MAY HAVE TWO SELATORS TO ELECT

Discussing the senatorial situation the Salem Journal says: On account of the influence it will have upon the political situation here now, the real condition of the health of the United States Senator, JohnH. Mitchell is not being made known. Although there was a recent report from Washington that he was recovered from his recent illness, it evidently was made to quite political disturbances. According to information received by intimate friends of Senator Mitchell in this city, he is at present in a most critical condition, and serious results are feared.

Such fears are entertained of the result of his illness, that his son, Lieutenant Hiram E. Mitchell, of Vancouver barracks, has been summoned to Washington D. C., having left for that place Thursday night.

An effort was made to prevent knowledge of his departure, as it causes the revelation of the seriousness of his father's condition.

Should there be no improvement in the situation, and the vacancy in the senatorship occur within two weeks, the senatorial outlook here would be entirely changed. In a political way the perspective is most interesting, and perhaps would present the most complicating situation ever witnessed in this state.

It is generally conceded that no election of senator will occur here until the end of the session, but should it be necessary to elect two senators, the results might be expedited in a manner surprising to the suspected "dark horses," who are now considered the most likely winner of the contest.

Regarding Senator Mitchell's condition, Congressman Malcom Moody, told a friend at the time he was here attending the funeral of Congressman Tongue, that the opinion had been expressed in the national capital that on account of the complication of diseases with which Mr. Mitchell is afflicted, it was feared he could not survive three months longer. By a great many the press dispatch of his illness was consequently not unexpected.

FISHERMAN'S LUCK

[Copyright, 1901, by Lillian C. Paschal.]

"Well, my boy, your catch isn't very big today, is it?"

June Devore was interested in the long line of boys fishing on the pier. She glanced down in amusement from under her ruffled parasol, not at the kneeling figure in knickerbockers, but at the small box, nested in seaweed, which squirmed some two inch killies.

"This isn't catch; it's bait," came in peculiarly smothered tones from under the golf cap.

A pair of twinkling, boyish eyes scanned with great interest the dainty arch of the colonial clad foot beside him, with the flaky foam of lace billowing above, while his brown fingers busied themselves with the bait.

But the sweet voice above him broke with pain and pity.

"Oh, some of them are alive, and they're such tiny baby fish. Please put them back in the water. Won't you, please?"

Now, Frank Truitt had procured the bait at considerable expense of time and trouble over in Shark river, some distance inland from the ocean, so he naturally hesitated. Seeing this, the girl opened her purse.

"See here," she said, with a winning smile; "I'll give you this if you do. It will buy enough taffy to make you and all your friends here ill." And she held a bright coin down toward the bashfully bowed head, her pitying eyes still intent on the baby killies.

Frank's friends were wont to say that his bump of humor was the most fully developed on his cranium. Anyhow at this particular juncture it strangled his conscience.

"By Jove, it's worth it—such a huge joke to recount at the club!" he thought as with apparent reluctance he dropped the innocent fresh water killies into their supposedly native element.

"The rest, you see, are quite dead," said he humbly, with the air of a remorseful culprit.

"It's too bad, but thank you so much. You are a nice boy." And for the first time she looked at him squarely, holding out the coin once more.

A slender brown hand stole up and grasped the money greedily. Then "the nice boy" rose to his feet, unfolding before her dismayed eyes as he did so five feet ten of masculine stature, while he doffed the cap and disclosed a clear cut, mustached face, whose mirthful eyes shot laughing glances toward her flaming cheeks.

"Oh, I thought—I never dreamed"—And she fled down the pier toward the hotel.

When last flutter of her white frock had disappeared in the crowd along the board walk, he replaced his cap and turned the half dollar affectionately in his hand, shaking the while with quiet laughter.

From examining the prize he fell to scrutinizing the hand which held it. It was fine, rather small, but deceptive, as some of his college opponents had learned to their sorrow.

"It is a kid's hand," he said in disgust, "or a woman's, but doctors often have undersized fists—I wonder why."

The question in biology remained unsolved, for his small nephew ran up with a catch, exclaiming:

"Gee, uncle, what kind of fish is this?"

"Blue, with brown splashes in 'em," was the reply which mystified Frank junior. "Come, my lad. I promised your mother to have you at the hotel by 5."

As the little fellow trotted by his side, carrying proudly aloft his string of three small weakfish, his uncle glanced down and said quizzically:

"My boy, your catch isn't very big today, is it?"

"More'n you've got," was the sturdy reply.

"I don't know about that." And the man's eyes softened with a gracious remembrance. "I caught a great deal today."

"What was it?" asked the boy breathlessly.

"A beautiful view, a glimpse into wonderful depths, a woman's soul!"

"I suppose you mean the mermaid." The child nodded wisely. He dreamed fairy visions too.

But Truitt did not recount his adventure at the club that night.

* * * * * * *

"Hurry, June, dear! Frank is tramping the library carpet threadbare in his impatience, and the carriages are waiting."

Aunt Sara was in high excitement. She hovered over the bride with little motherly dips.

"And to think it's all my doings!" she murmured, proudly surveying the girl's glowing beauty, a rosy aurora, with the filmy clouds of the veil about her.

"I always said you two were made for each other, and then when at last I did get you together down at Fern Villa you were so horrid to Frank! Why, I was almost in despair. But now go, and God bless you!"

"You are a dear auntie"—the tender lips pressed the wrinkled face—"and have been a mother to me, but I think our match was God's doing, not yours or mine." And she floated in her trailing clouds of glory down the stairs.

As he looked up and saw her coming something rose in his throat and choked the flattering words that would have risen to his lips. A great humility came over him, as it does to every manly fellow to follow whom a woman forsakes all else.

As they turned after the solemn ceremony, arm in arm, and passed up the aisle to the jubilant strains of "Faithful and True," he whispered into the spray of orange blossoms that drooped near his left shoulder:

"Well, little wife, your catch isn't very big today, is it?"

LILLIAN C. PASCHAL.

THE LUCK OF BLACKBOARD HANNIGAN

[Copyright, 1901, by J. W. Harrington.]

Hannigan was down on his luck. Blackboards of the right kind were getting scarcer and scarcer, and the November air had a way of nipping the ears and nose which was not pleasant. Hannigan was a wandering painter. He had once been proficient as a despoiler of scenery, as many of the legends which now adorn the Buckeye landscape and proclaim the merits of pink pellets and condition powders will testify. Rum had got the upper hand of Hannigan. His hand was no longer steady enough to follow the configuration of letters, even when they were chalked out by steadier fingers, but Hannigan could still paint blackboards. There was a time when around the walls of every district school in southern Ohio there was painted a dark dado, on which the pupils worked out their arithmetical salvation.

Mr. Hannigan as he strode along the tracks was muttering to himself about the perversity of fortune. He had spent nearly his last cent for material. He had been to three schoolhouses, and in each he had been confronted with slabs of smoothly polished slate which covered the plastered wall. The agent of a Chicago school supply company had preceded Hannigan and had done him much injury. At the last schoolhouse the teacher had smiled pityingly when the decorator talked of the evil which had come upon him. She had unclasped from a long chain which she wore a silver mounted rabbit's foot and had insisted upon the astonished painter's accepting it.

Now that Hannigan was alone again his thoughts went back to the little schoolhouse, and the more he thought about the duplicity of the trustees and the slate blackboards the more angry he became. He drew from his pocket the fuzzy fetich which the teacher had given him and in the half darkness contemplated it with a look of fine scorn. Hannigan was walking on the railroad track with the measured tread common to the experienced wanderer who avails himself of that courtesy of the company known as the "tie pass."

"Luck!" muttered Hannigan. "Jim Hannigan walking the track with not a thing in his pocket but a rabbit's foot has a run of luck, hasn't he? Where's that fool thing?"

Hannigan took the talisman from his pocket and threw it on the track. It dropped near a rail, where the glint from its mounting revealed its presence. Hannigan stooped as though to pick it up again. Then he reconsidered.

"No," said he; "don't want it; won't have it. Let some fellow find it who wasn't born to be unlucky."

Hannigan heard a shrill whistle and the rumble of wheels. He stepped aside in a mechanical way just in time to evade a train. He stood for a moment contemplating the two fiery eyes of red which were diminishing in front of him. Then he looked around him.

"I was crossing the long trestle, and I didn't know it," said Hannigan. "Now, by gum, that is what I call luck—crossing the trestle with no chance in the world to get off it and spikes on the sides of the track to make it uncomfortable for us hoboes; crossing the trestle, by jing! If I had jumped, I would have been drowned in twenty feet of water, and if I had stayed they would never have recognized me except for this can of sawdust cocktails. Jim Hannigan, you are an ungrateful cuss. That rabbit's foot saved you, and you threw it away. This is where you see a crayon enlargement of Jim Hannigan going back to find the only thing which ever brought him luck."

He went back over the ties, dodging the spikes, looking for the rabbit's foot. He could see no trace of it. He glanced up in time to see two bulging eyes of red which were growing bigger with every second. James Hannigan jumped and shrieked. The "Cannon Ball" was backing down on him, and he was in the middle of the trestle. He threw himself on the track, rolled over, clasped the end of a tie in his arms and swung himself off just as the express whizzed over his head. Above him was the roar of the train, and beneath him the waters of the Hocking were greedily lapping the wooden piles.

"Talk about hard luck," muttered the trembling painter of blackboards. "Queered for life by a rabbit's foot and a schoolmarm's smile."

The trestle was vibrating beneath the weight of the train. Hannigan, with his right arm within six inches of the rail over which were rushing the wheels of the "Cannon Ball," felt a shiver through every nerve of his body. He yelled curses, and the rails gave back a mocking sound. He felt the dull pain of weariness in his arms.

"Twenty feet of water below," moaned Hannigan, "and I can't swim! I couldn't draw myself up, even if the train wasn't here. Well, so long, everybody. Here is the end of James Hannigan, born a scenic artist, died a bum."

He dropped. The cold waters closed about the form of the knight of the road. Then a moment of silence, and James Hannigan awoke. He thought he was sitting on downy cushions and around him was poured a cooling and a crystal flood. Hannigan sat bolt upright in the dark mud of the Hocking river bottom, and about him flowed two feet of the tawny flood. Beyond were the dark depths of the stream.

From the locomotive a few feet ahead on the trestle above there came a shower of fiery nodules. The ashbox was open. In the glow of the falling particles Hannigan saw a gray object floating on the tide before him. He picked it up and placed it reverently in the upper pocket of his coat.

JOHN WALKER HARRINGTON.

A Street In Old Toledo.

A remarkable specimen of street naming in Toledo, the ancient capital of Spain, is cited, by a correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette. It is "Calle del Diablo Portence al Ayuntamiento," or in English "The Devil Belongs to the Municipal Council street."

A Compromise With Conscience

[Original.]

Cecil Sylvester was an idealist. He was absorbed in the question how to achieve the greatest good to the greatest number. After years of study of the principles of political economy and of the workings of trusts and trades unions he came to the conclusion that the foundation of all good rested with the individual.

About this time he inherited a great business. An uncle who had been a dry goods merchant all his life had died suddenly without arranging his affairs, and as Cecil was next of kin and there were no other heirs he stepped into his uncle's counting room, hung up his hat and proceeded to manage the business. After spending some days in familiarizing himself with the details he called the head of the undergarment department to him and said:

"I see that we are advertising certain goods as all wool which we are selling at less than the cost of material. How is this? Are they all wool?"

"No, sir. They are part cotton."

"Cease to advertise or to sell them as all wool hereafter."

"But our competitors"—

"Our competitors' consciences are not our consciences. We are only responsible for ourselves."

Sylvester turned his revolving chair to his desk, and the head of the underclothing department retired with the word "Fool!" inaudibly uttered.

The next head summoned was the manager of the shirt department.

"I notice," said Sylvester, "that we are paying a poor sewing girl so low a price for making a shirt that she cannot possibly gain a living at such work. You will raise the amount paid 30 per cent."

"And go out of the shirt business?"

"Certainly, sir, if necessary. I do not propose to force young girls into sin."

The head of the shirt department colored and retired in confusion.

Thus did Sylvester proceed to reform his uncle's business, and at the end of the first day he went home feeling the happiness of one who has righted a number of wrongs. He was engaged to an excellent young woman, Miss Ethel Griggs, who loved him for his noble ideas, but who was of a somewhat practical mind herself. He told her what he had done, and, though she knew nothing of business, something whispered to her that it was not likely that her beloved could step in and reform the business of a hard headed old man like John Sylvester. She therefore cautioned him not to go too fast with his reform because in some cases they might tend to curtail the business. At the same time she admitted that the reforms were just and proper. From talking about the business they entered upon the matter of how they would live after marriage and the preparation for their wedding, which was set for an early date. They had agreed on a house the cost of which was $50,000. They would employ seven servants, besides the coachman, and had figured upon spending out of the profits of the business $10,000 a year. As this would leave between $20,000 and $30,000 income untouched, their expenditures would be very moderate. Still, Cecil felt that he should spend no more because he had determined to run his business not only honestly, but without grinding his employees, and he expected that this would at first curtail the profits.

Six months passed, during which Cecil Sylvester, successor to John Sylvester, continued to raise wages and sell only goods that were as represented. His marriage had been deferred till he could strike a balance at the end of the fiscal year and see where he stood. His store was as full of buyers as ever, and the sales were visibly increasing. He therefore looked forward to the fiscal statement with great hopefulness that his reforms had not proved unprofitable. When it came in, it showed that there was a deficit of about $7,000. Sylvester noted this and set his teeth.

That evening when he informed his sweetheart as to the result of his reform she turned a trifle pale. He attempted to reassure her by saying that honesty was the best policy and that the store had now got a start on the reform principle that would surely tell for the next year. He tried to explain to her how he proposed to establish a very large trade by dealing honestly, on which the margin, though a very small percentage, would be very large in amount. Ethel was not convinced or well satisfied with the prospect, especially as Cecil proposed that, as their mode of living was to be based on the profits of his business, they should defer the wedding for a year.

The year rolled round, during which the house of Sylvester continued to pay fair prices for goods and fair wages to employees, especially the saleswomen and cashgirls, in the amelioration of whose condition the proprietor was much interested.

At the end of the second fiscal year, when the head accountant presented the statement to the proprietor, Sylvester turned pale. His capital was sunk, and for months he had realized that his business had greatly fallen off. When he imparted the unwelcome news to Ethel, she said:

"You have been a theorist long enough. You still have your uncle's prestige. Be a business man and regain what you have lost."

Sylvester was really a bright fellow and set about rebuilding the business. He and Ethel were married and lived for several years in a cottage. Now they are millionaires. Not having carried out what their consciences dictated, they have compromised the matter by giving literally to charity.

ELISE BRISSON.

The Parlor Match.

Referring to the parlor match,
The wisest thing, no doubt,
That may be done with it will be
To merely put it out.
—Chicago Record-Herald.