OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

ORCHARDS BRING FAME.

National Apple Show Gives Supremacy to Rogue River Valley.

Medford—Medford and the Rogue river valley are rejoicing over the showing made at the National Apple show, when the sweepstake prize was awarded Tronson & Guthrie on a car of Spitzenbergs.

The awarding of this prize to the Rogue river valley is a great victory for the fruit growers and will bring the recognition to which the district is entitled as the greatest fruit growing section in the world.

The prize winning apples came from an orchard about 20 years old, bought four years ago from J. H. Daley by Tronson & Guthrie for $11,000. The place consists of 100 acres.

Winning of the title apple king of the world will create a demand for Rogue river valley fruit, and it will be the fashion in all eastern markets, where fruit is purchased for quality, regardless of price, to demand the Medford brand.

Medford will now forge ahead by leaps and bounds in the fruit business. Hundreds of acres of land will be set to fruit, and men who have looked askance at the future of the industry are planning to secure some of the profits which seem to be in store in this valley.

Christmas Programs in the Schools.

The Oregon library commission has made a collection of material suitable for Christmas programs in the schools. This consists of recitations, dialogues and plays, suitable for the season. Most of them are not in books, but are mounted on sheets or made into pamphlets and can easily be mailed. The commission has made an effort to collect the very best material available for school room programs, and is anxious that the teachers in the state make use of it. Any school in Oregon may obtain this material upon application to the commission, accompanied by five cents in postage. If more postage is required, notification will be sent when the pieces are mailed. In sending in applications it will be necessary to state how many pupils are to take part, age of pupils and whether plays or dialogues are to be included. It is suggested that teachers have their pupils copy their individual parts and return the material as soon as convenient, so that as many schools as possible may have the benefit of the Christmas collection. Address Oregon Library Commission, Salem, Oregon.

Will Have Good Roads.

Forest Grove—A movement was inaugurated in this city at the instigation of the county court to build permanent rock roads. Heretofore it has been impossible to secure good roads except at prohibitive prices. County Judge Goodin stated the Oregon Iron & Steel company of Portland had offered the county the right to quarry rock at their quarry near Beaverton gratis, and that the Southern Pacific would haul it at 25 cents a ton. The scheme of the court is to install a crusher at the quarry for permanent use. Crushed rock can be delivered to the Base Line road at one-half the present cost, or at $1 a cubic yard.

Hood River May Be Surpasesd.

Portland — The cranberry marshes along the lower Columbia river grow the largest and best keeping fruit, and in yield per acre are not surpassed anywhere in the world. This industry, though yet in its infancy on this coast, has already reached results that show beyond a reasonable doubt that this is to be the most profitable of all lines of fruit culture. The exhibit of cranberries shown the past week at J. K. Gill's book store was a revelation to all who saw it, and it proves convincingly that we can grow unusually fine berries and in quantities that make their culture exceedingly profitable.

Sells Wheat at 99 Cents.

Baker City—The largest wheat deal made in this section of the state has just been consummated by the Balfour-Guthrie company, which purchased the holdings of the Oregon Mill & Grain company, whose elevator was destroyed by fire. The deal involved 60,000 bushels of wheat, and the price was 99 cents per bushel on board the cars at Portland. This deal is taken to mean that the mill people will not rebuild this year.

Wallowa Ships Stock.

Wallowa—Extensive stock shipments have been made from this county within the past week, 21 cars of cattle and nine cars of hogs having been shipped to the Portland and Seattle markets. A car of hogs belonging to C. H. Allen contained 95 porkers, which averaged 252 pounds each, while four of the best ones tipped the scales at 1,842 pounds, an average weight of 460½ pounds. Mr. Allen received $8.10 per hundred for his hogs in Portland.

Banners to Advertise Apples.

Hood River—A solid train of apples is being loaded at the Hood River Apple Growers' union warerooms in refrigerator cars and will go forward to New York, being a portion of the apples secured of the union by Steinhart & Kelley. Large banners have been printed and are tacked the full length of the cars, announcing the fact that the apples are from Hood River.

Roseburg Wants More Paving.

Roseburg—Roseburg citizens are going to petition the city council for another bond issue for more paving. Forty thousand dollars is being asked for this time, against $35,000 spent this year, meaning more than twice the amount of paving next year.

Strawberries at Medford.

Medford—A. H. Miller has just brought to Medford four crates of as fine strawberries as have been shown this season. These are probably the last to be gathered this year.

CAR FAMINE FELT.

Shipments From Union Are Tied Up by Shortage.

Union—Car shortage has temporarily stopped shipping from Union.

Refrigerator and box cars cannot be secured and several carloads of apples are being held in storage.

The flouring mill of this city will shut down soon, as their storage capacity is taxed to the limit, and several cars will have to be shipped before grinding can be resumed.

The planing mills shipped several carloads of lumber in open cars, but the rain and snow has made it impossible to handle dressed lumber in other than closed cars.

Several carloads of baled hay are in storage awaiting cars. A loss of thousands of dollars to the shippers of the Grande Ronde valley is growing because of the scarcity.

Another Victory for Hill Route.

Portland—Dispatches were received from Washington, D. C., announcing that the general land office has rejected the Deschutes Railroad company's maps for section 5, wherever they conflict with those of the Central Oregon railroad. According to C. H. Carey, attorney for the Oregon Trunk and the Central Oregon, the action of the land office is on an appeal from a former decision of the land department to the same effect. The section of the route referred to is in the upper part of the Deschutes country and is believed to lie between the mouth of White river and Trout creek.

Appropriations Not for Salaries.

Salem—In an opinion rendered recently, Attorney General Crawford has held that the appropriations made for the several experiment stations in different parts of the state by the legislature last winter are not available for the salaries of professors of the Oregon Agricultural college even while engaged in supervising the work at the stations. The money can be used only in promoting the work of the station. The opinion was asked by the college.

Farm Brings Top Price.

Lakeview—J. D. Heryford has bought 160 acres of land from H. C. Fleming, for $20,000. Mr. Heryford is a stockman, one of the earliest settlers here, who never awakened to the agricultural and horticultural resources of the country until a recent date. The Fleming farm is said to be one of the best farms in this section. It has an individual water right. On the place there are about 500 full bearing fruit trees.

Utah Invites Oregon Educators.

Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis—The home economics department of the Utah Agricultural college has invited the teachers of home economics in the intermountain and west coast region to meet in Logan, Utah, February 4 and 5, to study the state problem of work in the high schools. Dean Greer, department of domestic science and art, O. A. C., has been invited to open the discussion.

Elgin Ships Apples.

Elgin.—The first full carload of apples to be sent out of Elgin has just been shipped to southern Idaho towns. This is the beginning of the movement of apples. These shipments come from the old orchards in bearing. There are many acres of orchard planted, but it will be about three years before Elgin as a locality will put forth claims as a producer of the king of fruit in large quantities.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Bluestem, $1.09; club, 99c; red Russian, 96½c; Valley, $1; Turkey red, $1.02; 40-fold, $1.02.

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

Corn—Whole, $33.50; cracked, $34.50

Oats—No. 1 white, $30@30.50

Hay—Timothy, Willamette Valley, $15@19 per ton; Eastern Oregon, $18@20; alfalfa, $16@16.50; clover, $15; cheat, $14@15.50; grain hay, $15@16.

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, 32@38c per dozen.

Poultry—Hens, 14@14½c; springs, 14@14½c; roosters, 9@10c; ducks, 14½c; geese, 10½c; turkeys, live, 17½@18c; dressed, 20@23c.

Pork—Fancy, 10c per pound.

Veal—Extras, 11c per pound.

Fresh Fruits—Apples, $1@3 box; pears, $1@1.50 per box; grapes, 75c@$1.40 per crate, 12½@15c per basket; Spanish Malaga, $7.50 per barrel; quinces, $1.25@1.50 per box; cranberries, $9@9.50 per barrel; persimmons, $1.50 per box.

Potatoes—Oregon, 60@70c per sack; sweet potatoes, 1¾c per pound.

Vegetables — Artichokes, 75c per dozen; beans, 10c per pound; cabbage, ¾@1c; cauliflower, 90c@$1.25 per doz.; celery, 50@85c; eggplant, $1.75 per box; horseradish, 9@10c per dozen; hothouse lettuce, $1@1.25 per box; pumpkins, 1@1½c; sprouts, 8c per lb.; squash, $1@1.10; tomatoes, 75c@$1; turnips, 75c@$1 per sack; carrots, $1; beets, $1.25; rutabagas, $1.10 per sack; parsnips, $1.25; onions, Oregon, $1.25@1.50 per sack.

Cattle—Best steers, $4.50@4.65; fair to good, $4@4.25; medium and feeders, $3.50@3.75; best cows, $3.50@3.75; medium, $3@3.25; common 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, $8@8.10; medium, $7.50@7.85; 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.

Hops—1909 crop, 18@22c; 1908 crop, nominal; 1907 crop, 12c; 1906 crop, 8c.

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

COAST EXTENSION SANCTIONED.

Construction of 1500 Miles of Roadway Will Soon Be under Way.

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 29.—The directors of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway company have decided that it will soon become necessary to extend that road to the Pacific coast in order that it may continue to be a strong competitor of the St. Paul and the Burlington roads.

With this end in view the company is preparing to issue approximately $30,000,000 worth of new stock, which is in the ratio of one to four of outstanding stock.

This proposition has already been submitted to the proper authorities of the several states which require state authority for the issuance of the new railroad securities. This authority has not yet been given by any one of the three states to which the proposition has been submitted, which fact may account for the denial which the officials of the company make regarding the proposed stock issue.

It is also known, although not admitted by the company's officials, that an approval has been given for construction of at least 1500 miles of road to be completed within the next two or three years. It is known through western senators that the company has completed and approved surveys of lines to three important Pacific coast points—namely, Portland, Seattle and San Francisco.

In connection with the proposed issue of new stock, it is remembered that the St. Paul's first move toward the Pacific coast extension was the issuing of exactly the same amount of new stock.

RIVER SAFE FROM NIGHT ATTACK

Moving Target Punctured in Gloom 12 Out of 16 Times.

Fort Stevens, Or., Nov. 29.—The efficiency of artillery practice at night was tested thoroughly last night by the Thirty-third company, commanded by Captain Willis, of the Coast Artillery corps. This is the first year that night firing at a moving target has been tried in the United States army, and the first time it has been tried at Fort Stevens. Three preliminary shots were fired for the purpose of testing firing conditions. Immediately afterward 16 record shots were fired, 12 of which tore through the target. This result is thought to be the best attained since night practice has been in vogue in the United States army.

The target fired at was a rectangular canvas figure six feet by twelve. It proved a dim object to fire at, with only the uncertain gleam of a searchlight following its rapid movement through the water.

Government boats and searchlights from both sides of the river guarded against the possibility of commercial vessels entering the field of fire during the practice. Many spectators saw the display, which demonstrated the effectiveness of the Columbia river defense.

W. A. CLARK IS ANTI-TRUST.

Prefers, Himself, to Work as Individual, Says ex-Senator.

New York, Nov. 27.—"Too much coming in, and not enough going out; European consumption of copper is not keeping pace with American production," said ex-Senator William A. Clark today, as he stepped from the gangway of the inbound steamer Mauretania. "It is true, copper is selling too low, but overproduction is responsible. The normal price should be 15 cents; 13-cent copper is too cheap."

Informed of the recent decision against the Standard Oil company, Senator Clark said:

"I'm not surprised. I never believed in large corporate aggregations of capital, and for myself I have always preferred to work as an individual."

Women May Be Smugglers.

Boston, Nov. 29.—In the arrest here today, at the request of the federal officials of New York, of Miss Mary S. Moore and Miss Isabella Holland, of this city, dealers in women's underwear, the government authorities believe they have materially assisted in the investigation of illegal importations from France. The women were charged jointly with Robert Schwartz, Philip A. Philipson and Thomas Murphy, who were arrested two months ago, with conspiracy to defraud the government by evading duty. The women were held in default of $8000 bail.

Japan Publishes Factory Laws.

Tokio, Nov. 27.—With the view of meeting labor problems before they become complex, the government today published a new bill in connection with the factory laws. Under the statute, which goes into immediate effect, the employment of children under 12 years old is prohibited in factories. Women of any age and boys under 16 are prohibited from laboring at night, and no employe is allowed to work over 12 hours per day under any circumstances.

Oil Head Up for Perjury.

Austin, Tex., Nov. 29.—Henry Clay Pierce, of Kansas, oil magnate, will be tried here Wednesday for alleged false swearing. The case was continued last August, and relates to an affidavit filed by Mr. Pierce when the Rogers-Pierce company entered the state in 1900, after having been ousted for violation of the anti-trust laws. Attorneys for the state conferred today and declared that no continuance would be asked or granted by either side.

Mrs. Roosevelt Is Home.

New York, Nov. 26.—Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt and her daughter, Miss Ethel, returned today from Europe on the Koenigen Albert. Mrs. Roosevelt's stepdaughter, Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Robinson and Collector of the Port William Loeb, Jr., met them at the pier.

Hunter "Finishes" Chum.

Omaha, Neb., Nov. 29.—While hunting today, Wesley McBride, aged 16, according to his own version of the affair, accidentally shot his companion, Harry Long, aged 15, in the jaw, and then fired two shots into his head to "make a good job of it."

The Redemption of David Corson

By CHARLES FREDERIC GOSS

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CHAPTER VIII.

A little before dusk the three companions started upon their evening's business. The horses and carriage were waiting at the door and they mounted to their seats. David was embarrassed by the novelty of the situation, and Pepeeta by his presence; but the quack was in his highest spirits. He saluted the bystanders with easy familiarity, ostentatiously flung the hostler a coin, flourished his whip and excited universal admiration for his driving. During the turn which they took around the city for an advertisement, he indoctrinated his pupil with the principles of his art.

"People to-day are just what they were centuries ago. G-g-gull 'em just as easy. Make 'em think the moon is made of g-g-green cheese—way to catch larks is to p-p-pull the heavens down—extract sunbeams from c-c-cucumbers and all the rest! There's one master-weakness, Davy. They all think they are sick, or if they d-d-don't, you can make 'em!"

"What! Make a well man think he is sick?" the Quaker asked in astonishment.

"Sure! That's the secret of success. I can pick out the strongest man in the c-c-crowd and in five minutes have pains shooting through him like g-g-greased lightning. They are all like jumping-packs to the man that knows them. You watch me pull the string and you-you'll see them wig-wig-wiggle."

"It seems a pity to take advantage of such weakness in our fellow men," said David, whose heart began to suffer qualms as he contemplated this rascality in his own connection with it.

"Fellow men! They are no fellows of mind. They are nuts for me to c-c-crack. They are oysters for me to open!" responded the quack, as he drove gaily into the public square and checked the horses, who stood with their proud necks arched, champing their bits and looking around at the crowd as if they shared their master's contempt.

Pepeeta descended from the carriage and made her way hastily into the tent which had already been pitched for her. The doctor lighted his torch and set his stock of goods while David, obeying his directions, began to move among the people to study their habits. Elbowing his way here and there, he contemplated the crowd in the light of the quack's philosophy, and as he did so received a series of painful mental shocks.

"The first principle in the art of painting a picture is to know where to sit down;" in other words, everything depends upon the point of view. Now that David began to look for evidences of the weaknesses and follies of his fellow men, he saw them everywhere. For the first time in his life he observed that startling prevalence of animal types which always communicates such a shock to the mind of him who has never discovered it before. Every countenance suddenly seemed to be the face of a beast, but thinly and imperfectly veiled. There were foxes and tigers and wolves, there were bulldogs and monkeys and swine. He had always seen, or thought he saw, upon the foreheads of his fellow men some evidence of that divinity which had been communicated to them when God breathed into the great first father the breath of life; but now he shuddered at the sight of those thick lips and drooping jaws, those dull or crafty eyes, those sullen, sodden, gargoyle features, as men do at beholding monstrosities.

A few weeks ago he would have felt a profound pity at this discovery, but so rapid and radical had been the alteration in his feelings that he was now seized by a sudden revulsion and contempt. "Are these creatures really men?" he asked himself. He stood there among them taller, straighter, keener, handsomer than them all, and the old feelings that have made men aristocrats and tyrants in every age of the world, surged in his heart and hardened it against them.

By this time the quack had finished his few simple preparations, and, standing erect before his audience, began the business of the evening. Having observed the habits of the game, David now chose a favorable position to study those of the hunter. He watched with an almost breathless interest every expression upon that sinister face and listened with a boundless interest to every word that fell from those treacherous lips.

He was not long in justifying the quack's honest criticism of his own oratory. His voice lacked the vibrant tones of a musical instrument and his rhetoric that fluency, without which the highest efforts of eloquence can never be attined. By speaking very slowly and deliberately he avoided stammering, but this always acted like a dragging anchor upon the movement of his thought. These were radical defects, but in every other respect he was a consummate artist. He arrested the attention of his hearers with an inimitable skill and held it with an irresistible power.

His piercing eye noted every expression on the faces of his hearers, and seemed to read the inmost secrets of their hearts. He perceived the slightest inclination to purchase, and was as keen to see a hand steal towards a pocket-book as a cat to see a mouse steal out of its hole.

He coaxed, he wheedled, he bantered, he abused—he even threatened. He fulfilled his promise to the letter, "to make the well men think that they were sick," and many a stalwart frontiersman whose body was as sound as an ox, began to be conscious of racking pains. Nor were those legitimate arts of oratory the only ones which this arch-knave practiced.

"I gave you two dollars, and you only gave me change for one," cried a thin-faced, stoop-shouldered, helpless-looking fellow, who had just purchased a bottle of the "Balm of the Blessed Islands."

With lightning-like legerdemain the quack had shuffled this bill to the bottom of his pile, and lifting up the one that lay on top, exposed it to the view of his audience.

"That's a lie!" he said, in his slow, impressive manner. "There is always such a man as this in every crowd. Some one is always trying to take advantage of those who, like myself, are living for the public good. Gentlemen, you saw me lay the b-b-bill he gave me down upon the top! Here it is; judge for yourselves. That is a bad man! Beware of him!"

The bold effrontery of the quack silenced the timid customer, who could only blush and look confused. His blushes and confusion condemned him and the crowd hustled him away from the wagon. They believed him guilty and he half believed it of himself.

David, who had seen the bill and knew the victim's innocence but not the doctor's fraud, pressed forward to defend him. The quack stopped and silenced him with an inimitable wink, and then instantly and with consummate art diverted his audience with a series of droll stories which he always reserved for emergencies like this. They were old and thread-bare, but this was the reason he chose them. He had one for every circumstance and occasion.

There was a man standing in an outer circle of the crowd around whose forehead was a bandage. "Come here, my friend," said the quack. "How did you get this wound? Don't want to tell? Oh! well, that is natural. A horse kicked him, no doubt; never got in a row! No! No! Couldn't any one hit him! Reminds me of the man who saw a big black-and-blue spot on his boy's forehead. 'My son,' said he, 'I thought I told you not to fight? How did you get this wound?' 'I bit it, father,' replied the boy.

"'Bit it!' exclaimed the old man in astonishment, 'how could you bite yourself upon the forehead?'

"'I climbed onto a chair,' says he.

"And you have been climbing on a chair to bite your forehead, too, my friend?" he asked with humorous gravity, while a loud guffaw went up from the crowd.

"Well," he continued, soothingly, "whether you did it or not, just let me rub a little of this b-b-balm upon it, and by to-morrow morning it will be well. There! That's right. One dollar is all it costs. You don't want it? What the d-d-deuce did you let me open the bottle for? I'll leave it to the crowd if that is fair? There, that is right. Pay for it like a man. It's worth double its price. Thank you. By to-morrow noon you will b-b-be sending me a testimonial to its value."

The novelty of the scene, the skill of the principal actor, the rapid growth of the piles of coin and bills, the frantic desire of the people to be gulled, all served to obscure those elements which were calculated to appeal to the Quaker's conscience. He felt like one awakened from a dream. While he was still in the half dozed condition of such an awakening, the quack gave him a sign that this part of his lesson was ended, and following the direction of the thumb which he threw over his shoulder towards Pepeeta's tent, he eagerly took his way thither.

Before the door stood several groups of young men and maidens, talking under their bretath. Now and then a couple disentangled itself from the crowd, and with visible trepidation entered. As they reappeared, their friends gathered about them and besought them to disclose the secrets they had discovered.

Some of them giggled and simpered, others laughed boisterously and skeptically, while others still, looked scared and anxious. It was evident that even those who tried to make light of what they had seen and heard were moved by something awe-inspiring.

David listened to their silly talk, observed their bold demeanor and their vulgar manners, while the impression of weakness, of stupidity, of the lowness and bestiality of humanity made upon his mind by the aged and the mature, was intensified by his observation of the young and callow.

From the outside of the gypsy's tent he could make but few discoveries of her method; and he waited impatiently until the last curious couple had departed. When they had disappeared, he entered.

At the opposite side of the tent and reclining upon a low divan was the gypsy. Above her head a tallow candle was burning dimly. Before her was a rough table covered with a shawl, upon which were scattered cups of tea with floating grounds, ivory, dice, cards, coins and other implements of the "Black Art."

Pepeeta sprang to her feet when she saw who her visitor was, and exhibited the clearest signs of agitation. David's own emotions were not less violent, for although the gypsy's surroundings were poor and mean, they served rather to enhance than to diminish her exquisite beauty. Her shoulders and arms were bare, and on her wrists were gold bracelets of writhing serpents in whose eyes gleamed diamonds. On her fingers and in her ears were other costly stones. Her dress was silk, and rustled when she moved, with soft and sibilant sounds.

"The doctor has sent me here to study the methods by which you do your work," said David, approaching the table and gazing at her with undisguised admiration.

"You should have come before. How can you study my methods when I am not practicing them? And any way, you have no faith in them. Have you? I always had until I heard your sermon in the little meeting house."

"And have you lost it now?"

"It has been sadly shaken."

"You can at least show me how you practice the art, even if you have lost your faith in it. I too have lost a faith; but we must live. What are these cards for?"

"If you wish me to show you, you may shuffle and cut them, but I would rather tell your fortune by your hand, for I have more faith in palmistry than in cards."

He extended his hand; she took it, and with her right forefinger began to trace the lines. Her gaze had that intensity with which a little child peers into the mechanism of a watch or an astronomer into the depths of space. A thrill of emotion shot through the frame of the Quaker at the touch of those delicate and beautiful fingers.

Neither of them spoke. The delicate finger of the gypsy moved over the lines of the palm like that of a little school-girl over the pages of a primer. They did not realize how dangerous was that proximity, nor how fatal that touch. Through those two poles of Nature's most powerful battery, the magnetic and mysterious current of love was passing.

"Let me now examine the lines," she said. "Here is the line of the heart. It passes clear across the palm. It is well marked at every point and is most pronounced upon the upper side. But look! it is joined to the head below the finger of Saturn. It is the sign of a violent death!"

As she uttered this exclamation, she pressed the hand convulsively between her own, and looked up into his face. The involuntary and sudden action recalled him to his consciousness. "What did you say?" he asked.

"Have you not been listening?" she replied, repressing both her anxiety and her annoyance.

"No; was it a good story or a bad one which you were reading?"

"It was both."

"Well—it is no matter, those accidental marks can have no significance."

"Why should not the character and destiny of the man disclose itself in signs and marks upon his hands?"

As they stood confronting each other, they would have presented a study of equal interest to the artist or to the philosopher. There was both a poem and a picture in their attitude. Grace and beauty revealed themselves on every feature and in every movement. They had arrived at one of those dramatic points in their life-journey, where all the tragic elements of existence seem to converge. Agitated by incomprehensible and delicious emotions, confronting insoluble problems, longing, hoping, fearing, they hovered over the ocean of life like two tiny sparrows swept out to sea by a tempest.

They were awakened from their reveries by the footsteps of the quack, and by his raucous voice summoning them back into the world of realities from which they had withdrawn so completely.

"Well, little wife," he said, "how is b-b-business?"

"Fair," she said, gathering up a double hand-full of change and passing it over to him indifferently.

The question fell upon the ears of the Quaker like a thunder bolt. It was to him the first intimation that Pepeeta was not the daughter of the quack. "His wife!" The heart of the youth sank in his bosom. Here was a new and unexpected complication. What should he do? It was too late to turn back now. The die had been cast, and he must go forward.

(To be continued.)

Foxy Hiram.

"Well, now, if that ain't surprising!" ejaculated Mrs. Ryetop as she shaded her eyes with her hand. "There goes old Hiram Skinflint, and rather than step on a poor black ant he picked it up, and I bet he is going to drop it somewhere out of the reach of danger."

Her husband laughed knowingly. "Not Hiram Skinflint, Mandy. He'll go down to Jed Weatherby's general store and order a pound of granulated sugar. Then while Jed is looking another way he'll drop the ant among the grains and tell Jed as long as his sugar has ants in it he ought to sell it at half price. Like as not he'll try to get Jed to throw in two or three raisins and a yeastcake. Yeou don't know Hiram Skinflint."—Chicago News.

Expectation.

His Daughter—Father, I wish you'd stay home to-night. Mr. Slowboy will want to ask you for my hand.

Her Father—Has he really proposed at last?

His Daughter—No; but he will to-night.—Boston Globe.

A Farmer's Troubles.

"I dunno how to please these summer boarders."

"What's the matter, Si?"

"They're clamoring for the moss-covered bucket after I had fitted up the well with sterilized drinking cups instead."—Washington Herald.

Sure to Do It.

"He is such a lazy man that he took to manufacturing fans as the easiest way of making a living.

"The easiest way?"

"Sure. Isn't it certain to raise the wind?"—Baltimore American.

Help!

"I suppose the hired girl does all the heavy work in your house?"

"Not at all; my wife makes the pies and puddings."