# OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

### FEWER SHEEP ON RESERVE.

**Cut of Nearly 2,000 Made in Whitman National Forest.**

Pendleton—As a result of the conference between Forest Superintendent Ireland of the Whitman reserve and the advisory board of the wool growers, nearly 2,000 less sheep will be allowed on the forest ranges next year than this. The cut is a graduated one and does not affect the small sheepman, but the large owner suffers considerably.

The cut is as follows:

The man who owns 1,200 or less will not be subjected to a cut; owners of between 1,200 and 2,000 will be cut 10 per cent, providing the cut does not bring his allotment below 1,200; owners of between 2,000 and 3,000 will be cut 15 per cent, providing it does not reduce the number below 2,000, and owners of more than 3,000 will be cut 20 per cent, providing it does not bring his number below 3,000. The total number of sheep allowed on the reserve is reduced from 183,000 to 165,000.

### IRRIGATION IN KLAMATH.

**Nearly 40,000 Acres Now Under Successful Cultivation.**

Klamath Falls—During the past 12 months between 30,000 and 40,000 acres of land have been placed under irrigation ditches in this section, while the population of the irrigated districts has more than doubled. Unirrigated lands have advanced from $5 to $20 an acre, and it is certain that values will go much higher with the approach of the Oregon Trunk line, which, in its articles of incorporation, makes Klamath Falls its terminal.

About 100 homes have been built in Klamath Falls, while the country round about has made a wonderful development. The arrival of the railroad last spring brought no boom, but there has been a steady movement in farm lands.

**Raw Land Brings $16,000.**

Hood River—A big land sale took place at Hood River a few days ago, when Charles and J. E. Hall, local capitalists, bought 160 acres of undeveloped fruit land from W. H. Marshall, of Dee, for $16,000. The property formerly belonged to the Velguth family of Portland. It is said to be the intention of the purchasers to clear and set the land to fruit immediately. Extension of the Mount Hood railroad, which has just been completed, is causing considerable activity in upper valley real estate.

**Factory for Creswell.**

Eugene—The recently incorporated city of Creswell, Lane county, is soon to have an ax handle factory, L. R. Rush, recently from McMinnville, having erected a frame building 20x24 feet there, and will install the machinery as soon as it arrives from Portland. He will employ several men, and will use oak timber in making ax handles as well as handles for hoes, rakes, shovels, forks, peevies and other implements.

**Hope for Artesian Water.**

Paisley—The settlers in Christmas Lake valley have raised $3,700 with which to pay expenses of boring for artesian water. It is the plan to put down a well 2,000 feet, if necessary. The boring plant was received at Bend last week, and is expected to arrive on the ground within a day or two. The site chosen for the well is near the Phelps place, in the west end of the valley, about 30 miles north of Paisley.

**Record Price for Land.**

Central Point—Bert Anderson has sold 180 acres of his farm two miles from this place for $27,500. R. D. Hoke, recently from Florida, is the new owner. Mr. Hoke was formerly extensively engaged in the growing of pineapples and grape fruit on the west coast of Florida, but has sold out his holdings there and will become a fixture in Southern Oregon.

**1200 Sacks of Onions on 3 Acres.**

Milton—J. J. Williams, who resides on the interurban line three miles north of Milton, this week completed harvesting his large onion crop. The yield this year was a record-breaker, more than 1200 sacks, averaging 2¼ bushels to the sack, being taken from three acres. Two years ago $547 an acre, net, was taken from the same field.

**Packing Many Prunes.**

Salem—Six million pounds of prunes are passing in a steady stream through the Tillson packing house. The packing, facing and shipping will continue well into the new year. Already 38 cars have been shipped out, several of which have gone to make up European shipments.

**Onions Yield Well.**

Freewater—J. J. Williams has just finished marketing 1,203 sacks of onions taken from three acres of land three miles north of Freewater. The onions were sold at $1 per sack. A few years ago the land was considered worthless. It is now worth $900 per acre.

**Wallowa Sawmill Ready.**

Wallowa — The Nibley-Mimnaugh Lumber company's band mill, having a capacity of 50,000 feet per day, is completed. This mill, with nine smaller mills, will produce 30,000,000 feet of lumber annually, all of which will be marketed from this city.

**Top Price for Farm.**

Creswell—J. W. Stone has sold to G. L. Guyer of South Dakota 240 acres of his farm for $10,000. Mr. Guyer has gone back home to bring his family and they will take possession. Mr. Stone will move to the residence he owns in Creswell.

**Traveler Will Have Orchard.**

Medford—C. W. Cottom has bought 23 acres from Anderson & Green for $900. Mr. Cottom is a traveling man. He will establish a large orchard on the land.

### APPLES SELL HIGH.

**Fancy Hood River Spitzenbergs Bring $3.50 Per Box.**

Hood River—The apple picking has come to an end in Hood River valley for the year 1909, and several crews are busy at present packing the fruit for market. A number of the larger growers have concluded their packing and their fruit has been hauled to the cold storage plant in the city, awaiting shipment to New York. The union is sending out several cars each day, consigned to Steinhardt & Kelly, who purchased the entire crop of fancy stock. The fancy Spitzenbergs were sold to the New York firm for $3.35 per box, and since this deal was made the Davidson Fruit company of this city has paid as high as $3.50 per box for fancy Spitzenbergs. The fruit in Hood River valley this season has been of a higher standard than any marketed in previous years. There has been a noticeable decrease in rust and other infections that mitigate in producing a lower grade of apples. The season's profit is very satisfactory, notwithstanding the fact that the crop was cut a little short.

**Experiment Farm for Sherman.**

Wasco — Realizing that something must be done to conserve the native fertility of their soil and knowing that the continuous cropping to wheat will eventually rob the soil of the active principles promotive of vegetable life, the farmers of Sherman county have secured the assistance of the federal government and of the state experiment station in an effort to establish an experimental farm for Eastern Oregon in Sherman county. They have purchased 240 acres of average land near Moro, the county seat, and H. J. C. Umberger, an expert in dry farming methods, has been appointed to take charge of the farm.

**Railroad Improves Line.**

Dee—The big steam shovel of the Mount Hood railway is digging ballast for the new track from Dee to Parkdale, a distance of six miles. When the work is completed passenger and logging trains can be run. The new line extends well up toward Mount Hood and through an excellent body of fir timber. The contract for the extension of the telephone line from this point to Parkdale was let to Harry Bailey of Hood River. The Home Telephone company of Hood River is the owner of the line.

**Largest Wheat Acreage in History.**

Athena—The number of acres being seeded this fall in this district will surpass by far the record for previous years. This has been an unusually dry fall up to the past two weeks, which has put the farmers late in killing the weeds and seeding the extra acreage. Every hand and team available are at work, and with another week of fair weather the busy season will be over. Blue stem is growing very popular with the farmers.

**Asylum Bids Awarded.**

Salem—The board of trustees of the Oregon State Insane Asylum has awarded to the Northwest Bridge works of Portland the general contract for the new receiving ward building at the hospital for the insane.

**High Price for Land.**

Irving—C. J. Fassett has sold his 30-acre ranch west of town to G. Tenike of Iowa, the price paid being $110 an acre. Mr. Fassett has moved to Eugene, having bought property and will build a modern home.

**Portland Markets.**

Wheat—Bluestem, $1.07; club, 96c; red Russian, 94c; Valley, 95@96c; Fife, 95c; Turkey red, 96c; 40-fold, 98c.

Barley—Feed, $27.50; brewing, $28 per ton.

Corn—Whole, $33; cracked, $34 per ton.

Oats—No. 1 white, $29 per ton.

Hay—Timothy, Willamette Valley, $14@17 per ton; Eastern Oregon, $18@20; alfalfa, $15@16; clover, $14; cheat, $13@14.50; grain hay, $14@15.

Butter—City creamery extras, 36c; fancy outside creamery, 32½@36c per lb.; store, 22½@24c. (Butter fat prices average 1½c per pound under regular butter prices).

Eggs—Fresh Oregon extras, 42½@45c per dozen; Eastern, 30@34c per dozen.

Poultry—Hens, 13½@14½c; springs, 13½@14½c; roosters, 9@10c; ducks, 15@15½c; geese, 10½c; turkeys, live, 16@18c; dressed, 20@22c; squabs, $1.75@2 per dozen.

Pork—Fancy, 9@9½c per pound.

Veal—Extras, 10@10½c per pound.

Fruits—Apples, $1@3 box; pears, $1@1.50; grapes, $1@1.50 per crate, 12½@15c per basket; quinces, $1.25@1.50 per box; cranberries, $9@9.50 per barrel; persimmons, $1.50 per box.

Potatoes—50@60c per sack; sweet potatoes, 1¾@2c per pound.

Vegetables — Artichokes, 75c per dozen; beans, 10c per pound; cabbage, ¾@1c; cauliflower, 90c@$1.25 per dozen; celery, 50@85c; horseradish, 9@10c; peas, 10c per pound; peppers, $1.50 per box; pumpkins, 1@1¼c; radishes, 15c per dozen; sprouts, 8c per pound; squash, $1@1.10; tomatoes, 75c@$1; turnips, 75c@$1 per sack; carrots, $1; beets, $1.25; rutabagas, $1.10; parsnips, $1.25; onions, $1.25@1.50 per sack.

Hops—1909 crop, 22@24½c; 1908 crop, 20c; 1907 crop, 12c; 1906 crop, 8c.

Wool—Eastern Oregon, 16@23c lb.; Mohair, Choice, 24c.

Cattle—Best steers, $4.25@4.50; fair to good, $3.85@4; medium and feeders, $3.50@3.75; best cows, $3.50@3.65; medium, $3.50@3.25; commons to medium, $2.50@2.75; bulls, $2@2.50; stags, $2.50@3.50; calves, light, $5.25@5.50; heavy, $4@4.75.

Hogs—Best, $7.95@8; medium, $7.50@7.75; stockers, $4@4.75.

Sheep — Best wethers, $4.25@4.50; fair to good, $3.75@4; best ewes, $3.75@4; fair to good, $3.50@3.75; lambs, $5@5.35.

### REFORESTATION IS EASY.

(Concluded from last week.)

I am told that Germany spends several million marks annually to raise trees, and receives annually more than twice as much money from the sale of timber than she expends.

I would also advocate the imposing upon all logged-off lands a basic tax sufficiently high to insure their reverting naturally to the state for a reasonable compensation, the lands to be utilized in raising trees for futre generations; the levying of this tax to be suspended in case private owners should wish to set aside their logged-off lands for the purpose of raising timber under state regulations; this timber to pay a cutting tax at the time it is cut.

The details of such a tax and the setting aside of logged-off lands for the raising of timber by private owners are matters that can be worked out; the interests of the people protected; the revenue which the timber and lumber interests should rightfully pay the state provided, but collected in such a manner as will help conserve our forests instead of encouraging owners to cut and waste them, as under our present system of taxation. I am firmly of the opinion that if our forests are to be conserved and new forests grown, the first step necessary is the revision or evolutionizing of our system of taxation.

The following table shows a list of trees under observation, with age, diameter, and estimated number of feet, upon which data the accompanying article is based:

| | Diameter on Stump (Inches) | Estimated No. of |
|---|---|---|
| **Red Fir.** | | |
| 83 | 26 | 1200 |
| 40 | 24 | 1000 |
| 40 | 21 | 700 |
| 40 | 20 | 650 |
| 40 | 15 | 200 |
| 40 | 19 | 500 |
| 40 | 18 | 400 |
| 40 | 16 | 250 |
| 40 | 13 | 150 |
| 40 | 15 | 200 |
| 40 | 14 | 175 |
| 40 | 18 | 400 |
| 40 | 23 | 900 |
| 40 | 24 | 1000 |
| 40 | 22 | 800 |
| 40 | 18 | 400 |
| 40 | 20 | 650 |
| 40 | 13 | 150 |
| 40 | 15 | 200 |
| 40 | 15 | 200 |
| 40 | 12 | 100 |
| 40 | 13 | 150 |
| 40 | 14 | 175 |
| 40 | 16 | 250 |
| 40 | 12 | 100 |
| 120 | 32 | 2400 |
| 122 | 31 | 2000 |
| 120 | 26 | 1200 |
| 120 | 30 | 1800 |
| 105 | 28 | 1500 |
| 136 | 44 | 4500 |
| 123 | 28 | 1500 |
| 124 | 30 | 1800 |
| 74 | 18 | 400 |
| 125 | 28 | 1500 |
| 118 | 28 | 1500 |
| 130 | 50 | 7000 |
| 135 | 52 | 7500 |
| 140 | 52 | 7500 |
| 135 | 44 | 4500 |
| 105 | 26 | 1200 |
| 125 | 31 | 2000 |
| 125 | 32 | 2400 |
| 123 | 36 | 3000 |
| 85 | 18 | 400 |
| 120 | 24 | 1000 |
| 125 | 25 | 1100 |
| 90 | 20 | 650 |
| 125 | 30 | 1800 |
| 133 | 32 | 2400 |
| 143 | 42 | 4250 |
| 90 | 20 | 650 |
| 102 | 20 | 650 |
| 85 | 22 | 800 |
| 80 | 18 | 400 |
| 112 | 22 | 800 |
| **Hemlock.** | | |
| 40 | 19 | 500 |
| 40 | 18 | 400 |
| 40 | 17 | 325 |
| 40 | 21 | 700 |
| 40 | 23 | 900 |
| 40 | 22 | 800 |
| 40 | 25 | 1100 |
| 40 | 24 | 1000 |
| 40 | 19 | 500 |
| 105 | 30 | 1800 |
| 90 | 36 | 3300 |
| 92 | 30 | 1800 |
| 96 | 32 | 2400 |
| 105 | 34 | 2800 |
| **Yellow Fir.** | | |
| 490 | 82 | .... |
| 410 | 84 | .... |

My conclusions regarding the growth of timber are as follows:

Red fir will attain an average diameter of 16 to 18 inches in 40 years; hemlock a diameter of 18 to 20 inches in the same length of time. The growth of the timber examined by me is about two inches in diameter during the past 10 years for trees 40 to 50 years old, and one inch in diameter for trees 125 to 250 years old. The growth on trees 400 years old is hard to read without a glass.—The Timberman.

**Taft for Fighting Navy.**

Norfolk, Va., Nov. 22.—"The navy should not only be worth securing, but should be able to fight." President Taft aroused enthusiasm today by making this statement in an address before the Atlantic Deeper-Waterways association convention. The president declared Hampton Roads and Chesapeake Bay should be protected by an island fort erected midway between the Virginia capes. Mr. Taft regarded the Norfolk navy yard as probably the most important base in the country and Hampton Roads as the greatest point of naval rendezvous.

**Has Rate Bill in View.**

Kansas City, Mo., Nov. 22.—Modification of the interstate commerce act to obtain reasonable bases of rates to all and fairness of practices in the operation of interstate railways was suggested by Attorney General George W. Wickersham in an address tonight at the annual banquet of the Commercial club, given in commemoration of the signing of the John Day commercial treaty. Mr. Wickersham responded to the toast, "The Interstate Commerce Commission."

# The Redemption of David Corson

By CHARLES FREDERIC GOSS

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CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

He did not dare communicate this story even to his sister; for if she knew nothing he feared to poison her existence by telling her, and if she knew all he had not the courage to listen to the sequel. Perhaps no other experience in life produces a more profound shock than a discovery like that upon which David had so suddenly stumbled. It leads to despair or to melancholy, and many a life of highest promise has been suddenly wrecked by it. While he brooded over this mystery the days slipped past the young mystic almost unnoted; he wandered about the farm, passing from one fit of abstraction into another, doing nothing, saying nothing, thinking everything.

He tried to look forward to the future with hope. But how can a man hope for harvests, when all his seed corn has been destroyed? If his father was bad, what hope was there that he could be better?

He made innumerable resolves to take up the duties of life where he had laid them down, but they were all like birds which die in the nest where they are born.

Pepeeta was drawing him irresistibly to herself; he was like a man in the outer circle of a vortex, of which she was the center. The touch of her soft hand which he could still feel, the farewell glance of eyes which still glowed before his imagination, attracted him like a powerful magnet. It was true that he did not know where she was; but he felt that he could find her in the uttermost parts of the earth by yielding himself to the impulse which had awakened in his heart.

"A dark veil of mystery hangs over my past. My present is full of misery and unrest. I will see if the future has any joys in store for me," he said to himself at the close of one of his restless days.

Without so much as a word of farewell, he crept out of the house in the gathering dusk, and started in pursuit of the bright object that floated like a will-o'-the-wisp before his inner eye.

A feeling of exultation and relief seized him as he left the place made dark and dreadful by the memory of that tragic scene through which he had so recently passed; the quiet of the evening soothed his perturbed spirits, and the tranquil stars looked down upon him with eyes that twinkled as if in sympathy.

CHAPTER VII.

Although David did not know the exact route the quack had laid out for his journey, he was certain that it would be easy enough to trace him in that sparsely-settled region, and so he turned his face in the direction in which the equipage vanished when he watched it from the barn.

It was not until the light of morning struggled through this universal gloom that the weary and bedraggled traveler entered the outskirts of the then straggling but growing and busy village of Hamilton. Tired in body and benumbed in mind, he made his way to the hotel, conscious only of his desire and determination to look once more upon the face of the woman whose image was so indelibly impressed upon his mind.

Approaching the desk he nervously asked if the doctor was among the guests, flushed at the answer, demanded a room, ascended the steep staircase, and was soon in bed and asleep. Fatigued by his long tramp, he did not awaken until after noon, and then, having bathed, dressed and broken his long fast, he knocked at the door of the room occupied by the doctor and his wife.

There was a quick but gentle step in answer to his summons, and at the music of that footfall his heart beat tumultuously. The door opened, and before him stood the woman who had brought about this mysterious train of events in his life.

She started back as she saw him, with an involuntary and timid motion, but so great was her surprise and joy that she could not control her speech or action sufficiently to greet him.

"Who is is there?" cried the doctor, in his loud, imperative voice.

"Mr. Corson," she answered, in tones that were scarcely audible.

"Corson? Who is Corson, and what does he want?" he asked, rising and approaching the door.

The instant his eyes fell on the countenance of the Quaker, he threw up both hands and uttered a prolonged whistle of astonishment.

"The preacher!" he exclaimed. "The lost is found. The p-p-prodigal has returned. Come in, and let us k-k-kill the fatted calf!"

Coarse as the welcome was, it was full of sincerity, and its heartiness was like balm to the wounded spirit of the youth. He grasped the extended hand and permitted himself to be drawn into the room.

Pepeeta, who had recovered from the first shock of surprise and delight, came forward and greeted him with a shy reserve. She gave him her hand, and its gentle touch reanimated his soul. She smiled at him—a gracious smile, and its light illumined the darkness of his heart. His sadness vanished. He once more felt an emotion of joy.

The excitement of their meeting having subsided they seated themselves, David in an easy chair, the doctor on the broad couch, and Pepeeta on a little ottoman at his feet. Vivid green curtains partially obscured the bright sunshine which beat upon the windows. The wall-paper was cheap, vulgar, faded. On the floor was an old ingrain carpet full of patches and spattered with ink stains. A blue-bottle fly whizzed and butted his head against the walls, and through the open casement hummed the traffic of the busy little town.

Nothing could have been more expressive of triumph and delight than the face of the quack. Whenever his feelings were particularly bland and expansive, he had a way of taking the ends of his enormous moustache and twirling them between his spatulate thumbs and fingers. He did this now, and twisted them until the coarse hairs could be heard grating against each other.

"Well, well!" he said, "so you could not resist the temptation? Ha! ha! ha! No wonder! It's not every young fellow behind the p-p-plow-tail that has a fortune thrust under his nose. Shows your good sense. I was right. I always am. I knew you were too bright a man to hide your light under a half b-b-bushel of a village like that. In those seven-by-nine towns, all the sap dries out of men, and before they are 40 they begin to rattle around like peas in' a p-p-uod. In such places young men are never anything but milk sops, and old men anything but b-b-bald-headed infants! You needed to see the world, young man. You required a teacher. You have put yourself into good hands, and if you stay with me you shall wear d-d-diamonds."

"Whatever the results may be, I have determined to make the experiment," said David, shrugging his shoulders.

"Right you are. But what b-brought you round? You were as stiff as a ramrod when I left you."

"Circumstances over which I had no control, and which I want to forget as soon as possible. My old life has ended and I have come to seek a new one."

"A new life? That's good. Well—we will show it to you, P-P-Pepeeta and I! We will show you."

"The sooner the better. What am I to do?"

"Not so fast! There are times when it is better to g-g-go slow, as the snail said to the lightning. We must make a b-b-bargain."

"Do as you please. All I ask is a chance to put my foot upon the first round of the ladder and if I do not get to the top, I shall not hold you responsible," David replied, dropping the "thees" of his Quaker life, in his determination to divest himself of all its customs as rapidly as he could.

"Hi! hi! There's fire in the flint! Good thing. You take me on the right side, D-D-Davy. I'll do the square thing by you—see if I d-d-don't. Let's have a drink. Bring the bottle, Pepeeta!"

She went to the mantel and returned with a flask and two glasses. The quack filled them both and passed one to David. It was the first time in his life that he had ever even smelt an intoxicant. He recoiled a little; but having committed himself to his new life, he determined to accep all that it involved. He lifted the fiery potion to his lips, and drank.

"Hot, is it, my son?" cried the doctor, laughing uproariously at his wry face. "You Quakers drink too much water! Freezes inside of you and t-t-turns you into what you might call two-p-p-pronged icicles. Give me men with red blood in their veins! And there's nothing makes b-b-blood red like strong liquors!"

The whisky revived the courage and loosened the tongue of the youth. The repugnance which he had instinctively felt for the vulgar quack began to mellow into admiration. He asked and answered many questions.

"What part am I to take in this business?" he asked.

"What part are you to take in the business? That's good. 'Never put off till to-morrow what you can d-d-do to-day.' 'Business first and then pleasure.' 'The soul of business is dispatch.' These are good mottoes, my lad. I learned them from the wise men; but if I had not learned them, I should have invented them. What's your p-p-part of the business, says you; listen! You are to be its m-m-mouthpiece. That tongue of yours must wag like the tail of a d-d-dog; turn like a weather-vane; hiss like a serpent, drip with honey and poison, be tipped with p-p-persuasion; tell ten thousand tales, and every tale must sell a bottle of p-p-panacea!"

He paused, and looked rapturously upon the face of his pupil.

"This panacea—has it merits? Will it really cure?" asked David.

The doctor laughed long and loud.

"Has it merits? Will it really cure? Ho! ho! 'Is thy bite good for the b-b-bachache?' said the sick mouse to the cat. What difference does it make whether it will cure or not? Success in b-b-business is not based upon the quality of the m-m-merchandise, my son."

"Upon what, then?" said David.

"Upon the follies, the weaknesses and the p-p-passions of mankind! Since time began, a 'universal panacea' has been a sure source of wealth. It makes no difference what the panacea is, if you only have the b-b-brains to fool the people. There are only two kinds of people in the world, my son—the fools and f-f-fooleis!"

Even whisky could not make David listen to this cold-blooded avowal without a shudder. The keen eye of the quack detected it; but instead of adulterating his philosophy, he doubled his dose.

"Shocks you, does it? You will g-g-get over that. We are not angels! We are only men. Remember what old Jack Falstaff said? 'If Adam fell in a state of innocency, what shall I d-d-do in a state of villainy?'"

The boldness of the man and the radicalness of his philosophy dazzled and fascinated the inexperienced youth. This was what the astute and unscrupulous instructor expected, and he determined to pursue his advantage and effect, if possible, the complete corruption of his pupil in a single lesson; and so he continued:

"Got to live, my son! Self-p-p-preservation is the first law, and so we must imitate the rest of the b-b-brute creation, and live off of each other! The big ones must feed upon the little and the strong upon the weak. 'Every man for himself!' That's my religion."

"You may be right," said David, "but I cannot say that I take to it kindly. I do not see how a man can practice this cruelty and injustice without suffering."

"Suffering! Idea of suffering is greatly exaggerated. Ever watch a t-t-toad that was being swallowed by a snake? Looks as if he positively enjoyed it. It's his mission. Born to be eaten! If there was as much pain in the world as p-p-people say, do you think anybody could endure it! Isn't the d-d-door always open? Can't a man quit when he wants to? Suffering! Pshaw! Do I look as if I suffered? Does Pepeeta look as if she suffered? And yet she b-b-bamboobles them worse than I do. Back in your own little t-t-town she caught some of your long-faced old Quakers, b-b-big fellows with broad-brimmed hats, drab coats and ox eyes, regular meetin'-goers! And there was that little d-d-dove-eyed girl. What was it she wanted to know, P-P-Pepeeta? Tell him. Ha! ha! Tell him and we will see him b-b-blush."

"She asked me if her father was going to send her to Phialadelphia this winter," she answered, without lifting her eyes.

"Why don't you tell me what she asked you 'bout D-D-Davy?"

"It is time for us to go to supper or we shall be late," she replied, laying aside her work and rising.

"Sure enough!" cried the doctor, springing to his feet. "The Q-Q-Quaker has knocked everything out of my head. Come on!"

He rose and began bustling about the room. When Pepeeta glanced up from her work she saw in David's eye a grateful appreciation of her courtesy and tact, and his look filled her with a new happiness.

The disgust awakened in the Quaker's mind by the coarseness of the quack was more than offset by the beauty and grace of the gypsy. When he looked at her, when he was even conscious of her presence, he felt a happiness which compensated for all that he had suffered or lost. He did not stop to ask what its nature was. He had cast discretion to the winds. He had in these few hours since his departure broken so utterly with the past that he was like a man who had been suddenly awakened from a long lapse of memory. His old life was as if it had never been. He felt himself to be in a vacuum, where all his ideas must be newly created. This epoch of his experience was superimposed upon the other like a different geological formation. Like the old monks in their cells, he was deliberately trying to erase from the parchment of his soul all that had been previously written, in order that he might begin a new life history.

(To be continued.)

**The Disadvantages of Chinese.**

A Chinaman was called as a witness in the police court of Los Angeles in the case of a driver who had run over a dog. The judge asked him what time it was when he saw the man run over the dog. The conversation is reported by a writer in Lippincott's Magazine.

"Me no sabe," replied the witness.

"I say," repeated the judge, "what time was it when you saw this man run over the dog?"

"Me no sabe," repeated John, smiling blankly.

"We shall have to have an interpreter," commented his honor, as he realized that the witness did not understand English; and accordingly another Chinaman was haled into court to act as interpreter. "Ask the witness," commanded the judge, "when he saw this man run over the dog."

The interpreter turned to his fellow countryman and said, "We chung lo, ho me choo lung wow, e-ho me no chow chee, loo know so-loo bing gong tong yit ben."

To which the witness replied, "Wong lin kee, wo hoo, wing chong lung yue lee, kin sing, choy yoke coey ying lung ding wah, sling suey way san yick ding toy bing coey bow tsue, po tong po gou hung mow kim quong yuen lee chow yo ben tong."

The interpreter then turned to the judge and said, "Him say 'Two o'clock.'"

**At the Beach.**

"Could you love me, and me alone?"

"Why, what a foolish question, Jack."

"Pardon my doubts."

"Could I love you alone? Aren't you the only man here?"—Washington Herald.

**The Toll.**

"Where are you going to spend your vacation?"

"I'm not going to."

"Huh?"

"I just earn my vacation—my family spends it."—Cleveland Leader.

**His Line.**

Bink—I don't like the looks of that chap. He has shifting eyes.

Wink—He can't help that. He is a scenery shifter down at the show.

**Poor Fellow.**

"Yes, I engaged her on her looks. My husband can't bear plain people about him."

You may reform a hardened old reprobate, but a fool or a saint is a hopeless proposition.