IT'S A GIRL.

In spite of prophesying,
It's a girl;
Of praying and of crying,
It's a girl!
Her baby eyes are beaming,
Her golden hair is gleaming—
(He surely isn't dreaming?)
It's a girl!

In spite of Sis and t'other,
It's a girl!
(And did he want another?)
It's a girl!
The nations come a-calling,
The little miss is squalling;
(It really is appalling!)
It's a girl!

Just hear the babies cackle:
"It's a girl!"
(Bring out his fishing tackle!)
It's a girl!
The prospect's not inviting,
And Fortune's rather slighting:
(Thank heaven, the fish are biting!)
It's a girl!

—Atlanta Constitution.

A Bicycle Story.

I am a bicycle.

Not such as, swept along by the full tide of power, the conqueror leads to crimson glory and undying fame, but a plain ordinary—no, not an "ordinary," but a safety—bicycle for hire.

True, I am in a good state of repair, and am as comfortable as my keepers can make me, but I am not decked in ribbons and nurtured in commodious quarters and ridden only by the aristocracy over smooth pavements for short distances.

I never even had such luck when I first came from the factory. I thought I was going to fall into that good fortune, but a man took me on trial—that is to say he took me on the installment plan and tried to pay for me, but couldn't and was forced to return me at the end of a month and then I was only good enough to go among the hirelings, and there I have staid ever since. Goodness knows how long it seems since I got the first wrench to my steel ribs and had my frame skinned against a tree box!

I was born a combination wheel, that is you can take out my spinal column, and then I can be ridden by a lady, not in bloomers, and thank my stars no bloomers have ever yet enveloped me in their folds.

That time the man had me on trial I think was my first uncomfortable experience, for he was green at the business and so was I, and the result was that both o' us got bumps innumerable, and though he came out of it with a twisted knee and sprained ankle and barked nose and a lame arm and a hurt back and a black eye with a few other incidental casualties, I was nothing to brag of my self. That's why when he had to give me up they put me on the hireling list.

But I was experienced and that was something.

A bicycle has a good deal to learn when it first leaves the factory.

People who came to hire wheels looked a little shy at me as I stood quietly in my rack, and then passed me by, but not for long. My keepers put a new coat of enamel on me and otherwise put me in shape, and thereafter I became quite popular. Riders who had me out for a spin when they returned would say they didn't know why it was but I seemed to be more intelligent than other wheels they had tried, and I was not half so liable to make a sudden swerve and bang into a wagon in the street or into a gatepost or over a bank or do any one of the forty dozen other things a bicycle is likely to do when the rider is least expecting it.

Of course I knew this myself and was constantly striving to please, just as any other public servant is, for hadn't I had enough of bang and batter with that installment plan party? I guess yes, and I am sure a properly regulated bicycle knows when it has had enough.

All kinds of people hired me, and with most of them I could do very well. Never, though, with a fat woman. There was one of these that thought she could reduce her flesh by riding, and she lit right down on me the first time she came into my place. How I regretted that I had not been born a man's machine when she settled herself firmly in my saddle and began paddling like a duck in water. After that every day she came after me, and I began to think that my burden was more than I could bear. I don't know why it is, but after some years of experience I am prepared to assert that a fat woman weighing 200 pounds is just twice as heavy as a fat man of the same weight. If some scientist will explain this he will do all of us bicycles a great favor. However, I don't care very much about it, because I made it convenient to dump the fat lady one evening into a pond of water and she came so near drowning that she has organized a crusade against the wheel and has bought an interest in a patent anti-fat remedy.

But there was another woman—oh, me, what a delight it was to go flying with her. She was a dainty little creature, light as a fairy and strong as wire, and she knew where all the prettiest places were, and we went together, and she drew pictures of sylvan scenes while I leaned up against a tree and watched her by the hour. One day a handsome young fellow wheeled by, and they nodded pleasantly, she blushing a bit and he smiling. Several days after they came to my place together, and she took me away with her for three days. That was a delight to me, for we went far off by easy stages, and the young man on his own wheel—a beauty it was, too—went with us. There were others in the party, but my interest was in these two, and I paid no heed to what the others did or where they went. The third day, as we went bowling homeward, my lady appeared to be ill at ease, and there were times when if I had not had all my wits about me we would surely have gone off the road and over the bank into whatever may have been below to have received us. The young man was never far off, but he was not as he had been, and after wondering nearly all day what could have happened, I remembered to have seen them the night before on the piazza, where I leaned up against the wall.

I was feeling the need of rest and did not pay much attention to them, but I remembered that they were quarreling (one of those lover's quarrels, you know) and she was an independent little body, quite equal to cope with any man. I knew this and so let it pass and took my rest quite oblivious to my surroundings or theirs. What really happened I don't know, but it must have been more serious than I suspected, for our homeward trip was anything but pleasant.

Then I didn't see him any more, though she and I took many little afternoon and morning spins together. I said I did not see him any more—I mean for some time. That was several weeks later. We had gone into quite a remote section, where there was excellent sketching ground, and she left me by a fence and clambered across a stony field among the crags overhanging a stream. I suppose she had been gone an hour when I heard her scream, and a minute or two later a man's voice shouting. No answer came to it, and presently his head shone above the rocks and he came tearing my way. He looked dreadfully frightened, and when he saw me he said "Thank God!" with a sincerity that seemed like a prayer, and swinging me out into the road he sent me along at a speed I thought was [illegible] a me. By degrees I began to understand that my lady was hurt in some way and he was going for help, so he was the young man my lady admired most, and it was his face I had seen in her sketches—even more of them than before we had gone on that three days' trip and had come home in a quarrel. Of course when I knew what was expected of me to get the young man where help was, I braced myself to do my best, and I think I added greatly to his speed by my prompt response to his efforts. He didn't know that a dumb wheel knew anything, but I am sure my lady would have known, for we were such good friends, and I have never given her a moment's pain in all her life. Well, after five miles of a run we reached a physician's office in a little village, and the young man hurried the doctor into a carriage and back again we went, he telling the doctor where to come. I won't say what kind of time we made, but I think we did that five miles in about ten minutes, though, being excited at the moment I may be exaggerating. In any event the young man got back quite a long time before the doctor did, and when he came he found me leaning against the rocks and my lady's head resting on the young man's arm. She was as white as a lily, with a little line of blood running down from under a handkerchief the young man had tied about her head, and when the doctor came she fainted, though she was conscious when the young man and I got back. The doctor immediately went about fixing her so he could carry her to a better place than among those rocks, and as he worked over her I heard the young man telling him how he had been fishing in the stream below, and how he had seen her on the crags above, where a stone loosened under her foot, throwing her over into the water, where she struck a glancing blow upon a rock, which cut her temple. The water was not deep, but stunned as she was, she would have drowned if he had not been there to rescue her, and he had bound up her head and rushed away on me for the help that was needed. The doctor laughed softly as the young man was telling all this to him, and he looked at him rather queerly, I thought, for a physician to do in time of such awful danger, for my lady looked like she was dead, she was that white.

"Is she your wife?" asked the doctor, still smiling.

"Oh, no," replied the young man, blushing furiously.

"I thought it hadn't gone quite that far," said the doctor, and he laughed so that the young man got mad and began to say words at the doctor.

"That's all right," laughed the doctor again. "I like to see your interest in her. She will be your wife some day or I am no judge of signs. Help me to put her in the carriage. I think by the time we get her to my office she will be sufficiently recovered to go home."

Going back the young man wheeled right along behind the carriage as if it all depended on him. I don't think I ever saw so young a man that had quarreled with a girl take so much interest in her. He even forgot me at the doctor's office and they had to send out for me the next day. But my lady was all right and that was enough glory for both of us.

Postscript—Didn't I begin this by saying that I was a bicycle for hire? I wish to correct that. My lady and the young man came into my place today, and she put her pretty white hand on me and petted me as if I were very dear to her, and she told the man in charge of the place to send me up to her house and send the bill along.

"My husband will pay it," she said, and the young man smiled radiantly on her, and gave me a sounding slap on the saddle, remarking, "Old fellow, you're a corker."

I don't know what that is, but I guess I must be it, for he would hardly tell a fib in the presence of my lady.—Detroit Free Press.

FACTS ABOUT POPULATION.

Drift of Population to Cities and Its Significance.

The closing decades of this century are witnessing no more remarkable phenomenon than that shown in the migration of population, not so much from country to country as from place to place in the same country. This interior migration is most noticeable in the most progressive lands. In Australia, for example, the rural districts prosper and a few great cities grow enormously, while all the intermediate communities are relatively stagnant; but in the United States, the drift is unmistakably from the farms to the nearest village, from the village to the town, and from the town to the city. The newest portions of the Western states, which are still in process of settlement, have not as yet felt the full effect of the centriple attraction, for population tends to spread into a more or less uniform density; but wherever immigration has ceased the new forces quickly begin to tell, and throughout the older settled states, in New York as well as in Illinois and Iowa, a universal and all-powerful current has set in, sweeping everything toward the centres. This transplantation has most far-reaching effects. Politically, it transfers a preponderance of power to the great cities, changing the results of important elections, and increasing the urgency of municipal problems. Socially, it swells the number of the classes most exposed to agitation and discontent, intensifies the dangers to be apprehended from social upheavals, and widens the growing chasm between the classes. It concentrates the wealth of the nation into fewer hands, and reacts profoundly upon the material, social, and political life of the entire nation. The importance of this migration, therefore, is hardly to be overestimated. It is a striking characteristic of our period—that it is a period of universal transition, in which large masses of people, apparently against their own interests, leave the country, where homes are cheap, the air pure, all men equal, and extreme poverty unknown, and crowd into cities where all these conditions are reversed. When this movement has proceeded too fast, and the cities have become swollen with a surplus population for whom there is no employment, when urban expansion has far outrun the growth of the contributary territory, and this condition has become excessive and universal, a panic interrupts this concentration for a time, until the proper balance between town and country is re-established. The more rapid, therefore, the process of centralization, the more frequent and intense must be the periods of depression needed to correct it.—Henry J. Fletcher, in the August Forum.

LATEST ABOUT LETTER-WRITING.

Begin your letter to a woman friend without any prefix of endearment at all, says the Royal Letter-Writer by Appointment to her Majesty Mrs. Grundy. For, with logical severity reasons this not-to-be-contradicted authority, it is henceforth to be considered both vulgar and impertinent to call a mere friend or acquaintance your "dear." The letter-writer directs his pupils to begin their notes or epistles with easy, friendly sentences, and conclude with the words, esteem, respect, or a new cut-and-dried phrase: "In hopes of an early meeting, I am yours, etc.," or, "In pleasant anticipations of seeing you soon, I am yours, etc." It is distressingly inelegant to write, pursues Mrs. Grundy's master of the pen, any letter over four pages long; that is, just one full sheet of letter paper. Leave a half-inch wide margin to the left of every page, and by writing an aristocratic hand, of medium size, all there is necessary to communicate by post can be said in the fixed space. The model letter-writers in the politest periods of society never required greater space in which to make their cleverest mots or convey most interesting news. For this reason the new letter-paper is nearly a foot square; and, oddly enough, the authority quoted recommends men to study George Washington's penmanship as the most elegant, graceful, and manly model. An aristocratic hand, be it impressed upon those who follow the laws issued from Mrs. Grundy's throne, is one which for women shows no crossed t's or dotted i's, and is written in clear purple ink. Black ink is meant for trade and legal documents only.—"Society Fads," in Demorest's.

RUNNING NEWSPAPERS.

Practical Thoughts on the Subject by the Misfit Man.

The state press association in session at Newport suggested to the Albany Democrat the power of the press for good, in fact greater than any other agency, if it were to act together. It says: The press reaches all classes of people; there is no one who does not read the papers, from the bootblack to the president. Its influence day after day is marked in a community. It can build up the mind or assist in poisoning it; it can help to make men and women nobler, or it can help to debase their tastes; it plays an important part in the education of children. At ten years of age and sometimes younger the average child begins to read the newspaper, and it keeps it up, drinking in the contents, and being greatly influenced by what is read. Quality and quantity is what should characterize the coming newspaper. The great fifty page paper can be relieved of what is worth reading in ten or fifteen minutes. The Youth's Companion, with only a few pages, should take much longer, and so any paper that is filled with high grade matter. The rot of some papers needs a garbage gatherer to take it off. The tone of the public press should be pure and clean; but let it be stated plainly that the news should be stated plainly though distasteful. The body of the press is all right in matters of morals and the world is getting better for it; but there is a wide field for improvement nevertheless. The man at the head of the editorial column of a paper should not be a demagogue but an honest, upright man of progressive ideas who believes in his fellow man and is willing to work for his interests. Among the editors of Oregon are some who have done much to advance the morals and educate their readers; there are men who write their own editorials, whirling them full of points so that they are read with as much interest as the "locals." They try to make the editorial page as desirable as an advertising part of the paper as the local page; then there are some who edit more with the shears and make the page as readable as a treatise on political economy. It is being learned by progressive men that one can write "smartly" and yet cleanly.

The body of editors are hard working men, tireless in their efforts to make readable papers and they deserve a holiday a week long.

A MAN WHO HAS NO VACATIONS.

William McKinley, Governor of the State of Ohio.

You remember how the small boy who asked another small boy for the core of an apple the latter was eating received the reply, "There ain't goin' to be no core?" Well, that will give you an idea of where I stand in regard to vacations. With me "there ain't goin' to be no vacation," and, furthermore, there hasn't been any for a long time. Others take their summer outings and of course enjoy themselves; I stick to my desk through the hot days and work. Perhaps it would be better were it not so; perhaps it would be better for me if I took an occasional vacation; but there is a mountain of work always looming up before me, and I think that, after all, I am best satisfied when I am pitching into it, tunneling it, burrowing it, demolishing it as best I can. When I was a boy I learned a little poem that began:

"Whene'er a duty waits on thee,
In they calm judgment view it.
Do not idly wish it done;
Begin at once and do it."

I have always remembered those first lines; and the duties are always waiting. That is the main reason why I take no vacations. Possibly I owe it to myself to rest more than I do, but I am a believer in hard work; while sometimes an exacting master, it has been a generous one to me. I owe something to work—some degree of success which would probably have been denied me if I had wooed too ardently vacations and other pleasures.

Of course I take a summer-day outing occasionally. I like to fish, not that I catch much—my state is not a fisherman's paradise; but it is pleasant to sit on the bank in the shade with the water flowing quietly past, and dream or philosophize if you want to. But some day I intend to take a long vacation, and it will not be passed in Europe, either. My opinion is that our own land contains the means for the gratification of every reasonable pleasure or love of the beautiful in either art or nature. I will view our own marvels before giving my attention to those of foreign countries.—Vacations from Different Standpoints," in Demorest's.

OREGON.

In the races at Sacramento, Wednesday, Barrows Bros.' Del Norte, a Linn county horse, won the special pace and a purse of $1000.

Trilby in dramatized form has struck Baker City. The Paytons handle it.

A rock of immense dimensions has been discovered in the Yaquina bay channel. It is only six feet below the surface of the water at low tide and is a peril to navigation.

The Oregon Pacific extension mass meeting at Eugene was largely attended and strong resolutions were adopted urging the new owners of the road to extend the line to Eugene.

For the past five or six months Richard Brown of Eugene has been badly troubled with a hacking cough, and with pains in the bronchial tubes. For a time he was afraid that his lungs were giving away and called in several physicians, who made a careful examination of these life-giving organs and found them in an extraordinarily healthy condition. They were baffled as to the cause of his condition. The mystery was solved the othere day while Brown was coughing severely; he throw up a number 4 cut shingle nail which was wasted away about one-half and was encysted in a tough phlegm.

Somebody has been figuring out the profit of the saloon keeper in this way, and urging whisky drinkers to keep the profits of whisky at home:

If you must drink, if you must go to a saloon, then make your wife barkeeper and your home your saloon. A gallon of whisky costs $1.50. It contains 128 ten-cent drinks. Now, if you must drink, buy a gallon of whisky, take it home. Every time you want a drink, pay your wife ten cents. When the gallon is gone, she can pay you the cost of the whisky and have $11.30 left. If you still must drink, continue the same plan; and when you become a miserable, drunken sot, unable to care for your family, your wife will have enough to support the family, and care for you the rest of your wretched existence until the time comes for you to fill a drunkard's grave.

GET PIGS WELL STARTED.

One of the essentials in growing pork for market profitably is to get the pigs well started to growing as soon as possible after farrowing. It can usually be done to the best advantage by giving the dam good care, feeding her for a good flow of milk considering quantity rather than quality, as too rich milk is nearly always detrimental. If the sow is fed with too rich food, the milk is liable to give the pigs the scours, and they are almost certain to be more or less stunted before they will entirely recover. Feed the sow rather lightly at first until her milk comes well and her pigs get to sucking well, when her ration can be gradually increased until she is given all that she will eat up clean at each meal. After she once gets to feeding well and her pigs suck well, she will not be over-fed as long as she eats up clean what is given her. Supplying sustenance for a litter of pigs is a severe drain upon her vitality, and she must be fed liberally if she maintains anything like a thrifty condition.

Her ration must be a milk producing rather than a fattening one, hence in nearly all cases a good rich slop is best. Make up with milk rather than water; use shipstuff with a little oil meal and bran. Make this slop the principal ration, then give good pasturage with access to good pure water. By the time the pigs are three or four weeks old they will begin to eat. Pigs will learn to eat younger and it will benefit them more if the sow is fed sloppy food in long troughs where they can commence eating by the side of the dam, than if they are fed whole grain. As the pigs grow, the ration should be gradually increased. This is the way to push the growth. Shipstuffs is one of the best, if not the best food that can be given. In fact, it can be made a part of their ration until they are ready to market. The only safe rule with growing pigs is to keep in such a condition that at any time after they are five months old, only a short feeding with a full fattening ration will be needed to properly furnish for market, and the more fully this is done the better will be the results. There is no stock on the farm that it is more necessary to push from the start than pigs for market, and the faster the growth, the earlier the maturity, the better the opportunity for market. But they must make a good start, and it is necessary that the dam be well fed as well as the pigs, in order that this may be secured.—N. J. Shepherd, Eldon, Mo., in Journal of Agriculture.

SHORTHORN AND SCRUB STEERS.

Each breed, as we now find it, is the result of a long period of peculiar feeding, selection and care, with a particular end in view. The Jersey has been made for butter production; the Holstein-Friesian for milk, and the Shorthorn for beef, and it would simply be impossible to feed and care for a Shorthorn of today as to have its butter yield equal the Jersey, or its milk that of the Holstein. Such a result may be brought about in time, but when done we would no longer have the Shorthorn as now developed. And while, when fed in the best manner, the Shorthorn would surely make beef of better quality and at lower cost than the scrub steer, it could not possibly endure the same degree of neglect and roughing as th scrub.

The baby of the millionaire, born of parents whose lives have been spent enjoying all the luxuries and ease of the wealthy, owuld be illy fitted to endure even the best treatment given the papoose of the Apache, and would quickly succumb to the average treatment and fare given the latter.

The power of heredity is as strong in the animal as the human race, and the quicker our farmers come to realize its force and comply with its requirements, the better for both them and the stock they keep.

If any farmer would successfully keep any of the improved breeds of stock he must make all the environments at least as congenial, and feed as well and judiciously as they have had to being them to the present high state of development.

And when he subjects any of those highly-developed animals to the same want of care, exposure to cold, and coarse food and scanty allowance as he so often gives his native so-called scrubs, and upon which they would get along fairly well, he will find them quickly deteriorating into scrub, and the worst and most sorry of all is the "thorough-bred scrub."—J. S. Woodward, in the Prairie Farmer.

KIND OF HORSES IN DEMAND.

The Western Agriculturist says: Coach and carriage horse size, style and beauty is now the ruling market demand. We have predicted it would be for years, while we have been breeding millions of little trotters for speed alone. The depression has developed the change so quickly that many cannot realize the lost cause of the country cross road's trotter, while those who read the stock journals and farm papers of the city daily, or who visit the large cities and see the type of large harness horses with the elements of beauty in form and action, can better understand the mistakes we have made in breeding for speed alone, which now has little commercial value except for professional race track use, while the great city markets demand the coach horse type with high knee action. The trotting horse papers have tried in vain to cry down the introduction of the coachers just as they did the draft horse which they predicted would soon play out. Now we cannot get half enough of those despised draft horses, and the coachers have to run the gauntlet of foreign competition. There are European buyers for more horses than we yet can raise, and a wonderful home city demand that buys with a lavish hand to keep them from the foreign buyers that fill all our horse markets.

KIND OF HAY FOR COWS.

Succulent pasture grass, writes E. C. Bennett, in an exchange, is a perfect ration; ripened grass is too woody and carbonaceous. Experiments at different stations indicate that in feeding, the results are what the chemical analysis would lead one to expect. Early cut hay has a larger protein contents and is better for milk production; that cut later is more carbonaceous and is suited to beef making. Now, since it is impracticable to cut all the grass at once, there will be some cut early and some cut late. The sensible thing to do is to stack separately, or put in different mows in the barn, and feed in accordance with its suitability to the object sought, giving the cows in milk and young growing stock the early-cut hay. The writer fills his long mows in sections. This grades the hay as cut, and the barn is so arranged that he can feed from any desired section. Those whose stock runs outside will find it profitable to remember which stack is early-cut and feed it according to the suggestions given above.

MEANS TO WIN A KISS.

This new woman business has either got to stop or men must sit down and think where they are at. A new woman has brought suit for divorce because her husband pointed a pistol at her and threatened to shoot her unless she let him kiss her. For three months he had been pleading but she declined on the ground that she was a new woman and it was unfeminine to be kissed, and especially unnew-womanish to submit unless she wished it—which she didn't. Her husband, becoming exasperated, took a pistol to enforce his tenderness, and the only excuse he offers is that she is a very pretty woman.

The excuse cuts no figure. Any man is justified in wishing to kiss a pretty woman, although the wish should be kept in check by a sense of propriety and responsibility. Chivalry forbids the use of a pistol, but some means must be devised, it seems, for even the divorce laws will hardly require that the husband of a pretty wife shall go among his fellow men silently bearing the carking mortification of being unable to exact a kiss. It is a popular notion that when a woman says she won't be kissed she does not mean it, but this, we are told, doesn't hold good in the case of husbands.

If we are to believe the comic papers, the best weapon a husband can use in such a case is a pretty typewriter.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

MR. LOGAN'S COLOSSAL TASK.

An experiment that will be watched with great interest by trotting-horse breeders is the contemplated exportation in the near future of whole shiploads of horses. Mr. John A. Logan has avowed his intention to gather together and export to London no less than fifty-five roadsters, thirty of which are to be matched in pairs, and several of these pairs to be able to trot to pole in 2:25 or better. Mr. Logan recognizes that he has set himself a colossal task to collect such a large band of roadsters that will conform to the standard he has set. Each animal, he says, must be of some solid color, bay, brown or dark chestnut, fifteen hands and three-quarters or over, and not one to have a record slower than 2:30. To find fifty horses meeting these requirements, the trotters' rank will have to be ransacked to the uttermost, for while allowing that they might easily be found, it is certain that comparatively few will be offered at a dealing price. Great attention will be paid to purchasing only those possessing the sort of action favored in Great Britain, and it is conceded that this action is not generally associated with 2:25 speed. However, be the difficulties what they may, the fact remains that the effort is to be made to buy such a lot of horses and place them on the London market. If Mr. Logan succeeds he will create something of a sensation in horse dealing circles in that ancient city, but whether the men who buy high-priced horses in England will purchase them is another story altogether. In all probability the horses, if really fine individuals and good actors in their slower paces, will find a ready sale at remunerative prices, for the majority of fast trotters that have been taken to England have not been good to look at and those that were have commanded large prices. The British dealers are the most enterprising in the world and should they find that this lot of American horses quickly finds buyers there is no doubt that they will speedily sail for our shores to procure another supply. The British dealer cares not where he buys his horses so long as he can find those which the buyers want; and, moreover, if this stylish lot of trotters should be favorably recognized the American national horse will have found a new field. Hitherto trotters have found no great favor in England, but their merits have never yet been exploited as they will when the consignment spoken of reaches London under the care, ownership and management of a reputable gentleman well known in breeding circles on both sides of the ocean. Should these horses be favorably received they will open up a trade that will put hundreds of thousands of dollars in our breeders' pockets during the years to come.—Coaching.

AN APPEAL TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

From what evils do we need to guard these young women (our servants)? From bad companions, form evil suggestions, and from possible insult and contamination. In order that our advice and restrictions should protect them we must enter into sympathy with their youth and natural longing for society, and we must remember that our rules of social etiquette are not always the same as theirs. If we prohibit the visits of bad men and women we must allow and encourage the visits of good ones. If some pleasant young fellow is calling on Edith in the parlor we cannot consistently say that the temperate, hard working Michael shall not come to see Bridget. We should take pains to ascertain the young man's good character and respectability, as with our daughter's friends, although such inquiry must be made with great tact and discretion. As to going out in the evening we often wonder why a girl is not content to stay at home and sew, when we should rather remember the tedium and confinement of the day's work and should encourage her to seek fresh air and friendly faces outside. There are evils that walk in darkness, it is true, but a quiet-mannered, self-respecting woman seldom meets with harm; and if she goes to her home, or to visit respectable friends, the gain to health and cheerfulness will far outweigh such slight risk. And since a quiet, modest manner is so great a protection to every woman, let our maids have a good example in our own families. Let them see us train our daughters to soft voices and gentle movements; let them hear us criticise the loud laughter, the forward manner, or the selfish carelessness of the ill-bred woman in every station of life. Such indirect criticism is often the most effective. This is the mission work we mothers and housekeepers can do. Tied to our homes often by little children, by limited means or by poor health, we may not be able to attend meetings or visit for the Associated Charities, or even sew for an orphan asylum, but we can make sure that no girl ever passes through our home without learning something useful, without seeing housework respected, without the glow of a kindly interest and the felt influence of a right view of life and its duties. Is not this motive sufficient to make us abolish all the unnecessary restrictions of domestic service and add all the reasonable and possible attractions to it in our homes?—Christina Goodwin, in the August Forum.

AN UNFAIR PRACTICE.—That California people take Oregon fruits and pass them off for the California article is again verified. Mr. Lee Perkins of Trinidad, Colo., is in Eugene. The Guard says: Mr. Perkins thinks the Willamette valley the grandest country in the world. Still he says it needs advertising. In speaking of fruit, he says that Oregon cherries have been sold right along throughout Colorado and Utah, as the California product. He recounts buying some Royal Annes at Ogden, Utah, the other day, and the dealer assured him they were from California. He was doubtful, as they looked like the Oregon cherries on account of their size, hence he questioned the dealer, who finally admitted they came from Oregon. He also informs us that our hops throughout Colorado are known as "Washingtons." He sold his crop being raised here to a brewery at Trinidad some 10,000 pounds, for 13 cents, delivered.

THE HOP CROP.

Regarding the outlook for the new crop there is little to add to what has been published of late. Rains in this state have freshened the vines and brightened the prospects in most sections, but under the most favorable conditions until the time of picking the yield can hardly exceed three-fourths of last year. On the Pacific coast growers are fighting vermin, but no serious damage is reported.—N. Y. Price Current.

OUR HOP PLANTATIONS

A Short Crop Sure in California.

New and Varied Pests up North.

The Estimates from New York Are Still for a Very Short Crop.

Sacramento, Cal.—I wrote you several months since and I now change my opinion in regard to the hop crop in this state. I do not believe the amount harvested will compare with last year. Some growers say not more than one-half but I think it will exceed that amount, perhaps two-thirds provided the price a little later on should promise enough to pay a little more than the cost of picking.—T. A. Snider, in American Agriculturist.

Liverpool, New York.—Hops are light, probably not exceeding one-half of a crop. The plants look healthy and are blowing full, still there is such a light vine that the crop must at best be poor. Many yards have been plowed up in this county, farmers becoming discouraged when the crop hardly commands a living price.

Green hasn't given up work on his new hop picking machine. The season was too short last fall to permit him to overcome a radical defect. He hopes to have his fully perfected machine in operation this fall, and will test it at Utica on early hops August 10-20th, and later on the regular harvest. Mr. Green will not attempt to manufacture this machine for sale until it is fully developed, so that when put on the market it may be accepted as no experiment.

Yakima Herald says a large grower declined a 10 cent offer for his entire '95 crop, as he expects to get 12c.

The growers are all busy trimming and syraying their yards. The prospect is not favorable for more than half a crop.—Puyallup Commerce.

Yakima Republic: The hop crop is looking fairly well, but growers are not particularly enthusiastic over the promise either of possible price or yield. They have, however, given special attention to the work of securing a good grade and confidently believe that the present crop will, in that respect, exceed any previous quality generally produced here. There is wisdom in this forethought; for there is always friendly market for first grade hops when the lower quality finds little favor with reputable dealers.

Sumner Herald: Whether or no it may be a criterion is hard to say, but certain it is that an offer was made by a buyer on Saturday which would indicate that the hop market is soon to open up. It was a bona fide proposition to contract at 10 cents all the growers' '95 crop, and the grower refused, stating that he had expected at least 12 cents. Now, 10 cents is good money for '95 hops, on the opening; the Herald is glad to see the prospectus thus brightening. If the figures should be raised as the weeks go by, so much the better; but even at 10 cents the grower this year will reap a profit upon his output in time and money. Verily the outlook seems to be good for a fairly prosperous fall among the hop yards.

A. Mouton & Sons write from Sacramento: The hop crop in Sacramento county this year is not so good as last year by one-third. The vines are not arising out as usual, and there are many miss hills caused by wire and grub worms. In Yolo county the crop is still shorter, being only one-fourth to one-half of last year, caused by flooding. In Sonoma county the crop is reported short of last year by one-fourth to one-third. Mendocino county is also short. Yuba county is the only county that will have an average crop. Some growers are talking of not picking their hops unless they can get a paying price—as they lost money last year by picking. Some few contract offers have been made at 8 and 9c, but growers generally do not accept, as it costs that to grow them. Some growers will not sell a pound unless there is a fair profit in it. The price to be paid for picking is going to be about 75 cents per 100 pounds. Labor is plentiful this year.

Lilienthal & Co. have issued their annual statistical record which shows that Washington state had 10,000 acres in hops last year and raised 49,000 bales, and that on July 1, 1895, there were 4000 bales still left in the state.

From a circular recently issued it appears that the hop crop of the world this year will be about the same as last year, some sections being better while others are not so good. Owing to the large amount of old on hand no improvement can be expected on the price. The fact that hops can be kept in cold storage for two years without deteriorating in value is a new feature for hop growers to contend with, and materially lessens the chances for an advance in rates.—Three Sisters.

Advices from London are to the effect that the hop crop in England is already considerably damaged by the weather and lice. A short crop in English hops will increase the demand for Pacifics. But it is too early yet to decide the probable outcome.

The hop worm, which has been such a pest to California, has made its advent in the Puyallup valley, and is quite prevalent in William Vose's yard, says the Puyallup Citizen. The worm is the same shade of green as the hop leaf, has a black head, and is three-quarters of an inch in length. The hop aphis emulsion does not seem to destroy it. The leaf upon which it feeds curls over and enfolds the worm within it, and affords it an asylum to build a web and propagate eggs. Andrew Nix, who has investigated its habits very carefully, fears that it may become a very dangerous pest in a few more seasons.

The fungus, which has been so prevalent in the Sacramento valley yards, and which made its appearance in Fred. S. Meeker's yard during the season of 1892, has spread very extensively through the yards south of Puyallup. It is caused by an insect which stings the roots at the base of the vine, and a huge wart is the result. This contains eggs which hatch into worms which feed from the honeycomb the fungus. During the late fall and winter the fungus decays. No perceptible harm results, unless perhaps the lighter growth of vine in these old yards may be in a measure attributed to this cause.

WOOL ACTIVE.—Lambs' wool is now coming into this market and the fall clip will follow, as shearing is now going on at the south. San Francisco dealers report prices well sustained and believe that fall wools will bring a better price than last fall and many will be encouraged to shear who did not shear a year ago. The outlook is more encouraging for the sheep man, the price of wool being higher, and if the mutton market would improve, sheep raising would still be profitable. At the London wool sales, July 23d, there was a large attendance and the demand strong from everywhere. In Boston wool continues active, although immense amounts have been disposed of during the last month. The sheep is looking up.—S. F. Rural Press.

WE MUST FEED BETTER.

The American shepherd must learn one thing if he hopes to succeed, says American Sheep Breeder, as the English shepherds do in making the flock the most profitable part of their business. This is to feed better. Any animal, whatever kind it may be, is the product of its food. There is no power in nature to make it any other way. The English shepherd provides special pastures for the lambs, mostly on the young grass-seedings. The old sheep have their pastures of rape, or later they have the roots to eat off the land; and the staple feeding is on verdant fields that have not felt the plow in scores of years, or may be in centuries. These rich fields and the sheep grow together, and by the aid of general grain feeding the sheep are nourished and the grass as well. It is this manner of feeding that gives truth to the old adage that the sheep's foot is golden. It is not the sheep distinctly but the feeding of it that gives the profit wherever it treads. Thus the flock becomes the measure of the fertility of the land, and the wealth of the farmer. The general ignorance of this fact is the reason that the especial English sheep has not succeeded in this country as it was expected to do and should and may do.

Perhaps there is no other place on this side of the ocean where the English breeds do so well as on the blue grass pastures of Kentucky. But this is because the Kentucky sheep breeders treat their flocks with liberality, and do not tie to the foolish notion that a weedy stubble is good enough for a sheep, and from those weeds the sheep will not only get a good living but so enrich the land as to double the productive value of it in a year pasturing on the tough weeds. No sheep can do more in this way than give back to the land a part of the poor pittance it takes from it. It cannot make anything out of nothing.

SEEDS AND SHEAVES.

It is all right for charity to begin at home, but it too often ends there.

Half work very frequently brings half results. Think of this several times a day.

There are men who never think they are miserable sinners until after they have eaten too much pie.

Don't miss a chance to go to a picnic. The good farmer is generally ready for such occasions for he keeps about a day ahead of his work.

Don't stop harvesting to talk politics, though both are important. Harvesting depends on the season and politics we have always with us.

We heard one man say of another: "He has always been too honest for his own good. We kept our hand on our pocket book until the speaker was out of sight.

So many have been complaining about the dry weather. The Scotch have a saying that "no drought ever brought a dearth," and besides things do not happen by chance.

Peter Potter always finds fault with the weather and the size of his crops. It rains so much of the time that he cannot cultivate the crops, for he does not like to go to town except on a fair day.

The man who does not find fault with the weather has very strong symptoms of believing that an overruling Providence controls things in the best interests of the whole world.

A good many farmers are not honest with themselves; they work too hard; they do not take pains enough in putting in their crops; they deny themselves all pleasures, and in the end they discover that it is best to be perfectly fair with themselves as well as with all other men.

PROFIT IN SMALL PIECES.

One of the most profitable occupations of the United States government is found in the coinage of 5-cent nickel pieces and 1-cent bronze pieces. The cost of the bronze disks from which the cents are stamped is about 20 cents per pound, and a pound of them produces $1.46. Nickel ready for coinage costs 32 cents per pound, and a pound produces $4.43 in 5-cent pieces. The average profit of seigniorage on the coinage of these minor coins for the past few years has been about $650,000.

There is a profit and a considerable one, in the coinage of subsidary silver coin, but owing to the fact that the United States owns several million ounces of bullion which was purchased at the prevailing high rate of 1890, the profit in that species of coinage is not so great as it would be if the government should go into the open market today and buy silver at its market value for this purpose.

There is a big demand at the treasury department for bright new coins of all denominations. Almost every request that is received from banks in various sections of the country for subsidary coins ask that bright new ones be sent. Every month the street car companies and banks of the capital city turn into the treasury large quantities of nickels, dimes and quarters, for which they receive in turn paper money of large denominations. Of course the money thus redeemed is not "new" and there is no demand for it. The result is that there are large quantities of such subsidiary coin in the vaults of the treasury, and it is impossible to get it into circulation.

THE OUTLET FOR FRUIT.

E. M. Rumb, one of the largest fruit growers in Georgia, has been to Chicago looking over the marketing advantages that city possesses. In a letter to a Southern paper he writes:

"The outlook is bright for good prices, while transportation is sure to be lower. There is no reason why Georgia should not have equal advantages with California. I find numbers of people throughout the West who are desirous of coming to Georgia to invest in farm lands. This is a very important matter that should be attended to by the various railroads, whose profits would be much larger at a low rate of freight, as four times the amount of fruit and produce would be grown. Chicago with a population of 2,000,000 should be made the distributing point for the West and Northwest. There are more than fifty cities with a population of from 50,000 to 500,000 ranging from ten to three hundred miles of Chicago, which can consume very easily at paying prices from one to five cars each day during the season. In this part of the West, not over 400 miles of Chicago, with the greatest ease and at good prices an average of from fifty to seventy-five cars of sound fruit can be consumed per day."

JAPANESE LABORERS.

San Francisco, July 29.—Labor Commissioner Fitzgerald will resume his investigation of the importation of Japanese contract laborers into this state in the near future. According to the commissioner, Japanese are imported into this state by a regularly organized gang of boarding house men, who have agents at Victoria, Tacoma, Portland and this city.

DR. POWELL REEVES,

Permanently Located at

51½ Third Street, Corner of Pine, Portland, Oregon.

Where he can be consulted on all

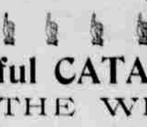
CHRONIC, NERVOUS, AND PRIVATE DISEASES.

Examination and Advice, FREE.

Come one, Come all, and embrace this grand opportunity to learn the true condition of your health, without money and without price.

These old reliable doctors will consult with you Free of Charge, and tell you your disease without asking you a question. They also furnish all medicine at their offices, and save you extra cost of buying medicine at the drug store. We can give you references of many remarkable cures they have made on this Coast, by leading bankers and business men. Call at the office and read them for proof.

The successful physician—the skillful surgeon—the eminent specialist—your best friend—the world's benefactor—permanently located—consult him this day.



Treats rupture, piles, fissure-fistula and rectal ulcers, without knife, ligature or caustic, and without pain or detention from business. He also treats all private diseases, loss of power, spermatorrhœa, syphilis, pimples, etc.

Most Successful CATARRH Doctors IN THE WEST.

These old reliable specialists of many years' experience, treat with wonderful success all lung and throat affections, Cancer, Piles, Fistula and Rupture.

EYE All cases of acute or chronic inflamation, far or near sightedness, dimness of vision, scrofulous eyes, closing of the eye duct, squinting, cross-eyes, wild hairs, syphilitic sore eyes, granulated