Crispy air,
Lovely night;
Twinkling stars;
Spirits bright;
Bashful man,
Timid maid;
Both in love,
Half afraid;
Bob tail nag,
Shining snow;
"Git along!"
Away they go;
Narrow sled,
Cosy rug;
"Nice!" she said,
Little hug,
Coming back,
Laughing moon;
Yum yum—Smack!
Wedding soon.
—New York Evening Sun.

"S'repty."

THE June sunshine poured generously in at the wide doors of the Merritt "great barn," and the large, cleanly room partitioned off for a carriage house was full of the breath of summer.

Opposite the door stood the family "surrey," wearing the drapery provided for its hours of retirement, and in one corner was a lofty pile of sleighs, of various patterns and sizes. On the same side of the door stood the gaunt frame of an old-fashioned hand-loom, and high in state before it was seated the mistress of the farm house. Many happy solitary hours Mrs. Merritt spent there.

She "loved to weave," she said, in her gentle, meditative voice.

But this love was not merely for the weaving. It was more for the pleasant sights and sounds of the summer weather, and for the kindly leisure of life's afternoon. The peaceful task belonged to summer as much as did the swaying of the daisies and the hum of the bees. In winter the loom stood neglected and forgotten, but in the late days of May, when the grass was already deep and green by the footpath, and the apple trees had shed their last lingering blossoms, the longing for the dreamy, delightful task would awaken, and Mrs. Merritt would bestir herself to set up a "web."

The old loom had come to her by inheritance, and she valued it as she treasured the ancestral homespun linen, and the family traditions which extended back even to the inevitable "three brothers that came over from England."

She had often told her daughters of the remote grandmother who, when the men of the family had inadvertently carried off the pick of the household armament on an excursion to Ticonderoga and Crown Point, defended her home and babies with an axe. To such deeds the Merritt sisters felt themselves quite adequate, had need arisen, but they could see no reason why their mother should sit in the barn and weave rag-carpeting in the fact that the loom had been framed of oak timber cut when all the hillside beyond Roaring Brook was a wilderness. But if "mother" pleased, it was all right.

And Miss Sarepta Toker even was welcome to bring her knitting-work and sit in the doorway, and tell who was dead, and who was married, from Roaring Brook to the Nepash. For Serepta possessed married sisters and cousins in half the towns of the county, which gave her an immense advantage as a purveyor of news.

She was a meager little woman, who had never been credited with much alertness of mind or body. It added a little brightness to her existence even to look on from the outside at the life and stir, and coming and going, at "the Merritt place."

And in the intervals when "S'repty" sat and knitted, with her eyes shut to visible things, she was no more hindrance to the placid musings of Mrs. Merritt than would have been a cat, dozing in the sunshine.

Back and forth moved the shuttle, then followed the dull stroke of the batten. Occasionally the weaver would descend from her seat to turn the ratchet of the beam upon which the fabric was wound.

"How nice you do beat up your weavin'!" exclaimed S'repty, rousing herself to admiration. "Mis' Minks don't do her'n, and Rosala has said, time and ag'in, she wouldn't send any more rags to her; but then she's kind'er sorry for her."

"It's hard for her to struggle along," said Mrs. Merritt. "If her children had lived, it would have been different."

"Your loom got kind o' crowded out of the house, didn't it?" said S'repta. "The old furnitoor has got to go. Reminds me of what cousin Spencer Doolittle said when Square Lane fugled round an' got him turned out of the gallery to the Baptis' meeting-house. He'd played the bass viol to lead the singin' for forty year. 'There ain't no room left for the stable foundations of order,' sez he. 'Folks mus' keep underminin', an' counterminin', an' improvin',' sez he."

"It was my notion having the loom set up out here," said Mrs. Merritt. "He says it's my amusement for summer weather, that I have to have, just as the girls play croquet and tennis."

Another long, dreamy silence, except for the shuttle that went on and on.

There was a sound of wheels ,and all semblance of slumber fled from Sarepta's eyes as there appeared at the front gate a very shiny top-buggy. And when in a few moments a slender shadow fell across the doorway, and Lois Merritt entered, no detail of her appearance was unobserved. The girl was tall, like her mother, with the same large, serious cast of countenance.

"What awful little bunnits they be a-wearin'!" said Sarepta, as if obeying an irresistible inner prompting. Lois received placidly this implied criticism of her new summer millinery, and her mother thought complacently: "Lois don't mind S'repta. Emma and Lucia ain't so even-tempered. They'd have flared up."

It required but little urging to induce the visitor to stay until after tea. It had been one of the great treats of Sarepta's childhood to go home from school with Lucinda.

"I don't see, mother," said Emma Merritt, as with a sigh of relief she watched Sarepta's departing footsteps, "how you can like to have her come here so much. It's just to see and hear, and then go and tell. And she doesn't miss anything that's going on, for all that she keeps her eyes shut."

"There isn't any harm in S'repty," said Mrs. Merritt. "I've always known her, and it kind o' interests her to come here."

"She takes too much interest in my affairs," persisted Emma. "And everywhere she goes she tells about 'Si,' and 'Em,' and 'Lucindy,' and so on, as if we belonged to her."

"Never mind, Emma Jane," replied her mother, "I guess there's room enough in this world for you and S'repty, too."

"Oh, mother, mother! you're too good. You make excuses for everybody, and there's nobody you'd refuse to speak to. I do believe you would visit with a caterpillar, if you thought it would be pleased."

This seemingly absurd conjecture was verified. The next day, as Mrs. Merritt sat in solitary state at her loom, there came upon the windowsill a great fluted green caterpillar, moving with dignity, as became a creature whom splendid destiny was to transform into a still more magnificent green moth.

The shuttle lay idle as for some minutes Mrs. Merritt watched, and admired, and even talked softly to her guest. All this would have seemed but foolishness to Sarepta, had she been present. Her mind must have been constructed on a larger scale, after all, for she reserved her curiosity for the human species.

Within a fortnight she was again spending the afternoon at Mrs. Merritt's, but she did not occupy her usual seat, commanding a view of the house.

She had crowded her chair into a narrow space beside the loom. The window was above her head as she sat unobtrusively busy in darning a desperate rent in her brown alpaca dress. She had caught it upon a stake which was driven beside the path; one of several stakes which were visible from the doorway. Though her place was humble and retired, S'repty was full of lofty indignation. Her own special grievance of the torn gown only added to her wrath at what she deemed a great public wrong.

For months there had been talk of a proposed new railroad. At last the line had been surveyed, and it crossed the Merritt farm, running between the house and the "great barn."

S'repty had lost no time in going to condole with her friend.

"Here I be a-settin', mendin' a dress on me," she remarked. "It's a sign somebody's goin' to tell a lie about me, but I guess I can resk it if they can, 's long's 'tain't the truth. Wish I could make them railroad folks buy me a new dress! But you oughter git big damages," she went on. "It jist spiles your posy garden. It's lucky the girls is growed up big enough to keep off'n the track."

Mrs. Merritt assented.

"An' to have 'em comin' along screechin' in the middle of the night, shakin' the very pillers under your head! I know how 'tis to Sister Church's. But the wust was when they was diggin' an' blastin', an' great stones a-flyin', an' Ketury's folks had to live all cluttered up in the ell-part, an' all nerved up when a blast went off. An' when they went to meetin', the road was all blocked up in front of Eben Clay's house, an' they had to drive up over the bank, expectin' the kerridge would slip off'n the aige. An' her a-lookin' out o' the front winder, crosser'n time, because there was wheelmarks on the terriss, as she called it."

"The road will be easier to build here," said Mrs. Merritt. And now they've begun, they say they're going to rush it through."

"But the emigrants will have to come, them Eyetalians," said S'repty. "An' the shanties will be right under your nose, an' there they'll be cookin' themselves, an' livin' on black bread."

Even this mixed statement, hinting at cannibalistic tendencies on the part of the workmen, did not seem to shake the placid nerves of Mrs. Merritt.

"You're making a good, workmanlike job of that tear," she said kindly. "There's very few can beat you at mending, S'repty."

S'repty drew her thread with a steadier hand. She was used to less disinterested compliments than this; hints pointing directly to great baskets full of tattered garments which had accumulated ready for her needle.

"Mother," said Lois Merritt one morning some days later, "here is Bradford Toker. He says S'repty is very sick and wants to see you."

"Yessum," put in a small boy at the door, "S'repty says if you wanter see her alive again, to come soon's you can."

"How long has S'repty been complaining?" inquired Mrs. Merritt.

"Oh, most a week—an' las' night we was kep' up with her 'bout all the forepart of the night," said the small boy, with a careworn air. "She was out of 'er head, an' took on pretty bad."

"I'll go over to your house as soon as I can," said Mrs. Merritt.

"She's been dretful flighty," said Azariah's wife, before she led the way to the sick-room. "She's been goin' on about bein' took up, an' about your bein' run over by the engine, an' such like. She begun with a sort of influential cold a day or two after she was over to your house. Monday she couldn't git up. I had my hands full, so I kep' Bradford home from school, an' that most killed him. But ho's a great hand to read. Bradford is, an' he took the last Roaring Brook Argus upstairs an' read it through to S'repty, advertisements and all. Somethin' in it seemed to excite her, and she begun to act kind'er wild then, he thought. But of course we all know that the intellex of S'repty's mind ain't over keen at the best of times, an' havin' so much read to her right out kind'er dazed her."

It was a very pale, drawn face which Mrs. Merritt encountered a moment later,—that of the supposed victim of too much learning, but there was in the eyes a feverish brightness which gave them more expression than usual. S'repty said but little, and that in very feeble tones, until there came a call from below which her sister-in-law was obliged to heed.

Then the invalid started promptly into a sitting posture and drew from under her pillow a newspaper, which she handed to Mrs. Merritt.

"I got Bradford to bring it up here, an' say nothin'," she said. "Now read that itum."

Mrs. Merritt read as follows:

"A considerable number of the stakes which were driven by the officials engaged in surveying the proposed route of the R. B. & S. V. R. R. were surreptitiously removed during the night of June 16th. We understand there are strong suspicions as to the identity of the perpetrator of this outrage."

"Now, how dew yew s'pose they found it out," said S'repty. "These newspaper folks is great hands to make up new words, but when I heerd my own name read right out so, it did give me an awful start. Who could 'a' told 'em?"

"Oh, the correspondents make it their business to find out about all these little happenings."

"But what made 'em think I did it?" persisted S'repty, in a tremulous whisper.

"You?" said her friend. "What did you have to do about it? We surmised it was those Clancy boys did it for fun."

"It was me that pulled up them stakes. An' I dunno but I'd dew it agin'. P'r'aps it's just as well I sha'n't git up ag'in. But that sca't me so when Bradford read it out so loud, 'Screpty-shusly,' just the same as sayin' it was me."

"Don't worry a mite about it," said her friend soothingly. "That's a real dictionary word, and didn't mean anything about you. And I won't say a word about it, even to Silar."

S'repty's eyes lost something of their distracted look.

"That's just like you, Lucindy," she said, feebly. "I should hate to have it in everybody's mouth, arter I was gone, how I jus' missed bein' took up by dyin'."

"But, S'repty, what in the world did possess you, a woman of your years, to cut up such a crazy caper?"

"'Twas all on your account, Lucindy. Comin' home from your house, I got thinkin' about the railroad track runnin' between the house an' the barn, an' if I didn't run ag'inst another stake an' tear my dress wuss'n 'twas before. An' that night I dremp how you was goin' acrost to the barn to do some weavin', an' the cars come along an' run over you."

"There, there, don't think any more about it," said her friend. But S'repty

"So nex' night, when Azariah an' his wife was gone to the strawb'ry festival, I cut acrost to your home-lot. I knew your folks was gone to the Center too, but I was afeared somebody'd be round an' see me. Still, I hed to resk it. I'd no idee how hard it would be gittin' them sticks up, but I remembered how good you'd allus ben to me. I tried to come home a shorter way, thinkin' I heerd somebody follerin'; an' I got into that springy place in the Lloyd lot, an' got my dress wet an' my shoes."

"You poor thing, you!" said the object of all this ill-starred loyalty. "To think that you should have so much trouble on my account! The railroad folks have acted real fair by us. And I wouldn't say anything about it yet, for you know how everything goes, but we expect to move in the fall."

"You don't say!" exclaimed S'repty with considerable animation.

"Yes, he's been thinking for a long time the place is too large for him to carry on, seein' the boys ain't ever going to take to farmin.' And the creamery folks want it, and he had a good chance to buy the Ford place at the Center."

"What! the house with the pillars in front?" inquired S'repty, much revived.

"Yes, and so I gave my consent. It's home to me where my folks are. The girls urged me real hard. I suppose, if nothing happens, Emma will live right next door to us—"

"What, has Emma Jane an' John Kilborn made up?" queried S'repty, forgetting her feebleness and sitting up.

"Yes, and I suppose there will have to be a double wedding!" said Mrs. Merritt.

"Well, I never!" said S'repty. "Lois ain't goin' to be married, too?"

"The girls wouldn't thank me for telling, but you won't mention it. That's the plan now."

"When you move, I can't go an' set with you an' see you weave, even if I should ever git up ag'in," sighed S'repty, drooping on her pillow.

"Oh, he says there's room enough in the house for my loom, and when we get moved, I want you to come and make me a good visit."

The invalid brightened again.

"Hain't you told anybody you was goin' to move? Not Mis' Peters, nor Viny Smith?"

"Not yet," said Mrs. Merritt. S'repta breathed a sigh of content.

"An' I know Rosalia ain't heerd of it," she said.

SEARCH FOR CHARLIE ROSS.

A Rascally New York Police Captain Prevented Success.

So many years have passed since the child Charlie Ross was stolen from his home in Germantown that the crime is lost to the memory of many people, but that has not deterred some people from still making the attempt to palm off a bogus youth upon the afflicted family as the lost son. The latest effort of this kind was made by a woman who represented herself as the widow of one of the two burglars who were killed at Bay Ridge, L. I., while trying to rob the house of a judge of the courts.

The woman brought with her a young man who, a relative of the boy says, was flat-headed and beetle-browed, and could in no way have borne resemblance to what little Charlie would have been at manhood. She had the story of the disappearance pat enough—how the two children, Charlie and Walter, were decoyed away from the lawn of the house, at Washington lane and Chew street, by the two men in a wagon, Mosher and Douglas; how they were driven into the country, where Walter, the elder, was dropped, and how $20,000 ransom had been offered for the recovery of the younger son. Never facts she seemed familiar with, but her scheme had nothing else in it.

Many believe the boy to be dead. There have hundreds or more alleged Charlies, but in no one instance has the father, who has traveled all over the country, had any hope after once seeing the alleged child or youth produced. The secret of his fate probably died with the Bay Ridge burglars, one of whom expired immediately after being shot, while the other had lived only long enough to say that his companion had known where the child was, that the lad was still alive, but that he himself knew nothing of his location.

In narrating some of the facts the relatives of the Ross family also shed more light upon the efforts to find the boy, and made the important statement that once when success seemed assured they were frustrated by one of the police captains of New York, a man who was charged before the Lexow committee with having acquired wealth by the most corrupt means. It was there, he says, the kidnappers had arranged to deliver their prisoner upon the payment of the $20,000. They had exacted the condition that Mr. Ross and those helping him should leave New York upon board of a special train, a locomotive and one car, bound for Albany.

At one point along the road a colored lantern light was to be waved and the money, at this signal was to be dropped by the side of the track. Further up the line there was to be another light shown and there the boy was to be delivered to them. According to the relative's story, the rescuing party took along with them an expert rifleman, with the object of maiming the kidnapper, whoever he might be, and effecting his capture. They made the trip as directed, but nothing came of it. No lights were shown and no other clew was obtained. The police captain in question, the relatives say, gave the tip to the thieves that the sharpshooter would be on board the car. Walter Ross, the son who was dropped by the country roadside, was married about two months ago.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

HOP TRADE.

There is really no change to note. A steady enquiry for medium qualities is maintained, and for such parcels 45 percent seems to be about the prevalent price. Of the 80,000 cwts. which it is estimated remain unsold out of 1894 crop, a considerable proportion will, probably, never see the inside of a brewery, owing to their inferiority, as for these low hops there is no sale.

The values of sound and coloury hops are still upheld, finest Goldings being easily saleable at 90 percent to 95 percent with a firm tendency.

The continent is sending us practically none, and there are comparatively few Pacifics and states on offer. The American and continental markets are firm.—English Hop Growers.

HOPS GROW FAST.

As an instance of the way hops grow in the Puyallup valley a farmer here has a hop yard that grows close to some tall fir trees. A vine ran off a pole and started up the tree. The farmer's boy climbed up the tree to disengage the vine, but, slipping, caught on the vine between the top of the pole and the tree. He began changing hands rapidly on the vine, struggling and kicking until the farmer called to him: "Why don't you come down?" "Come down!" cried the boy, "I'm trying to, but the darned vine grows so fast it's running me up faster than I can come down!" They had to cut the vine close to the ground to stop its growth and let the poor boy back to earth.

FITZSIMMONS IN A HOLE.

Syracuse, N. Y., Jan. 26.—The authorities are confident of convicting Robert Fitzsimmons indicted for killing Con Riordan. It is said that witnesses will testify that Fitzsimmons announced before the sparring match that he intended punishing Riordan for coming on the stage drunk every night.

CONSPIRACY HINTED AT.

London, Jan. 26.—A dispatch to the Chronicle from Vienna says the relations between Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria and Austria are becoming worse. Rumors are afloat that there is a conspiracy to depose him.

SNAPSHOTS AT SOLONS

HOW THE LEGISLATURE WORKS THE DEADLOCK.

What a Little Pitcher Saw and Heard from Her Desk in the House

Viewed from the desk of a lady clerk, the Oregon legislature is a queer institution. I am just now engaged in drawing the princely salary of $3 a day in the service of the state, and my time is fully occupied in watching our dignified brothers drawn up in battle array to prevent the election of an U. S. senator.

The committees have all been appointed and their clerks selected, but although more than one-third of the session is gone the committees have done nothing because it takes all the time of each member to see that no other member's vote shall count anything toward the election of a senator.

My admiration for the astounding fortitude with which our tired brothers grasp and discharge their mighty intellectual duties each day actually knows no bounds, and I am sure would be shared by everyone who might witness their daily sessions.

Each session is opened by prayer, and as the minister implores the assistance of the Giver of all good to interpose his daily assistance the "tired feeling" which overspreads the countenance of the average member shows that he is fully conscious of being able to cope with the situation without invoking the aid of any foreign power. The true American citizen is nothing if not independent, and especially if he is an Oregon legislator, he patriotically resents any infringement on the time-honored principles of the Monroe doctrine.

The first thing of an exciting nature that occurs each day is when a measure of some importance comes up and if the author of it discovers that a single member is absent, he immediately moves a "call of the house," the proper officer is directed to lock the door, the roll is called, and the sergeant-at-arms ordered to proceed to the committee room where H. B. 104 is being considered and bring forth the delinquent statesman. However, before the officer gets out of the door the gentleman who made the motion at once moves that "further proceedings under the call of the house be dispensed with," which motion always carries unanimously and the great work of law-making goes on again with accelerated slowness. Just why "a call of the house" is always "dispensed with" before the object of it has been attained, seems strange to a lady clerk, but we know it is wise or our poor, tired brothers wouldn't do it.

Too much cannot be said in praise of our esteemed speaker of the house who takes every means of making it easy for the new members. Every time he puts a motion to the house he tells each member how to vote. There are so many new members that this of course seems to him to be necessary. If the member from Marion moves that the rules be suspended, the speaker at once says: "The gentleman from Marion moves that the rules be suspended; those who are in favor of the motion will say 'aye' as your names are called, and those opposed will answer 'no.' This makes it easy for the country members who otherwise wouldn't know how to vote. Ordinarily if a member is in favor of a measure he knows enough to vote 'ay' without being told so by the speaker, and that officer would only have to say: "The clerk will call the roll on suspension of the rules." But there are so many new members this session who might favor a measure and still vote "no" unless told by the speaker that the way to kill a proposition is to vote against it, that the affable presiding officer deems it proper to look after all these details.

There are those who have always thought the Lane delegation could not rise above the back Alley of ward politics, but some incidents of this session have shown that even the horticultural shades of Hood river do not furnish a more cunning Coon than the ever green slopes of the Siuslaw; besides this the Lane county delegation contains the only member of the house of whom it can be said that he is Moorhead than anything else.

It seems to me that the charges of corrupt methods in the senatorial contest must be unfounded, because the delegations from every county in the state are absolutely without Price, excepting that of Umatilla and there is Hope for it as long as the gentleman from Malheur comes to its rescue.

There are those who think the gentleman from Baker is too Young to accomplish anything, but when he unites his forces with the Burleigh gentleman from Wallowa his point is always carried if an alliance with the member from Washington can be affected because it makes a triumvirate that the Gates of hell cannot prevail against.

I notice one good-looking member from Multnomah who sometimes talks so long he almost Myers in the Beach. During one of his oratorical displays he was Huston the verge of going down for good—in fact was getting as black as a Cole, and was shouting Hofer help because he had burned his Bridges behind him, when the senator from Malheur appeared, proclaimed himself King, and with the assistance of the senator from Jackson got a good Holt and jerked him higher than a Keyt. This was all Dunn in the presence of the Butler who said he was informed that the gentleman from Lincoln was decidedly opposed to such Daly occurrences. This brought the gentleman from Klamath and Lake to his feet, but his voice was so low that I couldn't tell whether he was talking pro or Conn, the speaker, however, seconded the motion, and everybody said: "The Moores the pity."

While there are many things that puzzles a little girl like me, I am enjoying the session hugely, and devote all my time between meals admiring the great display of intellect that occurs every day. I don't see how these over-worked men can endure such a mental strain "all for three dollars a day," but of course with them it is patriotism first and mercenary considerations afterwards. I think the men are so nice to sacrifice so much for the good of the state.

LADY CLERK.

DIVERSIFIED FARMING.

From a Woman's Point of View—What Is It?—Does It Pay?

Diversified farming from a woman's point of view—what is it? certainly not the opinions advanced by agricultural editors of city newspapers who are usually as capable of advising farmers as an Irish hod-carrier is of instructing a Jewish merchant.

Farming is a business that requires some capital and much judgment, and not every inexperienced person who enters it is successful—the old ways are dispensed with and we must progress in that as in everything else, if we would prosper. We must be satisfied with less profits, raise a greater variety of produce, and not make ventures that we take no interest in.

"For he who by the plow would thrive
Must either hold himself or drive."

If a farmer lives within his means and is a good manager, he is a most independent man. The Oregonian some time since had an editorial on the farmer and his hired man eating China pheasants, while the city man could not buy it in the market—considered it unjust, and referred to rural people as "peasants."

We are all free-born American citizens and know no peasantry; that savors too much of landlordism—and who has a better right to enjoy the game on his own preserves than the man who raises and feeds it. Our forefathers were a nation of farmers and their descendants constitute today the backbone and strength of this grand country of ours.

Diversified farming this fall seems to mean a great many "irons in the fire" at once and most of them burning your fingers, there seems to be so little in anything farmers can raise—no profitable market for prunes, hops, wheat, for butter, beef or pork. Still this is not usually the case, and in these times of general prostration the remedy would seem to be that we must learn, on farms, to sell what we can, and use ourselves what cannot be disposed of to advantage elsewhere. The day for exclusive wheat farming must be practiced if success is attained. One trouble is: Many undertake branches of farming they are not prepared for—raise sheep and do not provide shelter and food in inclement weather—buy expensive machinery and do not properly house it, raise poultry and let vermin prey upon it and then say: "There's nothing in sheep"—"there's nothing in chickens"—"there's nothing in farming!"

Some of the diverse work falls on the wife; it reads so easy in the papers how "A man and his wife can make money on a few acres of land and lay something up! She dries fruit on shares!" Well! I know a farmer's wife who dries fruit every summer, lots of it—(she's not far off as I write)—and while her friends enjoy the balmy air of the mountains or sea shore, and complain of flies and heat, she mounts her airy woodshed roof and spreads her precious fruit thereon—imagine her feelings when a shower comes! imagine her taking it in when it rains and putting it out again when the sun once more blazes forth in all his glory, and heat. Imagine, no, it's no imagination—just hard reality. The imagination comes in when she takes it to the village grocer and he says there is not much demand for sun-dried fruit, but he will give her something for it—so she exchanges it for beans, calico and clothespins, and goes home rejoicing. She raises chickens and they lay when eggs are cheap, and insist on sitting or doing nothing when eggs are dear.

Diversified farming is the rule around Jefferson. It is a great shipping point for immense quantities of potatoes, hops, prunes, butter and grain.

The Statesman advocates a creamery at or near Salem. Salem is supplied with more gilt-edge butter than the city can assimilate, and a creamery established there at the present time would be a failure. Workingmen generally take their lunch with them and they but the best quality of butter. When "the dinner pail hangs on the wall" the butter market suffers—they go without or use a cheap article.

If there is nothing in farming, there's nothing in paying a board of equalizers to raise the taxes in Marion county, and the present legislature would do well to abolish all such unnecessary things as that and the railroad commissioners, who ride around in Pullmans and diversify farming by running over live stock once in awhile. What shall we do when it costs more to produce an article on a farm, as well as elsewhere, than said article will bring in the market? Shall we create seats in universities for men who have already been well paid for their services by the state? Let us abolish every unnecessary thing and bring all salaries from state to county officers down to a local commensurate with the times. Many farmers cannot support their families and pay their taxes, living in the plainest way, without mortgaging their farms. We pay dearly for our independence, and look anxiously to this present legislature to make crooked paths straight, and hope the new members from Marion will make as good a record for economy and reform as has Hon. Tilmon Ford when he has held a seat in the legislature.

HARRIET C. LOONEY.

JAPAN'S VICTORIES A BENEFIT.

If the world had not moved forward in a wonderful ratio of progression during the last thousand years, then might China have hoped to maintain her conservatism as an independent empire. But in the evolution of nations it is impossible for any to stand still. China has been satisfied with her institutions. Standing still is death, and unless she entirely changes her policy, emerges from her deadly conservatism, she must share the fate of empires as great as her own whose glories have passed away, or be overwhelmed by the great billows of progression ever sweeping all things, laws, customs, religions, nations and empires before their resistless sway.

The orient has always been considered the land of imagination, of romance, of poetry. While this is largely ture, far-off Cathay, our antipodes, is preeminently the land of prose. The philosophy of Confucius was matter of fact; he dealt not in imagination; he taught of temporal, not of eternal things, not even professing a belief in the immortality of the soul. Yet, strange paradox, he and his nation have come nearer to founding immortal institutions than any others in the world.

But through China's conquest by Japan must come her awakening into a new and more useful national life. Western civilization permeated Japan and Corea, breaking down their conservatism, which has surrounded the former like her now useless but wonderful great wall. China, the oldest existing nation of the world, has been called the type of permanence. Her institutions have outlived everything. Kingdoms and republics have risen, flourished and fallen, but China in her national life has ever continued the same.

While Japan formerly gained most of her ideas of civilization from China and Corea, yet it now becomes her mission to reconstruct their laws, on a more practical modern basis.

It has generally proved true, that every great revolution has in the outcome proved to be a great evolution. This will be especially true of Corea, a fertile but much oppressed country, where the nobles have been the only class entitled to consideration, and the masses little more than slaves. But invigorated with Occidental energy, enterprise, scientific ideas, labor-saving machinery, railroads and the telegraph, she will take her place among the nations of the world, borne forward upon the tide of progression that is sweeping eastward with a force that must create or destroy, while China is not likely all at once to lose her prestige as a great empire, yet in the evolution of things she must either progress or eventually lose her national existence. In either case the world will be benefited.

GUATEMALA WEAKENS.

New York, Jan. 26.—A special from Guatemala says: Senor de Leon, the special envoy sent to Mexico to negotiate an adjustment of the difficulties over the boundary line between the two countries, telegraphs that Mexico is making active preparations for war. Upon receipt of this news the Guatemalan government wired to Senor de Leon, authorizing him to make concessions if no further delay can be obtained.

DOWN IT GOES.

New York, Jan. 26.—$750,000 gold has been withdraw from the sub-treasury today, and $3,000,000 been ordered from the Philadelphia mint. True amount of gold reserve is now $56,129,008.

BY THE LITTLE ONES

Those of our readers who remember a book that was published some years ago, containing remarkable answers given by school children will agree that the following collection would form a valuable addition to it; they are all local, having been recently collected and compiled especially for this edition of the Statesman:

"Cromwell was a man who, after being decapitated five times, said to Weller: 'If I'd served you as you've served me, I wouldn't have been here.'"

"Hydrophobia is when a mad dog bites you; if a man catches it, it is called 'hydrostatics.'"

"Esau is the man who sold his copyright for a bottle of potash.'

"A fort is a place to put men in when there's a war; a fortress is where women are put."

Teacher:—"Which of you can name a small animal that crawls?"
Johnnie: "A little worm.'
Teacher: "Anyone else?"
Lottie: "Another little worm."

Kindergartner: "Do you know what a carpenter is?"
Small boy: "It's a man that sells meat and puts down carpets."

Teacher: "Can you tell me what a legacy is?" Pupil: "I don't know exactly what it is, but it's something to a stocking."

A little boy who was writing the gender of nouns wrote: "Masculine, Duke, feminine, duck."

Teacher, trying to impress on the children the meaning of the word couple. "Johnnie, if you and Jennie were walking down the street together, just you two alone, without anybody else, what would you make?"
Johnnie: "Tracks."

Sunday school scholar: "If God was mad because Adam and Eve et apples, they must of et 'em between meals."

During a thunder storm—Little girl, very much awed: "Who makes the thunder, does God make it?" Big boy, derisively: "Course God makes it, who'd you spose made it, John L. Sullivan?"

A little boy watched his mother take a pumpkin pie out of the oven, bubbling and sputtering with suppressed heat, looking at it sympathetically he asked: "Mamma, do you 'spose it's sufferin'?"

Edith: "Mamma, must we always thank God for everything, whether we want to or not?" "Yes, dear, we must always thank God for everything." An hour later: Edith: "Mamma, thank God I've broken your glass pitcher."

A whale's bones, whitening on the sands of Long Beach, caused a panic among the cottagers' children, who ran up to camp with the announcement that God was dead. "What makes you think so?" asked somebody. "'Cause we found a lot of bones on the beach and they're so big we think they must be God's."

Small boy: "Who made those pigeons over there?" Answer: "God did."
Small boy: "Who made the clouds?"
"God did."
"Did God make everything?" "Yes."
"Did he make the world?" "Yes."
"Is there any other world besides this?" "Not that we know of."
Small boy, triumphantly: "Then what did He stand on?"

A little Salem boy has recently been presented with an engine and train of cars; not long ago he heard his mother describing the gowns worn at an evening party, and innocently asked: "Mamma, did any of the ladies' trains have engines to 'em?"

HOP INTELLIGENCE.

All the country markets have been very slow this week, and in most sections of the state buyers have been able to pick up some lots a little cheaper than heretofore; 9½c now seems to be top price, and bulk of sales are 7@9c, low grades going for less. Stocks on the Pacific coast are reducing steadily, and are now so well controlled that holders are not urging sales, especially of fine goods. Our local market has remained very quiet, but has undergone no material change. Dealers have seen nothing in the situation, present or prospective, that has encouraged them to add much to the stocks already on hand, and brewers have been unwilling to buy at all largely. Export demand has been only moderate, and yet shippers were interested whenever desirable samples of either state or Pacific coast hops were shown at a reasonable price. London cables are steady, with fair business doing in best grades. Values here are a little irregular and on some qualities somewhat nominal; 11c is an outside rate for choice to brewers on usual terms, and it is doubtful that 10c could be exceeded on the open market. Much of the stock is of lower grades. There is still a little call from brewers for yearlings. Very few old olds in dealers' hands.—N. Y. Producers' Price Current.

THE FIRST SMILE.

Only a baby, fresh from God—
Formed in His image, and nature's child,
Flower that sprung from the sacred sod
Warmed to life when it's maker smiled.

Gazing back in the Father's face,
Bending o'er it in perfect love,
Catches the dim, reflected grace
Only a baby's smile can prove.

Least of heaven, and best of earth
Linked in a life so pure and sweet
Gray dawn breaks, at the baby's birth
Pale where the dark and daylight meet.

Rich with promise, the morning gray
Heart of the waiting world beguiles,
Rich with promise the happy day
Dawns and dies, when the baby smiles.

Glad as a message from Paradise,
Budding wisdom and baby wiles
Come, when first in the hazel eyes
Laughter wakes, and the baby smiles.

MAY PROVE FATAL.

Vallejo, Cal., Jan. 26.—Naval Constructor S. W. Armistead, in charge of the department of repairs at Mare island, was knocked down by a hawser parting at 11 o'clock this morning and may die from the effects. The unfortunate man was taken to the naval hospital and Medical Director Woods, assisted by other surgeons and Dr. Anderson of Vallejo, are now at work on him. One doctor expressed the opinion that his skull is fractured and the patient cannot recover. He has been insensible since the accident. A large force of men were hauling a caisson from the front of the dock after the basin had been flooded for the Olympia, and to do so had a four-inch hawser leading from the cassion to the stern of the Monadnock north of the dock entrance. The constructor and Foreman Laborer Sheahan were the only ones in range. The heavy hawser flew back and, striking the constructor a terrific blow on the left temple, raised him in the air and threw him violently down on the stone pavement. Sheahan had a piece of his nose cut off, and was otherwise bruised.

THE CHRONICLE SUED

San Francisco's Big Daily Asked To Pay $100,000 for Alleged Libel.

San Diego Parties Institute the Suit—but the Great Paper Will Demur.

SAN DIEGO, Jan. 26.—Suit was instituted in the superior court today by Dr. J. C. Hearne of this city against M. H. De Young, proprietor, and J. R. Blunt, local correspondent of the San Francisco Chronicle, on a charge of libel alleged to have been committed on August 17th last. Damages have been asked in the sum of $100,000.

The article with respect to which the complaint is made, referred to the divorce of Dr. and Mrs. Hearne and to their antecedents, and the present demand for damages is based on the allegation that the matter published was equivalent to a charge that Hearne had been a party to, or accessory to the murder of one A. J. Stillwell, the former husband of Mrs. Hearne at Hannibal, Mo., six years ago.

CLEVELAND ENDORSED.

A Strict Party Vote Disposes of the Hawaiian Question.

Washington, Jan. 26.—The Vest substitute on the Hawaiian question indorsing the course of the administration and adhering non-interference was adopted in the senate by a vote of 24 to 22. The resolution was offered by Vest as an amendment to a previous resolution on the subject by Allen, pop., and is as follows: Resolved, that while the people of the United States earnestly sympathize with the effort to establish republican institutions wherever that effort is made, they reaffirm the policy of non-interference unless by agreement with the affairs of other nations and recognize to the fullest extent the right of every people to adopt and maintain their own form of government, unawed and uninfluenced by foreign dictation." That the administration of President Cleveland in maintaining this policy as to our foreign relations deserves the approval and support of the American people. The vote was on party lines with the exception of Pettigrew, rep., of South Dakota, who voted with the democrats. By a singular coincidence this one vote carried the resolution, as it would have failed on a tie had the vote been on strictly party lines. This action today practically disposes of the Hawaiian question in the senate.

Senator Brice, chairman of the senate committee on railroads, today presented a report from that committee concerning the Pacific railroads. The report is not based on any bill before congress and makes no direct recommendations, but urges the importance of taking up the question of Pacific raod of indebtedness. It says: "The United States may at maturity of the debt proceed to forfeit the charter of the company and wind up its business, and take its chances of recovery of whatever portion of debts it may be able to obtain. From what we have said above we think it sure that the amount would be very small indeed. It is a question, however, on the whole, if it might not be the best thing under the circumstances to do. We think it clear beyond question that as a financial investment operation of the bonded Pacific roads by the government would be a flat failure. In case of the failure of these plans they suggest that the only alternative would seem to be to refund the Union Pacific debt for a considerable period of time at a rate of interest commensurate with the earning capacity of the road.

"This," says the report, "is the plan which has the most favor with financiers and those who have given this subject much attention."

In this arrangement two plans have been suggested: First—The continuance of the sinking fund and the payment into it of a larger share of the net earnings than are at present paid to it. Second—Periodical payments of a fixed amount into the United States treasury until the debt is liquidated. The committee does not for the present offer any suggestion as to the relief to be afforded the Central Pacific.

DEBS ON TRIAL.

Chicago, Jan. 26.—Twelve jurors in Debs' conspiracy trial were sworn in today. Thomas G. Milchrist, special counsel for the government, in his opening speech claimed that the government would prove a conspiracy among the officers of the American Railway union. For the defense Darrow contended that if there had been any conspiracy it was by the General Managers' Association, the "only body of men in the world that sympathizes with Mr. Pullman."

DISMISSED IN SHAME.

San Francisco, Jan. 26.—Michael Mitchell, the postoffice newspaper accountant, has been dismissed for embezzling receipts amounting to $850. Mitchell, who is a young man, came from Visalia, and was assistant clerk of the state senate several years ago.

RAILROADS.

TIME TABLE.

Independence and Monmouth Motor Line

Leaves Independence.	Leaves Monmouth.
7:00	7:30
8:10	8:35
9:30	10:00
11:15	12:5
1:30	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.
10:23 P. M.	Lv.	Albany	Ar.	4:25 A. M.
10:45 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	4:20 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.)

7:30 a m	Lv.	Portland	Ar	5:35 p m
11:18 a m	Ar.	Independence	Ar	1:54 p m
12:15 p m