THE OLD BRUSSELLS CARPET.

Oh, dear to our hearts are the sad days of springtime,
When the annual housecleaning recurs to our view,
When we sleep on the sofa and eat off the mantel,
In an atmosphere strongly suggestive of glue,
We think of the stovepipe, the soot that came with it,
Likewise the profanity, fluent and fine,
But saddest and bitterest of all recollections
Is the dusty old carpet that hung on the line.
Oh, that dusty old carpet,
That rusty old carpet,
That musty old carpet,
That hung on the line!

We remember how, armed with a lithe flagelator,
In the morning we blithely advanced to the fray,
In the muscular pride of our heart little dreaming
That cleaning that carpet would take the whole day.
We sweat, and we swore, and our hands badly blistered,
While the sun lent his countenance warmly benign,
But the harder we pounded the more it was needed
By that dusty old carpet that hung on the line!
Oh, that dusty old carpet,
That musty old carpet,
That cussety old carpet,
That hung on the line!
—St. Louis Republic.

The Canon of the White Horse.

"THIS canon ought to have a history, Pablo," I said to the guide, as, supper finished, I leaned back on my blankets and dreamily gazed at the scene before us. It was a summer night—a night in the Southwest where nights are perfect. The moon was at the full, and not a cloud was in the sky to obscure her radiance or the light of the myriad stars which bore her company. The air was cool and bracing, yet balmy, and there was just enough breeze to lull one's spirits and cause him to forget the world and indulge in fanciful reveries, such as only Southern breezes inspire.

We had pitched our camp on one of the sloping hills on the south side of the canon, where a little stream of clear, sweet water rippled from a spring in a ravine down into the canon below. Above us was the sighing, odorous forest of juniper and pinon; below was a little stretch of velvety grass, extending clear to the floor of the canon, on both sides of the little stream. Right and left stretched the canon itself, its walls, precipitous for the most part, rising grandly, hundreds of feet high on each side.

"It is beautiful, Pablo," I continued. "It must have a history of some kind; or a story—no?"

"Si, Senor, that it has—ay, that it has," answered the Mexican, lighting a fresh cigarette and puffing at it reflectively a moment. "Would the senor hear it?"

"By all means, Pablo; go ahead."

And here is Pablo's story, as nearly as I can translate it, (for he spoke in Spanish):

"Does the senor see the cliff on the other side, how high it is? That is the Cliff of the White Horse—it is many hundred feet high, and straight up and down. And at the top, when the moon is a little higher, the senor will see the White Horse. It is a great white rock on the edge of the cliff, and by clear moonlight it looks like a white horse. It has not always been there, and now, they say, on the anniversaries of certain days, the ghost of old Don Fernando comes and rides it along the edge of the canon.

"Don Fernando? Oh, ay. May the blessed saints have mercy upon him!" ejaculated Pablo, crossing himself.

"Many years ago, Don Fernando Cortez—he was a grandson, or something, of the great Cortez—lived over above, beyond the canon several miles. Don Fernando was rich, and lived in a grand house, and had many servants and slaves. He was a great entertainer, was Don Fernandez, and people used to come many miles—hundreds, thousands, yes—to his grand dinners and balls.

"He was not a good man. No. He was a cruel master, and hard with all his people, and made them all hate him. He was kind to only two living creatures; one of these was his beautiful daughter, the Lady Ysabel—the other was his great white stallion, the largest and fleetest horse in all the country. These two the old Don loved as his two eyes, and well he might—yes. The Lady Ysabel was not only beautiful, but she was kind and good, and all the people loved her as much as they hated the Don, which was a great deal. She had golden hair, and eyes like the sky, and it is said the birds listened when she sang. And the horse—ay, he was wonderful. He was as big as three ordinary horses, and his tread shook the ground. He had a long, white mane, and eyes that flashed fire, and was almost as much feared as the old Don, who alone dared go near him.

"The Lady Ysabel had many suitors. The wealthiest and most aristocratic men in all the country came to sue for her hand many of them from far-off California, and some, it is said, came even from Spain. But the Lady Ysabel would have none of them. She loved her pony, and her dogs and birds, and her people; but a man, no. One after another came, but she turned them all away. So, after a few years the old Don became tired of what he called her 'foolishness,' and swore she should marry, and at once, a man whom he had selected for her.

"This grieved the Lady Ysabel very much; for not only did she not love any of those who had offered themselves to her, but her heart was already given—given to one of her father's peons, a young man named Jose, whom she had helped nurse through a terrible illness. Him she used to meet by stealth, nearly every night, unbeknown to any but themselves. But, one night, when the Lady Ysabel's wedding day was near at hand, she and her lover were seen together, and the story came to the ears of the old Don.

"He started to find them, swearing to kill them both; but they had been warned, and had taken two of the fleetest horses in the stables and fled. With mad haste the Don saddled his white stallion and pursued them. They had taken their way over the hills, blindly, but some instinct led the Don to follow the direction they had taken, and in a short time he had them in sight, riding over the plateau beyond the canon there.

"When the lovers saw they were pursued, they put their jaded horses to their highest speed, hoping to escape; but soon they found it was too late, and as the old Don, with terrible curses, pressed them closely, they leaped to the ground, ran to the edge of the cliff, and, clasped in each other's arms, sprang into eternity together!

"And the Don? For days he raved like a madman, and seemed to know no one. Then he became quieter, and they thought he would be himself again. But, one moonlight night, they missed him, and several set out to seek him. He was riding up and down the edge of the cliff, yonder, raving and blaspheming terribly, and none of those who had come to find him dared approach. For hours he raved; then, just as the moon came from behind a cloud, they saw him ride back from the cliff a little distance. Then he wheeled sharply, and, shouting, 'Now, my friend, both together!' he rode full speed at the precipice. But at the edge the white stallion halted suddenly, and the Don went over alone. In mid-air he shook his fist and hurled a curse at the friend who had deserted him at the last minute; and then and there the great white stallion turned to stone! There he stands, senor—you can see him plainly, now—still looking over the precipice. It is from him that the cliff and the canon get their name.

"And it is said by the superstitious, senor," continued Pablo, drawing closer to the fire, and shuddering slightly, "that on the anniversary of old Don Fernando's death, and on Lady Ysabel's saint's day, the ghosts of Lady Ysabel and Jose ride forth on the plateau, and that of the old Don pursues them, riding the white stallion, which leaves its station at such times. And—oh, senor, for the love of God, look!"

Startled, I looked quickly across the canon. The rock which appeared so very like a white horse seemed to vanish, as though in mist. Then there were a series of blood-curdling shrieks and curses, and, flying along the edge of the cliff, rode three persons on horseback—and one, behind the others, rode a great white horse!

It was only a moment, and then the drunken cowboys passed out of sight, and the tiny fleck of vapor which had, for those few seconds, kept the moonlight from the white horse rock, moved on, leaving the rock standing out in the clear light, just as before. Still shivering with the sudden fright I had had, I turned to Pablo. He had fallen in a fit, and was lying rigid, with flecks of foam on his lips. I brought him round soon, and he sat up, his eyes staring wildly.

"Well, Pablo," I said, in as steady a voice as I could command, "you must have had quite a dream. You've been plunging around and yelling for a full five minutes."

"What, senor, I? A dream? Then it was not——"

"I think it was the bread, Pablo. You ate a big supper, and that hot sour bread would kill an Indian."

Pablo concluded not to run away, as he might have done if I hadn't been able to convince him it was only a dream.

THE SAME OLD GAG.

But It Is Changed Around Just a Trifle.

The tin box game is practically the same the world over. There are a few trifling variations, but the sharper usually gets in his work along the same old line. The latest story is from Chillicothe, Ohio:

By a bold game William Jones was bunkoed out of $7,000. Mr. Jones is one of the wealthiest farmers of that county. A stranger drove up to Mr. Jones' residence, and when he met Mr. Jones introduced himself as a Mr. Smith, of Columbus, and represented that he was related to George H. Smith, a well-known capitalist of that city, and that, being desirous of purchasing a farm, his relative had recommended him to see William A. Jones, who might be able to accommodate him. Mr. Jones stated that he was not particularly anxious to sell his farm, but was assured by Mr. Smith that there would be no trouble between them in coming together on a price, provided the farm suited him. Mr. Smith asked to be shown over the place, and Mr. Jones got in the buggy with him, and they spent an hour or more driving about the farm. As they were driving along the road returning to the house Mr. Smith expressed himself as being delighted with the farm, and said it was just the sort of place he had been looking for for sometime. They were discussing the price when they met a stranger coming toward them, walking along the road. The stranger stopped them to inquire the distance to Bourneville, and the trio were soon engaged in conversation. The stranger was very loquacious and entertaining. He said his name was Jones and he lived in Tennessee, and was delighted to find that one of his new acquaintances bore the name of Jones. The Tennessee Jones stated that he was up in this country for the purpose of buying a farm, and when Smith said that was his mission there the coincidence caused considerable merriment and joking between the two.

"What have you got to buy a farm with?" interrogated Smith of the Tennessee Jones.

"I have the money and plenty of it right here," replied Jones, at the same time indicating by tapping his fingers on a tin box under his arm.

"How much have you got?" was the next question put by Smith, and the answer came back:

"Fifteen thousand dollars."

As the badgering continued it was plain to be seen that the victim of the game was becoming very much interested.

"I don't believe you have $15,000 in that box," was the bantering remark of Smith.

"Well, I will just bet you $15,000 that I have that amount," promptly answered Jones.

"Let's take him up," proposed Smith to Farmer Jones. "I have $8,000, and if you have $7,000 we'll just bet that sucker and take all he's got, for I know that box hasn't got any $15,000."

Farmer Jones was a goner, and took the bait, hook and all. The only drawback was that he had not that amount of money at home, but he eagerly took up with Smith to come to town and get it from the bank.

Bunkoist Jones agreed to remain where he was while Smith and Farmer Jones drove to the city to get the money. The journey was made as hastily as possible, and Mr. Jones went to the Central National bank, wrote out his check for $7,000, and the money was passed over the counter without a word, as he is a heavy stockholder in the bank, and in his capacity of stock-dealer, as well as farmer, often has use for large sums of money. Rejoining his companion, the two hurried back toward Bourneville and met the other bunkoist, who was awaiting them. In the excitement and lively conversation between the two bunkoists nothing was said about Smith's putting up his agreed portion of the bet.

Farmer Jones produced the $7,000 and agreed that it should be placed in the tin box with the supposed $15,000; that the box should be locked up, and turned over to Farmer Jones; that the Tennessee Jones should keep the key; that next day they should come to the city and go to the Central National bank and open the box. Whichever one won should have the contents of the box. Farmer Jones' money was shifted and the box, after being locked, was turned over to him and he took it home and the two bunkoists got into the buggy and drove toward the city. Later in the day Mr. Jones became uneasy and took the box to town. It was pried open at the savings bank and contained only a package of paper.

MORE TROBULE FOR GASHIE.

San Francisco, Dec. 4.—A warrant has been issued for the arrest of Gashie Stein, who was only recently released from the penitentiary, after serving six years for passing counterfeit coin. Stein is charged with buying and selling tainted canned and bottled food.

PALMISTRY A CRAZE

Character Reading a Fascination.

The Women Are Its Especial Patrons.

Business Men Are Not All Above Consulting the Art of the Chiromancier.

Out from the commonplace level of the matter-of-fact in these end-of-the-century days protrudes conspicuously the art and mystery of palmistry. Not that the ancient guilds of clairvoyants and those who tell fortunes with cards and other devices are extinct, but society no longer has recourse to them in its hours of uncertainty and longing, says the Kansas City "Star."

Nothing that does not smack of science can hold today, and the palmist lays claims to as correctly scientific a foundation for his calling as does the geologist or the astronomer. His deductions, startling and occult as they may appear, he claims to draw from a profound study of cause and effect, and places himself under a plane several degrees above the fortune teller and seer. The latter still has his patrons, but it is to the palmist's portals that silken robed society flocks and pays liberally to know itself.

The question why a woman or man should desire to know what the palmist can reveal concerning the character is one of the queries that come to the mind of the onlookers here. A certain set expression of expectancy and strained curiosity is to be seen on each face, mingled perhaps in many cases with an artificial air more or less skillfully assumed, of unconcern. It was for the purpose of studying the devotees at the shrine that the writer visited the reception rooms of a professional palmist the other day.

Many of those in waiting seemed a trifle apprehensive and somewhat inclined to draw back, and as nearly every applicant was accompanied by a friend who had been through the ordeal before, there were many low-toned discussions

As each caller emerged from the inner room it was curious to note the effect of her experience. Some who had gone in with careless mien came out with traces of tears upon their cheeks, others with almost trembling limbs moved slowly toward the outer door, while a few who had entered the mystic portal in apprehension and timidity came out like conquering heroes.

Their emotions were duly reflected in the faces of those waiting without, as the secretary stepped up and, in a quiet tone of voice, invited another victim to enter. The solemn and often nervous demeanor of those about to go within was almost ludicrous in many instances, and there was a queer suggestion of the funeral about the whole proceeding, even in the case of those giddy creatures who go through the thing simply as a lark. Once within the inner room the inquiring visitor found himself facing a tall, broad-shouldered man, with a face like Byron's, and great, penetrating eyes. He had the solemn manner and bearing of a dealer in mysteries, and, withal, an air of one who takes himself and his trade seriously. She was requested to seat herself and place her hand upon a silken cushion that rested upon a little table in front of the high priest, but her business there was not to test his occult art.

"I went you to tell me something about the people who visit you," she said. "You must have curious, or, at least, humorous happenings, sometimes."

"Yes," he replied, "and some pathetic incidents as well. Sometimes they are all mingled in one. For instance, a woman came in here the other day, who, when I detected in the lines of her hand evidence which betrayed events in her past, confessed that she had procured a divorce from her husband because he had became enamored of her daughter, and that she herself had fallen in love with the man whom her daughter married. That is a blending of the tragic and the comic indeed."

"But how do the people act when they come in?"

"In various ways, according to temperaments. Some are badly frightened—indeed, the majority are nervous, at any rate—some of them fall to weeping almost at once, and some grow hysterical. This is generally when I mention an unsuccessful love affair. Many of them treat me as a father confessor as soon as they perceive that I can read their past, and proceed to acknowledge all sorts of things, seeming glad to unburden themselves to someone.

"Some time after I have proceeded for a while deciphering the hand, the client will suddenly withdraw it and refuse to allow me to go any further. This has often happened, especially in the case of men, who are generally easier to get along with, however, asking few questions and appearing better satisfied with the results. Men rarely are frightened, either, but when I discovered in two instances that I held the hand of a murderer, both of them trembled violently. One of them returned on the following day, looking as though he had not slept all night, and with beads of perspiration on his forehead asked me to promise to keep his secret.

"A woman will ask questions about everything that touches upon her life, and the married woman's favorite question is, 'How many children have I?'

"One client, a young woman who had had a most uneventful little life, after I had finished, produced a long sheet of paper, with a list of questions almost a yard in length. Many of them covered the ground I had gone over, but I had to answer them all, while she checked off the replies with a lead pencil. At the conclusion she bowed stiffly, and said: 'Most satisfactory,' and walked off. Another, who came to me lately, listened in silence to my reading, and at the close said to me:

"You've been most successful in reading my life, yet I am not quite satisfied. There is one important thing I particularly want to know, and that is, is my sister's daughter in Australia going to get married?' And not unlike that woman was the man who asked me to predict from his hand the future of his twin brother."

"Not many men come to you, do they?"

"More than you would imagine," answered the Mystery Man; "but, unlike the women, they don't want their friends to know it as a rule. They try to make appointments for after business hours and Sundays, and I have had very tempting offers to come to their apartments, but I never accept the latter, as my surroundings here are much more conducive to correct reading."

SOLID FACTS ABOUT SHOES.

An Augusta shoe dealer upon whom a Journal man called yesterday relates many little sayings that he heard when selling people footwear. Some people place considerable confidence in these superstitions, while others look upon them as myths. The dealer quoted from his little note book a few of these amusing sayings, such as, "Worn on the heel, spends a good deal;" "Worn on the ball, spends it all;" "Worn on the vamp, look out for a scamp;" "Worn on the toes, spends as he goes;" "Worn on the side, will be a rich man's bride," all of which may be taken for just what they are worth.

"An old sign says that if a young man is careless of his shoe lacing, he will neglect his wife; but on the contrary, if he laces them tight he will be very stingy in his dealings with her. By the way, if a young man is going to see his sweetheart and stubs his right toe, he may know that he is to be welcome; but if he stubs his left one he may as well turn around and go home, because she does not want him. Again, if his lacings keep coming untied, his lady love is talking or thinking about him.

"When you buy a pair of new shoes, never put them on a shelf higher than your head, unless you want to bring bad luck; and if you blacken them before you have had both shoes on, you may meet with an accident or even have a sudden death. This is an old Irish superstition. The Scottish girls believe that if they drop their shoes before they are worn, trouble will ensue, while a French lady losing her heel is sure of some disappointment in love, and a German mother in the same predicament feels that she will soon lose one of her children.

"You must not put your right shoe on your left foot or your left on your right, nor must you put your left shoe on before the right unless you want bad luck. This superstition dates back to one of the emperors of Rome, who, it is recorded, put on his left shoe first one morning, and came near being assassinated during the day.

"As a sign of respect the Japanese take off their slippers when they meet in the street, and the Jews used to pluck off one of theirs to confirm a bargain. Throughout the East, when an inferior enters the presence of his superior, he leaves his shoes or slippers at the door. A great many people still follow the old custom of throwing an old shoe after a bridal couple, but very few know the old significance of this. It is supposed to bring good luck, and those that throw it after a newly married couple do so with the best intentions in the world. This custom, however, really came from the old Anglo-Saxon times, when the father invariably handed the bridegroom one of the bride's old shoes, which signifies the giving up of all authority over the girl to her husband, so that those who throw an old shoe after the departing couple nowadays are really signifying that she is his property, as in mediaeval times.

"It is supposed to bring good luck to keep an old pair of shoes that are past wearing around the house, but if they are burned up, according to an old sign, snakes will squirm away from the place and will leave bad luck behind them. Old negro 'aunties' in the South burn up old shoes and hog hoofs, and use a mixture of the two for coughs. It would seem as though a good smart cold would be preferable to this remedy.

"'To be in another's shoes' is a quotation in vogue today. Among the ancient Norsemen, when a man adopted a son, he must always, for a certain time at least, wear the shoes of his adopted father in order to lawfully inherit his property, and so it came about that to stand in another's shoes means to claim his honors."

Thus endeth the shoe dealer's collection of shoe knowledge in this line, and doubtless many who read this will be able to add some other superstition in regard to the shoe, but be sure to put on your right shoe first in the morning.—Kennebec Journal.

SURPASSES THE POPULISTS.

Syracuse Post: Miss Frances E. Willard, for many years president of the Woman's Christian Temperance union, delivered a speech before the union last week in Cleveland, Ohio, in which she departed considerably from the subject of temperance, and prescribed an entire system of measures for the administration of government. She advocated the single tax theory of Henry George, i. e., placing the entire burden of government upon land, thus abolishing custom-houses, internal revenue, taxes on personal property, license taxation, etc. She wants the government to own all the railroad and telegraph lines, thus increasing the patronage of the president and whatever political party happens to be in power. She thinks the government should also own the newspapers, not apparently stopping to think that the president and the party in power could thus institute a censorship of the press which would muzzle the mouth of every public speaker like herself who shouldn't happen to advocate just what that dominant party with an executive at its head should think agreeable to them.

This brief outline of Miss Willard's notions of political economy rather goes beyond the populistic visions of Jerry Simpson, John C. Bell, T. J. Hudson, Lafe Pence, and a whole galaxy of like statesmen in the present congress, but who after the 4th of March next will sink into oblivion in the Western horizon. It is true, they were ready to pass laws authorizing the secretary of the treasury to loan government money on such security as wheat, rye, oats, barley, and we do not remember if they include live stock upon the ranches; but in their most lurid descriptions of the prosperity which would follow such legislation they never advocated the government ownership or control of newspapers.

Miss Willard has undoubtedly wrought good results in the field of temperance advocacy, but she will ultimately probably come to the conclusion that one great reform at a time is worthy of the ambition of man or woman, without attempting to revolutionize the entire system of national government.

SOMEWHAT COMPLICATED.

A correspondent writes: I became acquainted with a young widow, who lived with her stepdaughter in the same house. I married the widow; my father fell, shortly after it, in love with the stepdaughter of my wife, and married her. My wife became the mother-in-law and also the daughter-in-law of my own father; my wife's step-daughter is a step-mother, and I am step-father of my mother-in-law. My step-mother, who is the step-daughter of my wife, has a boy; he is naturally my step-brother, because he is the son of my father and my step-mother; but because he is the son of my wife's step-daughter, so is my wife the grandmother of the little boy, and I am the grandfather of my step-brother. My wife has also a boy; my step-mother is consequently the step-sister of my boy, and is also his grandmother, because he is the child of her step-son; and my father is the brother-in-law of my son, because he has got his step-sister for a wife. I am the brother of my own son, who is the son of my step-mother; I am the brother-in-law of my step-mother, my wife is the aunt of her own son, my son is the grandson of my father, and I am my own grandfather.

THE EARTH'S HIGHWAYS

Ably Discussed and Compared.

Our Own Country Possesses the Worst.

Economic Statements as to Cost of Construction the World Over.

The public highway question is now one of the most important matters that is being considered by the people of the United States, and when we take into consideration what forcible and convincing arguments can be advanced in favor of good macadamized roads it is strange indeed that the public mind is so slow in grasping the situation. Good roads materially assist the farmer in his money making and put him upon a higher plane, socially, commercially and financially. At the same time they widen his influence and add much to the comfort and convenience of his family. They place him in better accord with the busy world and therefore bring him in closer contact with its civilizing influences. It is impossible to enumerate the number of ways bad roads entail a loss upon the people. The necessity for more help, the wear and tear of vehicles and harness, need of extra draft animals, the depreciation of farm lands, the great personal inconvenience and so on which, taken in connection with the fact that good roads are cheaper than bad ones, should cause the people to act promptly and effectively.

We expend $140,000,000 annually upon our public schools. Statistics show that an average of 30 per cent of the pupils are absent in every school day in the year and that fully three-fourths of the absentees are occasioned by bad roads. At every political election the question of good roads has an important bearing upon the result, for it has been proven time and again that bad roads alone have often prevented a full expression of public sentiment in different portions of the United States. It is certainly not a very pleasant commentary upon a great nation like ours to say that the success of an important political movement may be placed in jeopardy and perhaps be defeated by bad roads when the arguments for establishing good roads are so strong and convincing. There are 16,000,000 horses and mules in the United States. Say these animals are kept in the stables upon an average of only twenty days in the year on account of bad roads, and value them at only 25 cents a day, and we have a loss of $80,000,000, which would macadamize 16,000 miles of road, which would more than macadamize every road in the state of Oregon. To illustrate to what ridiculous ends the perseverity of the human mind will sometimes lead, the following incident is given: A half-loaded wagon stalled in the mud in almost the shadow of the twenty million dollar state house at Albany, N. Y., at the same time when the farmers of Albany county were sending telegrams to members of the state legislature asking for the adjournment of a committee because the roads were too bad to permit them to get to town in time to oppose a bill that sought to make the roads better.

Outside of the social and political features of the matter and the direct influence they may have upon the personal fortunes of the farmer, bad roads invariably force the consumer to pay a higher price for produce because it cannot be hauled to town under such conditions and the middle man, or speculator, takes advantage of the situation and secures a big profit thereby. Indeed it is a costly and paralyzing condition of affairs for a county to have bad roads at all, and measured by every rule of economy, public and private, the United States has by far the worst highways in the world.

The people of Europe have learned by experiment and still better by long experience that true economy in the construction of public roads consists in making them durable and broad enough to meet all of the demands of travel and traffic. England has a most admirable system of roads and so have the other countries of Europe, but France is acknowledged to possess the most perfect of them all, the great impetus to highway improvement having been given the country by the first Napoleon. Although only four times larger than the state of New York, France has spent $600,000,000 on her roads, and it now only costs her a little over 2 per cent of the cost to keep them in repair. This tallies closely with our figures, for we said in our last issue it would not cost over $10,000 a year to keep our macadamized roads in repair, which is about 2 per cent of the cost of construction, amounting to $450,000.

Francis W. Loomis, United States commercial agent at St. Eltenne, France, in his report to the state department at Washington, speaking of the road system of France, says:

"The road system of France has been of far greater value to the country as a means of raising the value of lands and putting the remote peasant proprietors in easier communication with their markets than have the railways. It is the opinion of well-informed Frenchmen who have made a practical study of economic problems that the superb roads of France have been one of the most steady and potent contributions to the material development and marvelous financial elasticity of the country. The far reaching and splendidly maintained road system has distinctly favored the success of the small landed proprietors and in their prosperity and the ensuing distribution of wealth lies the key to the secret of the wonderful financial vitality and solid prosperity of the French nation."

The roads in Norway are very fine, though differing in construction to those of France. The road from Christiania to Lierdalsoren is a noted highway. It is 150 miles in length and is thoroughly drained. The highways of Austria and the German states, Italy and Switzerland, are almost equal to those of France, all of which bears forcible testimony to the sentiment that the people of Europe have fully tested the experiment of good roads and find them economical and satisfactory in every respect. What a contrast we run square against when we compare the splendid roads of the old world to those in our own United States. Over there they are the rule, while in this country they are the exception. In fact the few good roads in the United States remind one of an oasis in the desert.

The history of the construction of good roads in England up to the time the people took the matter in hand and went about the work was similar to that of our own. Macaulay wrote often in scathing terms of ridicule about the stage coaches sticking in the mud and it required hundreds of years for the people there to regard the matter in its proper light and put it into practical operation. When they inaugurated the work its practical utility became at once apparent and they wondered why they had delayed it so long

In Kentucky and Tennessee where the system of turnpikes prevails it has proven an admirable success. These turnpikes are simply macadamized roads constructed by private parties with a system of toll gates. But their one defect is the fact that they are not free to all and paid for out of the general taxes. These beautiful roads are really what have made the blue grass regions famous all over the world. The splendid roads and the blue grass pastures on each side thereof form a picture which charms the eye of everyone who travels through that country. Give Buchanan County such a system of roads and the transformation will be wonderful indeed.

We sincerely believe that if the people of the United States would make up their minds to use the money they are expending annually in almost a useless manner on their roads in a judicious and practical way the present hard times would disappear like the mists of the morning. It would give work to hundreds of thousands of people. We would hear no more of Coxey armies and we would not have thousands of honest workmen almost starving because they are unable to find work. It would open up a new era of prosperity in the United States. It would bring about genuine prosperity in a hundred ways and what would the people be paying for it all? Nothing. On the other hand it would be an economical movement that would result in the saving of millions of dollars every year to the people. But, if the people all over the United States will not now see the great benefits to be secured by such a general movement Marion county can do so and make it the garden spot of the West. She can set the example which other counties will surely follow when they observe what great blessings good roads confer upon the people. We desire to continually impress upon the minds of our readers that there is nothing Utopian in all of this, but that it is a plain, practical question which anyone can thoroughly appreciate and understand by giving the subject proper attention and study.

THE OREGON PACIFIC.

Montana Railroad Men Looking Over the Road—There Will Be Bidders.

Mr. Stone and A. B. Hammond, of the wealthy firm of Bonner, Hammond & Co., of Missoula, Montana, who recently went over the western portion of the Oregon Pacific from Albany to Yaquina, returned yesterday from a tour of inspection to the front. They have been investigating the condition of the road, and it is believed will be bidders at the approaching sale.

As the time draws near for the sale of the Oregon Pacific railroad at Corvallis there is reason to believe that several bidders will be present, ready to buy the property. December 22d is the day set by the court for the sale, it seems now that the uncertainty attending the final disposition of the road will soon be ended.

Mr. Hammond's reason for getting control of the road is not known, beyond the supposition that he believes it would be a good investment. Wallis Nash, of Corvallis, who was identified with the building of the road, is said to have backing for its purchase. Recently a party of English gentlemen made a trip over the road as his guests, and this is presumed to have considerable significance. William M. Hoag, the former manager of the Oregon Pacific, has come up from San Francisco to Albany, and it is believed he will also represent capital at the sale as a bidder.—Albany Herald.

Speaking of Marcus Daly, with whom it is supposed these men are associated, a gentleman just returned from Montana said yesterday: "If Marcus Daly makes up his mind to take hold of the O. P. something will be done. Daly spent $750,000 in the effort to make the town of Anaconda the capital of Montana. Anaconda, geographically and otherwise, is about as appropriate for the capital of that state as Monroe is for county seat of Benton; but Marcus Daly owned thirteen miles square of land around Anaconda and has plenty of money, and when the votes were counted out of 56,000 he lacked only 1,700 of carrying the state house over to his burg. Among other electioneering devices to which he resorted, he surveyed railroad lines from Anaconda to every section of the state, leading the people to believe that the roads were to be built, and in turn they voted for Anaconda to be the capital. It will be a great day for this country if he becomes interested in the Oregon Pacific."

The presence in Corvallis of William M. Hoag and Wallis Nash Tuesday, led many to wonder if their coming was an omen that the Hogg faction were to bob up with a bid for the road on the 22d of December. They left for Albany in the afternoon without having shown any sign of a desire to again sit in the ministerial saddle of the old road.

A gentleman who desires his name withheld, referring to the railroad situation, this morning said: "I have positive assurance that there will be a bid made for the O. P. at the coming sale. The people need not expect, however, that it will be a fancy price. Men who think of buying the property are deterred from paying a fancy figure by the realization that there must be an enormous outlay of money in an extension of the line before the property will pay good interest on the investment. People from whom I have assurance that there will be a bid, have plenty of means, and if they secure the property their first move will be to extend it." The same party expressed a belief that there was an influence in the sale abroad, that, for selfish purposes, opposed a successful sale of the property.—Corvallis Times.

WHY SUNSET COX RECOGNIZED HIM.

Congressman A. J. Hopkins of the Aurora district is just now prominent as a candidate for the republican nomination for governor. The congressman boasts a splendid head of fiery red hair, and to that physical peculiarity he owes his first prominence on the floor of congress.

It was back in the days when Carlisle was speaker of the house. He had left Washington for a few days and "Sunset" Cox of immortal memory had been called to the chair. Hopkins, along with a hundred or more congressmen, was engaged in a daily struggle to catch the speaker's eye and secure unanimous consent for the passage of a private bill affecting only the people of his own home town. For a week the young Illinois congressman had clamored vainly for recognition. Finally, one morning Acting Speaker Cox left the chair for a moment and came down on the floor of the house. Mr. Hopkins approached him.

"Mr. Speaker," said the Illinois man, "take a good look at me. I have been trying to catch your eye every morning for two weeks. I wish you'd get my features so clearly in your mind's eye that you couldn't help seeing me when I get up tomorrow."

The wit of the house laid one hand on Hopkins' shoulder.

"I'd know your red head," he said, "anywhere in the world. Do you know, Hopkins, the first girl I ever fell in love with had hair exactly the shade of yours? For her sake I'll recognize you tomorrow morning."

Cox was as good as his word. When next morning came fifty or sixty congressmen were on their feet trying to catch the speaker's eye. But "Sunset" simply waved them into silence, and said:

"The gentleman from Illinois—Mr. Hopkins."—Chicago Mail.

ARE THE PLANETS PEOPLED?

Sir Robert Ball, in the November number of the Fortnightly Review, shows how, since the days of Whewell and Brewster, the contention that the other planets are inhabited has been strengthened by fresh discoveries.

For instance, spectroscopic research has demonstrated that hydrogen, carbon, sodium, iron, calcium and other elements necessary for building up the framework of living beings are widely diffused throughout the universe. There is not the same emphatic demonstration of the existence of oxygen, because it has been held that the well-marked lines in the solar spectrum attributed to oxygen are due to the oxygen in the earth's atmosphere. But in all probability this life-giving gas is just as abundant on many other globes as on this one.

There have also, however, been discoveries tending to limit the contention with regard to life on other planet. The varying size, gravity and temperature fo the planets have to be considered. The weight of a planet must stand in important relation to the framework of the organisms adapted to dwell upon it. Sir Robert Ball concludes:

"The character of each organism has to be fitted so exactly to its environment that it seems in the highest degree unlikely that any organism we know here could live on any other globe elsewhere. We cannot conjecture what the organism must be which would be adapted for residence on Venus or Mars, nor does any line of research at present known to us hold out the hope of more definite knowledge."

COFFEE.

According to the Scientific American of Nov. 14th even Java coffee pays to the planter not over four cents a pound. The government takes it all at a price worth $6 per every 134 lbs. in Holland. Holland sells it at a high price and compels as all to pay her taxes and saves her people from tax in that way. If the people had enough union and concord among themselves to refuse to buy it how soon all those monopolizing demons would come to their knees.

THE HOP TRADE.

The market continues in pretty good shape. Exporters have drawn some new orders from London, and with the shipments from previous purchases and Pacific coast stock going forward on consignments the foreign business makes a fair showing this week. Dealings with brewers have been on a large scale and the month of November promises to be the best for several years. Confidence is shown by the free operations, and there is still a willingness to buy when desirable samples are shown. The fact that the bulk of the stock both in this country and Europe is of a lower quality than was indicated at the opening of the season makes dealers as well as brewers think pretty well of choice hops. For a very high grade—rich, clean, bright and silky—12c is asked and occasionally obtained, but most of the stock classed as choice sells at 11c, and medium to prime grades range from 8 to 10c. More business has been done in yearlings and best grades are firm.

Buying in the country was quite free during the early part of the week, but it has seemed to be a little quieter toward the close; prices, however, remain unchanged. London cables report no change in the condition of the English markets.—N. Y. Producers' Price Current, Nov. 24th.

A STRONG PAIR.

San Francisco, Dec. 4.—Joaquin Miller, the "Poet of the Sierras" and George Partington, an artist of local note, have engaged passage on the next steamer to sail for Honolulu. They have been engaged by eastern publishers to prepare a history of Hawaii, to be written by Joaquin Miller and illustrated by Partington.

RAILROADS.

TIME TABLE.

Independence and Monmouth Motor Line

Leaves Independence.	Leaves Monmouth.
7:00	7:30
8:10	8:25
9:20	10:00
11:15	12:4
1:10	2:15
3:45	4:05
5:00	5:15

East and South
via
The SHASTA Route
—of the—
Southern Pacific Co.

California express trains run daily, stopping at all stations between Portland and Albany.

South			North
6:15 P. M.	Lv.	Portland	Ar. 8:20 A. M.
9:23 P. M.	Lv.	Albany	Ar. 4:25 A. M.
9:45 A. M.	Ar.	San Francisco	Lv. 7:00 P. M.

Roseburg Mail (Daily.)

Leave.		Arrive.	
Portland	8:30 A. M.	Roseburg	5:50 P. M.
Roseburg	7:00 A. M.	Portland	4:30 A. M.

Dining Cars on Ogden Route.

PULLMAN BUFFETT SLEEPERS
and
Second-Class Sleeping Cars attached to all through trains.

West Side Division.

Between Portland and Corvallis.

Mail train daily (except Sunday.)

7:50 a m	Lv	Portland	Ar	5:35 p m
11:18 a m	Ar	Independence	Ar	1:54 p m
12:15 p m	Ar	Corvallis	Lv	1:00 p m

At Albany and Corvallis, connect with trains Oregon Pacific railroad.

Express train daily (except Sunday)

4:40 p m	Lv	Portland	Ar	8:25 a m
7:25 p m	Ar	Newberg	Lv	5:50 p m

Oregonian Railway Division and Portland and Yamhill Ry.

Airlie mail Tri-weekly.

9:00 a m	Lv	Portland	Ar	3:05 p m
5:20 p m	Lv	Monmouth	Lv	7:45 a m
6:05 p m	Ar	Airlie	Lv	7:00 a m

Through tickets to all points in the Eastern States, Canada, and Europe, can be obtained from T. M. STIVER, Agent, Independence.

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