PHINEAS HARDEN'S INHERITANCE

THEY stood about the farmhouse in awkward, constrained groups, waiting, as they might have expressed it, "for the funeral to start." The dead woman was lying in the best room. It had been the passing away of a hard life.

Phineas Harden leaned his head against the shutter which had been closed to keep out the glaring light, and as he sat there, half-hearing the sounds which came to him through the open window, he heard quite distinctly these words:

"Died peaceful at the last, they say. Well, there'd ought ter be some peace in the course of a natural life, an' if there was going ter be any in old Mis' Harden's life, guess it had ter get its innings in at pretty nigh the last lick, an' a close shave at that. My, didn't she lead Dick Harden a life. Rec'lect when there wasn't a sprucer man in town, but she took the spirit out of him, an' it warn't much of a job fer consumption ter finish him up."

Phineas never forgot that. It had been the putting into words what he had never quite admitted even to himself.

The days that followed his mother's death passed peacefully enough. After a while he became used to the quiet of the house. It didn't seem lonely to him; he had never felt lonely, not even at the first. It was only as though some discordant note had dropped out of his life.

People sometimes looked curiously at him and wondered if he ever thought of Lorinda North. But no one could read the thoughts that were hidden back of his eyes. They were eyes that rather baffled you; they had always annoyed his mother. When he was a child she had said one day, "Where he gets that look beats me. He minds well, an' he'd oughter, seein' the trouble I've been to, bringing him up. His hands an' feet are quick enough to do as I say, but I can't feel but what there's somethin' back of his eyes that I ain't never touched."

Lorinda North kept a little shop, which was the local exponent of metropolitan styles. She was a woman who

"HE LONGED FOR QUIET AND PEACE."

took life hard. It did not come easy to any of these hard-worked, narrow-lived women, and she had fought against each hard knock until all the softness, which may once have been hers, had been rubbed off. There had been an old love affair between these two, but how far it had progressed no one ever quite knew. Some one had once ventured to ask Lorinda about it. "She wasn't going to be an old woman's nurse," she had said. "She'd always made out to make a living for herself, and she guessed she could still. She wasn't going to live in any man's house and have another woman boss it."

Perhaps in these years in which there had been plenty of time for quiet thought she had sometimes regretted her lost chance of happiness. Surely they had been lonely years, hard years, too, and they had borne their fruit in Lorinda North. There wasn't a woman in the town who did not feel a little uneasy when under the battery of her sharp eyes. Phineas Harden had been the only one who had ever pushed open, even ever so slightly, the door of her heart; and after she had closed this little chink, love had gone to easier pathways, and left the door of Lorinda's heart closed hard and fast.

People had speculated somewhat as to how she would take the news of Mrs. Harden's death. Perhaps it had stirred, more deeply than she knew, the undercurrent of her life. Surely, Phineas was often in her mind in these days. Not with any tenderness of feeling did she think of the lonely man; but perhaps because his solitary life bore so closely on her own did her thoughts so often turn to him. As she looked forward, as she did sometimes of late, to the years and years stretching out their weary length before her, a thought, which was at first vague and undefined, gradually took definite shape in her mind.

They had both always been regular church attendants. Through the summer Lorinda had sat just back of Phineas Harden's pew, and the time seemed very long ago when the pew in front had been empty at the evening meeting and he had sat back with her.

His mother had been dead just six months. The cold and dreariness of the winter was gone, and it was a soft night in early June. The windows in the old church were open, and perhaps Phineas listened more to the monotonous voice of the minister. When he was a little boy he had often wished that they would have church outdoors. God seemed nearer there. The woman sat and watched his face during the long sermon. She looked at it more carefully, perhaps, than she had ever done before. But Lorinda North was not capable of seeing the real Phineas Harden. All she saw was a slight, bent figure; a face with eyes that were apt to fall a little before the hard look in her own. She could not know that he did not meet her eyes only because it pained him to see the expression which time had printed on her face.

The long service was over, and there was a sigh of relief as the congregation stood and received the benediction. Phineas had never passed out of his pew without stopping and speaking to Lorinda. To-night he looked up with his usual smile; she was just beside him, her hand resting on the railing of the old pew that stood between them. Something in her face arrested him; he stopped and took her hand.

"What is it, Lorinda? Is anything the matter?"

She looked for a full minute into his kind, inquiring eyes before she spoke.

"No, nothing's the matter. I only thought that, perhaps—perhaps, we might walk home together."

He dropped her hand, and the color flashed to his face. But the blood moves more slowly at forty than at twenty, and he only said:

"Why, yes, Lorinda, of course."

The night was clear and beautiful. It was strange how the man noted each sound, and how his thoughts went back to another June night long ago, when he had walked over this same road with the woman beside him. He looked at her face; even in this soft half-light, it was hard and cold. There was something pathetic in the silent walk of these two old lovers. They were almost at her door now, and she turned her face toward him. If he could have known it, there were two bright spots on her cheeks; as it was, he felt a great pity for the lonely woman. He did not know that they were two players in "the tragedy of what might have been," but he dimly felt that she was trying to bridge over the lapse of time that had come between them. He remembered something of the feeling he had once had when she was beside him, and a wave of longing, not for her, but for the love that had gone, came over him. He almost forgot the woman in his remembrance of the love which she had once awakened.

As the memory of the old emotions came over him his heart softened and he turned toward her with ready words on his lips. But they had reached her door, and she was holding out her hand.

"Good-night, Phineas. I haven't any idea but that you think strange of what I've done to-night, but whatever you think I know I can trust you to keep still. Perhaps there's things we all regret. I don't know how you feel, but——" She had opened the door now and had stepped just within the shop—"but I won't be busy Saturday night, and if you want to come I'll be at home." And before he had time to answer, the door had been shut and he was alone.

It had been a hot week for so early in the season. Phineas felt tired and spent as he drove home from town on Saturday afternoon. As he neared his house its loneliness struck him as something new. The heat of the day, and his struggles with the question which he had been evading, and which kept him calling for an answer, depressed him. He longed for quiet and peace; whether the old quiet life or the possible peace of a new one, he did not know. But his house was not so lonely, after all; for, as he came nearer, he saw the old doctor's sulky beside the gate. He had always liked the cheerful, sensible old man, and he hailed him now with even a note of relief in his voice:

"Hello, Phineas; thought you'd be along if I waited a minute."

Phineas got out and stood by the side of the doctor's sulky.

"It's about the bill, I s'pose," he said. "I meant to see about it before, but——"

"See here, Phineas Harden, did you ever know me to drive people on my bills? It isn't a bill this time, but something that I ought to have attended to as soon as your mother died, but it clean slipped my mind, and that's the only excuse I have to offer. I don't know whether you've ever thought much about your father; he died when you were pretty young. He was one of the best friends I ever had. They said he died of consumption; I said so myself, and I suppose he did; but if ever a man died of loneliness and want of sympathy it was Dick Harden. Just before he died he gave me a letter to give you. He told me to keep it as long as your mother lived, and at her death to give it to you if you were still unmarried; so, since you're a blooming old bachelor like myself, here it is. And whatever is in it, just remember that your father was a good man, and lived better than most men die."

In the afterglow of the sunset Phineas sat turning the letter over in his hand. The fading light was too dim for the faint, indistinct writing, and he lighted the lamp.

He looked at the date and it gave him a curious feeling to know that his father had been younger than he himself was when he had written the letter. It was true that he had thought of his father but little, and perhaps nothing in his life had ever touched him as did this letter, which seemed as real to him as though it were his father's voice coming down to him through the years.

The writing was stiff and cramped. He read the lines again and again, seeing his father through each word:

To My Dear Son—Whether you will ever see this I cannot tell. When life is almost ended, some things seem very clear. I cannot leave you much, but perhaps you will some time understand. There is only just enough to take care of your mother. I wish, God only knows how I wish, that I could leave you happiness. Lying here I've had time to think it all over, and I am leaving this letter with the prayer that God will somehow make it do the work.

There is just one thing I want to say. Be sure of yourself. Never make friends because you are lonely. There is no loneliness like that of a heart that cannot get back to itself. Perhaps you will know what I mean; if you don't, it won't make any difference anyway. I leave you my dying blessing. Your father,

RICHARD HARDEN.

The evening hours wore slowly away. When her little, restless clock struck nine, Lorinda North blew out the light in her sitting-room. Phineas' Harden had not come.—The Springfield Republican.

Excuses Given by Looters.

The Russian papers contain comical stories of the effects of the Russian ministerial order against looting in China. A private soldier hauled before the provost marshal with some valuable gauze ornaments in his possession pleaded that he meant them as a gift for the Vladivostock museum. He got off, and a few days later his escape placed the military judges in a farcical dilemma probably without precedent. A man had been caught with a live Chinese hen in his haversack and he, too, pleaded that he had thought of sending his prize to the museum. The papers aver that this culprit also was permitted to escape.

Light from a Distant Star.

It requires four years and four months for a ray of light to reach us from the nearest star, and yet light travels at the rate of 186,330 miles in a second. It would take 250,000 years for a cannon ball, traveling at the usual speed of such projectiles, to reach this Alpha centuri, which is our nearest star neighbor.

How does it happen that all milliners come from New York, Chicago or Paris?

PORTO RICAN WEALTH

INDUCEMENTS IN AGRICULTURE AND CATTLE RAISING.

Government Reports Facts Encouraging to Investors—Cultivation of Sugar Cane and Tobacco Insures Handsome Profit—Railways and Roads Needed.

People in search of reliable information about Porto Rico will find a lot of valuable statistics in the official report of the census of the island, issued by the United States War Department. The census was taken under the direction of Lieutenant Colonel J. P. Sanger, who has made his report a document of unusual interest.

While agriculture is now the principal source of wealth to Porto Rico, says Colonel Sanger, the early settlers were for many years engaged in cattle raising, and this is still an important industry, the rich and luxuriant pastures and many streams providing all that is necessary for this purpose. It may be said that all fruits and vegetables adapted to a tropical climate will yield abundantly in Porto Rico, and this is especially true of the coffee tree, the sugar cane, and the tobacco plant, the three staples of most importance in the order named, and grown widely over the island.

"In Porto Rico the select and renowned coffee is produced between 200 and 800 meters above the sea level. At this elevation are found the towns of Yauco, Lares, Maricao, Utuado, Cayey, etc., which form the productive region of the renowned coffee, of Porto Rico. This region, which includes something more than the southwest quadrant of the island, is characterized by a climate of perpetual spring. The constant breeze refreshes the atmosphere and the frequent rains equalize the seasons so that not even in times of drought does the vegetation suffer as occurs on the southern coast of the island, nor during the rainy season are the rains so heavy as on the north coast. Owing to these favorable climatic conditions and to the fact that the coffee groves are situated in valleys sheltered from the strong winds, and the soil, of which we will presently speak in detail, is due the enviable reputation of the coffee of the country.

Altitude Affects Coffee Growth.

"In the central range of Porto Rico is the Sierra Luquilla, which has an elevation of 1,500 meters above the level of the sea, and it is observed that above the middle height of this mountain coffee groves do not exist. Whether owing to the climate or to the soil, which may be unsuitable, where grow only some shrubs in thickets and some worthless herbs, it is true that after 800 meters have been passed the coffee is not seen, and all attempts to grow it at that altitude have been without results.

"Coffee growers modify the climate by employing shade—that is, they plant their coffee groves beneath the shade of a grove of these trees, as for example, the bucares, guaba, jobo, guama, mango, etc., and under the banana trees when the coffee groves are young.

"The coffee grows on hills of low elevation, associated with many other trees, which afford shade, modify the temperature, and protect the coffee from hurricanes and torrential rains. The composition of these coffee soils is variable, but in all of them sand predominates, and on the surface there is an abundant covering, the product of the decayed vegetation of the forest. The land which produces the renowned coffee of Porto Rico, as to its physical appearance, seems to be a very fine clay, and when it rains becomes as slippery as soap, and transit at such times is dangerous. It has a red color when moist, and when squeezed through the fingers resembles in its color and smoothness the oxide of iron paint, but when dry it becomes very hard.

"There are small plantations where the cultivation is both intelligent and intense, which produce thirty quintals (3,000 pounds) and more per hectare (two and one-half acres), but this is exceptional, for there are lands in the same region which scarcely produce one quintal (100 pounds). As an average crop, taken from the different classes of land, and taking into account also the variations that occur from year to year, a production of from ten to fourteen quinals per hectare may be counted on as the result of fairly intelligent cultivation."

The coffee tree is completely developed and producing after seven years if the conditions under which the growth has been perfected have been favorable. Otherwise it will need ten years, and the product will never compete with that of a good, sound tree. The cost of one cuerda (about one acre) of good coffee up to the date of production will average $180, United States currency.

When the tree is four years old it will not produce sufficient to cover expenses, and if the soil is not of the best quality the conditions will be the same after five or six years. In such districts of this department (Mayaguoz) as Las Marias and Maricoa, the produce of one cuerda (acre) will range from 200 to 1,200 pounds. A fair average will give for every cuerda 400 pounds. The topographical conditions of the coffee-growing districts are such, and the hills so steep, that the only agricultural implement that can be used with effect is the common machete, or chopping knife. It is used for cleaning the ground and for making the holes.

The total cost of a hundredweight of coffee ready for market, including expenses for cultivation, is from $10 to $12, Porto Rican money, equal to $6 to $7.20 United States currency. (This is about what Rio coffee sells for on the wharf at New York.) The produce is shipped in bags, containing each from 85 to 100 kilograms.

The quality of the Porto Rican coffee is excellent, and the principal markets have been Cuba and Spain, but very little having been imported into the United States, where it is not well known. Under favorable conditions the coffee crop of Porto Rico is easily worth from $6,000,000 to $10,000,000.

Being protected by the good climate, the Porto Rican sugar cane industry is an important one. Coast lands, cleared, which receive rains or irrigation and retain humidity some time without becoming swamped, are good for the sugar plant; these lands not situated high above the level of the sea, near the coasts, which are flooded by large rivers in extraordinary freshets, but which on account of their natural location and great depth are quickly drained, receive the name of tierras de vega, and are those used for the cultivation of sugar cane everywhere. These lands in general are alluvial lands, and are very rich in fertilizing elements.

Cultivation of Sugar Cane.

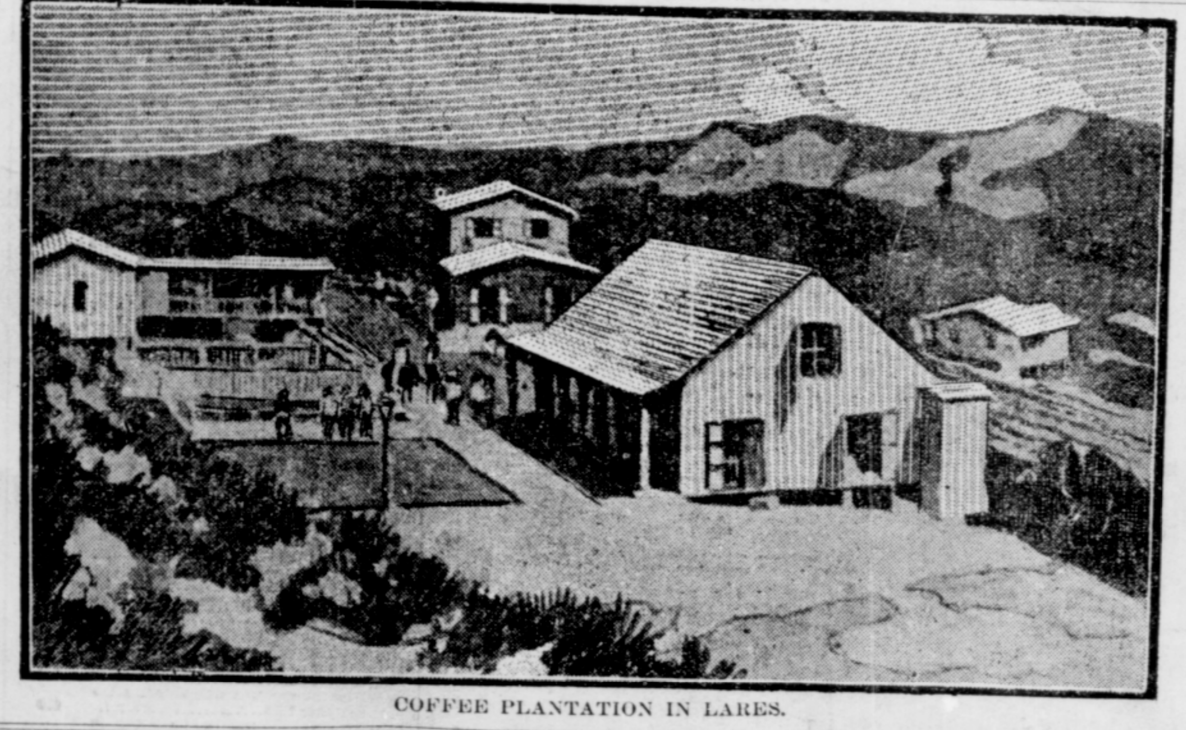
Sugar cane may be produced in Porto Rico, where the soil is sandy and loose, at $24.59 (American money) per acre. Cutting the cane will cost $2.40 an acre more. To manufacture a 1,200-pound hogshead of sugar from the cane costs $6. Besides these there are various other items of expense, such as terminal charges, transportation, and shrinkage. This latter is an important item, ranging from 6 per cent on steam vessels to 10 or 12 per cent on sailing craft. In 1897 Porto Rico produced 126,827,472 pounds of sugar, for which the planters received $3,782,465, or a fraction less than 3 cents a pound.

As in Cuba, the tendency is toward large plantations, with central mills for grinding. Comparatively few of the sugar estates are provided with steam vacuum machinery for making sugar, and nearly one-half of the cane-grinding machines are worked by oxen. The hurricane of Aug. 8, 1899, damaged the sugar mills considerably, and the financial straits of the planters have made it impossible to restore the plants. Larger plantations or colonies, improved methods of cultivation, and central mills with improved machinery will in time no doubt add enormously to the output of sugar.

Several varieties of the tobacco plant are cultivated in the country—that called Guacharo, which is believed to be a native of Venezuela, the Virginia blanca, the Corazon de Vaca, the Cubano, and others. As yet the selection of the variety best suited for the purposes of the manufacturer has not been made. He prefers a leaf with color, elasticity, large intercostal spaces, and small ribs, which are the best for the manufacture of the different kinds of cigars which the consumer demands—essential qualities which oblige the maker to seek the locality productive of good tobacco, indeed the only selection that is now made.

Classed with agricultural industries is stock raising, which is an important and remunerative industry. In 1897 the island had 67,751 horses, valued at $2,000,000; 4,467 mules, worth about $134,000, and 303,612 cattle, valued at $6,000,000. The swine and sheep statistics were insignificant. There are 60,953 landed holdings, or "estates," in Porto Rico, comprising about 5,200,000 acres. Among the great drawbacks to agriculture are the lack of highways and railroads, and the inferior agricultural implements in use. General Davis, the military Governor, is trying to remedy the lack of highways, and has expended over $1,000,000 in the repair and construction of roads. Even roads in the immediate vicinity of the cities are in poor condition, and during the rainy season nearly all of them are almost impassable for vehicles. The total length of all railroads is about 159 miles, all tracks being narrow-gauge, and the rolling stock, roadbeds, etc., very inferior.

Coffee is the main product of the island, and 41 per cent of the cultivated land is given over to the crop. Sugar cane occupies 15 per cent and bananas 14 per cent of the land.



COFFEE PLANTATION IN LARES.

HEATHEN HAVE POPULAR CULT.

Christian Science Practiced by Inhabitants of South Sea Islands.

Those who believe in "Christian Science" are recommended to study the beliefs of the South Sea Islanders. Even in those archipelagoes of "far-off isles of Eden, lying in dark purple spheres of sea," the fundamental principles of the "scientists" seem to be known, according to the Medical Record, for among the South Sea-Islanders no man falls sick or dies from natural causes. They would argue, if called upon to analyze their belief, that health is the natural condition, and that every departure from it must be caused by supernatural agency, and since disease is an evil, you must look for its agents among those who wish you evil.

Thus far they are at one with many good people in Europe, who take comfort in the thought that every visitation of sickness is a divine judgment for their sins, but savages push their logic further. Their gods do no mischief for mischief's sake, and since all men have enemies, and are all free to invoke the unseen powers for either good or evil, the sick man has only to make his choice among the number of his ill-wishers and charge his heirs to avenge him.

"Every skilled craft tends to specialization. A few successes in causing illness by spells gave a man a reputation as an expert. The unsuccessful found him ready to remove their enemies for a consideration, he took to the business as a profession, handing his secret down to his son, and his son's son, until the trade became hereditary. A family that once acquired it took good care not to lose it by bungling, as the 'wise women' sometimes did, for the art of killing by witchcraft had this decided advantage over the art of healing, that if the spell failed there were other ways—a dose of something in the kava cup or a club stroke on a dark night. Thus among some of the Melanesians tribes it is not too much to say that the population is divided between the companies of those that caused disease and those that healed it."

A BOY'S INVENTION.

Indolence Led to the Contrivance of a Very Useful Improvement.

One of the most interesting exhibits in the model-room of the Patent Office is its collection of miniature steam-engines. Models of the engines of Hero of Alexandria, of Newcomen and of Watt illustrate the successive steps in the development of what has become the giant of our modern industry.

An attendant shows the visitor a model of the early engine upon which boys were employed to turn the cocks that, alternating, let the steam on and shut it off. One of these boys, Humphrey Potter by name, instead of settling down like a machine to the monotonous work, kept his eyes open. He discovered that a certain beam above his head worked in unison with the cocks which he opened and closed. He accordingly connected the two, and after seeing that the device worked properly, ran off to play.

His employers began to notice a much greater regularity in the movement of the engine than before; this led to the discovery of his secret, and to the subsequent adoption of his device everywhere.

As one looks at the model of the engine to which the scoggan was applied, the wonder is not that the boy thought of it, but that anybody before him should have failed to do so. This is the "after thought" of a great many notable inventions. Opponents of the patent system often raise the point that all great inventions are 'in the air," that the same suggestion sooner or later will come to a great many different men, and hence that the patent is simply a reward to the one who happens to arrive first.

Patent experts acknowledge considerable basis for this contention. They say, also, that the lament often seen in the newspapers, "His invention died with him," referring to a secret process is rarely borne out by events.

The things that only one man in the world can discover are few. But this does not lessen our indebtedness to the person who discovers things first.—Youth's Companion.

NEW BOSS O' BANTAMS.

Harry Harris, the little Chicagoan who outpointed and outgeneraled Pedlar Palmer at the National Sporting Club, in London, the other night, has twice been defeated, and hardly comes up to the requirements of a champion

HARRY HARRIS.

compared with others who have held the title. He hasn't got the punch, although as clever as boxer as ever drew on the stuffed mitts. Steve Flanegan, now dead, and Clarence Forbes were the American boxers who took Harris' measure before he dreamed of crossing the big pond to conquer the old fistic world.

In Time of Peace.

An article by Charles Frederick Stansbury, in the Illustrated American, shows that the Maine was not the first United States ship of war to meet destruction by explosion in time of peace. On June 4, 1829, the Demalogos, which was also known as Fulton II., was destroyed by an explosion in the harbor of New York. Twenty-four persons were killed and nineteen wounded. The mystery of the explosion was never cleared up. The Demalogos was interesting as being the first steam war vessel ever constructed. She was to have been used in the war of 1812, but was not completed in time. Somewhat later in the century the United States warship Wasp put to sea and was never heard of. Her fate can only be conjectured.

When a Man Marries.

Joe—whose last name is no part of this story—was as peculiarly non-resisting as most bridegrooms. Something had led him to the altar, and now he had turned and something was steering his course down the aisle.

His ears buzzed and there was a mist before his eyes. Something clung to his arm which he tried twice to shake off. When he got into the vestry he discovered that it was his wife. Then he found his voice:

"Oh, it's you, Mattie!"

"Why, Joe!"

"To tell the truth, dear," he said, looking over his shoulder to make sure no one heard him, "I hadn't an idea who it was!"

They say Mars is a funny world. If it is funnier than this one, it must be a freak.

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7:30 a.m	1:34 p.m	Biggs	11:25 a.m	3:40 p.m
8:00 a.m	1:50 p.m	Gibbons	11:00 a.m	3:12 p.m
8:30 a.m	2:14 p.m	Wasco	10:45 a.m	2:56 p.m
8:45 a.m	2:27 p.m	Klo'dyke	10:30 a.m	2:40 p.m
8:55 a.m	2:33 p.m	Summit	10:25 a.m	2:33 p.m
9:08 a.m	2:45 p.m	Hay C Jc	10:15 a.m	2:12 p.m
9:12 a.m	2:48 p.m	McDo'lds	10:12 a.m	2:08 p.m
9:28 a.m	3:00 p.m	DeMoss	10:00 a.m	1:52 p.m
9:50 a.m	3:09 p.m	Moro	9:50 a.m	1:40 p.m
	3:19 p.m	Erskinvl	9:39 a.m	
10:50 a.m	3:44 p.m	G's V'y	9:15 a.m	1:00 p.m
	4:06 p.m	Bourbon	8:55 a.m	
	4:26 p.m	Guthrie	8:40 a.m	
	4:40 p.m	Wilcox	8:30 a.m	
	5:20 p.m	Shaniko	8:00 a.m	

Through Tickets to Points East and in Europe can now be purchased at the Moro office of the Columbia Southern Ry and at the lowest prevailing rates.

EXPRESS. Consign your express matter to Moro "care of Columbia Southern Express Company.

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OREGON SHORT LINE AND UNION PACIFIC

DEPART	TIME SCHEDULES At Biggs. Or	ARRIVE
Chicago Portland Special 1:10 a. m. via Huntington.	Salt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	12:17 p. m.
Atlantic Express 1:31 a. m. via Huntington	Salt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	3:59 a. m.
St. Paul Fast Mail 10:10 p. m. via Spokane	Walla Walla Lewiston, Spokane, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago & East	2:50 a. m.

OCEAN AND RIVER SCHEDULE FROM PORTLAND.

8:00 p. m.	All sailing dates subject to change. For San Francisco—Sail every 5 days.	4:00 p. m.
Daily Ex. Sunday 8:00 p. m. Saturday 10:00 p. m.	Columbia River Steamers. To Astoria and Way Landings.	4:00 p. m. Ex. Sunday
6:00 a. m. Ex. Sunday	Willamette River. Oregon City, Newberg, Salem, Independence & Way Landings.	4:30 p. m. Ex. Sunday
7:00 a. m. Tues., Thur. and Sat.	Willamette and Yamhill Rivers. Oregon City, Dayton, & Way Landings.	3:30 p. m. Mon., Wed. and Fri.
6:00 a. m. Tues., Thur and Sat.	Willamette River. Portland to Corvallis & Way Landings.	4:30 p. m. Mon., Wed. and Fri.
Lv. Riparia 3:35 a. m. Daily	Snake River. Riparia to Lewiston	Lv. Lewiston Daily 9 a. m.

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