NIGHTLY EPISODE.

Crispy air, Lovely night; Twinkling stars; Spirits bright; Bashful man, Timid maid; Both in love, Half afraid; Shining snow; "Git along!" Away they go; Narrow sled, Cosy rug; "Nice!" she said, Little hug. Coming back,

Laughing moon; Yum yum-Smack! Wedding soon. -New York Evening Sun.

"S'repty."

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

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

Mrs. Merritt spent there.

She "loved to weave," she said, in her gentle, meditative voice. But this love was not merely for the weaving. It was more for the pleasant sights and sounds of the summer weather, and for the kindly leisure of life's afternoon. The peaceful task belonged to summer as much as did the swaying of the daisies and the he swaying of the hum of the bees. In winter the splies your posy the girls is growed up big encountered the property of the pro

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

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

And Miss Sarepta Toker even was welcome to bring her knitting-work and sit in the doorway, and tell who was dead, and who was married, from Roaring Brook to the Nepash. For Serepta possessed married sisters and cousins in half the towns of the coun-

s of mind or body. It added a little brightness to her existence even to look on from the outside at the life and stir, and coming and going, at "the Merritt place." And in the intervals when "S'repty"

sat and knitted, with her eyes shu visible things, she was no more hin-drance to the placid musings of Mrs. Merritt than would have been a cat. dozing in the sunshine.

Back and forth moved the shuttle. then followed the dull stroke of the batten. Occasionally the weaver ratchet of the beam upon which the fabric was wound.

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

said Mrs. Merritt. "If her children had lived, it would have been differ-

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Never mind, Emma Jane," replied her mother, "I guess there's room

good. You make excuses for every-body, and there's nobody you'd refuse to speak to. I do believe you would visit with a caterpillar, if you thought

it would be pleased."

This seemingly absurd conjecture it in everybody's mouth, arter I was was verified. The next day, as Mrs. gone, how I jus' missed bein' took up, Merritt sat in solltary state at her loom, there came upon the windowsill a great fluted green caterpillar, moving with dignity, as became a creature whom splendid destiny was to transform into a still more magnificent

green moth.

The shuttle lay idle as for some her guest. All this would have seemed but foolishness to Sarepta, had she been present. Her mind must have constructed on a larger scale, after all, for she reserved her curiosty for the human species.

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

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

a great public wrong.
For months there had been talk of proposed new railroad. At last the line had been surveyed, and it crossed the Merritt farm, running between the house and the "great barn."
S'repty had lost no time in going

condole with her friend. "Here I be a-settin', mendin' a dress on me," she remarked. "It's a sign somebody's goin' to tell a lie about me, but I guess I can resk it if they can, 's long's 'tain't the truth. Wish

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

"The road will be easier to build "But the emigrants will have to

come, them Eyetalians," said S'repty.
"An' the shanties will be right under your nose, an' there they'll be cookin themselves, an' livin' on black bread.' Even this mixed statement, hinting shake the placid nerves of Mrs. Mer-

"You're making a good, workmanlike job of that tear," she said kindly "There's very few can best you a

vantage as a pure for news.

She was a meager little woman, who had never been credited with much had never been credited with much little woman, who had never been credited with much little woman, who had never been credited with much little woman, who had never been credited with much little woman, who had never been credited with much little woman, who had never been credited with much little woman, who had never been credited with much little woman, who had never been credited with much little woman, who had never been credited with much little woman, who had never been credited with much little woman, who had never been credited with much little woman with a steady with a st hints pointing directly to great baskets full of tattered garments which had accumulated ready for her needle "Mother," said Lois Merritt one morning some days later, "here i Bradford Toker. He says S'repty i very sick and wants to see you.

"Yessum," roof in a small boy at the door, "S'rep" "ys if you wanter see her alive again, to come soon's you

"How long has S'repty been complaining?" inquired Mrs. Merritt. "Oh, most a week-an' las' night we was kep' up with her 'bout all the forepart of the night," said the small boy, with a careworn air. "She was out of 'er head, an' took on pretty

"I'll go over to your house as soon as I can," said Mrs. Merritt. "She's been dretful flighty," said Azariah's wife, before she led the vay to the sick-room. "She's goin' on about bein' took up, an' about your bein' run over by the engine an' such like. She begun with a sort of influential cold a day or two after she was over to your house. Monday she couldn't git up. I had my hands full, so I kep' Bradford home from school, an' that most killed him. But he's a great hand to read, Bradford is, an' he took the last Roaring Brook Argus upstairs an' read it through to S'repty, advertisements and all. Some-thin' in it seemed to excite her, and

mind ain't over keen at the best of times, an' havin' so much read to her right out kind'er dazed her." It was a very pale, drawn face which Mrs. Merritt encountered a moment later,-that of the supposed victim of too much learning, but there was in the eyes a feverish brightness which gave them more expression than usual. S'repty said but little, and that in

feeble tones, until there came a all semblance of slumber fied from call from below which her sister-inlaw was obliged to heed. Then the invalid started promptly into a sitting posture and drew from under her pillow a newspaper, which she handed to Mrs. Merritt. "I got Bradford to bring it up here

an' say nothin'." she said. "Now read Mrs. Merritt read as follows: "A considerable number of

stakes which were driven by the officials engaged in surveying the proposed route of the R. B. & S. V. R. R. were surreptitiously removed during the night of June 16th. We understand there are strong suspicions as to the identity of the perpetrator of this outrage."
"Now, how dew yew s'pose they

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

their business to find out about all these little happenings." "But what made 'em think I did it?" persisted S'repty, in a tremulous whisper.

you have to do about it? We sur-mised it was those Clancy boys did it for fun." "It was me that pulled up them stakes. An' I dunno but I'd dew it agin'. P'r'aps it's just as well I sha'n't git up ag'in. But that sca't me so when Bradford read it out so loud, "Srepty-shusly," just the same as say-in it was me."

word about it, even to Silar."

S'repty's eyes lost something of their listracted look. "That's just like you, Lucindy," she

by dyin'."
"But, S'repty, what in the world did possess you, a woman of your years to cut up such a crazy caper?" "Twas all on your account, Lucindy. Comin' home from your house, I got thinkin' about the railroad track runnin' between the house an' the barn, minutes Mrs. Merritt watched, and an' if I didn't run ag'inst another admired, and even talked softly to stake an' tear my dress wuss'n 'twas before. An' that night I dremp you was goin' acrost to the barn to do some weavin', an' the cars come along an' run over you."

"There, there, don't think any more about it," said her friend. But s'repty "So nex' night, when Azariah an his wife was gone to the strawb'ry festival, I cut acrost to your home-lo I knew your folks was gone to the Center too, but I was afeared some body'd be round an' see me. Still, I hed to resk it. I'd no idee how hard it would be gittin' them sticks up, but remembered how good you'd allus ben to me. I tried to come home a shorter way, thinkin' I heerd somebody

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

"You don't say!" exclaimed S'repty with considerable animation. "Yes, hes been thinking for a long to carry on, seein' the boys ain't ever going to take to farmin.' And the creamery folks want it, and he had a good chance to buy the Ford place at the Center." "What! the house with the pillars

in front?" inquired S'repty, much re-It's home to me where my folks are. The girls urged me real hard. I suppose, if nothing happens, Emma will live right next door to us—"
"What, has Emma Jane an' John

Kilborn made up?" queried S'repty, forgetting her feebleness and sitting up. folks had to live all cluttered up in "Yes, and I suppose there will have the ell-part, an' all nerved up when to be a double wedding!" said Mrs. "Well, I never!" said S'repty. "Lois

ain't goin' to be married, too? "The girls wouldn't thank me telling, but you won't mention That's the plan now." "When you move, I can't go an' set with you an' see you weave, even if but we know it is wise or our poor I should ever git up ag'in," sighed

S'repty, drooping on her pillow. "Oh, he says there's room enough in here," said Mrs. Merritt. And now they've begun, they say they're going to rush it through."

"Oh, he says there's room enough in the house for my loom, and when we get moved, I want you to come and The invalid brightened again.

"Hain't you told anybody you was goin' to move? Not Mis' Peters, nor Viny Smith?"
"Not yet," said Mrs. Merritt. S'repta. at cannibalistic tendencies on the part of the workmen, did not seem to "An' I know Rosalia ain't heerd of she said.

> SEARCH FOR CHARLIE ROSS. A Rascally New York Police Captain

Prevented Success.

So many years have passed since Charne 100 from his home in Germantown that the crime is lost to the memory of deterred some people from still making the attempt to palm off a bogus outh upon the afflicted family as the lost son. The latest effort of this kind was made by a woman who represented herself as the widow of one of the two burglars who were killed at Bay Ridge, L. I., while trying to rob the house of a judge of the courts. The woman brought with her a oung man who, a relative of the boy says, was flat-headed and beetleprowed, and could in no way have borne resemblance to what little Charlie would have been at manhood. She had the story of the disappearance pat enough-how the two children, Charlie and Walter, were decoyed away from the lawn of the

house, at Washington lane and Chew street, by the two men in a wagon Mosher and Douglas; how they were driven into the country, where Walter, the elder, was dropped, and have 20,-000 ransom had been offered for the recovery of the younger son. Here facts she seemed familiar with but er scheme had nothing else in tt Many believe the boy to be dead. There have hundreds or more alleged Charlies, but in no one instance has the father, who has traveled all over the country, had any hope after once seeing the alleged child or youth pro-duced. The secret of his fate probably died with the Bay Ridge lars, one of whom expired immediately after being shot, while the other nad lived only long enough to say

that his companion had known where the child was, that the lad was still alive, but that he himself knew nothing of his location. In narrating some of the facts the relatives of the Ross family also shed more light upon the efforts to find the boy, and made the important statement that once when success eemed assured they were frustrated by one of the police captains of New York, a man who was charged before the Lexow committee with having ac quired wealth by the most corrupt kidnappers had arranged to deliver their prisoner upon the payment of the \$20,000. They had exacted the condition that Mr. Ross and those

nelping him should leave New York upon board of a special train, a loco-motive and one car, bound for Albany. At one point along the road a col-ored lantern light was to be waved and the money, at this signal was to be dropped by the side of the track. Further up the line there was to be another light shown and there the boy was to be delivered to them. According to the relative's story, the rescuing party took along with them an expert rifleman, with the object of maiming the kidnapper, whoever he might be, and effecting his capture. They made the trip as directed, but nothing came of it. No lights were shown and no other clew was obtained. The police captain in ques-tion, the relatives say, gave the tip to the thieves that the sharpshooter would be on board the car. Walter "You?" said her friend. "What did Ross, the son who was dropped by the country roadside, was married

> inquirer. THE SITUATION AT BOISE.

Bolse, Jan. 28.-Two ballots were aken today for United States Senato for mind, Emma Jane," replied in it was me."

The result was: Shoup 19, Sweet 18, classes that required in it was me."

The result was: Shoup 19, Sweet 18, classes that required some capital and much judgment, and in this world for you and her friend soothingly. "That's a real dictionary word, and didn't mean anymother, mother, mother, won're too thing about you. And I won't say a populists go into caucus.

The result was: Shoup 19, Sweet 18, classes that required some capital and much judgment, and classes that required in the result was: Shoup 19, Sweet 18, classes that req

THE DEADLOCK.

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

Viewed from the desk of a lady clerk, the Oregon legislature is a queer institution. I am just now engaged in drawing the princely salary of \$3 a day in the service of the state, and a day in the service of the state, and izens and know no peasantry; that my time is fully occupied in watching savors too much of landlordism—and our dignified brothers drawn up in who has a better right to enjoy the

pointed and their clerks selected, but and their descendants constitute to-although more than one-third of the day the backbone and strength of this ession is gone the committees have grand country of ours. done nothing because it takes all the Diversified farming this fall seems time of each member to see that no to mean a great many "irons in the other member's vote shall count any- are" at once and most of them burnthing toward the election of a senator. ing your fingers, there seems to be My admiration for the astounding so little in anything farmers can fortitude with which our tired brothers raise no profitable market for prunes, grasp and discharge their mighty intellectual duties each day actually Still this is not usually the case, and follerin'; an' I got into that springy knows no bounds, and I am sure would in these times of general prostration place in the Lloyd lot, an' got my dress be shared by everyone who might witten remedy would seem to be that

ress their daily sessions. Each session is opened by prayer, and as the minister implores the assistance of the Giver of all good to interpose his daily assistance the "tired feeling" which overspreads the counus. And I wouldn't say anything tenance of the average member about it yet, for you know how every-shows that he is fully conscious of being able to cope with the situation vithout invoking the aid of any foreign power. The true American citizen is nothing if not independent, and especially if he is an Oregon legislator, time the place is too large for him he patriotically resents any infringe-to carry on, seein' the boys ain't ever ment on the time-honored principles of the Monroe doctrine.

The first thing of an exciting nature that occurs each day is when a measure of some importance comes up and make money on a few acres of land if the author of it dicovers that a sin-gle member is absent, he immediately fruit on shares!" Well! I know a moves a "call of the house," the proper farmer's wife who dries fruit every officer is directed to lock the door, the roll is called, and the sergeant-at-arms as I write)-and while her friends ordered to proceed to the committee enjoy the balmy air of the mountains statesman. However, before the of-ficer gets out of the Goor the gentle-fruit thereon-imagine her feelings nan who made the motion at once moves that "further proceedings under the call of the house be dispensed with," which motion always carries unanimously and the great work of law-making goes on again with accelerated slowness. Just why "a call of the house" is always "dispensed with" before the object of it has been at tained, seems strange to a lady clerk, tired brothers wouldn't do it. Too much cannot be said in praise

of our esteened speaker of the house

who takes every means of making it easy for the new members. Every time he puts a motion to the house he tells each member how to vote. There are so many new members that this of course seems to him to be necessary. If the member from Marion moves that the rules be suspended, the speaker at once says: "The gentleman from Marion moves that the rules be suspended; those who are in it easy for the country members who otherwise wouldn't know how to vote. otherwise wouldn't know how to vote.
Ordinarily if a member is in favor of a measure he knows enough to vote 'ay' without being told so by the 'ray' without or use a cheap article.

If there is nothing in farming, there's nothing in paying a board of the company and the cofficer would only the company and the company speaker, and that officer would only have to say: "The clerk will call the roll on suspension of the rules." there are so many new members this session who might favor a measure speaker that the way to kill a proposition is to vote against it, that the affable presiding officer deems it proper to look after all these details. There are those who have always thought the Lane delegation could not rise above the back Alley of ward politics, but some incidents of this session have shown that even the horticultural shades of Hood river do not furnish a more cunning Coon than the ever green slopes of the Siuslaw; bethis the Lane county delegation contains the only member of the house of whom it can be said that he is Moorhead than anything else.

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

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

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

ided the motion, and everybody said: "The Moores the pity."

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

DIVERSIFIED FARMING.

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

Diversified farming from a won:an's about two months ago .- Philadelphia point of view-what is it? certainly not the opinions advanced by agricultural editors of city newspapers who are usually as capable of advising farmers as an Irish hod-carrier is of nstructing a Jewish merchant. Farming is a business that requires

and is a good manager, he is a most ing a belief in the immortality of the independent man. The Oregonian soul. Yet, strange paradox, he and some time since had an editorial on the farmer and his hired man eating immortal institutions than any China pheasants, while the city man others in the world.

sould not buy it in the market—con
But through China's conquest by

rural people as "peasants." battle array to prevent the election of game on his own preserves than the an U. S. senator. The committees have all been ap- forefathers were a nation of farmers

we must learn, on farms, to sell what we can, and use ourselves what cannot be disposed of to advantage where. The day for exclusive wheat farming must be practiced if success is attained. One trouble is: Many undertake branches of farming they are not prepared for-raise sheep and do not provide shelter and food in inclement weather-buy expensive machinery and do not properly house it, raise poultry and let vermin prey upon it and then say: "There's noth-ing in sheep"—"there's nothing in chickens"—"there's nothing in farming!" Some of the diverse work falls on

the wife; it reads so easy in the papers how "A man and his wife can room where H. B. 104 is being considered and bring forth the delinquent and heat, she mounts her airy woodwhen a shower comes! imagine her taking it in when it rains and putting it out again when the sun once more plazes forth in all his glory, and heat. Imagine, no, it's no imagination-just hard reality. The imagination comes in when she takes it to the village grocer and he says there is not much demand for sun-dried fruit, but he will give her something for it—so she exchanges it for beanc, calico and clothespins, and goes home rejoicing. She raises chickens and they lay when eggs are cheap, and insist on sitting or doing nothing when eggs are dear. Diversified farming is the rule around Jefferson. It is a great shipping point for immense quantities of potatoes, hops, prunes, butter and

The Statesman advocates a cream ery at or near Salem. Salem is supplied with more gilt-edge butter than the city can assimilate, and a creamery established there at the present time would be a failure. Workingfavor of the motion will say 'aye' as men generally take their lunch with your names are called, and those op-them and they but the best quality posed will answer 'no.' This makes of butter. When "the dinner pail hangs on the wall" the butter market

equalizers to raise the taxes in Marion county, and the present legisla-ture would do well to abolish all such unnecessary things as that and the railroad commissioners, who ride around in Pullmans and diversify farming by running over live stock when it costs more to produce an article on a farm, as well as elsewhere, than said article will bring in the market? Shall we create seats in universities for men who have already been well paid for their services by the state? Let us abolish every nnecessary thing and bring all salaries from state to county officers down to a local commensurate with the times. Many farmers cannot sup-port their families and pay their tax-es, living in the plainest way, without mortgaging their farms. We pay dearly for our independence, and ook anxiously to this present legislature to make crooked paths straight, and hope the new members from Marion will make as good a record for economy and reform as has Hon. 'ilmon Ford when he has held a seat in the legislature.

HARRIET C. LOONEY.

HOP TRADE.

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

The values of sound and coloury down for good—in fact was getting as hops are still upheld, finest Goldings black as a Cole, and was shouting being easily saleable at 90 percent to 95 percent with a firm tendency. The continent is sending us practically none, and there are comparatively few Pacifics and states on offer. The American and continental markets are firm.-English Hop Grow-

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

JAPAN'S VICTORIES A BENEFIT.

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

SNAPSHOTS AT SOLONS if we would prosper. We must be satisfied with less profits, raise a greater variety of produce, and not make ventures that we take no interest in.

| SNAPSHOTS AT SOLONS | if we would prosper. We must be mance, of poetry. While this is largely ture, far-off Cathay, our antipodes, is preeminently the land of prose. The philosophy of Confucius "For he who by the plow would thrive Must either hold himself or drive."

If a farmer live with a drive."

The philosophy of Confucius was matter of fact; he dealt not in imagination; he taught of temporal If a farmer lives within his means not of eternal things, not even profess

> sidered it unjust, and referred to Japan must come her awakening into a new and more useful rational life. We are all free-born American cit- Western civilization permeated Japan and Corea, breaking down their conservatism, which has surrounded the former like her now useless but wonderful great wall. China, the oldest existing nation of the world, has been called the type of permanence. Her institutions have outlived everything. Kingdoms and republics have risen, flourished and fallen, but China in her national life has ever continued the

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

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

## BY THE LITTLE ONES

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

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

oites you; if a man catches it, it is called 'hydrostatics.' '

"Esau is the man who sold his copyight for a bottle of potash. "A fort is a place to put men in when there's a war; a fortress is where women are put."

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

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

Teacher: "Can you tell me what a legacy is?" Pupil: "I don't know zactly what it is, but it's something A little boy who was writing the zender of nouns wrote: "Masculine

Duke, feminine, duck." Teacher, trying to impress on the children the meaning of the word couple. "Johnnie, if you and Jennie were walking down the street together, just you two alone, without any

body else, what would you make?" Johnnie: "Tracks." Sunday school scholar: "If God was mad because Adam and Eve e apples, they must of et 'em between

During a thunder storm-Little girl very much awed: "Who makes the thunder, does God make it?" Big boy, derisively: "Course God makes it, who'd you spose made it, John L. Sullivan? A little boy watched his mother take a pumpkin ple out of the oven, bubbling and sputtering with sup-

pressed heat, looking at it sympathet-ically he asked: "Mamma, do you spose it's sufferin'?" Edith: "Mamma, must we always thank God for everything, whether we want to or not?" "Yes, dear, we must always thank God for everything." An hour later: Edith: "Mam

ma, thank God I've broken your glass pitcher." A whale's bones, whitening on the sands of Long Beach, caused a panic among the cottagers' ran up to camp with the announce-ment that God was dead. "What makes you think so?" asked someone. 'Cause we found a lot of bones or the beach and they're so big we think they must be God's."

Small boy: "Who made those pigeons did." over there " Answer: "God

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

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

THE FIRST SMILE. Only a baby, fresh from God-Formed in His image, and nature's

Warmed to life when it's maker Gazing back in the Father's face, Bending o'er it in perfect love, Catches the dim, reflected grace

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

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

Budding wisdom and baby wiles Come, when first in the hazel eyes Laughter wakes, and the

SHOULD HAVE BEEN TWENTY. Scattle, Jan 26.-Thomas McGee, the wife slasher, was sentenced to ten years' hard labor and costs.

A DEAD SOLDIER.

Paris, Jan. 28.-Marshal Canrobert



## COMPLEXIONS

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beautifying soap in the world, as bath, and nursery. It is so because it strikes at the CAUSE of most complexional disfigurations, viz.: the CLOGGED, INFLAMED, IRRITATED, OVERWORKED, OF SLUGGISH PORE.

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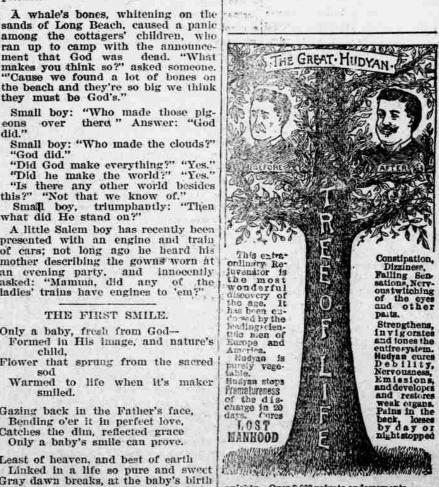
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