yet final conclusion was reached that nothing could be ascertained relative to the former history of the man and his hermit existence.

One morning at early dawn a passing laborer saw crepe on the gate, and a closer inspection disclosed that the lock was gone. He did not go in, but waited until some other person happened by. The chance comer was myself, a physician, returning from a patient whose condition I should have known was hopeless. It was not necessary for the laborer to direct my attention to the insignia of death, for as it fluttered in the breeze, it had come within the field of vision before I saw the man, and as one who was expected, I went in.

The house was quiet. A current of air from the open door stirred a portiere at my right, and, looking beyond it, I saw the man to whom, in the years of his residence in the town, I had now come nearest. He was sitting at a table, and his face was buried in the folds of a white cloth. On the table was an ivory miniature, beside which lay a bulky roll of paper, and suspended from a hanging lamp was a bottle, from the mouth of which there dangled a piece of wick. Touching him, I found that he was dead, and glancing at the bottle I saw that it was labelled "Chloroform." He had seemingly been his own destroyer, and had hung the bottle so that the saturated wick might drop the fluid on the cloth, thus keeping him under its influence until life was extinct. In a corner of the room the dog, on the collar of which was engraved the name Zao, was sleeping, apparently stupefied by the odor which permeated the whole apartment. In my office as coroner, I took charge of the roll of paper and picture; then I passed the evening reading the MS. which gave the story of the man's life. Since then the years have passed into history, and I see no reason why this strange autobiography should not be made public.

MY CONFESSION.

After seven years of such sublimated suffering as falls to but few men, I am about to write the history of my life, dating it from my 21st birthday, since it was then my life really began. In evidence of what I was, it is best to recite some of the formative influences previous to the day of my majority. My baptismal name, as may be seen on the register of the cathedral of St. Louis in New Orleans, is Paul White; now aged 30. The reversal of destiny cut short the intention of my parents to educate me for a profession. At 18 I was forced to go to work, and a year later the death of my father left me as a [illegible] support of my mother. I loved my father, but his passing did not affect me very deeply, for there was great pride in the position to which I was elevated. As my mother made my world, I rejoiced that such comforts as she required would be afforded her by me. As I write, I can see her before me. Her appearance was distinguished, and suggested a French marquise. Her hair was white, and fell in caressing folds about her high, thoughtful forehead; on her face there was a patient, pathetic resolution which was Spartan in effect, and her eyes were suggestive of the earliest brown on a hazelnut. To me she was a saint, and knowing that any wrong on my part would augment the grief in her life, I made her my only companion lest, in association with youths of my own age, I might be overcome by the temptations which assailed them. To her I became an idol.

In a manifestation of mutual love which was almost romantic, we lived companions. There was no toil too heavy, since its end meant her happiness, but at my labor she often repined, and it was amusing to note the petty economies she practiced, to show how little was required for her comfort. Some of our happiest moments were on Sundays, when after early mass we went to our old plantation and spent the day beside some spring which was endeared to us from early association.

It was on one of these outings, when I was nearing my majority, that she expressed a wish for me to marry, and when I stated that to me matrimony seemed a luxury rather than a necessity of life, she urged that my idea was a subterfuge, employed from fear that I could not support a wife. She endeavored to persuade me that my earnings were amply sufficient for three persons, but I hastened to impress on her that there was no one whom I cared to marry. At this she laughed, and when we walked to the little burial-ground in which my father lay, I placed a hand on his tomb, swearing that I would never marry during the life of my mother; but of this she was ignorant.

There was nothing of unusual occurrence in our lives until my twenty-third birthday. As she kissed me on that morning, she begged me to come from work a little earlier, and thinking she intended a surprise for me, I put aside my work before sunset and cheerily started home. When I reached the house, my mother came forward to meet me, and in her rear was a young girl; later I learned that, as she had no other relatives, her home would be with us.

As I think of her now, my brain bounds in thought, and there runs through me thrills which make my hand almost too tremulous to write. I seem to live in another incarnation. I had always been an admirer of female beauty, but this woman was fairer than any type of which I knew. Her eyes were dark, lucid; and when she talked, their play pantomined every virtue or vicissitude for which a man might battle. On the ivory of her cheeks there was ambushed a vermillion dye, which became a ruby on her carved, ripe lips. In figure she bore that pliancy of outline which is peculiar to the women of the Orient. In her voice was the melody of a moonbeam, and her laugh was a lyric. To me she was the book of Fate, and I eagerly read every page of it. When she formed a world for me, I adored; and yet there was no mention of my love, for I was drunk with the dalliance of days when, with no word spoken, we each rightly read the heart of the other.

At this time I became conscious that my love for my mother was daily growing weaker. The cords which had bound us as interchangeably as are one mind and spirit, were being loosed by my hand, and this new phase in my existence bore upon my mother and myself a far diverging effect. To her it carried a joy that I had found what she believed the highest measure of happiness for man; but as I saw the old landmarks of my earliest love being removed, there was the pain of a gnawing grief; yet I found restraint impossible. Day after day witnessed a renewal of the fight between love and affection, and I was conquered. I seemed to stand alone in the universe, and there was no one to whom I could apply for sympathy.

It is with horrible shudders that I recall an event which happened at this time. In coming from her room my mother fell headlong; the physician who came said there was injury to the brain. At night he called again, and when he left I walked with him on my way to get some medicine. As I carried it home, there came over me a maddening desire to throw the bottle down, for, without the effect it was expected to produce, my mother would probably die, and in her death I saw the way to my marriage with Edith. It had already been demonstrated that three persons could not live on my income, and Edith clothed herself by taking in sewing. My pride could not allow my wife to work.

As the thought which had arisen in my mind came apparently nearer to me, it grew into a world of light, and I hurled the vial to the paving; as it crashed, the air seemed articulate with cries of murder, and like one possessed I stole on through the night; each footfall sounded the multiplied steps of a howling mob, and the stars seemed to twinkle in reproach. Then as if guilty of the death of my mother, and fearing detection on circumstantial evidence, I turned to go and gather up the fragments of glass.

At home all was quiet. A dim light burned in my mother's room, and I felt sure it was the taper placed at her bier. In the enormity of my intentional sin, there was no room for grief. At the door Edith met me; my mother was sleeping quietly; the voice of Edith had never been so musical as when she told me this, and after making her repeat the words over, I sought my room to kneel in thanksgiving that, despite intention, the actual deed of murder had not been done. When I awoke the next morning, there remained such a sense of guilt that I could not look into my mother's eyes, but with her recovery a reaction of my feeling set in; my whole heart went out to her in the wealth of a child's affection, and of Edith I scarcely took notice. At this lack of interest she grew imperious in her demands, and angularities of disposition, of which I had not known, were unpleasantly projected upon my notice; her love languished as a flower that grows in the shade.

While love lay fallow, it gathered intensity, and a few weeks after my mother's recovery, it had the fury of a whirlwind. Its lashings became more forceful because of the indifference with which Edith treated me; she comprehended my nature most fully, and to her handling she wrought every art which could fire the ardor of man. My heart became an instrument on which she played at her pleasure, and in her execution she brought out the harmony of a consuming love; she touched, too, those notes which may be called the Judas Iscariots of music. If another had not appeared, affairs would not have assumed their present phase. Edith received the visits of a young man against whom only baseless prejudice could have preferred any charge. He called with growing frequency for several months, and from him she received such presents as I could not make her; in a taunting manner she showed me these jewels and pictures.

He left her one evening, and after going to her room she beckoned me to where she stood in the worm glow of a shaded lamp. Ah, the vision of her beauty that night! She had put on a gown that had been made for a young woman who was soon to be married; it was a witchcraft in shading of the dove-tints in an evening sky of summer; its drapery was classical, and about the hem a Grecian design was wrought in golden thread; where it parted to show the ivory of her throat, it lay in amorous folds, and I was jealous of the insensate silk. I took her hands and unrolled before her the scroll of my heart; yet, knowing that I could not afford such rich fabrics, I was goaded to desperation. She wished them, and I saw from her manner that, if I would marry her, there must be no delay.

The pitiless barrier of poverty arose in frightful immensity. My mother still lived, and showed no evidences of ill-health. What devils love calls up! As I lay awake one night in the effort to peer beyond the hindrance to my marriage, I could see only one hope of its removal, and this was the death of my mother. It is horrible to recall the blackness of my soul. To the exclusion of all else, one idea now possessed me, and it grew into a fascination so serpentine that I seemed to feel its clammy coils about my body. It held me so captive that I forgot the torture suffered when from a similar motive I tried to compass the death of her who bore me. I only remembered that in a closet in the hall there was a bottle of chloroform.

I got up, threw a dressing-gown around me, and, taking the fluid, went to my mother's room, and arriving there halted in trembling fear to turn the knob: but as I fumbled for it, I found the door ajar. As I entered, I was conscious of the nervousness of haste, but in a moment I fashioned the handkerchief so that it would hold the chloroform, and placed it so that it would produce a slow stupefaction. Ah, heaven, I can hear her breathe now! The sleep gradually became deeper, and again I replenished the cloth. Outside a bell rang the hour, and I took my seat on the bed; her breathing became more and more faint. I bent over her: she was dead.

I thought to kiss her as I left the room, but the act seemed such mockery that I tiptoed from her side as if afraid of my dead. The morning after, I slept soundly until someone called me, and although I opened my eyes and saw every object in the room, I felt sure I was dreaming, for the voice was that of my mother and she was dead. As she came into the room, a cold perspiration oozed from my body. Coming up to me, she placed a hand on my brow as if in alarm.

"Why are you so pale?" she asked, and I could not answer. I only thought I had been mistaken in the vial, and that my intentness in administering its contents had prevented me from noting what it contained; and yet I was certain such had not been the case, for as I thought about it, I could perceive the sweet taste which always gathered in my mouth when I had inhaled it as a relief for neuralgia. Then thinking the whole affair had been some horrible nightmare, I laughingly told her of the disturbance in my sleep.

"What have you there?" I asked, noticing a large white envelope such as lawyers use.

"A letter for you which I unintentionally opened." She handed me the paper. From it I learned that by the death of an uncle I was heir to a fortune. There was now no obstacle to my marriage, and bidding my mother leave me, I got up to dress. When half ready to leave my room I heard a scream, and, rushing to my mother's apartment, I found her bending over the bed.

"Edith is dead," she sobbed, and a black pall seemed to shroud the world as I looked down upon her.

"But how and when?"

"I do not know. Last night she came in to sleep with me. After a little I noticed that the window next the bed was lowered from the top. I could not put it up without rousing her, and I disliked to do that, for she had fallen into a sound sleep. Then, fearing the cool air might give me a cold, I went into her room for the remainder of the night."

I listened as one in a trance; if my sin had been great, my punishment was superlative. Before me in the audible stillness of death lay the woman whom I loved, and for whom I had been willing to become a criminal. I could not look upon her, and as I turned from the sight of my work, a mirror revealed how a murderer would look in the presence of his victim. My eyes seemed to start from my head; my face was drawn, and the lips were compressed as if they wore a chiselled smile of regret.

The shock of so sudden a death, acting on a brain which had already sustained injury, made a maniac of my mother and later it became necessary to take her to an asylum, where I left her under a celebrated alienist. Returning home, I began the seven years of torture to which I condemned myself. Since this terrible occurrence I have never been able to hold up my head. In the continued torture which I endured I thought of self-destruction; but it seemed right that I should suffer, and death would prove a happy release.

I did not feel remorse for what I had done, but my punishment was imposed because of a physical dread of life. I became the slave of fear, and a constitution which had been abnormally strong was shattered. My whole frame was subject to the most frightful nervous rigors, my hair grew white and my hands were those of a palsied man. In the day I could not remain in the house, and at night there was no sleep for me; it appeared that I must fight off hands which tried to hold white cloths to my face.

For months my mind was in division between my mother and Edith. If my fiendish design on one had been frustrated, I had by accident brought her to a worse condition than death, and my every hour was punctuated by the shrieks of a maniac. The faces of my acquaintances became unbearable to me, and as I passed along the streets, children—who saw my fearful expression—would turn and flee with cries of terror. It was apparent that everyone avoided he, and life in New Orleans became a veritable hell; yet upon oath I had condemned myself to live for seven years.

Within that time I have been temporarily in many places, hunting a peace which has been unattainable. By chance I heard of this house, and the quiet of this community, so, taking my present name, I came hither; and with my residence here began the period of a remorse so material that I have lived with a weight pressing upon me. It was my wish to know no one, and my desire for retirement has been uniformly respected. Indeed so far as I know there has been made no effort to probe the mystery of my life, and this history—written as a part of my expiation—is the first knowledge that the people will have of me.

With remorse my torture has been greater, more acute, than when I was dominated solely by fear; it beggars description, and the lexicons of all known languages would be inadequate to express its galling reality. There have been times when I have cast it aside because, in my struggle to live, I forgot the cause of my desire to die and be free from my self-created hell, for I believe that man is his own devil. Yet I had not punished myself sufficiently and I was offering the atonement which every murderer should make; to a man who has needlessly taken the life of another, existence is the severest form of punishment.

As each month cycled by, I felt within me the pulsings of joy; the desired end was nearer, and with its increasing nearness the bitterness of living became more bitter. In the voices of the night maniacs have screamed at me; in the petals of flowers a dead face looks in eternal reproach; in the softest wind that sports with sunbeams on the Mexican gulf, I can hear the voice of Edith. Forever before me is this woman whom I loved; forever is she clad in that broidered robe; she has become a haunting spirit-wife. I have tried vainly to excuse myself for my horrible deed, but I realize that my crime was the outcome of the attendant selfishness of love.

The days of my voluntary sentence are numbered, and the lashings of remorse have a caustic, electric sting; with the setting of each sun they become more strongly volted, and in regret for my act they sear and scorch my very flesh. Can I live out the remaining days? It will be impossible, for conscience is incinerating me.

There are a few hours left. I have been out to hang crape on the gate, and to stimulate my courage, I have put before me the chloroform which is to end my miserable existence. In joy I have held it to my lips, kissing it as my sure deliverer. Can it be wrong that I shall make an end of my life? For seven years I have wandored in the Dantean circles of hell, and worse than this the future cannot offer; for if it could, heaven would approve my expiation. For me there is nothing but annihilation, and the climax of my punishment is that I shall never see them again.

Dear God, be pitiful! There are only a few minutes more, and my face wears the anticipation of an awaited peace. I am calm; no tremor runs through me; a feeling of rest permeates me; it seems a tangible rest. In its presence the cries of my mother are stilled, and the face of Edith has vanished. The world has never looked so bright as when I am leaving it. PAUL BLANC.

VALUE OF A SINGLE VOTE.

Majority of One That Decided Important Events in American History.

An individual vote may decide great events just as one vote did in 1844. In that year one vote cast in Switzerland county cut a tremendous figure in national affairs

David Kelso was the democratic candidate for state senator in Switzerland county, and David Hanery was running on the whig ticket. Some time before the election there had been a sensational shooting in the county, one young man slaying a false friend who had betrayed him in a love affair. Kelso defended and saved the prisoner, who, though poor in purse, was rich in gratitude, and promised that he would spare no pains to repay the valuable service Kelso had rendered him. Kelso's client was in bed with a dangerous fever when election day came, but, against the protests of the physicians, he announced his purpose of going to the polls in an improvised ambulance. It was two miles to the voting place. The bed, with the patient, was placed on a wagon and driven to the polls. When he arrived he was too weak to get up, but he had the satisfaction of seeing his ballot deposited. Then he went home and died. The official count showed that Kelso was victorious by just one vote.

Then a chain of singular events began. It devolved on the senate to which Kelso was elected to choose a United States senator. The democrats had a meager majority of the two branches of the legislature. Tilman A. Howard, whig, and Oliver Smith, democrat, were the regular candidates. Kelso bolted the democratic caucus and announced that he would not vote for Smith under any circumstances. He brought over to his side another democrat named Hoover, and for many days and weeks the balloting went on, always with this result: Howard 74, Smith 74, Hannigan 2; 76 votes were necessary to elect. Edward A. Hannigan was a brilliant young lawyer and Kelso selected him as his candidate without consulting him in the beginning of the long struggle. The greater the efforts to bring Kelso over to the Smith side the more stubborn he became. Finally he announced that the farce had to end—that he would cast his vote for the whigs if the democrats did not come to terms. The democratic caucus was reconvened and Hannigan was made the party candidate and was elected United States senator the following day.

A fierce controversy took place in the United States senate the next year over the admission of Texas into the Union. Her admission was finally secured by a majority of one vote, and that one vote was cast by Hannigan. Smith had previously promised that he would vote against admitting the state if he were elected. Thus the vote cast up in the wooded hills of Switzerland county by a dying man led to the admission of Texas into the sisterhood of states. From this vote also resulted the war between the United States and Mexico.

WHEN A WOMAN LOVES.

When a woman loves a man she loves for him. From the moment she awakens in the morning until she closes her eyes at night a loving wife's thoughts are for her husband. All day she performs her duties with the thought of his pleasure uppermost in her heart. Nearly everything she does is with the thought of him. If she puts a dainty touch to a room she instinctively wonders what he will think of it when he comes home. If she buys an article in the shops that he will see, close beside her own preference for it is the thought whether he will like it. When she plans the dinner his tastes are regarded first. What would he like best is her constant thought. She dresses her children, having in mind a little suggestion which he may have dropped days, yes, even months ago. His color becomes her color; his taste her taste. And even if she does not always personally approve of a certain thing she buys it or she does it because she feels and thinks it will please him. Scores and scores of times have I seen wives lay aside their own preferences willingly and cheerfully because their husbands like something else better. His coming home is to her the event of the day, and it is her pleasure to prepare for it in some way. No matter how tired the head, how ill the body during the day, she tries to look cheerful when her husband comes home. She feels that she has something to dress for as his home coming hour approaches. She likes to lay aside the house-gown she has worn all day, and don a fresh dress for his coming. It is a pleasure to her to wear the gown for which, at some time or other, he may have expressed a preference; or it may be the dressing of her hair in the way which she knows he likes best; in the simple ribbon of his favorite color; in the wearing of a flower he likes to see on her, or with which there may be some tender association; in a little touch which she deftly gives the table, in some favorite dish of his prepared by her own hands; in the inviting manner in which his housecoat and slippers are placed ready for his donning; in the convenient spot in which he finds his evening paper, his cigar ready for his enjoyment; in short, in the thousand touches which only occur to a woman who finds her delight in the pleasure which she can give the man she loves. —Ladies Home Journal.

THE JUMPING BEAN.

The strict enforcement of the law against gambling in this city has closed up all the gambling dens, but the hearts of the gamblers have been made glad by the arrival of the devil's bean, which is being sold all over the city at the modest price of 15 cents. These beans come from Mexico, and are about half an inch in length. When placed upon a level surface they jump about in the most surprising manner, and the uncertainty of their movements has led men accustomed to take chances on the roulette wheel and faro to start layouts, which are doing a thriving business. The movements of the bean is due to the acts of a worm which is constantly making efforts to get out of its prison. The gambling device is arranged on a piece of paper in the form of a circle, about three inches in diameter. The bean is placed in the center of the circle and the player over whose section it passes over the circle wins.

There was a big game at the Coleman house recently and Eddie Farrell, Johnny Harkins, Sam Loper and several other well known gamblers, backed their chances for $100 a corner. The game was very exciting, and Loper won $5,000 on ten successive plays. Then the bug refused to come his way, and he quit a loser of $3,000. There is no limit to the amount that may be played for, and in the game everybody has an even chance to win or lose.—New York Recorder.

FASHION'S FANCIES

A WHOLE LOT OF NEW IDEAS IN LINEN.

New Departures in Several Directions —A Prevailing Fad—Several Novelties.

All indications are for a strong revival in favor of pure white in linen goods. This change applies to everything in that department. Colors are at a discount. Even towels in pure white are sought after. Colored table linen and all silk decorations, as doileys, centerpieces, and scarfs are entirely out. In their places are seen the more chaste and beautiful ones of snowy white linen, adorned with fine needlework and lace. Colors are only permissible in the gaily embroidered flower sets for 5 o'clock teas.

The scroll patterns of many seasons past are again "new," and lace insertion effects which were seen in wearing apparel last season have now invaded the domain of linen. Some of the handsomest and most expensive sets brought out this season have insertions of Florentine lace in both table-cloth and napkins.

Real lace sets of Duchesse point, consisting of center piece, and graduated sizes of doileys is one of the "swagger" decorations for polished mahogany tables. Round tables for twelve are coming in favor again, and special cloths are manufactured for them.

Ready-made sheets and pillow cases grow in favor, as in many instances they may be bought for a few cents less than the goods by the yard. This fact means a great saving of labor to the housewife and hence their popularity.

As to the tariff changes, the noticeable effect will be upon the very cheapest grade of table linen, and upon the poor man's towel. On the higher grades, requiring skilled labor, the reduction is very slight.—Chicago Dry Goods Reporter.

FASHION'S FANCIES.

Long Angora mousquetaire gloves to wear over evening or theatre gloves in place or using a muff are shown by retailers.

Glove boxes or jewel caskets made in either silver filigree work or bevel glass covered with silver deposit and lined with quilted plush or satin, are in great demand.

A pleasing departure in link cuff buttons is the arrangement of four coils of rope in gold, the center of which is an opal set alternately with a diamond and united by a golden knot.

A prevailing fad now is to have plain cigarette, match boxes and cigar cases embellished with some subject of French art series in enamel. The work is most artistically executed and is in great demand.

With the chiffon waists which have been so popular, we are now to have a turn at velvet waists. They are yet worn principally with the black crepon skirts, but they will be worn with every description of material.

The display in the lines of fancy leather goods never was more satisfactory. Novelty convenient shapes, and superior workmanship give to them an attractiveness which makes them particularly quick selling goods for the holiday trade.

The latest novelties in handkerchiefs are the Parisian styles, says a contemporary. These are colored handkerchiefs with wide hemstitched border. The border is divided into squares, each alternate one being of the same color as the ground of the handkerchief, and between these being white squares carrying a tasteful and delicate design in black.

There is an immense demand for large and beautiful buttons, especially the miniature kind, as large round as half-a-crown in metal settings, exquisitely painted with one or two figures together, dressed after that charming period with which Watteau has made us familiar. Cut jet buttons are also much worn on the coats and jackets, which are a reproduction of the same period.—The London Queen.

On certain days, when the weather is the least doubtful, the fashionable girl will go forth in the nearest imitation of a man's overcoat a woman can wear. Its skirts will fall to her heels, its sleeves will be of temperate proportions, its front double-breasted, the back close fitting, and inside the neck of it will be folded a silk handkerchief. This will all be made of a fine gray Oxford mixture or brown checked Scotch cheviot, the collar revers lined with black surah, and the handkerchief one of those figured in gray, gold, brown and green, a small Oriental pattern or Persian design. They are familiarly known as bandanas and have the narrowest hem for a border.

AN UNFORTUNATE COIN.

The Sorrowful History of the Souvenir Half Dollars.

The order of Secretary Carlisle to use the Columbian souvenir silver coins as cash is the closing chapter in the history of an unsuccessful venture. In spite of the efforts of the promoters of the Exposition to sell these half dollars at double their face value, with the general co-operation of the banks, the newspapers and a number of leading stores in Chicago, New York, Boston, Philadelphia and about 3,600,000 remain unsold and in the hands of the treasury authorities.

At first the Chicago people pleaded with Secretary Carlisle to hold the coins until they could raise a fund to redeem them at their double price, in the hope of saving the value of those already sold, which would be bound to decline as soon as the remaining coins were thrown into the ordinary channels of trade.

This was done, but the attempt was fruitless, and a few days ago the projectors of the scheme notified the secretary that they could not do anything, and that they would not ask him any longer to carry the load of unavailable silver.

Mr. Carlisle shrewdly decided to do something which would make the coins pay for a part of the trouble and delay they had caused. So he ordered them paid out at par, but in exchange for gold coin. This would have the effect, he believed, of stimulating a few enterprising retail shopkeepers to buy up the lot and advertise that they would use them in making change for their customers. The treasury would by this means add a little gold to its balance, and at the same time the coins would probably be held as souvenirs by the customers attracted by the advertisements, and thus would be prevented from passing into general circulation.

The collapse of the souvenir coin fad recalls the fact that a syndicate was formed during the summer of 1893 for the taking and disposing of 100,000 of the half-dollars. Some large jewelry houses were interested in the enterprise, which might have grown to larger proportions if any encouragement had been received.

It seems that a leading American jeweler, while on a journey abroad saw some of the British souvenir coins struck in honor of Queen Victoria's jubilee beautifully decorated with enamel and mounted as watch charms, brooches, etc. He took a number of Columbian half-dollars to London with him last year and had them treated in the same way.

One device was to cover all the body of the obverse of the coin with translucent enamel, leaving the head of Columbus and the inscription uncovther the reverse side

AS VIEWED BY CLEWS.

HOP INTELLIGENCE.

[illegible] the

ered. In another the reverse side was treated, the caravel being colored on the field against which it was projected. No two designs were alike, and the coins were eagerly snapped up at $5, $8 and even $10 apiece by curiosity seekers.

But no sooner was the formal proposition made to take the 100,000 coins out of the custody of the treasury for the purpose mentioned than the secret service people pounced upon the interested parties and warned them that every coin thus treated and exposed for sale would be seized.

No law against the mutilation of coins appeared to stand in the way; but the argument of Chief Drummond, as well as it could be understood, was that some evil-minded person might scrape off the enamel from the decorated coins and pass them upon unsuspecting poor persons, who would find themselves with a coin in their possession bearing on its face the value of 50 cents, but on account of its mutilation commanding in the market only its bulletin value, which, with silver at the present depreciation, would be only a quarter of a dollar. The opposition of Chief Drummond, supported by Secretary Carlisle, broke up the plan.—Washington Star.

THE COMING METAL.

For years, ever since 1827, men have known that there was such a metal as aluminum. A scientist named Wohler who experimented upon earth with electricity, discovered several metals unknown previously. Among them was calcium, which cost $300 an ounce, on account of the difficulty of seperating, although every human skeleton contains about $1800 worth of it. But of all these metals aluminum is the white queen. It has a number of wonderful qualities which make it very valuable, and nature, when her time is ripe, evidently intends that it shall be the most useful agent known, as she has created it more abundantly than any other metal. It forms almost half the substance of the surface of the earth. Every clay bank is full of it, and all rocks are beds of it.

Thus far it has been possible to take aluminum out of only two substances—"cayolite," a mineral found in Greenland, and "bauxite," another mineral lately discovered in Georgia and Alabama. In 1883 there were 33 pounds of aluminum produced in the United States; in 1892 we used 200,000 pounds, and ten years hence we shall doubtless use more than as many millions. When the aluminum cap was put on the Washington monument, in 1855, the metal cost $8 a pound, now it can be bought for 67 cents a pound. It does not tarnish and acids have no effect upon it. This makes it very valuable for surgical instruments and for the wires which are used in sewing up wounds. The racing men are putting aluminum shoes upon all racing horses. Not only are they very light, but they preserve the feet of the horse. The rowers, who are always looking for new boats, have racing shells built of the new metal. They can be made of single sheets one-nineteenth of an inch thick. Sheets of it are also used for roofing houses. It does not have to be painted like tin, as rust and dampness will have no effect upon it. For this reason it is very valuable in cooking utensils, and furthermore added to the extreme lightness, it has a great capacity for holding heat, and is also unbreakable. The armies of Europe have begun to see that aluminum will be very valuable for use in war. Even now they are using it wherever a metal may be used about the uniforms. It is as strong as iron and as light as chalk.

Aluminum has qualities which go beyond imagination. By mixing it with gold a beautiful ruby-tinted metal is produced, which can be used in decoration. Violins and guitars are being made of it, as it has wonderful tone vibrations. The ornamental work on the transportation building at the World's fair was on a foundation of aluminum foil. The Diana on the Madison Square Garden tower, in New York is made of it. But the greatest revolution it is destined to bring about will take place in the air. At last a substance has been discovered which seems to make the flying machines a possibility.—Mining and Scientific Press.

JOURNALISM UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

"They are very keen journalists in the land of the chrysanthemum, but it must be allowed that the business is carried on under difficulties from which even the hardened Western newspaper man might shrink appalled," says Henry Norman in Real Japan. "The internal organization of a newspaper office is a sad spectacle of daily struggle with difficulties unknown elsewhere and really unnecessary here.

"The Japanese written and printed character consists of the Chinese ideographs, those complicated square figures made up of an apparent jumble of zigzags and crosses and ticks and triangles and tails—'the footprints of a drunken fly'—and of the original Japanese syllabary, called kana. Of the former there are 20,000 in all, of which perhaps 14,000 constitute the scholars' vocabulary, and no fewer than 4,000 are in common daily use; while the 47 simple characters of the kana are known to everybody. Therefore the Japanese compositor has to be prepared to place in his stick any one of over 4,000 different types—truly an appalling task.

From the nature of the problem several consequences naturally follow. First, he must be a good deal of a scholar himself to recognize all these instantly and accurately. Second, his eyesight suffers fearfully, and he generally wears a huge pair of magnifying goggles; and, third, as it is physically impossible for any one man to reach 4,000 types, a totally different method of case arrangement has to be devised.

"The 'typo,' therefore, of whom there are only three or four on a paper, sits at a little table at one end of a large room, with the case containing his 47 kana syllables before him. From end to end of the room tall cases of type are arranged like the shelves in a crowded library, a passage three feet wide being left between each two. The compositor receives his copy in large pieces, which he cuts into little 'takes,' and hands each of these to one of a half dozen boys, who assist him. The boy takes this and proceeds to walk about among the cases until he has collected each of the ideographs, or square Chinese picture words, omitting all the kana syllables which connect them. While these boys are thus running to and fro, snatching up the types and jostling each other, they keep up a continual chant, singing the name of the character they are looking for, as they cannot recognize it until they hear its sound, the ordinary lower class Japanese not understanding his daily paper unless he reads it aloud."

It is stated that in 1880 the newspaper and press associations received only 28,000,000 words by telegraph, while the figures for last year are 1,800,000,000. This will give some idea of the development of newspapers in the United States within the past few years.

Miss Wheeler—Lend you a quarter? Why, certainly!

Fan de Bicycle—Thanks, awfully. It was dreadfully stupid of me, but I came away this morning and left all my small change in my other bloomers.

AS VIEWED BY

What the Big Banker Says of the Election's Result.

The election prepares the way for a new set of conditions calculated to clarify the political situation and to bespeak public confidence.

(1) In the first place, it affords evi[illegible] of a vast increase of the inde[illegible]t element in politics; which implie[illegible]t the more intelligent and conservat[illegible] classes are taking a deeper interest in government and are resolved to have political questions treated more on their merits and less from a partisan standpoint.

(2) The verdict equally expresses public intolerance of such corrupt double-dealing as disgraced the senate in the late settlement of the tariff question; and it similarly shows the indignation in the nation at large at the revelations of unparalleled fraud in the public departments of this city, brought out by the Lexow committee. These are signs of a wholesome resolution among the people at large that politics shall be purged of the now prevailing corruption;—a symptom which is immeasurably valuable as conveying an assurance of a higher standard of morality in our future political administration.

(3) The vote also expresses the beginning of a decline in popular sympathy with the vagaries and unsettling projects of populism; which has a direct bearing upon an important class of investments and bespeaks a sounder basis of financial honor in sections which have been exposed to serious distrust. To the same extent, it suggests a hope of the early elimination of this perverting and corrupting element from congressional legislation.

(4) The result also simplifies the future of legislation. In place of utter uncertainty as to the disposition of congress on certain fundamental matters of legislation, it brings the country back to the control of a party whose general policy has been indicated by a long tenure of power; and though there may still be differences of opinion on parts of that policy, the withering influence of uncertainty as to the future of certain vital working arrangements is very largely removed. This is a large contribution towards the remedy of the now widely unsettled state of confidence.

(5) The election also granted that congress can do nothing more in respect to the sugar duties and to certain raw materials, it seems equally certain that the party returning to power will allow the new tariff to remain undisturbed until at least it has had a sufficient trial of experience.

(6) We take it also, that the change of government means a serious administration less dependent upon conciliating the clamor for free coinage of silver and for fiat money; and as republican leanings towards these heresies have doubtless been due much more to motives of factional accommodation than to any real disregard for sound money, the hope for conservative legislation on the currency question is thus very greatly strengthened. It is probable that this view will be taken abroad, with the result of a material strengthening of the foreign confidence in our investments which has been so rudely shaken by the uncertain attitude of congress upon this urgent issue.

(7) In a word, the chief significance of the political revolution lies here;—that, while the advent of the democracy to power suggested a long series of radical changes in matters affecting the nature of the laws and the regulation of our trade and finances, yet the truth is that, whatever may have been urged in favor of such a policy, the people do not take kindly to the prospect of so much change and uncertainty as all this "reforming" involves; they are more concerned with the present than the future; they want the shortest cut to a renewal of prosperity; they prefer putting up with some things of which they may not theoretically approve to so much reconstructing as the party now in power proposes; and they therefore say to the discarded party,—"take the reins again; we have given you a few lessons; and if you will take them to heart, we are prepared to trust to your future control rather than throw everything into confusion by too much experimenting." This, we take it, is about the meaning of the business man's vote. The motive will commend itself to the sound common sense of the country; and, when supported by such an immense majority of the people, it becomes a very powerful contribution to future stability and confidence.

A QUAKER WEDDING IN COURT.

The novelty of a Quaker marriage was witnessed in Judge Humes' chambers yesterday at noon, when Charles D. King, an attorney of Thurston county, and Miss Anna C. Wilkins, of Philadelphia, presented themselves before the judge, not to be married, but to marry one another in accordance with the rites of the Quaker church. They did not appear in the conventional gray garb of the sect; on the contrary, the young lady, handsome and fresh as a new-blown rose, stepped out of a gurney at the courthouse steps in a white satin bridal dress, en train, while the happy groom looked radiant in a black dress suit.

When ranged before Judge Humes they explained their desire, and Miss Wilkins exhibited to the judge her certificate of membership as a Quaker from the Philadelphia society. Judge Humes acquiesced in their desires, and, the gentleman taking the young lady's hand, each in turn repeated the formula that bound them one to the other for life. The ceremony was simple but very impressive. The appearance of the bride in her handsome dress attracted all the clerks and lawyers in the building, and as the happy pair tripped down the steps back to their gurney they had several hundred spectators watching their movements.—Seattle P.-I.

THE REAL MEANING OF "WE."

Somebody who wants to explain what the editorial "we" signifies, says it has a variety of meanings, varied to suit the circumstances. When you read that "we expect our wife home today," "we" refers to the editor-in-chief; when it is "we are a little late with work," it includes the whole office force, even to the devil and the towel; in "we are having a boom," the town is meant; "we received over 700,000 immigrants last year," and it embraces the nation; but "we have hog cholera in our midst," only means that the man who takes the paper and does not pay for it is very ill.—St. Louis Press.

GREAT IS OREGON.

Monday Mrs. S. J. White, of La Grande, picked in her garden a superb bouquet of pansies, verbenas, etc. It is certainly a contrast to have flowers growing in the open air here, when, in this latitude in the Eastern states, snow and ice are usually somewhat in order.

James Watkins, of Philomath, has 1006 bushels of Burbank potatoes, raised on summer fallow, that yielded fifty bushels per acre. It cost 2½ cents per bushel to dig them and 30 cents per bushel has been offered for spuds in this neighborhood. At this figure the crop will net him $275, many times as much as he could have netted from the same acreage of wheat.

HOP INTELLIGENCE.

Decreased business has marked the local market since the last report, and at present there is a slowness which will probably quicken before the close of the week. Values remain steady, 9¼ cents being considered best offering although more than ten has been paid for superior goods, but that is no criterion.—Hamilton, N. Y., Sentinel.

Journal-Bulletin, Nov. 7th:—Some dealers reported better business with home brewers, on which 11 to 12c was realised for exceptionally fine stock, and the parity of interior market rates accepted for other grades. Export movement is comparatively light, and orders from foreign markets are few, with bids about 1 to 2c under sellers' views. From interior home markets there were advices of fair business at about the same prices that ruled last week." Foreign reports were of stiff prices for high quality hops, but rather poor market for others.

The same paper of the 10th: Some little export business was reported, chiefly at about 10c in interior New York and 10 to 10½c for choice Oregons here. There was not enough movement, however, to have any effect upon the general market, since prime and lower grades were secured readily at about the prices that have ruled previously of late and which were turned out to home brewers at very moderate advance on original cost. Foreign market advices are somewhat conflicting. Foreign accounts are still somewhat variable, but indicate that there is no real firmness to prices except on particularly fine quality goods. In this connection it may be noted that offers on some very fine samples (submitted by request of factors) were below reported on spot sales.

Cherry Valley, N. Y., Gazette of 8th: Hops are selling quite as rapidly as desirable at present figures. There is a disposition to pay rather better figures than were being paid at one time though the price is not yet below the cost of production. Buyers readily pay from nine cents downward according to the quality of goods and the gullibility of holders. Better figures are also paid in some cases. It is also claimed that dealers have sold short, thousands of bales. Their contracts will have to be kept. There is a chance therefore that holders will have of getting not good figures but better than they are now receiving. One fact is certainly potent, that is that dealers generally are very desirous of buying. It rests largely with the holders whether prices shall advance or decline. No man who has the trade at heart, be he producer, dealer or consumer, desires to see goods sold under the cost of production. If there is a surplus, the excess must be sold cheaper or carried over. There is no help for that. Men will not buy nor can they be expected to buy what they do not need unless they buy on speculation. As a matter of course some will carry their hops over. That has always been done and always will be done.

The foreign market is by no means acting badly. Prices are yet low but trade is active and figures are improving. The crop both in England and on the continent is too large for large prices but it certainly is looking better than at one time. American goods are not doing as well as could be desired though those that have reached there are said to be mainly disposed of. It is quite possible that consumers upon that side are beginning to feel that it will not be quite the thing to kill the goose that lays the golden egg. Desirable as it is for farmers to raise hops, all know that they can't raise them a great while at a loss. Besides there are other branches of agriculture that will pay.

A fair degree of activity has marked the trading again this week. Demand has not developed force enough to warrant putting prices up, but there has been a steady tone on all desirable grades. Brewers have been the principal buyers, and they have called for a good deal of stock; many of them had early contracts which are giving them a full supply, but others are now securing stocks, believing that values are low enough to be reasonably safe. A few new orders from England are being filled at close to 11c. f. o. b. steamer here, but the consignments from the Pacific coast are still too large to hope for much buying here for awhile. We retain about former quotations as representing a fair trading basis. In the country politics have claimed more interest than hops, but the sales so far as reported were at about late prices. Advices from the Pacific coast indicate that a good deal of stock has been moved, most of which is going abroad. —N. Y. Price Current, 10th.

The situation since our last report has remained in about the same condition, with, however, an improving tendency. The demand seems to have fallen off somewhat, but this diminution of actual business does not appear to have affected values. Hops of low or medium quality are not easy to sell, but there is a growing conviction that choice samples will be difficult to find, therefore, their value is not only firm, but is gradually hardening. The result is, the Southern growers are not forcing business, in the expectation (which seems to be well founded) that in the near future better prices will be obtained. Recent sales have realized for growers, £4 10s for East Kent Goldings, and as our telegraphic report from the Borough shows, even 95s has been given for choice qualities. Worcesters have been sold at £4 4s, and generally speaking, there have been no signs of lower prices, but rather the reverse. —English Hop Grower.

WEIGHT AND YIELD OF EGGS.

A correspondent of Kansas Farmer furnishes the following:

Geese, 4 to the pound; 20 per annum.

Polish, 9 to the pound; 150 per annum.

Bantams, 16 to the pound; 60 per annum.

Houdans, 8 to the pound; 160 per annum.

LaFleche, 7 to the pound; 130 per annum.

Hamburgs, 9 to the pound; 200 per annum.

Turkeys, 5 to the pound; 30 to 60 per annum.

Game fowl, 9 to the pound; 130 per annum.

Leghorns, 9 to the pound; 150 per annum.

Black Spanish, 7 to the pound; 150 per annum.

Plymouth Rocks, 8 to the pound; 120 per annum.

Langshans, 8 to the pound; 150 per annum.

Brahmas, 8 to the pound; 150 per annum.

Guinea fowl, 11 to the pound; 160 per annum.

Ducks, 6 to the pound; 30 to 60 per annum.

A certain young man advertised for a wife in an Eastern paper and his sister answered the advertisement. The young fellow now thinks advertising doesn't pay, and the old folks think it is pretty hard luck to have two fools in one family.—Ex.

Ethel—Hasn't he a lot of cheek, mamma?

Mamma—Don't say "cheek," my dear; say "facial area."