The Tables Turned.

WARD TALBOT sank wearily upon a fallen tree. The blanket swung from his shoulder by a rawhide thong fell into a forked limb. His rifle slid forward on the ground. Streams of perspiration trickled down his dusty face. He was near the summit of a mountain, and the forests behind receded to a valley of vast extent, densely wooded, profoundly silent, primeval and uninhabited. A shimmering river wound through the distant trees, and Talbot scowled as he looked back upon it. Six days before the river had lured him from one of these summits in the quest of placer diggings. He was now returning, unsuccessful, half-starved and lost.

A deer suddenly appeared before him, not two hudred yards away, near the top of the divide. It was visible in relief aganst the luminous sky, standing on a small flat rock, with feet gathered and head thrown sideways, curiously alert. The miner uttered an impatient cry. He had seen not less than thirty deer within the last four hours and had not a single cartridge left for his rifle. One hand quickly sought the revolver hanging at his belt, but he shook his head and abandoned the impulse. His mouth watered as the deer bounded off. Not since morning had Talbot tasted food, and it was now 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

Resuming his blanket and empty rifle, he soon gained the narrow sunburnt crest and rejoiced to behold again the Okanagon valley, the giant brown buttes against the eastern horizon, and the mighty, snow-clad peaks of British Columbia towering far to the north. For Ward Talbot was one of that adventurous band who first penetrated the reservation of the Moses Indians in Washington territory when thrown open for settlement.

Sinewy and strong was Talbot, a young man of robust health and shrewd wits. He wore brown overalls and blouse, with a revolver and light prospecting pick thrust in his belt; and as he stood beneath a tangled fir, his boots in a mat of partridge berry vines, and the pendent needles trembling against the edge of his brown canvas hat, a look of perplexity crossed his frank and manly face. He had come over at an unexpected angle and could not quite place his surroundings. A few steps farther and the charred top of a tall burnt pine rose to view. Simultaneously the young miner's face brightened. He found himself not five hundred feet from one of his own claims, the very first one he had staked out, and which he had never visited since the day he located it. The nearest corner stake was directly below him. The tents of Horse-shoe camp were in sight two miles away, and an hour's walk would take him to his own hut and coffee-pot.

Quite different was this northern slope from the southern acclivity he had lately climbed. The latter was rocky and sandy, its soil washed of vegetable mould by quick-melting snows. On this northern side he struck at once soft earth and a carpet of thick pine grass, down which he strode noiselessly toward a barren spot where boulders projected from the ground and a white stake showed. This was made of cotton-wood, rudely squared by an axe, and upon it was penciled:

Stake B.
Southeast Corner Post,
Quartz Claim, Pillar of Fire,
Located by Ward Talbot
May 25th, 1886.

The miner smiled as he read this, and recalled the peculiar circumstances under which he had discovered his first claim.

While hunting soon after his arrival in the country, he saw far up this mountain-side a dead pine burning brilliantly. Making his way thither in the hope of meeting white men, he reached a deserted Indian camp by the side of a little spring. The abandoned camp-fire had ignited a pile of dry brush, and thence had communicated to a dead but standing pitch-pine tree, which roared furiously as it burned, casting off volumes of black smoke. Here Talbot discovered silver float and a few traces of ore in the rocks, and staked out a claim, naming ing it the Pillar of Fire. When the mining district was organized, he recorded his claim, but had never found leisure to come up and investigate it thoroughly.

Talbot now descended towards the center of his claim. Here the high walls of rock converging toward a massive platform, overhanging the ledge wherein he had found ore. As he approached the walls, he heard a horse whinny, and stopped surprised. An instant later the thud of the pick, striking earth , echoed from the hillside below. There was no mistaking the sound. It fell in regular strokes, tinkling as it occasionally hit rock. Somebody was working his claim.

Talbot set his rifle on end against the rocks at the entrance to the passage-way. He took off his rolled blanket and laid it down gently. Then he drew his revolver from his belt and inspected it. The weapon was of dragoon size, carrying balls of heavy calibre. He cocked it quietly, and stole forward between the rugged steps and down to the stone platform, overhanging the hillside.

The young miner's face had become very white. He debated his course as he advanced. So far no claims had been jumped in the district. He had avoided disputes and brawls with the miners. He was peaceable and well disposed. But often the most peaceable men are the most dangerous when imposed upon, and now Talbot had but one purpose—to expel this "jumper" from the Pillar of Fire.

He neared the shelf where the converging walls narrowed to a space not six feet wide. From this point he could see the two opposite stake-ends of his claim nearly eight hundred feet below the declivity, and moving forward a little further, he could also see the center stake immediately below him. None of his boundary marks had been disturbed.

Creeping forth on the irregular platform, Talbot peered over the edge. A few rods down the hill a man was stooping, pick in hand, working the loose earth.

Miners' rights on the frontier are sharply defined by custom and peremptorily defended. Any one who jumps a duly recorded claim does so at his peril, and common assent justifies his summary expulsion and the right of the owner to use force if necessary. Talbot raised his pistol and prepared to hail the intruder, when a new discovery kept him silent.

The jumper was not taking ore from the claim. He was putting ore in!

Such was undoubtedly the case. He had turned over considerable earth running in a straight line downward from the ledge whereon Ward Talbot stood, and out of a gunny sack of ore the stranger was sprinkling the soil, covering his deposits lightly with dirt.

Again the horse whinned. Talbot saw it now, a calico or pinto tied in the bushes. He knew that horse, and, peering again at the toiler beneath, recognized him also, and understood the matter better.

The man below was Mose Tannin, a hanger-on in Horse-shoe camp, reported to earn his money mostly by gambling and trickery. Two weeks before, in a cursory talk around the evening fire in front ofthe log hotel, Mose had offered to trade his pinto horse for the Pillar of Fire. Talbot agreed, provided the pinto was delivered to him within three days. Mose had not brought the horse and the proposed bargain therefore was never consummated, but evidently the gambler now assumed ownership of the claim and was "salting" it for some speculative purposes, planting in the soil, float of rich quality, which would give an inexperienced person false opinions of the value of the ledge above.

Talbot drew back and deliberated. He had long since grown weary of the artifice and cheating prevalent among miners, and was half disposed to call out and forbid any trespass on his property. But curiosity prevailed. He remained silent and took a position where he could peer down occasionally upon the workman. He watched the care and craft with which the fragments of ore were strewn through the soil, the skill with which the earth was packed down over them, and the patience with which Mose brought water from the spring in his frying pan and poured it in successive streams over the surface, washing off all the pick marks, and all traces of his moccasined feet. This done, the wily trickster withdrew, and tying his gunny sack, pick-axe and frying pan to the pack-saddle, climbed into that uneasy seat and went off down the mountain with his rifle across his lap like any honest prospector returning to camp.

As soon as Mose was safely away, Talbot went below and discovered at once the full scope of the scheme. At the base of the bluff Mose had uncovered a ledge of syenite and silver-bearing rock ten or twelve feet wide, out of which he had picked several bushels of ore of very ordinary quality, now lying about on the edge of the chasm. Among this he had scattered ore of a higher grade but of similar formation, brought from the outside, in the hope that it might beguile some buyer into paying a good price for the claim. It looked to Talbot like a flimsy fraud, not likely to impose upon any person of intelligence.

He went forward to his center stake. Upon a stone at its base still lay the baking powder can in which he had left his location notice—a method used in exposed places where paper, if nailed to a stake, would soon be destroyed by wind and rain. He found the notice untouched within, and strode back scornfully up the hill.

As Talbot returned once more above the boulders and turned the corner toward the rocky walls, he met four deer unexpectedly, face to face. Springing forward promptly, the youth stampeded them into the passage way. With eager excitement he plucked his revolver from its holster and fired. A doe fell. The others dashed back desperately through the smoke, passed him, and vanished over the divide.

Advancing toward the fallen deer, Talbot reflected with disquiet that Mose Tannin would hear this shot, perhaps turn back and discover his recent espial. When, therefore, the wounded deer staggered to her feet and stood holding up one limp fore-leg shrinking from the stony verge, yet not daring to take the only path of retreat toward her enemy in the way, he hesitated to give a final shot. Drawing his short-handled pick, he hurled it with an accuracy and foce that struck the wounded animal off the rock. Dashing forward, Talbot saw the doe gather itself up below and leap down the hillside, leaving splashes of blood every few feet. So copious was the loss that he felt sure the game would soon fall and die. Hurriedly catching up his gun and blanket, he ran around the ledges and followed after. Near the center stake he regained his pick, noting as he did so the numerous deer tracks made in the wet earth. As the ground would set hard in that high altitude before the next noon, these tracks must necessarily help to hide Mose Tannin's trick.

Following the crimson trail, Talbot found his doe in a thicket of willows near the brook, lying dead with head extended and legs drawn in. Here he waited to see if Mose returned. It soon became evident that if the latter had heard the shot he had no desire to learn who fired, but had kept on toward Horse-shoe camp.

Thereupon Ward Talbot shouldered the carcass and carried it into a secluded dell. In the gathering twilight he built a fire, cooked a haunch of venison, ate heartily, and, rolling up in his mackinaw, law down to sleep beneath the amaracks.

Three days passed ere Ward came into Horse-shoe camp. Meantime he had explored with success a distant ravine. Footsore and jaded, he appeared at nightfall before the hut where his partners sat around the fire.

Talbot's partners were three sober miners, owners of a promising claim which they were developing. The youth had chosen them as associates because alone of all the camp they neither drank nor gambled. He was kindly treated, condoled with over his ill luck, and given a cheering supper. Then all four went wearily to their blankets. An hour later a hand shook Ward's shoulder. A voice whispered in his ear:

"Ho, Talbot! I say! Get up a minute; I've something to tell you."

The young man rose on his elbow. By the dying light of the fire he saw Stymer, the burly, black-whiskered bar-keeper of the log hotel, who beckoned him to follow outside. They stood by the glowing coals together.

Stymer began in a low, gruff voice:

"When I first came to camp, you gave me half your can of coffee."

Talbot sleepily remembered some such kindness to the destitute newcomer and rejoined impatiently, "What of it?"

"I made up my mind if I could ever throw you in the way of making three or four thousand dollars I would do it. And now I can."

Talbot was wide awke immediately. Tired of mining, he would be glad even with a single thousand to return home, buy a good team and engage agin in farming. He listened eagerly as Stymer continued:

"Ther's a man in camp, Claypool of St. Paul, has offered Mose Tannin three thousand dollars for the Pillar of Fire. I heard 'em talk it over on a log by the hotel. You just hang on to that claim and sell it yourself. Mose never brought you that pinto, did he?"

"No," replied Talbot with much disgust. "The claim is still mine. But I don't believe it is worth fifty cents."

"That's not your lookout. If it's worth three thousand to Claypool, take his money mighty quick."

And Stymer hurried away under the quaking aspens, leaving Talbot much discouraged. For the youth, while anxious to sell any of his claims honestly, knew that the stranger had been beguiled by Tannin to believe the prospect a rich one, and he scrupled to take advantage of the deceit.

After breakfast, next morning, he started down the creek toward "town." On the way he heard hoof strokes coming up the winding trail, and spied the spotted pinto. Stepping behind a clump of alders, he kept still while Mose Tannin rode by, evidently bound for Talbot's hut to deliver up the pinto. Ward was glad to avoid him, preparing to meet Mr. Claypool first and undeceive him.

Arrived at the hotel, he learned that the stranger had gone off early on horse-back toward the Pillar of Fire, alone. Ward at once started off by a short cut to the mountain. As he carried only his revolver, haversack, and poll-pick, his progress was rapid, and when an hour later he reached his claim, he saw a horse tied to a fir near the center stake.

There were fresh holes in the line of earth where Mose had strewn false float, and Talbot's quick eye saw new breaks in the face of the ledge above. Peering about for Mr. Claypool, he observed smoke rising near, and, making his way through the bushes, soon found him in a nook among the boulders. Here, to Word's surprise, a rough little furnace had been built of flat stone, in which a fire was roaring. A blow-pipe, hammer, crucible, and phials of acid lay on the rocks. Evidently a rude assay had been made of the materials gathered.

Mr. Claypool stepped into sight, holding tiny scales in his hand and about to make record with pencil in a pocket tablet. He started in confusion when he met the youth's honest gaze. Ward at once judged him to be a professional man, or a druggist or chemist, for his complexion was pallid and his hands dainty and white.

"Well, you don't find much high ore, I reckon," said Talbot with the freedom common to the frontier. "There's none here."

Mr. Claypool appeared much offended by this blunt inquiry. He was a thin, slim, middle-aged man of cold and reserved manners, having a very crafty face. He looked at the young man sternly.

"No. This claim is not worth five dollars. It will not assay ten ounces of silver to the ton."

Whereupon he slipped his utensils into a valise which he slung to his shoulder, strode across to his horse, and rode away without further comment or attention.

Talbot was much irritated by this peremptory withdrawal, but relieved to know that the stranger had not been deceived by Mose. He was puzzled, however, when he looked at the bits of mineral left from the assay. They were deeply marked with yellow chloride stain, and he knew the ore examined must have been rich in mineral so that the conclusion of the chemist seemed to be a strange one. He was glad he had escaped any base temptation to try and sell his claim himself at a high price on the strength of Mose Tannin's misrepresentations, since the acumen of the visitor would evidently have foiled the attempt. He started off across the hills cheerily with a clear conscience and a light heart.

All that afternoon Stymer chafed uneasily behind his bar. Mose Tannin had come in with Mr. Claypool, and the two sat by the tables, trying to close the bargain. Mose demanded three thousand dollars for the Pillar of Fire. Mr. Claypool now refused, denounced the claim as a mere ordinary prospect of unknown value, and even began to collect his baggage preparatory to departure on the stage the next morning. Stymer, long experienced in the mines, set them down for a pair of sharps, and understood their games. He devined that Mose had "salted" the claim. He had peered into the stranger's baggage, by which he conjectured that Mr. Claypool, although fresh from town and ignorant of the ordinary mining tricks, had picked up a smattering knowledge of assaying, and had come into camp hoping by stealthy tests to find some valuable claim which he could obtain for a low price. He shrewdly judged that Mr. Claypool believed the prospect worth a hundred thousand dollars, and was affecting doubt and trying to make Mose think it worthless that he might buy it for a nominal sum. Meantime, where was Talbot? Why was he not here managing the bargain himself?

Toward nightfall the matter was condensed. Mr. Claypool with great show of reluctance at last agreed to pay three thousand dollars, from which price Mose would not recede. And now he desired that the claim should be immediately deeded to him.

Mose confessed that he had not yet received his papers from the original owner, Ward Talbot, but agreed to find him that evening and effect both transfers.

Soon after, Ward came by with a half-dozen returning prospectors, and Mose went out to him. Stymer followed anxiously to the door. Mr. Claypool sat within reading a newspaper.

"There's your horse, Talbot," said Mose in an off-hand manner, pointing to the pinto tied to a tree near.

"My horse? I don't want the horse. That bargain was off long ago."

In vain Mose expostulated, argued, raged. Ward had a right to call the bargain void, since the other had not fulfilled his agreement. At last Mose drew a revolver menacingly. Stymer from the door way gave a knowing wink, and Ward, profiting by this hint, treated the threat with indifference. If Mose wanted the claim, he must buy it.

"What do you ask?" demanded Mose desperately.

Ward hesitated. Stymer plucked from the earth a piece of charred wood and scrawled on the hewn door-post behind Mose's back, "$1,500"; which marks he immediately erased.

"Fifteen hundred dollars!" was the reply.

Mose burst forth with fresh expostulation. In vain he stormed and declaimed against the exhorbitant demand. Upheld by Stymer's hints, Ward was firm, and the angry gambler was compelled at last to see that he must lose in this way, one-half of his expected proceeds. He was hastened to this conclusion by Mr. Claypool's appearance, who left his newspaper, drawn by the loud voices, and who frowned when he learned Talbot's identity. The youth at once suspected that the stranger was also trying to defraud, and all his sympathy with the supposed victim vanished.

Mose now confessed that before he could settle with the original owner and properly transfer the claim, fifteen hundred dollars must be paid. Accordingly all adjourned to the shanty of the surveyor, who was also a notary public. Mr. Cloypool had taken pains to learn that the claim was duly recorded and Ward Talbot's right a clear one. Deed was made by Ward to Mose Tannin, and by Mose to Mr. Claypool, as Mose would not consent to a direct transfer from Ward to the third party.

"I will sell my right, but I give everybody to understand that I regard the claim as of little value," declared Ward openly ere he signed the paper. The un-heard-of honesty of such a statement at such a moment amazed the miners present. Mr. Claypool with a cold nod made no reply, but gave Mose fifteen hundred dollars, and the cash was passed by Mose into Ward's hand.

At this point the transaction stopped, albeit the documents were all signed. Mr. Claypool overheard a remark from a bystander which aroused his suspicions. He left the deed in the surveyor's charge until morning, when he agreed to pay the balance due.

Great was the hilarity in Horse-shoe camp the next day. Mr. Claypool hired two experienced miners to go with him to the Pillar of Fire, where thorough examination of the ledge was made, the worthless quality of the claim disclosed, and Mose Tannin's artifice uncovered. Then ensued a furious scene in the hotel bar-room, Claypool demanding back his fifteen hundred dollars on peril of arrest for cospiracy; and Mose fiercely denying fraud, defying the law, and threatening to shoot the visitor if he did not pay the remainder due on their bargain. Stymer declared that he knew nothing of the rights of the matter, but one thing was clear—that Claypool had nothing to do with Ward Talbot, who sold out fair and square to Mose and took his money from Mose alone; therefore he must look to Mose only, and not to Ward, for his redress. This declaration the miners present hoarsely cheered in the interests of fair play, to Claypool's great alarm. It followed that Mr. Claypool, overawed and affrighted, profoundly chagrined to find himself so easily deceived, left camp at once, while Mose, the butt of merciless jests, mounted his pinto and fled over the trails to the Frazer river placers.

The nightly camp fire roared before Ward Talbot's hut and shed its genial rays far into the recesses of the quaking asps, while the youth spread before his partners in a farewell banquet the choicest viands obtainable. His comrades passed the sooty coffee pot with merry words, and their grizzled leader said, as he whipped open a fresh can of potted ham:

"I'm glad you'r going back to the farm, Ward, with the stake you've got. It's better for you. I'd like to return to civilization myself, but an old miner like me can't change. You've had a queer piece of luck, and the best of it is, you were square and true yourself from first to last, and those two greedy sharps played their little game to your advantage. It isn't often that mining tricks are such a benefit to honest folks!"

A GOLDSMITH MAID STORY.

The Way John Decker Came to Buy a Future Trotting Queen.

Squire Tom Bingham died in Newburg, N. Y., some time ago. He helped to buy Goldsmith Maid from the Jersey farmer, and never tired telling of it, says the Newark, N. J., Sunday Call. The story he always told of the part he took in the transaction is as follows:

"In 1864, John H. Decker, a friend of the squire's, lived in Newburg. He was a brother-in-law of Judge Fullerton, having married the judge's sister. His father was, and is, one of the wealthiest Orange county farmers, who at that time lived near Chechunk spring, three miles from Goshen. John H. Decker was of a speculative turn and one day said to Squire Bingham that he believed a good deal of money could be made in buying up a carload or two of turkeys, which were scarce in the market and commanding big prices. The squire agreed with him, and in November, 1864, the two started out with a team to buy up the turkeys. They intended to take in Orange and Sussex counties. In the course of their trip they came one afternoon to Uncle Johnny B. Decker's farm, near Deckerstown, in Sussex county. Johnny B., as he was known all through that country, was an uncle of John H. Decker's, and he and Squire Bingham concluded it would be a good place to tie up for the night, and they did so. John H. Decker was one of the best judges of horseflesh in all this region of good judges. In the course of the afternoon he walked out to look at some horses his uncle had in a field, and among them saw a young mare which he fell in love with. He tried to give her a close inspection but he couldn't get within gunshot of her, she was so wild. Still he had so much admiration for the mare that the next morning at the breakfast table he said:

"Uncle Johnny, I'll give you $250 for that wild mare of yours."

Johnny B. sneered at the offer. He said the mare was as worthless as she could be, but money couldn't buy her. She was known all over the country as Decker's worthless mare. Johnny B's good wife was anxious that he should get rid of her. To help the matter along she put it on the score of relationship.

"Now, father," she said, "here's John, your namesake and nephew, and you must let him have the mare. John, you offer him $10 more and he'll let you have her."

"So John H. counted out $260 and Johnny B. said all right, he could have the mare, provided he could catch her."

"So John and I went out into the lot," Squire Tom used to say, "and tried to surround the mare. We chased and circled and tumbled around that lot for an hour, with old John B. standing at the fence enjoying the scene and almost bursting with laughter. After a while, when we were both almost ready to drop, we got a corner on her, ran her into the barn and put a halter on her. When we led her out a captive, John B. wanted to back out and coaxed and coaxed John to let him have the mare back, but John had great ideas ahead for the mare, and stuck to the bargain. We led the mare behind the wagon, to John's father's, and there John ran up against a snag. John's father and mother knew that lots of horsemen had been trying to buy the mare, because they thought they saw a great future in her as a trotter, although she had never been in harness. The old people were opposed to John's being concerned in a trotting horse, and when John saw his mother crying over the matter, he weakened and sold the mare to Bill Thompson, known as Jersey Bill, who had heard that John H. had bought the mare and had come over from New Hampton, a couple of miles away, to see if he could make a dicker for the animal. He gave John H. his check for $360 and drove off to New Hampton with her.

"Decker and I drove on to Goshen, he lamenting all the time that he had sold the animal and devising schemes by which he could get her back. When he got to Goshen he telegraphed to the Middleton bank, on which Jersey Bill's check was drawn, asking whether the check was good for $360. The answer was that it was good for only $300. Then John H. was determined to drive straight to New Hampton and take the mare out of the stable and lead her away. Being a lawyer I knew that he would get himself into a peck of trouble if he undertook such a thing as that, and I told him so. But he was bound to do it, and while he was getting the horse ready to start he was handed a telegram. It was from the bank and it said that Jersey Bill had made his check good for $360. There never was a more disappointed, disheartened man in the world, than Mr. Decker was, and he never got over it.

"Well, Jersey Bill sold the mare, as everybody knows, to Alden Goldsmith for $600, and Bill Bondine made her the horse that carried the name of Goldsmith Maid all over the world. And that's the way I helped to buy her."

RUNNING A HOP FIELD.

The cost of starting a hop field is considerably less than it was a few years ago, roots now selling for 50 cents a bushel, cut, trimmed and ready for setting out, as compared with $4 a bushel formerly: The ground is laid out in even rows, usually 7 feet apart. About 750 hop poles are required for an acre. These poles are of cedar or chestnut, from 16 to 25 feet in length, and cost on an average 12 1-2 cents apiece. The first outlay on an acre of hops is from $125 to $150. After the poles are in the ground, the hops are grubbed, the narrow is used, and by the last of May the plants are tall enough to be tied by boys and girls to the poles. The last week in August the harvest begins, and lasts well on into September. A field of 20 acres gives employment to 40 pickers, five box-tenders, a man to dry the hops, and a superintendent. The pickers come mainly from Syracuse, Rome, Utica, Trop, Cohoes, Albany, Elmira and Binghamton, and sometimes a party of St. Regis Indians are brought down from Canada for the harvest. The pickers are lodged and boarded, and receive 20 or 25 cents a box of seven bushels. A rapid worker can fill four or five boxes a day. If employed without board and lodging, he is paid 35 or 40 cents a box. To dry the hops in the kilnhouse requires 10 or 12 hours, the hops being turned with long shovels during the process to insure evenness in drying. They are then pressed into bales averaging in weight 200 pounds. Truth compels the admission that the male hop-pickers are for the most part a hard-drinking and lawless set, and the Gospel wagon which goes out from Syracuse to evangelize them has plenty to do.

Fifty thousand people assist in preparing for market the hops grown in New York state. The area of cultivation is chiefly in Oneida, Madison and Otsego counties. Since 1880 the acreage has increased more than 50 per cent. In 1890 the yield of hops in central New York was 20,000,000 pounds, or more than half the total production of the United States, which was estimated at 39,171,270 pounds. This year about 32,000,000 pounds have been picked, dried and packed in New York alone. No commodity is of more uncertain value than hops. During the present season they have been offered in large quantities as low as 10 cents a pound, which is less than the cost of preparing them for market. Last year they sold for 21 cents a pound. They reached the highest price ever quoted 12 years ago, when they were $1.15 a pound. Some speculators refused to part with their holdings during the regular season, and were obliged to throw them on the market the following spring for 4 cents a pound. The home consumption of hops, which are used almost entirely in the making of beer, is very large, often exhausting the American product and compelling importations. In some years, the crops in England and Germany being light, the foreign brewers make heavy drafts on the United States and the New York grower has nothing to complain of on the score of market prices.—New York Post.

Statisticians now figure out that the U. S. will this year supply 440,000 cwts, and that the world at large will produce about one-third in excess of consumption. It is therefore to be assumed with some certainty that the balances this year will incline strongly in favor of the consumer after having been on the side of the producers all last year, and that the breweries will probably utilize the low prices for the purpose of laying in a stock in excess of requirements, which is made practicable by the methods of compression so extensively tested during recent years.

Geo. L. Rose has been an active buyer in the Puyallup district the past week, and his purchases here and in Oregon will total about 1,500 bales, at an average price of 6c.... Robert Brown, of Connell prairie, harvested thirteen tons, about a ton to the acre, and left the balance in the field. He sold 6 tons at 6c and 7 tons at 7c to Geo. L. Rose. The 7c ones were contracted for before picking....Hon. Henry Becket disposed of part of his hops at 6c. He had a magnificent crop, and harvested nineteen tons, picking only the very choicest, and leaving four tons to fertilize the yard. ....W. B. Eldridge, a hopgrower at Hamilton, N. Y., writes on Sept. 22d that there is hardly a grower there but who has left a good share of hops on the poles, as they are mouldy....R. M. Rose yesterday received advices saying that Geo. Wilbur and Frank Miller, at Oneonta, N. Y., had bought 1,700 bales of good N. Y. hops at 7c, and that in Boston on the 20th Paul Horst had sold and delivered there 250 bales Pacifics at 8 1-2. New York dealers who are now here in Puyallup, hop headquarters, say that they have looked this field over and it is their opinion that 1-2 of the crop of the Northwest is being left unpicked, and that the balance is better than last year. Picking is still going on in the Puyallup district, about 400 pickers being at work in the Meeker yards. The capacity of the big kilns is not equal to the hops picked, and so the pickers have to be laid off part of the time, and showery weather has also been interfering with the work.—Puyallup Commerce.

CAPTAIN CROSBY FOUND.

Tacoma, Oct. 1.—A special to the Ledger from Ocosta says an Indian came in from North beach yesterday and reported a body as having washed ashore. From the description of the clothing and the fact that a gold watch was found on the body, the remains are believed to be those of Captain Crosby, of the U. S. S. McArthur, who with four other was drowned a month ago.

EARLY ENVIRONMENT

A Beautiful Story That Is Well Told.

A Sunday Sermon with a Moral.

The Power of the Ideal and the Influence of Early Environment Demonstrated.

There is a beautiful story told in the September number of the Arena that every young person ought to read. The story is told to illustrate the influence early environment has upon the lives of persons and is in substance as follows: A beautiful girl had crossed the threshhold of fashionable social life. She was in the midst of a merry round of frivolous entertainments and living entirely for self enjoyment. One night at a magnificent reception she was introduced to a brilliant young man whose pure child nature was aglow with that thigh ambition to do good and rise in eminence by honest and noble endeavor, which is so often to be found in the clean souled youth. During the evening these two young people were thrown much together. They appeared to be singularly congenial and the young man confessed to the girl his secret aspirations. "I shall rise some day," he said, "I am determined to reach the halls of state that I may battle for conditions which will make possible a nobler womanhood and a purer manhood. I shall always throw my influence upon the side of justice, even though I stand alone. I long to enter the field against the selfishness and greed which are mercilessly crushing the poor and driving to the level of animals those who should be rising to the plane of the divine. Thrilled by these words the soul of the beautiful girl awoke. She felt a new life and a higher hope enter her being. He had said that when his education was finished he would perhaps find her and ask her to help map out his work. This outgushing of confidence and implied love had come in one of those supreme moments when youth is still glorious in the simple sincerity of naturalness. It had been uttered in the recess of the conservatory amid the fragrance of flowers and the gorgeous splendor of tropical vegetation, and before the blighting effects of the world had time to work upon his simple being.

The next morning a telegram summoned the girl to her distant home, and the two were swept apart. He entered college to finish his education. She did not see him again for years, but the powerful inspiration awakened by the lofty ideal which had been photographed upon her mind, changed her whole life. She said: "I will rise to his level; I will be worthy of his royal nature," as the moral enthusiasm of the young man and the vivid mental imagery called up by his burning words came into her mind. The years passed away but the ideal remained and became the most real thing of her life, an ever present incentive to high thinking and noble resolves. She grew statelier and more lovely all the time under the aspiration of the ideal of a clean, brave and manly nature striving against error, injustice and heartless greed. This idealization of a human being with soul ablaze with fire from the altar of truth and glorified by love quickened the sleeping god-nature within her, and in time connected her soul with the divine life which calls the human spirit upward as the sun calls forth the planted seed. The highest thoughts, the noblest aspirations were the companions of her dreams. Broad and gentle sympathy and deeds of loving kindness characterized her life. Wherever she went she left a fragrance sweet as the breath of mignionette, while in her search for knowledge she learned to think broadly and justly. Four years passed away and she refused many suitors because they fell so far below her ideal. "Someday he will come," she said, "my royal souled lover, and I must be worthy of him." She was visiting friends in the city one day and they met, but the man who stood before her was not the one who had talked so grandly several years before.

"Have you forgotten your dream of a noble life—to champion the cause of humanity," she asked with suppressed emotion.

"Oh," he replied, "that was the sentimental dream of a boy, and it has given way to the practical occupation of life as we find it. In Rome you have to do as do the Romans. I have learned that if a man is to have a good time in this life he must not be a prude, and he must make money."

She asked him to be frank and to tell her if the new life suited him. He said:

"I may say frankly, no. I have never seen the rare, high pleasure I felt before entering upon this new life. I have burned up the best of my being and am really a wreck. At college I came into an atmosphere of moral death. High impulses and lofty ideals were laughed at. I yielded to the lower voice of my nature, turned the key upon the heaven lighted chamber of my heart and descended to the basement of my being. I desired to acquire money, and from college I went into speculation. I have made much and lived a clubman's life. The world calls me a fine financier, my associates a good fellow, but since seeing you I feel how miserable a thing it is to be a fallen man."

This story is given to illustrate two great truths which sooner or later every deep student of life comes to appreciate. It demonstrates the power of the ideal and the influence of the early environment. A well known writer says that the ideals which fill the mental horizon of youth color life for all after years. They are the well springs which water the thought garden of the soul.

The above story contains as good a Sunday sermon as the most able of divines can preach. Ever since the world began there has been a certain class of people, who, being governed by their own selfish and grasping natures, sneer at everything that is lofty and high souled. They see nothing that is worth anything in life except the gratification of worldly desires. They sneer at and ridicule the high ideal life because they have no conception of its splendid compensations. The youth who has been properly reared by a loving mother and a grave but indulgent father and who has been taught to revere the beautiful and the good, is sent to college where the gilded youth of the land are ready to laugh at and ridicule his most cherished ideals. There is no more powerful weapon in the hands of persons who desire to turn one from the proper course than ridicule. The youth holds out bravely at first, but the tide against him is too strong and he gradually turns from that which he had constituted in his own mind his life work, and joins the great throng of pleasure seekers. He forgets the schemes of hope and pride which his youthful heart had first reveled in, and becomes a callous, selfish and blaze man of the world, whose early ideals have been trampled in the dust and whose glorious and God-like inspirations have departed from him never to return until the judgment day. Will not the youth of our country who are now enjoying the gladness of life's springtime listen to the teachings of those who have passed through the fiery ordeal of worldly experience and resolve to follow the dictates of their own consciences and the teachings of those who love them best, instead of departing from the pathway of right and rectitude to pursue that unreal ignis fatuus called worldly pleasure?

HINDOOS HANDY WITH THEIR FEET.

In the native quarters of the towns of India the strange spectacle may be seen of a butcher seizing a piece of meat in his hands and cutting it in two with a stroke of his knife held between the first and second toes of his foot. The shoemaker uses no last, but turns the unfinished shoe with his feet, while his hands are busy shaping it. So the carpenter holds with his great toe the board which he is cutting, and the woodturner handles his tools as well with his toes as with his fingers.

This use of the feet to assist the hands in their labor is not, however, the result of practice, but is principally due to the fact that the Hindoo foot is quite different from ours in its anatomical conformation, says the Chicago Dispatch. The ankle of the Hindoo and the articulation of the back of the foot permit considerable lateral motion. Then the toes possess a surprising mobility. The great toe can be moved freely in all directions, and the first and second toes are separated by a wide space, sometimes as much as five-eighths of an inch across at the base of the toes and two inches at their extremities. The use of the hip is also peculiar, and this renders it easier to use the toes in handling the objects by enabling the Hindoo to sit in a squatting position much more easily than we can. A similar formation of the feet and toes is found among the Annamese, but it is not, as might be supposed, a common thing among barbarous and savage tribes.

One naturally thinks of the resemblance to a monkey which a human being using both feet and hands in the manner described above must present and yet M. Regnault is careful to point out the fact that the Hindoo foot is not at all like the foot of an ape or a monkey. The great toe is not opposed to the other toes like a thumb, as occurs with the monkey, and accordingly the pedal dexterity of the Hindoos is not to be taken as an indication of imian descent.

INSTINCT OF BIRDS.

While a British brig was gliding smoothly along before a good breeze in the South Pacific, a flock of small birds about the size, shape and color of paroquets, settled down in the rigging and passed an hour or more resting. The second mate was so anxious to find out the species to which the visiting strangers belonged that he tried to entrap a specimen, but the birds were too shy to be thus caught, and too spry to be seized by the quick hands of the sailors. At the end of about an hour the birds took the brig's course, and disappeared, but towards nightfall they came back and passed the night in the maintop. The next morning the birds flew off again, and when they returned at noon, the sailors scattered some food about the decks. By this time the birds had become so tame that they hopped about the decks picking up the crumbs. That afternoon an astonishing thing happened. The flock came flying swiftly toward the brig. Every bird seemed to be piping as if pursued by some little invisible enemy on wings, and they at once huddled down behind a deckhouse. The superstitious sailors at once called the captain of the brig, who rubbed his eyes and looked at the barometer. A glance showed that something was wrong with the elements, and the brig was put in shape to outride a storm. The storm came about twenty minutes after the birds had reached the vessel. For a few minutes the sky was like the waterless bottom of a lake—a vast arch of yellowish mud—and torrents of rain fell. Why it did not blow very hard no one knows; but on reaching port two days later they learned that a great tornado had swept across that part of the sea.

A LIVING GRAVE.

Rochester, N. Y., Oct. 1.—Three men were buried by the cave-in of a sewer today. Ferdinand Ritz, 44 years old, and Charles Howld, aged 30, were killed; John Klick was rescued. The accident was caused by removing the braces too soon.

PIONEER BAKERY
—AND—
COFFEE SALOON.

HODES & HALL, - - Proprietors.

Plain and Fancy Confections--Ice Cream.

CIGARS::---

"OUR SILVER CHAMPION," "BELMONT," GENERAL ARTHUR," and a full line of Smokers' Articles. Come in when hungry and get a lunch any hour of the day.