

THE OLD BRUSSELS CARPET.

Oh, dear to our hearts are the sad days of springtime, When the annual housecleaning recurs to our view, When we sleep on the sofa and eat off the mantel, In an atmosphere strongly suggestive of glue.

We think of the stovepipe, the soot that came with it, Likewise the profanity, fluent and fine. But saddest and bitterest of all recollections Is the dusty old carpet that hung on the line.

Oh, that dusty old carpet, That rusty old carpet, That musty old carpet, That hung on the line!

We remember how, armed with a lithe flagellate, In the morning we blithely advanced to the fray, In the muscular pride of our heart little dreaming, That cleaning that carpet would take the whole day.

We sweat, and we swore, and our hands badly blistered, While the sun lent his countenance warmly benign, But the harder he pounded the more it was needed.

By that dusty old carpet that hung on the line! Oh, that dusty old carpet, That musty old carpet, That cussed old carpet, That hung on the line!

—St. Louis Republic.

The Canon of the White Horse.

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

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

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

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

"By all means, Pablo, go ahead."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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had them in sight, riding over the plateau beyond the canon there.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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THE HOP TRADE.

The market continues in pretty good shape. Exporters have drawn some new orders from London, and with the shipments from previous purchases and Pacific coast stock going forward on consignments the foreign business makes a fair showing this week. Dealers with brewers have been on a large scale and in the month of November promises to be the best for several years. Confidence is shown by the free operations, and there is still a willingness to buy when desirable supplies are shown. The fact that the bulk of the stock both in this country and Europe is of lower quality than was indicated at the opening of the season makes pretty well of choice hops. For a very high grade—rich, clean, bright and silky—hops are scarce and occasionally obtained, but most of the stock classed as choice sells at 11c, and medium to prime grades range from 8 to 10c. More business has been done in yearlings and best grades are firm. Buying in the country was quite free during the early part of the week, but it has seemed to be a little quieter toward the close; prices, however, remain unchanged. London cables report no change in the condition of the English markets.—N. Y. Producers' Price Current, Nov. 24th.

PALMISTRY A CRAZE.

Character Reading a Fascination.

The Women Are Its Especial Patrons.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You've been most successful in reading my life, yet I am not quite satisfied. There is one important thing I particularly want to know, and that is, is my sister's daughter

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

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

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

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

Francis W. Loomis, United States commercial agent at St. Etienne, France, in his report to the state department at Washington, speaking of the road system of France, says: "The road system of France has been of far greater value to the country as a means of raising the value of property and putting the remote peasant proprietors in easier communication with their markets than have the railways. It is the opinion of well-informed Frenchmen who have made a practical study of economic problems that the superb roads of France have been one of the most steady and potent contributors to the material development and marvelous financial elasticity of the country. The far reaching and splendidly maintained road system has distinctly favored the success of the small landed proprietors and in their prosperity and the ensuing distribution of wealth lies the key to the secret of the wonderful financial vitality and solid prosperity of the French nation."

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

SOMEWHAT COMPLICATED.

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

COFFEE.

According to the Scientific American of Nov. 14th even Java coffee pays to the planter not over four cents a pound. The government takes it all at a price worth 66 per cent 134 lbs. in Holland. Holland sells it at a high price and saves her people from tax in that way. If the people had enough union and concord among themselves to refuse to buy it how soon all those monopolizing demons would come to their knees.

A STRONG PAIR.

San Francisco, Dec. 4.—Joachim Miller, the "Post of the Sierras" and the "Palm Springs" is a noted note, have engaged passage on the next steamer to sail for Honolulu. They have been engaged by eastern publishers to prepare a history of Hawaii, to be written by Joachim Miller and illustrated by Partington.

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

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

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

Francis W. Loomis, United States commercial agent at St. Etienne, France, in his report to the state department at Washington, speaking of the road system of France, says: "The road system of France has been of far greater value to the country as a means of raising the value of property and putting the remote peasant proprietors in easier communication with their markets than have the railways. It is the opinion of well-informed Frenchmen who have made a practical study of economic problems that the superb roads of France have been one of the most steady and potent contributors to the material development and marvelous financial elasticity of the country. The far reaching and splendidly maintained road system has distinctly favored the success of the small landed proprietors and in their prosperity and the ensuing distribution of wealth lies the key to the secret of the wonderful financial vitality and solid prosperity of the French nation."

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

SOMEWHAT COMPLICATED.

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

COFFEE.

According to the Scientific American of Nov. 14th even Java coffee pays to the planter not over four cents a pound. The government takes it all at a price worth 66 per cent 134 lbs. in Holland. Holland sells it at a high price and saves her people from tax in that way. If the people had enough union and concord among themselves to refuse to buy it how soon all those monopolizing demons would come to their knees.

A STRONG PAIR.

San Francisco, Dec. 4.—Joachim Miller, the "Post of the Sierras" and the "Palm Springs" is a noted note, have engaged passage on the next steamer to sail for Honolulu. They have been engaged by eastern publishers to prepare a history of Hawaii, to be written by Joachim Miller and illustrated by Partington.

THE OREGON PACIFIC.

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

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

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

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

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Speaking of Marcus Daly, with whom it is supposed these men are associated, a gentleman just returned from Montana said yesterday: "If Marcus Daly makes up his mind to take hold of the O. P., something will be done. Daly spent \$750,000 in the effort to make the town of Anaconda, the capital of Montana. Anaconda, geographically, is a very good place as appropriate for the capital of that state as Monroe is for county seat of Benton; but Marcus Daly owned thirteen miles square of land around Anaconda and has plenty of money, and when the votes were counted out of 56,000 he carried only 1,700 of carrying the state nodes over to his hand. Among other electrifying devices to which he resorted, he surveyed railroad lines from Anaconda to every section of the state, leading the people to believe that the roads were to be built, and in turn