# DEFINING THE MINERAL WEALTH OF OREGON

## Results *of* the Geological Survey *and* Investigation of Country in the Southern Part *of* the State—Rich Deposits in Both Siskiyou and Klamath Ranges—Volcanic Action *of* Comparatively Recent Date

GRANTS PASS, in southwestern Oregon, has been the scene of important field work in mining geology by the United States geological survey during the past season. A government party consisting of J. S. Diller and Professor G. F. Kay of the geological survey and James Storrs as collector and packer of fossils, with W. G. Moore of Grants Pass, cook for the camp, recently completed the season's work on the Grants Pass quadrangle, and the geologists have returned to Washington, D. C.

The primary purpose of the investigation is to determine the mineral resources of the region and make them known to the general public, thereby contributing not only to the development of the state but also to that of the whole country. The topographic map of the Grants Pass quadrangle was published last spring by the geological survey and formed the basis of the geological field work of this season. With map in hand the geologists visited all the important mines and prospects and studied many of the rocky ledges outcropping in the region traversed. The observations were noted on the topographic map, and when the work is completed a geologic map will be prepared showing the distribution of all the most important kinds of rocks, as well as the location of the most important mines and prospects, so as to illustrate the particular rocks with which certain deposits are associated. It will be readily understood that such a map will show the distribution of the important mineral resources.

The rocks of the region are largely igneous. In ages past they were melted and forced up from the interior of the earth. Many of them were poured out upon the surface as lavas, but many others, like the granitic mass about Grants Pass, did not reach the surface. Ore deposits of the precious metals in the region examined are found associated chiefly with igneous rocks.

Intermingled with these igneous rocks, which cover two thirds of the Grants Pass quadrangle, are masses of slates and sandstones with occasional limestone of which over 40 ledges have been mapped. The great development of the cement industry has largely increased the economic importance of limestone, and the fact that limestones are uncommon in western Oregon gives added interest to those in the Grants Pass region. They are nearest the railroad at Gold Hill and Jacksonville.

It is expected that a preliminary report of the summer's work will be published next spring in "Economic Geology for 1908," at which time copies can be obtained free of cost by addressing the director of the geological survey at Washington.

### Survey of Klamath Mountains.

The Siskiyou mountains of southwestern Oregon and the Salmon, Trinity, South Fork, and Yallo Bally mountains of northwestern California all belong to the same group to which some years ago Major J. W. Powell, then director of the United States geological survey, gave the name Klamath mountains. It is a very convenient and useful term and is coming into general use. The Klamath mountains are at the meeting point of the Sierra Nevada, Cascade, and Coast ranges, and have long been noted for their mineral wealth.

The copper belt of Shasta county, California, is in the Klamath mountains and gold is widely distributed. Platinum and some other rare metals are common and though not yet discovered in large ore bodies this region is one of the most important sources of that metal in the United States.

The survey of the Klamath mountains by the United States geological survey was commenced some years ago and portions of the border region have been examined in detail and the results published in the Redding geologic folio of California, and the Roseburg, Coos Bay, and Port Orford folios of Oregon. Copies of these can be obtained for the nominal price of 25 cents each. The Riddles quadrangle was geologically surveyed a year ago and the folio is in course of preparation. The work on the Grants Pass quadrangle is a part of the same general plan, and when completed will be published in the form of a folio which will contain the usual number of topographic and geologic maps with a text describing the geology.

The only report yet issued by the geological survey concerning the Klamath mountains as a whole is bulletin 196, which, with numerous illustrations, describes their topographic development. The bulletins of the geological survey may be had free of cost by application to the director.

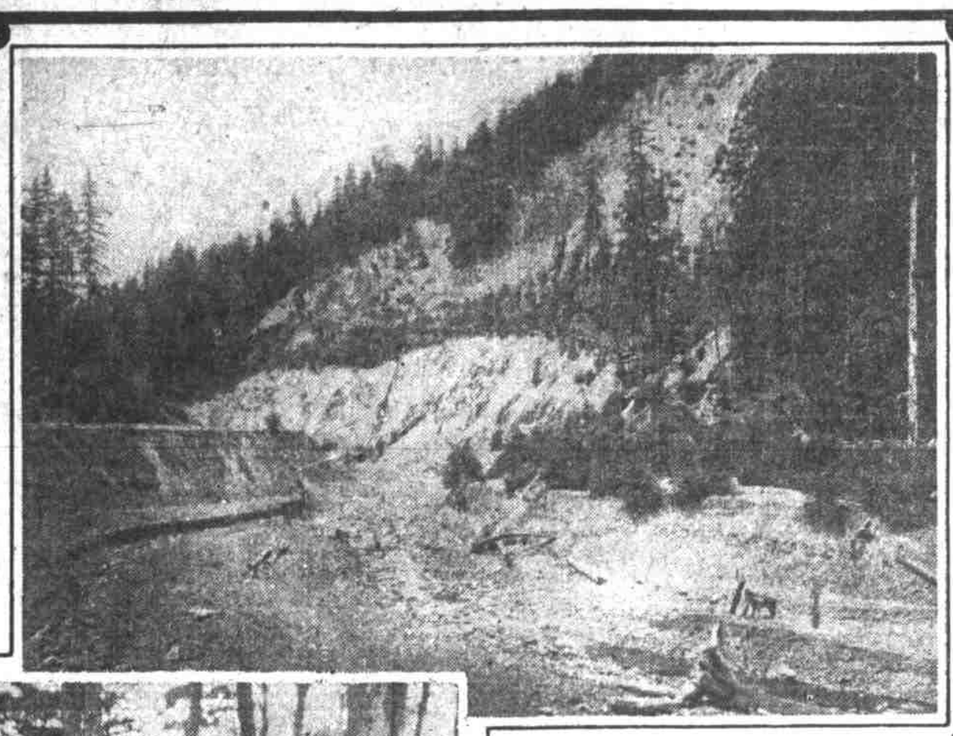
### Recent Geological Changes.

Geologic changes in general are apparently more rapid at the present time on the Pacific coast than anywhere else in the United States. It has been the scene of great volcanic eruptions in comparatively late geologic epochs, building up a range of monstrous peaks from Lassen in California to Rainier in Washington, and this activity continued down to the time when the "great pathfinder" made his memorable trip across the continent. Indeed, there are signs about some of the old fireplaces that Vulcan is still alive, for fumaroles of hot sulphurous gases, boiling mud lakes and hot springs are common at various places along the Cascade range.

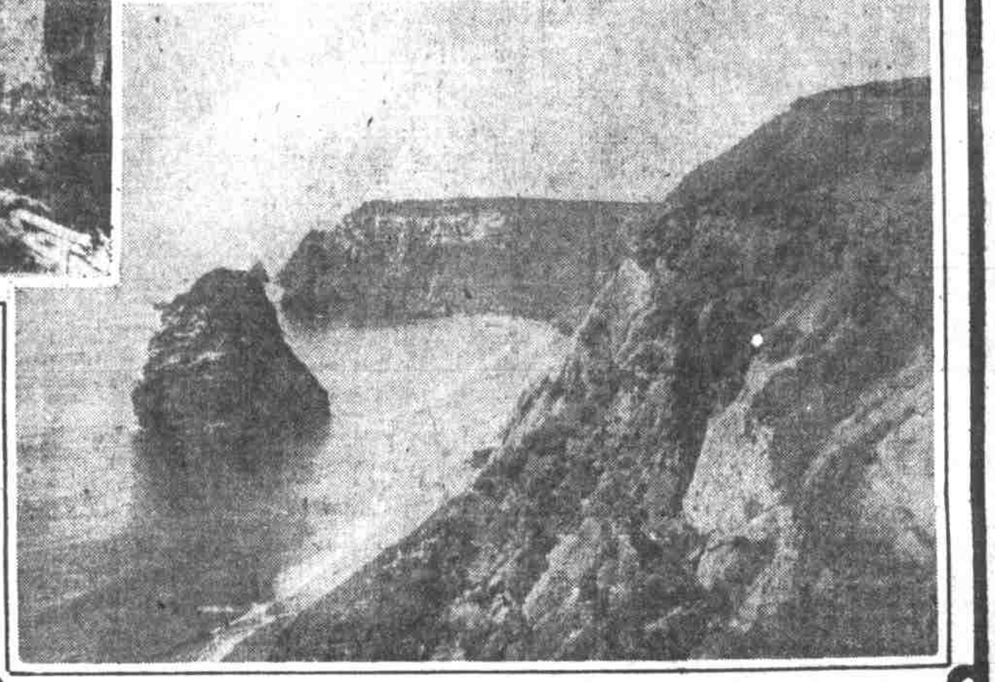
Little earthquakes are numerous, and big ones, although relatively rare, are well known. Oscillations of the land with reference to the sea are yet plainly recorded in a series of elevated bluffs and beaches where the Klamath mountains receive the beat of the ocean's waves.

Locally sand dunes are advancing over the land and covering the forest trees. The heavy rains of winter, too, make landslides one of the most common and impressive expressions of geologic change, especially where—as on Cow creek a few years ago—a landslide blocked the Southern Pacific for many days.

ELK RIVER MAKING A DEEP GORGE TO THE SEA.



BIG LANDSLIDE ON SALMON CREEK, OREGON



FIN ROCK AND CAPE BLANCO — COAST OF OREGON.

ADVANCING SAND DUNE MOVING INLAND, COVERING AND FOSSILIZING THE FOREST TREES.

# A GHOST BY PROXY

By Frank Wickizer.

WHEN Emory Vaughn's housekeeper went up with the mail she found his apartments in disorder and Vaughn himself in a fever of haste, packing his grips.

"I must catch the 12:30 train, Mrs. Connell, he said to her. "Have to go to Gasconade; may be gone a week."

"Then you can't stop for luncheon?"

"Can't possibly—just got this telegram."

And to save words he tossed upon the table the slip of yellow paper and resumed packing while she studied it out.

"So there's been another of those washouts," she said, replacing the message in its envelope and lending a hand at the packing. "I do hope, Mr. Vaughn you won't let anything happen. That's such a treacherous country down there during the flood season."

Vaughn mumbled a reassurance, and, seizing the package of mail she had brought, thrust it into his pocket with a remark that he would read it on the train.

Ten minutes later, as he was bolting a sandwich at the railroad station eating-house a newsboy came rushing toward him, shouting an extra:

"All about the hanging of Routeledge!"

Though "all aboard" had been called from the platform outside, he stopped to buy a paper. Vaughn, who was employed by a railroad company as a bridge and inspector of bridges, was thoroughly wrapped up in his work, ambitious for promotion and keenly alert to the interests of his employers. He seldom took interest in anything that was not in direct line of duty, and was often overheard to say that his vocation was a jealous mistress, demanding his whole attention. Yet he had reason for being interested in the hanging of Routeledge.

As the train rumbled out of Kansas City he adjusted his limbs comfortably in the smoking car seat and unfolded the extra.

There was a lavish expenditure of black ink in the headlines, which extended across three columns of the front page: "Routeledge Expiates His Crime on the Scaffold—Trap is Sprung at High Noon With His Life He Pays the Penalty for the Murder of J. M. Tobin—His Last Words Are a Protestation of Innocence—Nerve Stays With Him to the End—Pronounced Dead Two Minutes After Drop Falls!"

Thus ran the readlines. Beneath them were 100 words in triple leaded type, giving a somewhat hysterical account of the execution, followed by a two-column "revamp" of the crime and trial.

Vaughn skimmed the lines hastily, reclined upon the cushion a moment in meditation, and then, in response to a sudden impulse, tossed the paper out of the window. To a book left by the news agent he deigned cursory notice. Opening it at random, he read a paragraph, then read it again, without the remotest idea of its meaning. He tried to fasten his attention upon the landscape, but blending with the flying panorama of telegraph poles, fields and farm houses, like the dissolving views of the stereopticon, were the scenes of a courtroom, of a prisoner in the dock, and finally of a scaffold and a black cap. He was conscious of a shudder that could scarcely have been caused by a draft, yet he closed the window. After all, he asked himself, had he done right?

Reclining again upon the plush-upholstered seat he resigned himself to the reminiscent mood, and mentally reviewed the incidents of the trial. It had been his first and only experience as a juror. He had been regularly drawn on the panel; by the merest chance his name had come from the wheel with some hundred of others; he had stood the challenges of the counsel on both sides, and had qualified—for no better reason than that he knew nothing of the crime of which the prisoner was accused.

Then followed the "statement of the case" by the prosecuting attorney, which had given him his first inkling of what the state hoped to prove. To Vaughn's mind it was a very commonplace crime, featureless and without notable incident. Robbery had been the motive. A stationary engineer, whose duties were to fire a furnace and operate an electric lighting plant in the basement of a building in the older part of town, had murdered one of the tenants, a hunchback dwarf, named Tobin. Tobin conducted a bookstall and sold stationery, sleeping nights on a bunk in his shop. It had been currently reported that the dwarf was a miser, and that concealed in his dingy cell was treasure of untold value, though the only foundation for this seemed to lie in the fact that he rarely left his store, even for his meals, that he was reticent and that those who sought his confidence were invariably repulsed.

Vaughn remembered having seen Tobin once or twice, and recalled him now as a singularly ill favored individual. In addition to congenital deformities, his face was rendered the more forbidding by a hideous white scar which ran obliquely across his forehead, cleft his sunken nose, skipped the hollow of his cheek and ended in a sharp accentuation in the middle of his lower jaw. It seemed to suggest that Tobin had not always followed the peaceful calling of a bookseller—yet, so far as known, his accomplishments did not include the use of the broadsword.

From this grim portrait Vaughn's revery drifted to the points of evidence adduced by the state. Many witnesses had testified to the wild disorder of the bookstall on the morning after the murder; a few told of Routeledge's disappearance, of his profligate display of wealth, and of his arrest in a distant state, while two uncouth fellows had detailed the revolting scene of the stoke-room on the night of the tragedy. Routeledge, they said, had dismembered the body of the dwarf with an ax and burned it in the furnace—an atrocity they professed to have seen from the alley, through the grating of an air-shaft.

There was a jarring of wheels as the train stopped at a little hamlet, and a bustle in the aisle. With languid attention Vaughn read the name, "Beaver Dam," on the squat frame structure outside, and then, as the journey was resumed, his fancy reverted to the incidents of the inquisition, and again he asked himself if he had done right.

Had he done right in pitting his judgment against that of 11 men? He was confident that his mind had been free and unbiased. Was it firmness or stubbornness, then, that had prompted him to withhold his concurrence in their motion that the verdict be in some of the lesser degrees of homicide? For the first time the question was presented to him in this light. Years of experience in quasi-executive positions, where he had been supreme in his department, had accustomed him to seeing his word accepted without question, and now he took a kind of sinister pride in maintaining the precedent. Beyond doubt his was the strongest personality in the jury box, a fact of which he was fully aware. He had held out against them for two days, arguing and pleading by turns, bringing to bear all his persuasive powers, resorting to strategy, even to implied threats; now a majority would be won over, and the victory seem all but his; then by some subtle telepathy would come a revulsion of sentiment; the pendulum would swing the other way, leaving him alone, the sole advocate of a capital decree. In the end he had triumphed, but whether his coarbiters had been moved by logic or fatigue he could not be sure.

Why, after all, he asked himself, had he taken such a determined stand? Perhaps because he believed death alone could appease outraged justice, nothing less being commensurate with a crime so diabolical; perhaps because of a churlish desire to see his will prevail! There was little comfort in the knowledge that his attitude had been the popular one. The newspapers had congratulated him, it is true—for as often happens the secrets of the jury room had leaked—but in his present mood it seemed such a contemptible thing for a great state to crush the life out of a poor, cowering human creature. And in this instance he had impersonated the state!

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For nearly 10 days little attempt had been made on the Minden branch to observe schedule time, as the tracks in many places had been inundated by the heavy rains; the trains groped their way cautiously from station to station, and construction gangs were working in three shifts, day and night. Vaughn's train finally arrived at Minden, the southern terminus of the "stub," two hours late. Leaving an order at the hotel for an early supper, he arranged for a saddle-horse—the best accommodation available—and planned to resume his trip to Gasconade in 30 minutes. It was then 5 o'clock; by good fortune he hoped to accomplish the remaining 12 miles overland by 8:30.

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Vaughn tied his horse to a sapling and climbed to the summit of a knoll to reconnoiter. For three hours he had traveled through a rugged, inhospitable country, buffeted and drenched by the tangled undergrowth, bewildered, without sense of direction, hopelessly lost. His skill of woodcraft availed him nothing; even the moon and stars, hidden by a canopy of inky cloud, withheld their kindly beacons. He swore softly as he strove to pierce the gloom, and cursed his stupidity for turning from the highway. "I should have forded the stream as I found it," he grumbled, "instead of looking for a place where I could cross dryshod."

He struck a match and consulted his watch; it was 11:15. "And I was going to be in Gasconade by 8:30. Humph! Well, I may as well camp here for a while. Perhaps the stars will come out between now and morning and give me my bearings."

To kill time and divert his thoughts from unwholesome themes, he began a quest for dry fagots with which to kindle a fire, and a moment later sat down before a little cone-shaped heap of twigs and bark from which arose a crackling flame. The illumination intensed the blackness about him, and yet, somehow, gave him a sense of comfort. He leaned against a log, determined to face the situation philosophically.

So far as he could judge he was in a coppice of a scrub oak, though here and there a giant tree, the genus of which he could not guess, towered far into the opaque night, its foliage lit by a wan phosphorescence that seemed to emanate from the leaves themselves. He assured himself that his surroundings were majestic—rich in a somber kind of poetic suggestion but somehow the aesthetic side of his nature, never highly developed, was irresponsive. There was little need to ask why.

Vaughn was accredited with being a brave man, as questions of bravery are determined in the word he knew, but his valor was a moral rather than a physical thing. It is probable he never experienced a superstitious dread, or felt the fear of corporeal danger. The daily routine of his life, like that of his ancestors as far back as he had any knowledge, had inclined to commercial pursuits; there had been neither soldiers nor sailors among them; they were the pampered products of civilization. Training and heredity, then, had done little enough to equip Vaughn for his present ordeal. Fresh from the clamor of "affairs," he was disarmed in this portentous conspiracy of night and solitude, and for once he knew fear—that human attribute which is the stronger for being unexercised.

His imagination peopled the black environment with a legion of unfamiliar shapes—menacing, all, and uncanny. The very silence had an unfamiliar quality; there were half-heard whispers, and movements of things immovable; grotesque forms grew out of the intangible darkness, hung a moment in space and whisked themselves away, to be replaced by others. He shifted uneasily upon the damp hummock and fanned upon the blaze with his hat, then felt through his pockets for a scrap of paper with which to nurse the flame.

"Ah! This is fortunate!" he exclaimed, and drew forth the package of mail his housekeeper had given him as he was leaving the city. "This will while away a dreary half hour."

Several printed circulars were added to the smoldering heap before him; then he drew from its envelope a sheet of note paper, and bent down to read. An instant later, the page crumpled in his clenched hand, Vaughn was upon his feet, his head thrust forward, his free hand shading his eyes as if to reenforce their powers of penetration. A moment he stood thus, then, sinking back upon the mound, relaxed his tense muscles, smoothed the crumpled sheet and read it again. It ran thus:

Friday, May 24, 18—

Mr. Emory Vaughn:

Sir—It is customary, I believe, for a defendant to thank a jury who acquit him of a charge; as to what the practice is in the event of a conviction, as in my case, I am not advised, but it seems an insufficient reason for silence. I feel that I owe you an expression of some kind, if not of gratitude then, of admiration for your iron will. I shall meet you at 12 o'clock (midnight) tonight.

Yours for justice,
SAMUEL T. ROUTELEDGE.

P. S.—Do not let this appointment interfere with any of your plans. I can be in one place as well as another.

S. T. R.

"How can this be?" muttered Vaughn. "Why, this is absurd—Routeledge was hanged at noon today!"

Vaughn was trying to calm the horror he was so reluctant to acknowledge by citing nature's law against a breach of possibility.

"He was hanged 12 hours ago," was his mental calculation, "or nearly—"

He consulted his watch for verification; it was 11:45.

A breath of cold air gently moved the branches about him, rustled the leaves and went sighing down the glen; and, as it died away there grew out of it another sound, articulate—in soulless mimicry of a human voice:

"Did they tell you he couldn't get my hump through the furnace door?"

Vaughn stared straight before him, and there, in the margin of the lighted circle, its gibbous shape outlined against a clump of laurel, was the form of the dwarf, Tobin. The long, bony hands hung limp at the sides; the sallow face, leering with the mirthless grin of an ape, was cleft with a livid cicatrice, the broadsword's grisly imprint.

"What do you want?" The words were whispered, Vaughn's voice having refused its office.

"A body! Ha, ha, ha! And I trust the next one I get will be more beautiful! But don't let me disturb your assignation; I understand you are to have company."

There was a pause, during which the croaking of frogs in a neighboring morass was faintly audible, and then—

"Though you robbed me of my revenge, my concern is not with you. We are three bricks in a row—you, Routeledge and I—and you are the last to fall."

Again the trees shivered in a passing breeze, the drenched leaves precipitating a shower of drops, that sputtered and hissed in the smoldering fagots.

"So I will leave Routeledge to deal with you, and then I shall deal with Routeledge. You see even a hunchback bookseller may have a sense of the proprieties; not that I forbear to filch my murderer's requittal!" A hollow laugh echoed down the glade, and the space by the laurel clump was vacant.

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As Vaughn's train was steaming out of the city a second extra appeared upon the streets, and messengers were canvassing the various newsstands to recall copies of the first. They explained that a blunder had been made. The paper, in its zeal to outstrip its competitors, had announced the hanging prematurely, and as a matter of fact there had been no hanging, but instead a commutation of sentence.

"Governor Stays the Hand of Death," was the headline in the second extra. "Executive Clemency for Routeledge at the Eleventh Hour—Discovery of New Evidence Said to Be the Cause for Change in Program."

The new evidence referred to, though the editors didn't know it at the time, was nothing less than the impertinent and somewhat awkward materialization of the dwarf. Competent witnesses had seen and recognized him. He was in the flesh, they said, indubitably mortal, and in his habit as he lived. So there had been no murder, and without a murder there could be no execution—hence the governor's action.

The newspapers have already played a somewhat prominent role in this recital, but there remains for them one more speaking part. It comes in the form of a "special telegram" from an obscure county in the southern part of the state, and is in substance this:

"Some boys while hunting in the woods near Gasconade today discovered the dead body of a man, and near it a horse hitched to a sapling. From letters found in the pockets, the remains appear to be those of one Emery Vaughn of Kansas City."

The body, the back of which rested against the trunk of a fallen tree, was in a crouching position, the mouth open, the eyes distended and staring, upon the face a look of unutterable terror. No marks of violence were apparent. A few feet away was a pile of half-burned fagots, with some charred papers scattered about.

"The coroner has decided to hold an inquest, but thus far has subponaed but a single witness—a dwarf named J. M. Tobin, who is said to have been living in seclusion in the woods for several months."

The liberation of Routeledge and the return of Tobin to his bookstall were coincident, almost to an hour, but a week elapsed before the public began to get what were referred to by the press as the "inside facts" of the story. Tobin was reticent, but finally, with great show of reluctance, confirmed the report that had been sent in from the inquest. It was true, he admitted, that he had been with Vaughn a short time before his death. He had boarded the train at Beaver Dam and had followed him during his wanderings in the woods. Of the note which had been found near the body, making the midnight appointment with the deceased, he professed to know nothing; Routeledge must have written it, he said, since it bore his name, but Routeledge disclaimed its authorship and declared the signature a forgery.

"Why did you pretend to be murdered?" was the ingenious question of a reporter.

"The hope," came the answer with crushing candor, "the hope of raking in $100,000. My life was insured for that amount!"

"And Vaughn—?"

"Yes, and Vaughn, confound him! spoiled it all by his work in the jury box. I had to come back—I couldn't stay down there and see Routeledge hanged, could I? When did I see Vaughn last? About 10 minutes before 12 on the night of May 24. He was alive when I left him to fetch a doctor, but I don't think he lived more than that 10 minutes, as he seemed to have a foreboding that he would die about midnight. What ailed him? Well, you know its swampy down there—a valuinous country—and he was shaking dreadfully. I think he died of ague."

# WHY THE JUDGE REPENTED

By M. Thompson.

"NO, I will be d——d." Judge Von Adler with an apprehensive glance around, pulled himself up on the verge of an indiscretion. The soothing notes of a waltz from the distant ballroom tempered his asperity somewhat.

"Confound the youngster," he muttered less angrily. "He absolutely defies me. I told him I would never consent to such a marriage and here he has been all evening dangling after—of course, Eva is a nice girl, but she is her daughter, and to Edward's marriage with a child of Maria von Lister I will never consent. What happened years ago has neither been forgiven nor forgotten."

The judge stepped out into the beautiful winter garden with its hidden nooks and enticing arbors. Behind him the palms closed over the entrance and he sat down behind a huge group of exotic ferns to "think of other days when he was a struggling young lawyer and the bench a long way off. Love and hope held the tiller in those days and few rocks of disappointment marred the chart. A quarrel, however, wrecked his dream and he and the girl with whom he was to have sailed for the wonderland drifted apart. In the years that came after both had married both had children and both were widowed.

"It was all dead and done with long ago," thought the Judge—"long, long ago."

Why should its dead body be dragged into the light now? At fifty, ghosts, especially those of an unsatisfied youth are——

"Oh, Edward, do be careful! Those arbors! Someone——"

"I don't care, darling, I have been starving for a real moment with you all evening."

Various sounds—indescribable on paper, but eloquent enough to those concerned—followed, startling the judge out of his reverie.

As he recognized Edward's voice, anger was his first paramount feeling—anger that his son should openly deride his authority. To walk into a darkened conservatory, too, and vulgarly begin—vulgarly! Why, confound it! the thing was reprehensible, and not as young men and young women were used to behave in his——

Then suddenly the anger died away, and into his eyes came a softer light as the memory of those days arose before him. After all, young people will be——

"Darling!"

"Oh, Edward, what would the judge say, if——

"What would Baroness von Lister say? I can't see why they should both object to our caring for each other," he went on. "There seems no reason whatever. The old man has never done an unjust thing before. But now when I ask for a reasonable objection, he snaps his teeth and says childishly: 'He objects because—because he does.'"

"How silly!"

"Confound their impertinence," muttered the judge. "I——"

"Mother behaves in exactly the same way. She is really very fond of you, I know that, but——Oh, Edward, only one? I am afraid of those palms. Someone—the judge, or perhaps mother——"

"Oh, that is all right, dear. Listeners never hear good things of themselves."

Among the palms a listener wriggled impotently.

"Mother will never give her consent."

"Not will my old man! There is a screw loose somewhere, girlie. Your mother and my father are not exactly friends; they are coldly polite when they meet, but——"

"Of course there is a reason, Edward. I have discovered it."

"The deuce you have!"

"Mother and the judge were in love with each other ever so many years ago. They were actually engaged!"

"You don't say! And——"

"They quarreled, separated, married and lived unhappy ever afterwards."

"That explains——"

"What?"

"That the old man keeps an old photo of your mother locked away in his desk. One day, quite by accident, I saw it."

"Mother keeps a bundle of letters, and when she reads them her eyes are always red afterwards. They are all signed 'Hans' and father's name was Robert."

"Father's letters, of course. Darling, I am not the least bit angry with them now, are you?"

"Of course not, Eddie dear. When I found it out I just went and had a good cry."

"You, you darling."

A repetition of the sounds previously described ought to have shocked the judge's sense of propriety, but he merely sat quite still with a wonderfully tender smile on his handsome, clear-cut face.

"So she cared after all," he muttered softly, "and kept the letters. And I—why bless my soul, I do believe I am actually—"

With an effort the judge controlled a powerful desire to sneeze.

"What an old idiot I am," he muttered. "At my age, to actually—but to think she cared all these years!"

"Eddie, we must be careful, I am sure I heard something move."

"All right, darling. But what about our perverse relatives? They are evidently unfit to look after their own happiness, so we must do it for them. Eva, we must do something."

"Yes, we must think out a plan. It can be done. But now we must really go back. People will notice—Oh, Ed! remember only one—there you nasty boy, you have had three, when I said one!—"

"I will give them back to you if you—"

"Stupid—but oh, Eddie, I have thought of a plan——"

The voices died away in the distance. The judge drew himself upright, the weight of the disappointed years rolling away from him like the memory of a bad dream. Hope sprang anew in his heart and as he pushed the drooping palms aside and stood by the fountain the mantle of a bygone youth enveloped him once more. Presently he heard a slight noise, a rustling of silks, then a woman came out of the shadow and stood beside him. Some instinct in the judge recognized her at once and the same instinct told him she had been crying.

"You—you heard what those silly young people said," he stammered.

"Yes, I heard," she replied softly. "My head ached, so I came out here and they had begun to talk before I could——"

"It was most unfortunate," said the judge lamely.

"Most unfortunate!"

"And there is nothing to be done, I suppose, but take their advice and talk it over."

"Nothing."

"And"—the judge's confidence suddenly returned and he moved closer—"I suppose it's quite true about the letters, and—and other things?"

"Quite—and the photograph, Hans, was that true also?"

"Quite true. And——"

When Eva and Edward met their parents half an hour later they were almost petrified with amazement when the judge calmly informed them that he had decided to give them a chance of getting tired of each other.

The climax came, however, when the judge after helping Eva's mother into her carriage, deliberately bent down and kissed her full on the lips.

### Mysteries Solved.

"I used to wonder," said Mr. MacSwilliger, "what became of the old leather trunks and suitcases and handbags and that sort of thing. Of course they must wear out and be thrown away, but you never saw an old leather trunk on the rubbish carts of the street cleaning department, did you?

"I never did, never, and still they must go somewhere; and I wondered where. Now I know, or think I know. They go into meat pies and the stews and things you get in boarding houses. I used to wonder where they got the beef that they put into these pies, it was so tough; but now I know. They buy these old leather trunks and cut 'em up into suitable sized chunks and make this leather beef up into meat pies.

"It is true that I never yet found in a boarding house meat pie or beef stew a trunk lock or a piece of hinge or any rivets or corner clamps or other trunk hardware, but it isn't necessary for me to find these things in the pie to know there's a whole lot of things that we may not be able to get any actual proof of that we know just the same are true, and this is one of them.

"I may not find any buckles or keys or casters in my meat pie, but I don't have to; I know what the meat in the pie is made of well enough to satisfy me, and this is to me a great, in fact, a double, satisfaction. I know now where the boarding house keepers get the meat for these pies, and I know also what becomes of the old handbags, suitcases and leather trunks."

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A French statistician who has been searching records calculates that there is one newspaper published for every 82,000 inhabitants of the known world. In Europe Germany heads the list with 5,500 newspapers of which 800 are published daily. England comes next with 3,000 newspapers, of which 400 are dailies, and then comes France with 2,819 newspapers, of which only one-fourth are daily or published twice or thrice a week. Italy comes fourth with 1,400 papers, and is followed by Austria-Hungary, Spain, Russia, Greece and Switzerland, the last having 150 newspapers. Altogether Europe has about 20,000 newspapers.