

'Twas hallowe'en, that mystic night
When ghosts and witches travel,
And merry maidens, in a fright,

The coming man discover—
Strange, that his semblance always
Seems so like the favored lover!

Outside, the night was cold and black;
We cared not for the weather
For cousin Meg and brother Jack
And I were all together,

"Dear Bess," she whispered in my ear,
"Whom midnight chimes are striking
I want you still to linger here
While I the fates inviting,

But that was in the days long past—
She's cousin Meg no longer.

To brother Jack, he holds her fast
In sweeter bonds and stronger

And Meggy since we confessed
That night (I do not doubt it)

Her faith is strong in Hallowe'en;
Its tricks she quite believes in.

The magic mirror "she has seen,"
But that I'm not deceived in—

I'll always think that Jack was there
Behind that portier hiding

And that he heard our Meggy fair
Her "speerin' tricks" confiding.

—MAY HENRY.

The Stolen Portrait.

AS soon as Greuze had become
Enough, he desired, like all truly inspired
Painters, to make the tour
Of Italy. He took with him
Several letters of introduction,

one of which did him
good service, if not for the
acquisition of fame, at least for the
knowledge of love.

Immediately after the entertain-
ment made for him by his friends of
the academy, he went to the palace
of the Duke of Orr. This nobleman
received him very graciously, in the
presence of a man of genius.

Greuze's arrival was most happily
timed. The duke had a lovely daughter
whose only dream was of art;
she must have a master. Greuze
would meet the need as well as any
other.

When he first saw Letitia, the
artist asked himself if the lesson
would not be for him, for she was
nature's masterpiece. The lesson
proved good for them both. Genius
comes from the heart. Greuze had
meant to present himself on more than
one occasion, but never had a chance
so truly as now. He loved Letitia as
an angel in a woman's form, she had
so much of grace, divine and human.

He did not love alone; the souls of
master and pupil had bloomed on the
same day, like two roses in the same
sunbeam. After the lesson, Greuze
loved that existed between them, but
rather that ineffable emotion which
rises like incense from the earth to
God.

His white hand a second time.
"Why should I not tell it? I love
you! But you?"
Greuze was still silent, lost in joy.
Letitia argued no good from this
silence. She withdrew her hand, and,
turning away her head, began to
weep.

At this Greuze awoke from his
dream.
"Do I love you?" he cried. "Ah!
Letitia! Behold me! I am lost in ec-
stasy now that I see you again."
"You love me!" she joyfully ex-
claimed.

She threw herself into his arms,
and for a second there was there but
a single soul. Greuze was the first
to break the spell.
"Alas!" said he, "we are but chil-
dren. Think of it, Letitia. You love
me! But you are the daughter of a
great artist, and I am but a painter
without fame and fortune. Love
mocks me cruelly."

"You do not know what you are
saying," replied Letitia, who was
still under the charm; "I love you,
and will marry you; it is perfectly
sensible."

"You cannot think of it. Your
father—"

"My father, my father! I am quite
aware that he has in view for me a
hideous old husband, his everlasting
Cassandra, or, in case he should fall,
that hideous old father of whom I have
never seen. I am rich, fortunately,
by inheritance from my mother. I
give you my wealth, my heart, my
life, all that I have, if you will love
me forever. We will go to France,
and there a cottage will be better to
us than the palace of Greuze. He will
become a Titan, and I will be his wife.
I shall be true to smooth his brow
and to love him; I shall dwell in his
heart. But why do you look so sad?
Do you not love me truly?"

Greuze allowed himself to be led;
his heart was wholly won by Letitia
who had built the most charming
castles in Spain; but he soon came
to himself again.
"Alas!" said he, "why am I not
a duke?"

"What a child you are!" said Letitia.
"Are those sounding titles
worth? What do you care for them?
And she spoke, the lovely Italian
leaned toward her lover like a gra-
cious fairy, took his blonde head
between her delicate hands, and gave
him on the forehead a kiss so sweet
that it would have awakened Alain
Chartier.

"There," said she, with a charming
smile, "is not that as good as any
title?"
But they were obliged to part.
Greuze went away happy, deeply
charmed, promising to come again
the following day.
"Tomorrow," said Letitia, "you
shall not go away alone."

FROM AFRICA'S SUNNY CLIME.
The South Carolina and Other Colo-
nists in Liberia.
R. C. Barkley has received a letter
from Clement Irons, the colored me-
chanic, who emigrated from Charles-
ton to Liberia. It contains news that
will interest a great many people.
The letter is dated Neilsburg, St. Paul
river, W. C. A., Republic of Liberia,
September 3d, and the writer says:

"Several gentlemen in the upper
part of the state have written me ask-
ing what chance was there of my
coming to Liberia. I could only
answer their question by giving them
my sixteen years' experience in Af-
rica. The Rev. D. A. Day, D. D., a
missionary from America, came here
twenty years ago and set down on a
hundred acres of land thirty miles
from the capital, and now that it has
been a hundred acres is a beautiful mis-
sion station, producing from sixteen to
twenty thousand pounds of coffee,
which is sent to the Lutheran board
in America yearly, and there is quite
an accumulating stock of it. There
are several other outposts for the
accommodation of children. There
are one hundred native children in
attendance at this mission and there
is a nice little chapel on the place.
This is twenty years' work, so you
see what chance is there of my com-
ing to Africa. We have six white
houses at Monrovia, the capital; three
to four white men in each house,
three Germans, one Dutch, one Eng-
lish and one Norwegian. At Grand
Capepeut there are two white
houses, one Dutch and one German;
two to three white men in each house.
At Grand Basin there are three white
houses, one English, one Dutch and
one German; two to three white men
in each house. And so it is all along
the coast. At Capepeut and Lineo
it is the same; but time will not per-
mit me to name all who are doing
business at the various business
places in Liberia, and, strange to
say, there isn't an American doing
business in any of our towns, where
our citizens are farmers and so much
prefer American trade.

"No," said he, "no; I will not bring
desolation to the house of this noble
Duke of Orr. Letitia is blind; I
must see for her." He gave up all his
illusions and his hopes; his love alone
remained.

The next day, when he came to
Letitia, he was pale and heartbroken;
his victory had cost him many tears.
"Ah! Letitia," said he, "I am sad,
because I love you too well, because
I give you up, my holiest and purest
joy. Yesterday I was mad, I listened
only to my heart. Today—"

"Are you serious?" cried Letitia,
almost in anger. "Then you do not
love me. You have broken my heart.
Go! Let me suffer alone. I will never
see you again."

And she waved him to the door.
Again Greuze had not the strength to
withstand her. He threw
himself at her feet, and swore to
obey her like a slave.

"Then," said she resolutely, "let us
leave at once. My father is with
Count Palleri; when he returns, we
shall be far away. A carriage is at
the door; I have no time for every-
thing; I was not afraid like you."

She drew Greuze to the door of the
chamber, and cast a last look behind
her. She suddenly grew pale, and
Greuze felt her tremble.
"Will you be with me, Letitia?" he
cried, seizing her hand.
"Look!" she replied, growing still
paler, "look!"

She was gazing wildly at her
father's picture, and, like all his
heads, it had so tender and sweet an
expression, that one's heart was
touched at sight of it. He seemed
to reproach his daughter sadly
for leaving him thus. In her
heart, which throbbled violently, her
father contended with her love.
Greuze dared not speak.
"I can't go," said she; "support
me, and lead me back!"

"I, too, have no strength," he sadly
replied. "One last kiss, Letitia, be-
fore your father's eyes—and farewell
forever."

THE STAR OF OREGON.
Pioneer Sailing Vessel
of Oregon.

She Was Built Fifty-five
Years Ago.
Was Only About Forty-Eight Feet
Long, but Was a Trim
Little Craft.

Nearly fifty-five years ago the pio-
neer sailing vessel of Oregon was
constructed. That was long before
Portland was thought of, and, at that
remote day, the entire site of Port-
land was covered with giant sumps
of forest and tangled, impenetrable
thickets.

Swan island was the spot selected
for laying the keel of the pioneer
vessel, and the name chosen was the
significant and appropriate one of
"Star of Oregon." A number of giant
oaks stood at the lower end of the
island, just opposite the high, abrupt
bluff where the river makes a sudden
turn to the west, and it was under
their wide-spreading branches that
the venturesome little craft was built,
and took its initial plunge into the
Willamette.

Work on the Star of Oregon was
commenced early in 1840, and on the
19th of May, 1841, she was launched
successfully. The vessel was taken to
Oregon City, where she was finished
and equipped for a sea voyage. The
work was done by the assistance of
members of the Hudson Bay com-
pany, many of whom were then
stationed at Vancouver, and as a
natural result of the jealousy and
rivalry, many obstacles were thrown
in the way. Thus the work pro-
gressed slowly and under discourag-
ing circumstances.

Finally Hathaway became dis-
heartened and abandoned the work
before the vessel was more than half
completed. The piece of timber which
was used for the keel was cut from
a tree on Sanvic's island. In those
days the island was by the name of
Wapato. The timber was found, on
measurement, to be forty-eight feet
and eight inches in length, and
so it was resolved to make the
new vessel that long. The tree was
cut and roughly hewed, and transport-
ed to Swan Island. After Hathaway
saw up the job, Gale and Kilbourn
went on and completed it. It was
not until the summer of 1842 that the
Star of Oregon was placed in readi-
ness for her voyage. Soon after the
vessel was completed, Captain Gale
determined to take her down to where
she now stands. It was then
known as Yerba Buena (good
herb), and consisted of a few rude
adobe huts scattered about on the
wild sand hills which overlooked the
waters of the bay. A voyage in those
pioneer days from where Portland
now stands to the mouth of the
Columbia, especially in so small and rudely con-
structed a craft, was considered a
great undertaking, and fraught with
many perils. So thought Captain
Gale. All preparations were com-
pleted, and the little craft started on
her passage westward on the 12th of
September, 1842, the Star of Oregon left
Baker's bay and crossed the bay out-
ward.

ENCROACHING ON ENGLAND.
The Ocean's Destructive Work on
the Rocky Coasts.
The flat marshes of Pevensey have
gained half a mile since the days of
Edward I, when the sea almost
washed the walls of the castle. In
now stands high and dry inland.
The same thing has happened on the
Romney flats, where the ancient cas-
tle of Lympne has receded a mile or
more. Such spots as these look as
though the grassy meadows would
add their next spring tide would
be under the water. But on the
rocky parts of the Antrim coast, we
have the sea slowly working its way
inland, despite the rock fortifications
and stony intrusions that look so
romantic. Under the waves lie tracts
of bogland that once upon a time
must have stood well in shore; and
Dunluc bears witness to the ravages
that have taken place within a few
centuries—a few ticks of the clock,
as geologists count time.

The sea, ever washing and tearing
at its foundations, one day broke
down a considerable part of the cas-
tle, and several persons were killed
by the catastrophe. This was in the
days when Dunluc was held by
other tenants than the birds. Then
a home and a stronghold, now but
a name, a place of past joy and glory.
Another marked example of the in-
security of rock defenses where the
sea is the invader occurs at Piley,
on the Yorkshire coast. Only twenty
years ago there was a pathway run-
ning around the ancient church of
St. Hilda, which is built on the solid
rock—now this is so broken away
that the seaward side that it is impos-
sible. Another twenty years may see
the church undermined.—Argosy.

THE PROFIT IN POULTRY.
Ten car loads of Eastern poultry
were landed in San Francisco in one
week. The full-grown hens sold for
\$4.50 and spring chickens at \$2.50 a
dozen. While we are shipping fruit
East the poultry producers of Illinois,
Ohio, Indiana and Wisconsin are
winning money by raising chickens and
shipping them to California. Now
here is the poor man's chance. It
takes coin, credit, capital, good land,
a favorable location and three or four
years' time ere a man can live from
his orchard. Fifty dollars or less will
start you in the poultry business. A
little patch of land, a spot big enough
to grow clover, alfalfa, or other
green food for your chickens and a
few dozen hens and you are ready
for business. Your returns are im-
mediate, a single week brings you
coin for your eggs. Within a year
your money makers have paid for
themselves twice over and also paid
for their keeping. Hens beat hogs,
hogs beat cows, cows beat sheep and
sheep beat horses. The poor man,
ere fifty years of age, can be an in-
dependent, who wants to be independ-
ent, each have an opening that will
give them a bank account if they will
raise poultry and attend strictly to
business.—Oroville, (Cal.), Register.

the great problem than I did at this
time.
Soon after reaching San Francisco,
Captain Gale disposed of the vessel to
Jose Y. Lamonture, a Frenchman,
for 350 cows. These cows were driv-
en from California to the Willamette
valley in the spring of 1843. The
whole country was then an unbroken
wilderness, filled with wild animals
and Indians. Seventy-five days were
required, to make the toilsome jour-
ney. Captain Gale reached the val-
ley with but comparatively little loss.

Captain Tom Mountain, who is a
"day-backer" when the question of a
plow is considered, enjoys the honor
of having seen the Star of Oregon
before she was launched. Captain
Mountain was on the sloop
Peacock when she was wrecked, and
accompanied Commodore Wilkes on
his trip up the river. He was a mere
child then, but vividly remembers
the incident. About a year ago Cap-
tain Mountain constructed a minia-
ture fac simile of the Star of Oregon,
which was a very excellent and hand-
some specimen of marine workman-
ship. The model was about two feet
long, and a perfect reproduction of
the original craft in every point of
detail. After it was completed, the
model was photographed. The model
was so handsome that Captain Moun-
tain was requested to have it mounted
and sent to the head office of the
Pacific Mail at Omaha. This was
done, and the model of the pio-
neer sailing vessel of Oregon occupies
a prominent place in the head office
of that company. As may be well
imagined the model is an object of
unfeigned interest and pride.

According to what is regarded as
reliable authority, the first steamboat
that navigated the Lower Columbia
was shipped in sections from New
York, about the year 1850, and was
owned by the Pacific Mail company.
At that time Upper Astoria was the
end of the ocean route from San
Francisco, and the boat brought there
from New York was put together and
christened the Willamette. This
steamer connected at Upper Astoria
with the old sidewheel steamship
Columbia that ran between San
Francisco and the port of the Will-
amette continued to run on the river
until the Pacific Mail company made
St. Helen's the head of navigation,
when she was sent to run on the
Sacramento river about the year 1852.

The first steamer built in Oregon was
the Astoria, built by the late Capt.
J. C. Ainsworth, and was a side-
wheel steamer of about 1000 tons
register, and made weekly trips be-
tween Astoria and Portland. The
next steamer that ran on the Lower
Columbia was built up at Milwaukie.
This craft was christened the Lot
Whitecomb, after the name of one of
the owners, and was placed on the
Astoria-Oregon City route during the
year 1852. The late Captain J. C.
Ainsworth was in command, Jacob
Kamm was chief engineer and Dan
Lowell purser. Subsequently the Lot
Whitecomb was sent to San Fran-
cisco and ran for many years on the
Sacramento river.—Portland Tele-
gram.

FEEDING WHEAT TO HOGS.
Editor Rural World: I am feeding
150 hogs for market. Will it pay to
buy wheat for feed at 50 cents per
bushel, when I can get corn at 40
cents? My hogs will now weigh about
150 pound average.

Will you please ask some of your
patrons to tell me through your paper
how to make a good trough for feed-
ing hogs. I have made one in Y
shape, but the hogs put their feet in
and waste considerable. I also no-
tice they pass considerable wheat
without digesting; is there any remedy
for this? I soak my wheat from
24 to 30 hours. If you or some of
your readers can give me the desired
information through your paper, I
will be very thankful; our family
generally feed about 2000 hogs and
from 1,200 to 1,500 cattie every year,
and I am anxious to know how to
save and utilize all the waste feed
and also avoid any waste in future.

B. H. Hammett, Randolph county,
Mo., Oct. 13th.
REPLY.—Continued inquiries
among those who have fed wheat to
hogs last year, have elicited the fol-
lowing:
First: Whole wheat, either dry or
soaked, does not give the best re-
sults.
Second: Cooked, steamed or ground
wheat brings excellent returns;
ground, the best results. The feeding
of ground wheat soaked a short time
has shown a feeding value of from
\$1.25 per bushel, according
to the selling price of hogs.

Third: V-shaped troughs should have
strips nailed across and the ground
feed should be wet sufficiently to
make a thick slop. Observation will
determine the consistency. Several
articles have appeared recently on
these columns, upon this subject and
the same will have still further at-
tention in the next few weeks.

Fourth: The ground wheat should
not be soaked long enough to become
sour. In all cases it should be fed
sweet.

IMPORTING POTATOES.
American farmers do not pay
enough attention to a home market
cultivating those products which find
ready sale at home. It is a shame
that American farmers with such
vast resources at their very doors,
allow our markets to be filled with
potatoes from foreign countries and
other products, which rightly belong
to our home producers, and it is no-
thing to our credit that with our thou-
sands upon thousands of acres of the
best potato-producing lands in the
world, that we were compelled to im-
port from Scotland alone, from Oc-
tober, 1893, to June, 1894, 31,745 tons
of potatoes, not saying anything about
the vast amounts that were shipped
from Canada. The United States
stands fifth in the point of pro-
duction of potatoes. The country
has the largest producers in Ger-
many, with a crop of 784,000,000
bushels. The crop of the United
States is about 200,000,000 bushels.
Since the duty has been reduced from
25 cents a bushel to 15 cents a bushel,
there will be larger shipments of
Canadian potatoes; but this does not
argue that our potato raisers cannot
meet successfully foreign competition,
and make money out of their potato
crop. The early supplies for this
market come from the South, Ten-
nessee and Georgia furnishing liberal
quantities. The later supplies come
from Wisconsin, Michigan, Minne-
sota, and many car loads from Colo-
rado. The varieties of potatoes most
sought for in the market are the
"Hubbards," "Late Rose" and "Beauty
of Hebron." These varieties have
been used by housekeepers for years,
and they have come to look upon
them as the standard ones. The old
variety of "Peach Blow" has fallen
into bad repute, and this variety, as
now grown, lacks much of the good
quality that was found in it ten years
ago.—Prairie Farmer.

FACTS IN HYPNOTISM.
How It Has Caused
Murder to Be Done.

The Act of a Man Crazy
By the Power.
Some Startling Tests and Experiments
Recently Made in London—
Leave It Alone.

The tests of hypnotism which a
band of metaphysicians recently made
in London have given fresh impetus
to this cult, says the New York Ad-
vertiser. It has been said that in the
approaching trial of Mrs. Meyer her
lawyers will advance the plea that
Dr. Meyer, convicted of poisoning
Brandt, swayed his wife by hypnotic
influences. It was only the other day
that a Mrs. Beatrice Landeman, of
Minneapolis, in excusing herself for
robbing a man in a hotel, testified
that her husband, a hypnotic, had
influenced her to commit the crime.

Only a fortnight ago Europe was
startled by the news that a young
woman of a prominent family in
Vienna had died in a trance produced
by Herr Neukomm, hypnotic. He
put her into a trance in the presence
of a large audience. In about twelve
minutes she became greatly excited.
She described the nature of an ail-
ment she had, diagnosing it and using
terms which might have been expect-
ed only from an experienced scien-
tist. Suddenly she fell back, uttering
a piercing shriek. She became
senseless and died eight minutes
later.

In Amsterdam, Holland, the city
officials who were trying to unravel
the mystery surrounding the disap-
pearance of Mrs. De Jong decided to
place under hypnotic influence in the
hope of obtaining information
from him while in that state that
would clear up the mystery. The
doctor pointed out that even
should De Jong confess that he killed
his wife, as was strongly suspected,
he could not be convicted upon the
confession obtained in this manner.
Nevertheless he was hypnotized by
Dr. Reuterghen, of Amsterdam, and
Dr. De Jong of The Hague. The
latter was not a kinsman of the pris-
oner. While in a trance he described
the way he had killed two wives. His
narrative was circumstantial. The
narrative was circumstantial.

THE HOP MARKET.
Nuremberg, Ger., Oct. 11.—Arrivals
and transactions are increasing. The
amount of transactions for the week
ending October 10th, was 100,000
bales, the highest of the year. Al-
though yesterday there was a holiday,
which hindered the business, the
demand is better for good qualities,
but owing to the rainy weather the
quality in general has diminished.
There were no purchases for export
last week. The prices made here
follows, slightly higher than a year
ago: Market hops 6 1/2 to 9 1/2 per
pound.

London, Oct. 10.—Business in the
new crop has been quite brisk during
the week, many large orders from
brewers having been filled and there
is a decidedly firmer tone, especially
in respect to the best qualities. A
considerable parcel of East Kent
hops brought 18s per pound, which
is a similar offer for a growth of
ramblings of a very fine color was
made and refused. Other sales of
ramblings have been effected at
about 16s. A few pockets of very
choice Goldings required for com-
pleting an order realized as much as
18s, but it is not fair to quote that
as a general selling price. It is prob-
able that after the rush is over the
market will greatly improve and
often so that holders, who have been
able to hold their hops, may realize
something approaching what they
consider fair remunerative values. It
is quite certain now that the late
picked hops will give a large propor-
tion of off-color samples, while many
fall show signs of disease. The
falling of late has not been favora-
ble and as a result, hops have deter-
iorated. Generally speaking, the har-
vest has been brought to a close, but
in many places it will go on for an-
other week. The prices made here
for small lots of American hops range
from 10c for New York state and 11c
for California hops.

Journal-Bulletin: Neither export
nor home trade demand was sufficient
to enliven the market. To the con-
trary, buying interest generally was
dull and the prices offered were
hardly up to the level of those that
were paid early in the week, except,
perhaps, for choice shipping quality.
As a whole, the market shows rather
weak tone, being more or less ad-
versely affected by the faulty quality
of considerable of the supply that ar-
rives as well as by light export in-
quiry and unfavorable buying on the
part of home brewers.

A letter from Chas. Whitehead,
dated Maidstone, Oct. 15th, says:
Hop-picking is just finished—very
late. I think the crop harvested will
equal 650,000 cwt. to 650,000 cwt. of
20,000 cwt. left on the poles not worth
picking. An unusual quantity is dis-
eased and bad colored, and choice
hops will sooner or later be relatively
dearer. Prices are slightly better the
last few days—from 5 to 12 shillings
per cwt. advance, especially for the
better kinds. The range is 40 to 55
shillings for common sorts; 60 to 75
shillings for Goldings, Bramblings,
and good color, well conditioned
samples. As much as 80 to 85 shil-
lings has been given for very fine
East Kent—a few lots. Diseased
hops make 30 to 40 shillings. Much
of the German growth is injured by
disease and wet weather, and many
of the hops that come here are a
quality that finds no sale. Evidently
there are too many low grades, and
too few first-class samples both sides
of the ocean.

FOREIGN FANCIES.
Tiny jeweled side combs are the
fashionable girl's latest fad. Some
awfully pretty French combs are
being shown in pearls and brilliants.
Many unbreathed are new. Their
brightness commends them for
gloomy, stormy days.
Oriental designs on colored satins
are made up in blouses.
Crepes and rough effects in wool
are the leading cloths for autumn
and fall wear. Some cost as much
as \$7.75 per yard.
Black quills will flourish extensively
in hats.
Ostrich feather boas a yard long
still continue popular.

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.