

HAPPENINGS FROM AROUND OREGON

WET 65,000 ACRES.

Big Project in Baker County Only Waits for Settled Weather.

Baker City—With the opening of spring work will begin on the two reservoirs planned by the Powder Valley Irrigation company, the main reservoir being situated in the Thief river valley, located on the old Fisk and Gilbert ranches, seven miles east of North Powder and 20 miles north of Baker City. This reservoir will conserve 60,000 acre feet of water. The other reservoir, is to be situated about 30 miles northwest of Baker City, at the half way house on the Union stage line, near Sanger, and will conserve about 24,000 acre feet of water.

When completed, the entire system will irrigate about 65,000 acres of land, extending from the Miles bridge east to what is known as Table rock, or five miles east of Goose creek, on both sides of Powder river, covering a strip of fine land about 30 miles wide. The immensity of this irrigation scheme can hardly be realized, but the difference in the amount of hay, grain of all kinds, fruit and what not, that will be produced on these broad acres in the very near future, will tell the tale in the farmers' bank accounts.

IMPROVEMENTS ON O. R. & N

Coyote, Umatilla, May Be Division—Umatilla May Be Abandoned.

Pendleton—It now seems that the long pending Coyote-Echo cutoff on the O. R. & N. is to become a reality soon. Rumors are current here among railroad people that the sum of \$707,946.25 has been appropriated for that purpose. This, coming on the heels of the announcement that \$1,020,000 has been set aside for elimination of curves between Yakum and Pendleton, means that the O. R. & N. contemplates the expending of nearly \$2,000,000 on improvements in Umatilla and Morrow counties, as it is now understood that the big cutoff is to be made from Coyote to Echo, via Stanfield, that will eliminate 8.8 miles of present trackage. Coyote is to be made a terminal, as it is understood the order calls for terminal improvements, including a ten stall roundhouse. The general understanding is that, as far as the main line is concerned, Umatilla will cease to be a division point. It is a matter of speculation as to what route the cutoff will take, as engineers have surveyed three possible routes. As to the improvement between this city and Yakum, it is said the work will reduce the distance 1 1/2 miles. The maximum curvature will be about four degrees, while at present it is ten. The stretch of track at Horseshoe curve will be brought up to a standard roadbed.

Defective Lemons Destroyed.

Roseburg—California lemons covered with parasite, known as oyster shell scale, has been discovered in Roseburg by the fruit inspector. The lemons were shipped to a Portland commission firm. Acting on instructions from District Horticultural Commissioner Carson, Grants Pass, Inspector McCall had them destroyed. Carson stated that if California is going to continue to send such fruit into the state, Oregon will have to compel an inspection before sale. This is a condition already imposed by California on fruit shipped from Oregon.

To Get Motor Car Service.

Pendleton—A motor car is to be installed on the Oregon Railroad and Navigation company's line between Pendleton and Walla Walla to replace the steam service now connecting with the Portland trains. The motor is expected to arrive this month. A motor service has been in operation between Dayton and Walla Walla via Walla Walla for a month, and is reported as giving excellent satisfaction to patrons along the line.

Poultry Show at Woodburn.

Woodburn—The second annual exhibit of the Clackamas and Marion County Poultry association will be held here on February 3, 4, and 5. Many birds are being entered. H. C. Schellhaus of Vancouver, Wash., is superintending the show. The judge is Will B. Dixon of Oregon City. The secretary is Mrs. Ella Plank, of Woodburn.

Cosby Bay Men Adopt Slogan.

Marshfield—"Better fruit, more of it and better prices," was the slogan adopted by the Cosby Bay Fruit Growers association at the annual meeting. The organization will take steps toward securing a cannery to create a greater market. P. M. Hall Lewis was elected president.

Mill City Mill Operates.

Mill City—The large sawmill belonging to the Curtiss Lumber company in this city is again in operation after a forced lay off of several days, owing to the recent cold weather, and the large quantity of ice in the North Santiam river log pond.

Brick Building for Lebanon.

Lebanon—Samuel Labbe & Son have let the contract for a brick building, 44x100 feet, with full basement. The structure will be occupied by the firm as a furniture and hardware store.

Buyers Wallows Farm.

Joseph—S. M. Losier has purchased the G. C. Gowing farm of 120 acres, on Frairie creek, for \$7,175.

Burns will have a steam laundry; maybe a creamery.

MANY POTATOES ARE LOST.

Prolonged Cold Spell Prevents Digging the Crop.

Salem—From \$5,000 to \$7,000 worth of potatoes have been frozen in the ground in the vicinity of Salem since the recent prolonged cold spell began. Because of peculiar weather conditions it has been impossible to dig the potatoes this fall and probably more than half of the crop still remains in the ground and now the report comes from different localities that the potatoes in the ground have frozen. The earth in some districts is frozen to a depth of five inches.

The early fall began with heavy rains and the farmers were unable to take care of the potato crop. Following the continued rains came the cold spell, increasing in severity until the damage has followed. Some growers say that part of their crop that was dug was ruined while others are keeping fires in their potato houses all in the effort to save the crop that was gathered.

Potatoes are selling in Salem at 50 cents a bushel, but in view of the damage done growers confidently expect to get \$1.25 before the new crop comes in.

Irrigate 150,000 Acres.

Klamath Falls—The Warner Lake Irrigation company was recently incorporated with a capital stock of \$25,000, for the purpose of irrigating a large tract of land in Lake county under the Carey act. The officers of the company are: W. H. Bradford, president; E. C. Belknap, vice-president; and chief engineer; C. H. Gleim, secretary; H. B. Millard, assistant treasurer and manager. It is the intention of the company to reclaim approximately 150,000 acres. The Warner valley is a beautiful district of approximately 100 miles in length lying in the eastern part of Lake county. This valley is so sheltered by the mountains that it has a climate all its own; so different is the climate from the surrounding territory that the stock men have for years made a practice of wintering their sheep and cattle in this district.

Hood River Men Buy Oil Land.

Hood River—Twenty local capitalists of Hood River met and organized a syndicate to invest in Malheur county oil lands. The company will secure 3,200 acres of land in the southern part of the county. J. H. Hibbard left for Vale, Ore., where he will look after the location and interests of the company. C. L. Morse was elected president of the local company and A. T. Allen and J. H. Ferguson, secretary and treasurer, respectively.

Heating Plant at Asylum.

Salem—Bids advertised by the state for the construction of a central heating and ventilating plant for the asylum. The plans were accepted last week. The cost of the system as authorized by the legislature is \$55,000. Bids were advertised once before, but were rejected because none were within the estimate of the first plans adopted.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Track prices: Bluestem, \$1.21; club, \$1.11@1.12; Red Russian, \$1.10; Valley, \$1.08.

Barley—Feed and brewing, \$30@30.50 per ton.

Corn—Whole, \$35; cracked, \$36 ton. Oats—No. 1 white, \$32.50@33 ton. Hay—Track prices: Timothy; Willamette Valley, \$18@20 per ton; Eastern Oregon, \$19@22; alfalfa, \$17@18; clover, \$16@17; cheat \$16@17; grain hay, \$16@17.

Fresh Fruits—Apples, \$1@3 box; pears, \$1@1.50 per box; cranberries, \$9 per barrel.

Potatoes—Car load buying prices: Oregon, 65@85¢ per sack; sweet potatoes, 2¢ per pound.

Vegetables—Artichokes, \$1@1.25 per dozen; cabbage, \$2 per hundred; cauliflower, \$1.75 per doz.; celery \$3.50 per crate; garlic 10¢ pound; horseradish 2 1/2¢ per pound; pumpkins, 1 1/4¢@1 1/2¢; sprouts, 6¢@7¢; squash, 1¢@1 1/2¢; tomatoes, \$1.50@2.25 per box; turnips, \$1.50 per sack; carrots, \$1; beets, \$1.50; parsnips, \$1.50.

Onions—Oregon, \$1.50 per sack. Butter—City creamery extra, 39¢; fancy outside creamery, 34¢@35¢; store, 22 1/2¢@24¢. Butter fat prices average 1 1/2¢ per pound under regular butter prices.

Poultry—Hens, 16 1/2¢@17¢; springs, 18¢; ducks, 20¢; geese, 13¢; turkeys, live, 19¢@20¢; dressed, 22 1/2¢@23¢.

Eggs—Fresh Oregon extras, 39¢@40¢ per dozen; Eastern, 25¢@27 1/2¢ per doz. Cheese—Full cream twins, 18¢@18 1/2¢ per pound; young Americas, 19¢@19 1/2¢.

Pork—Fancy, 10¢@10 1/2¢ per pound. Veal—Extras, 11 1/2¢@12¢ per pound. Cattle—Best steers, \$4.75@4; fair to good, \$4.25@4.50; medium and feeders, \$3.50@4; cows, top, \$3.50@4.00; fair to good, \$3.00@3.50 common to medium, \$2.50@3.75; bulls, \$3.25@3.50; heavy, \$4.00@4.75.

Hogs—Best, \$8.75@9.05; medium, \$7.75@8.50; stockers, \$6.50@7.25. Sheep—Best wethers, \$5.50@6; fair to good, \$4.50@5.00; ewes, 1/2¢ less; yearlings, best, \$5.00@5.25; fair to good, \$4.50@4.75; lambs, \$6@6.25.

Hops—10 crop, 20¢@22¢; olds, nominal.

Wool—Eastern Oregon, 16¢@23¢ pound; mohair, choice, 25¢ pound. Hides—Dry hides, 18¢@18 1/2¢ per pound; dry kip, 18¢@18 1/2¢ per pound; dry calfskin, 19¢@21 1/2¢ per pound; salted hides, 10¢@10 1/2¢; salted calfskin, 15¢ per pound; green, 1¢ less.

COUNTERFEITERS' MINT FOUND.

Secret Service Officials Capture Three Men and Outfit.

San Francisco, Jan. 17.—The most complete coin counterfeiting outfit that has ever fallen into the hands of the federal authorities was captured here by secret service men this afternoon, and with it three men were arrested. The secret service men admit the seizure and arrests are of great importance and the result of concerted effort in following trails leading in many directions.

The plant was located in a lonely shack on the rocky summit of Bernal heights, the highest hill in the city, and was captured after a spectacular assault. Secret Service Operatives Harry Moffitt and J. M. Nye were on the case, and after definitely locating their quarry, they called City Detectives Reagan and O'Connell to their aid.

Last night the detectives on watch in the shrub-covered rocks saw four of the men they had marked enter the shack, but they were deterred in the hope that other members of the gang might come to cover.

They were disappointed in this, and late this afternoon Chief Operative Moffitt decided to act. Creeping on hands and knees the four officers approached the shack, and on signal made a rush, but the house was well barricaded, and they were compelled to batter an entrance with an ax. While they were breaking in the doors, one member of the gang escaped, making his way down a cliff on the brink of which the cabin stands.

The three men arrested gave their names as Michael Angelo, Samuel Di Cola and Samuel Arman. These are probably assumed names, and there is reason to believe that at least two of the prisoners are impostors. The officers examined the plant, which filled the little hut, and were astounded at its completeness and the mechanical excellence of the machinery. It was a miniature mint. They found almost perfect dies for every coin from 10 cents to \$10, and lathes, saws, stamps and other accessories of the finest workmanship.

The stamps are said to be of almost the same pattern as those used in the United States mints. The largest stamp was so massive it could not be carried into the Federal building. It is too powerful for hand operation, and probably fearing the noise of a motor or other power engine, the gang had devised and installed a complicated and ingenious system of lever and graduated weights, applied by a long steel beam. No coins or metal were found, for the raid was timed just before the plant was to have been placed in operation.

It is understood the crew followed by the secret service operatives began with the purchase of the big stamp, and has been followed for months. They refuse, however, to say where the stamp was bought.

"Coins from dies identical with those we have here," said one of the officers, "are now in circulation in the east, and may have been made with this machine. This gang is probably part of a country-wide organization."

COOK DESEITED AGAIN.

Explorer Gives New Address, but Ignorance All Telegrams Sent Him.

Copenhagen, Jan. 17.—Walter Lonsdale, Dr. Cook's secretary, and the last of the explorers' friends, has now lost confidence in the doctor. Lonsdale says the last letter from Cook was dated in a city in southern Spain, December 24. It gave another address to which Lonsdale could telegraph, and promised a long letter of detailed information. Lonsdale since has telegraphed several times to the address given, but received no reply, nor the promised letter. The solitary notebook sent the commission was received from Mrs. Cook December 21, from the same city in Spain. Lonsdale has no idea where Cook is now.

Lonsdale was private secretary to United States Minister Egan up to the time of the arrival here of Dr. Cook, with whom he then associated himself in a similar confidential capacity. He accompanied the explorer to the United States, made the typewritten duplicate of the polar records, and brought the data here for examination by the university committee. He has remained loyal to his employer until now, when, he says, he is beginning to doubt him. Lonsdale estimates that Cook cleared \$50,000 from the exploitation of his Arctic reputation.

Insane After Trip to North.

Cleveland, Jan. 17.—Dr. Frederick A. Cook's story of the discovery of the earth's apex was the result of polar insanity, according to Rev. B. E. Rowe, Episcopal bishop of Alaska. Bishop Rowe said that both Cook's remarkable story and Commander Peary's frame of mind upon hearing that story, readily can be attributed to the loneliness, the grayness and the silence of the north. "All men come from the polar circle with their nerves shattered," said the bishop, "and in Alaska we send home 50 men annually after the long winter, their minds completely wrecked."

New York Snowed Under.

New York, Jan. 17.—Nine lives were lost and six persons were injured in one of the worst storms that ever visited New York City. The total snowfall at 10 o'clock today, when the skies cleared, was 14 1/2 inches, second only to the storm of 1899, when 15 1/2 inches fell, and of 1888, in which year Roscoe Conkling lost his life, when 20.9 inches fell. Eighteen thousand men have been put to work clearing the streets, in order that traffic may be resumed.

Gallagher Seen in Rome.

San Francisco, Jan. 17.—According to a private letter received in this city, ex-Supervisor James L. Gallagher, the star witness in the Calhoun case, for whom a warrant has been issued, was recently seen in Rome.

The Redemption of David Corson

By CHARLES FREDERIC GOSS

Copyright, 1900, by The Bowen-Merrill Company.

All Rights Reserved

CHAPTER XV.

During several months of loneliness and sorrow a great change had been taking place in the mind of Pepeeta, of which she was only vaguely conscious. The strain which she had been undergoing began at last to exhaust her physically.

Her vital force became depleted, her step grew feeble, the light died out of her eyes, she drooped and crept feebly about her room. The determination which she had so resolutely maintained to live apart slowly ebbed away. She was, after all, a woman, not a disembodied spirit, and her woman's heart yearned unquenchably for the touch of her lover's hand, for the kisses of his lips, for the comfort of his presence.

This longing increased with every passing hour. Fatigue, weariness, loneliness, steadily undermined her still struggling resistance to those hungerings which never left her, till at last, when the falling resources of her nature were at their lowest point, all her remaining strength was concentrated into a single passionate desire to look once more upon the face which glowed forever before her inner eye, or at least to discover what had befallen in his sin and wretchedness.

It was a long and tedious journey from New Orleans to Cincinnati in those days, and it told terribly upon the weak constitution of the wayfarer. Her heart beat too violently in her bosom; a fierce fever began to burn in her veins; she trembled with terror lest her strength fail her before she reached her journey's end. It was not of death itself that she was afraid; but that she should overtake her before she had seen her lover!

Husbanding her strength as shipwrecked sailors save their bread and water, she counted the days and the miles to the journey's end, and having arrived at the wharf of the Queen City, the pale young traveler who had excited the compassion of the passengers, but who would neither communicate the secret of her sorrow nor accept of any aid, took her little bundle in her thin hand and started off on the last stage of her weary pilgrimage. It was the hardest of all, for her money was exhausted and there was nothing for her to do but walk.

It was a cold December day. Gray clouds lowered, wintry winds began to moan, and she had proceeded but a little way when light flakes of snow began to fall. The chill penetrated her thin clothing and shook her fragile form. She moved more like a wraith than a living woman. Her tired feet left such slight impressions in the snow that the feathery flakes obliterated one almost before she had made another, and she was haunted by the thought that every trace of her passage through life was thus to disappear!

Ignorant of the distance or the exact direction, and stopping occasionally to inquire the way, she plodded on, the exhaustion of hunger and weariness becoming more and more unendurable. All that she did now was done by the sheer force of will; but yield she would not. She would die cheerfully when she had attained her object, but not before. The winds became more wild and boisterous; they loosened and tossed her black hair about her wan face; they beat against her person and drove her back. Every step seemed the last one possible; but suddenly, just as she descended the slope of a steep hill, she saw the twinkling lights of the village and the feeble rays shot new courage into her heart. Under this accession of power she pushed forward and made her way toward the old Quaker homestead.

The night had now deepened around her; but every foot of the landscape had been indelibly impressed upon her memory, and even in the gathering gloom she chose the road unerringly. There were only a few steps more, and reaching toward the door yard fence she felt her way to the gate, opened it, staggered forward up the path in the rays of light that struggled cut into the darkness, and with one final effort fell fainting upon the threshold.

The scene within the house resembled a striking contrast to that without. In a great open fireplace the flames of the beech logs were wavering up the chimney. Seated in the radiance of their light, on a low stool, was a young boy with his elbows upon his knees and his cheeks in the palms of his hands. His mother sat by his side stroking his hair and gazing at him in fond, brooding love. The father was bending over a Bible lying open on the table, and had just articulated in slow and reverent tones the words of Jesus, "I was a stranger and ye took me in," when they heard a sound at the door.

Father, mother and son sprang to their feet and, hurrying towards the door, flung it open and beheld a woman, a limp form lying on the threshold. It was but a child's weight to the stalwart Quaker who picked it up in his great arms and carried it into the radiance of the great fireplace, and in an instant he and Dorothea, his wife were pushing forward the work of restoration. The little boy stood gazing wonderingly at her from a distance. The calm features of the Quaker were agitated with emotion. His wife knelt by the side of the pale sleeper, and her tears dropped silently on the hand which she pressed to her lips.

For many days Pepeeta's life hung in the balance, her spirit hovering uncertainly along the border land of being, and it was only love that wooed it back to life.

When at length, through careful nursing, she really regained her con-

sciousness and came up from those unfathomable abysses where she had been wandering, she opened her eyes upon the walls of a little chamber that looked out through an alcove into the living room of the Quaker house.

The silence was suddenly broken by a voice feeble and tremulous, but very musical and sweet. It was Pepeeta, who gazed around her in bewildered amazement and asked in vague alarm, "Where am I?"

Dorothea was by her side in an instant, and taking the thin fingers in her strong hands, replied: "There is among friends."

Pepeeta looked long into the calm face above her, and gathered reassurance, but her memory did not at once return.

"Have I ever been in this place before? Have I ever seen your face? Has something dreadful happened? Tell me," she entreated, gazing with agitation into the calm eyes that looked down into hers.

"I cannot tell thee whether thee has ever seen us before, but we have seen thee so much for a few days that we feel like old friends," said Dorothea, pressing the hand she held, and smiling.

Pepeeta's eyes wandered about the room restlessly for a moment, and then some dim remembrance of the past came back.

"Did I come here in a great storm?" she asked.

"Thou did, indeed. The night was wild and cold."

"Did I fall on the threshold?"

"Upon the very threshold, and let us thank God for that, because if thee had fallen at the gate or in the path we should never have heard thee."

Pepeeta struggled to a sitting posture as her memory clarified, fixed her wide open eyes upon Dorothea and asked, pathetically, "Where is he?"

"I do not know who thee means," said Dorothea, laying her hand on the invalid's shoulders and trying gently to push her back upon her pillow.

"David!" she exclaimed. "David Tell me if ye know, for it seems to me I shall die if I do not hear."

"I do not know, my love. It is a long time since we have heard from David. But these must lie down. There is not strong enough to talk."

"Are we alone?"

"Yes, all alone."

"Well, then I will begin," Pepeeta said, and in a voice choked with emotion, the poor sufferer breathed out the tale of her sin and her sorrow. She told all. She did not shield herself, and everywhere she could she softened the wrong done by David. It was a long story, and was interrupted only by the ticking of the great clock in the hall-way, telling off the moments with as little concern as when three years before it had listened to the story told to David by his mother.

When the confession was ended the tender-hearted woman kissed the quivering lips.

"Have you forgiven me?" Pepeeta asked, seizing the face in her thin hands and looking almost despairingly into the great blue eyes.

"As I hope to be forgiven," Dorothea answered, kissing her again and again.

A look of almost perfect happiness diffused itself over the pale countenance.

"It is too much—too much. How can it be? It was such a great wrong!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, it was a great wrong. Thee has sinned much, but much shall be forgiven if thee is penitent, and I think thee is. No love nor pardon should be withheld from those who mourn their sins. Our God is love! And so we are ignorant and frail. It is a sad story, as thee says, but it is better to be led astray by our good passions than by our bad. I have noticed that it is sometimes by our holiest instincts that we are betrayed into our darkest sins! It was heaven's brightest light—the light of love—that led thee astray, my child, and even love may not be followed with closed eyes! But thee does not need to be preached to."

Astonished at such an almost divine insight and compassion, Pepeeta exclaimed, "How came you to know so much of the tragedy of human life, so much of the soul's weakness and guilt; you who have lived so quietly in this happy home?"

"By consulting my own heart, dear. We do not differ in ourselves so much as in our experiences and temptations. But thee has talked enough about thy troubles. Tell me thy name? What shall we call thee?"

"My name is Pepeeta."

"And mine is Dorothea."

"Oh! Dorothea," Pepeeta exclaimed, "do you think we shall ever see him again?"

"I cannot tell. We had made many inquiries and given up in despair. And now when we least expected news, thee has come! We will cherish hope again. We were discouraged too easily."

"Oh! how strong you are—how comforting. Yes, we will cherish hope, and when I am well I will start out, and search for him everywhere. I shall find him. My heart tells me so."

"But thee is not well enough, yet," Dorothea said, with a kind smile, "and until thee is, thee must be at rest in thy soul and, abiding here with us, await the revelation of the divine will."

"Oh, may I stay a little while? It is so quiet and restful here. I feel like a tired bird that has found a refuge from a storm. But what will your husband say, when he hears this story?"

"Thee need not be troubled about that. His door and heart are ever

open to those who moor and are heavy laden. The Christ has found a faithful follower in him, Pepeeta. It was he who first divined thy story."

"Then you knew me?"

"We had conjectured."

"Then I will stay, oh, I will stay a little while, and perhaps, perhaps—who knows?" she clasped her hands, her soul looked out of her eyes, and a smile of genuine happiness lit up her sad face.

"Yes, who knows?" said Dorothea, gently, rearranging the pillows and bidding the invalid fall asleep again.

CHAPTER XVI.

In due time the vessel upon which David had embarked arrived at her destination, the city of New York, and the lonely traveler stepped forth unnoticed and unknown into the metropolis of the New World.

With an instinct common to all adventurers, he made his way to the Bowery. Amid its perpetual excitements and boundless opportunities for adventure, David resumed the habits formed during that period of life upon which the doors had now closed. His reputation had followed him, and the new scenes, the physical restoration during the long voyage, the necessity of maintaining his fame, all conspired to help him take a place in the front rank of the devotees of the gambling rooms.

He did his best to enter into this new life with enthusiasm, but it had no power to banish or even to allay his grief. He therefore spent most of his time in wandering about among the wonders of the swiftly-growing city, observing her busy streets, her crowded wharves, her libraries, museums and parks. This moving panorama temporarily diverted his thoughts from that channel into which they were ever returned, and which they were constantly wearing deeper and deeper, and so helped him to accomplish the one aim of his wretched life, which was to become even for a single moment unconscious of himself and of his misery.

Among the many acquaintances he had made in that realm of life to which his vices and his crimes had consigned him, a single person had awakened in his bosom emotions of interest and regard. There was in that circle of silent, terrible, remorseless parasites of society, a young man whose classical face, exquisite manners and varied accomplishments set him apart from all the others. He moved among them like a ghost—mysterious, uncommunicative and unapproachable.

From the time of their first meeting he had treated David in an exceptional manner. In unobserved ways he had done him little kindnesses, and proffered many delicate advances of friendship, and not many months passed before the two lone, suspicious and ostracized men united their fortunes in a sort of informal partnership and were living in common apartments.

There was in Foster Mantel a sort of sardonic humor into which he was always withdrawing himself. In one of their infrequent conversations the two companions had grown unusually confidential and found themselves drifting a little too near that most dangerous of all shoals in the lives of such men—the past.

(To be continued.)

LET THE WEAKLINGS DIE!

Theory of an English Socialist Scarcely Indorsed by Figures.

G. C. Hill, an English "sociologist," announces that it is mathematically a mistake to suppose that human life is lengthening. He thinks that in the British islands at least it can be proved mathematically that everything done to prevent sickly children from dying soon, cuts down the length of the "average lifetime" after 40. Writing in the Sociological Review he shows that in thirty years from 1870, the death rate among male infants under 5 years, was cut down from 75 to 58 in the thousand. The rate was cut down in one degree or another so that there were fewer deaths at all ages under 35. At 35 there was almost no change in thirty years. At 45 to 55 he shows the British death rate going up from 19.6 to 20.3 in the thousand. Between 55 and 65 years it rose from 33.9 to 38.9.

His argument agrees with that of a considerable school of "sociologists," who agree with the sociology of the American Indians. By putting their babies in the cold water of the nearest stream, the Indians learned easily which were too weak to make a success in life as fighters and hunters. On the other hand, the biographies of men who have done most to civilize the world by great discoveries and inventions show that as children they were often so weak that they were kept alive only by the greatest and most loving pains.

Others who have minds as mathematical as that of Mr. Hill are now working out calculations showing that as the people of Europe get more to eat from the United States and South America they are growing taller and living longer for the same reason that natives of Missouri, Kansas and Texas measure half a foot taller than natives of Japan and China. Until a generation ago, sociologists of the highest Chinese education took the view taken now by Mr. Hill in England. They applied it chiefly against girl babies. It was a Chinese sociological custom to leave the undersized, superfluous girl exposed in the open air to starve to death.

Unprejudiced.

Mike McGinnis was being examined for jury duty in a murder trial. "Mr. McGinnis," asked the judge, "have you formed or expressed an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoner at the bar?" "No, sir," replied Mike. "Have you any conscientious scruples against capital punishment?" "Not in this case, your honor," Mike replied.—Success.