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THE WEATHER

Oregon, Washington, and Idaho Fair.

ARE WE HELPLESS?

President Ripley plainly told the Chicago Association of commerce that freight rates would have to go up because the railways needed the money.

Is this actually the transportation situation in the United States?

Are the people really subject to the roads and their schedules and tariffs, and the universal sway of the business as they shall ordain it?

If so, perhaps it were well to let them have their sweet will with us to the end that they may milk the nation dry of resources, once for all and bring the crisis on speedily.

If it is not so; if we still retain the measure of our birth-right and the last word in the formulation of popular policies, we had best prepare for a war that shall forever settle the issue and lay the lust that is eating the railway-masters alive and making asses of them.

POWER OF PAROLE.

The case of 11-year-old Jackson Reid, of Portland, the boy who murdered George Demars, and now the subject of great communal excitement and discussion at the metropolis, is one that should never be brought to the bar of justice in the sense that other and older man-slayers are brought there.

It is understood that dropping bombs from airships on big game in Africa is to be barred as unsportsmanlike?

Peary has arrived at Labrador and taken on a supply of whale meat. The beef trust must have overlooked this loophole in its fortifications.

It makes Mr. Bryan thoughtful when he notices that the price has been marked up lately to a dollar a word. Why not try coon hunting instead of political oratory?

of a softened forgetfulness that will come to those who mourn his victim; all is hard and bitter and unescapable before him; and it might be the better part of mercy to inflict the extreme penalty that his childish years forbid, rather than let him drag out the unhappy term allotted to him.

We believe he should be put upon legal parole at once, under such restrictions, oversight and guidance as will keep him ever in touch with the courts of the country, and yet leave him some latitude for the recovery of peace that may mitigate the weight and woe of life-long censure that must be his.

WILL HAVE ITS EFFECT.

That Ilwaco will prove a depot in the fuel trade of the country round about the mouth of the Columbia during the coming winter, with its peat plant putting out 30 tons of prime material daily, is a feature that will bear the closest scrutiny by the people who have had to rustle hard and pay high for their fuel during the past few years.

The peat bricks from the north shore may be the very thing to equalize the situation and hold it where the purse of the people can meet it and manage to have enough left to live on. At least everyone is hoping for some such development and will be glad to see it materialize, not alone for the good it will do as a lever in holding down a fractious and exorbitant market, but for the prosperity it will bring to the lucky people who have put their money and brains in its organic expansion.

Mr. Bryan's greatest recent disappointment is his failure to arrange a fusion with Mr. Hearst.

If a \$300,000,000 lumber merger can be formed, there ought to be a good deal of money in scientific forestry.

The report that a serum worth \$15,000,000 has been discovered in a pig's tail is certain to make the public whistle.

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COFFEE

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Paul's Scarab.

By ANNA MUNSON.

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The professor laid the scarab on the tablecloth and slipped from the room to obtain a magnifying glass.

"I'm glad that there is something about me that he likes," said Dr. Paul Harper grimly. "I asked him last night for permission to marry you, and he told me that he had determined that you should marry a man who would not only appreciate his collection, but would add to it."

Lena Gattion nodded sagely. Already she had received more than a hint of her father's plans for her future happiness.

"He means Professor Katzinger," she explained. "He is here so much and I grow so tired of him."

Paul stroked the little hand that rested on the table.

"It's a shame," he declared. "Katzinger cares more for mummies than he does for flesh and blood people. The idea of asking you to marry a man like that! I won't let you."

"But he is my father," reminded Lena gently. "One must obey one's father."

"Not in any such arrangement as that," cried Paul fiercely. "Let him leave his collection to the museum. They will appreciate it more than Katzinger."

The return of Professor Gattion put a stop to the conversation, and Paul



HE FOUND THE PRECIOUS SCARAB ON THE STAIRS.

sat glowering upon the Egyptologist, while the old man studied the odd scarab with wondrous eyes.

At last with reluctant fingers he returned the scarab to Paul and went to his study, while Paul and Lena slipped out for a walk. Ever since Paul had been an undergraduate at the college he had loved Lena, and now that he had come back to demand her hand in marriage it was a shock to find that the scientist had determined to sacrifice his daughter, as he had everything else, to his beloved collection.

It was the finest private collection of scarabs extant, and it was the professor's wish that the work might be carried on by his son-in-law. To this end he had looked with favor upon Professor Katzinger, who shared his enthusiasm for the collection.

Lena did not share her father's liking for the German professor, and she was very much in love with Paul, but the habit of obedience was strong within her, and even with Paul pleading his case in person he could not induce her to agree to a runaway match, though she did promise to make every effort to evade a marriage with Katzinger.

With this promise Paul had to rest content, but it was with little of the elation which had marked his coming that he took his departure. It was plain to be seen that the professor cared more for the advancement of his collection than he did for his daughter's happiness, or, more correctly, he convinced himself that the two interests were identical. In the eyes of Professor Gattion, a man who did not care for scarabs was no man at all and not fit to marry his daughter.

His only interest in Paul lay in the latter's possession of the odd scarab, the like of which he had not seen before in his vast experience. He was shocked at the careless fashion in which Paul carried it about in his waistcoat pocket, and when, just before the younger man's departure, he found the precious scarab on the stairs he told himself that it served Paul right if he lost the treasure.

At the moment he had no thought of retaining it, but when Paul, missing the scarab, made inquiry the professor, why he would not say, denied having seen it, and the mischief was done. He told himself that he would pretend to find it before Paul left, but now Paul was gone and the scarab still reposed in the private compartment of the professor's safe, while the finder went about with a heavy sense of guilt.

Not by any chance would it be possible now to "find" the missing treasure.

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and the impetus for a moment had made him a thief.

The thought gave him an odd sense of anger. He blamed not alone himself, but Paul, whose carelessness had

made the theft possible. At first he had argued that it served Paul right, but now the tiny scarab had grown to the weight of a millstone about his neck.

He did not dare take it out and place it in his collection. He did not even dare to look at it himself lest Lena, coming in suddenly, as was her wont, should discover him with the evidence of guilt in his hand.

The evil he had done preyed upon his health. He suddenly grew very old and feeble, and his enthusiasm for his collection waned. The thought that his hobby had made of him a thief was bitter indeed, and in the long silence of the night he tossed sleepless on his bed and cursed the day he had seen the scarab on the stairs.

Paul had taken his loss as a slight thing and after a casual inquiry had let the matter drop, but the professor knew how priceless was the find, and the thought that he had betrayed the confidence of a guest was an additional source of pain to the sensitive old man.

At last his condition became so grave that Lena was alarmed. The professor would not consent to see a physician. He knew well enough that no medical man could bring him relief, and as a last resource Lena wrote Paul asking him to come and see them. Already Paul had gained a reputation as a specialist, and since her father would not go to see a physician the only thing to be done was to bring the specialist to him.

She said nothing of Paul's visit to her father, and she arranged with Paul to pretend that he had dropped off over one train to pay a short visit. They met only at the table, and Paul's first glance told him that his host was laboring under some great mental strain and that nothing could be done until that strain was relieved. With the idea of diverting the professor's attention from his cares he brought out a scarab.

At the sight of it the professor half rose from the table and uttered a hoarse cry of surprise. The scarab was the exact duplicate of the one in the secret compartment of the safe, and, not profiting by experience, Paul was carrying this in his waistcoat pocket, as he had the other.

"There were two?" asked the professor.

"Dozens," declared Paul. "I owe you an apology, professor. I had intended to explain it before, but the loss of the other put it out of my mind. This is not a real scarab."

"It is a copy of the other?" "No. None of them are genuine. They are luck charms. You remember Dud Giffis of '02? Well, he is selling these as mascots. You must remember the outja fad. This is a copy of that. You may have this one. It never brought me any luck."

He tossed the stone across the table and with trembling hands the professor examined the gift. He would have sworn to its genuineness, but in the fact of Paul's statement this could not be so. He experienced an odd sense of relief. He was no less a thief though there was not hanging over him the dread fear that he would not be able to make restitution. He passed the stone back to Paul.

"I meant to tell you that I found the other," he said slowly. "I was wondering how to get it to you."

"Keep them both, then," cried Paul. "They bring me no luck."

"But it does," said the professor earnestly. "It brings you the woman you wish to marry. It is better that my collection should pass to the museum. I would not have my daughter's husband share my craze. Not until lately have I come to that conclusion, and it was this scarab that brought the belief about. After that can you say that it brings no luck?"

"Luck!" cried Paul. "I'm going to write Dud to put the price up to a million dollars—if he can guarantee like results in every case."

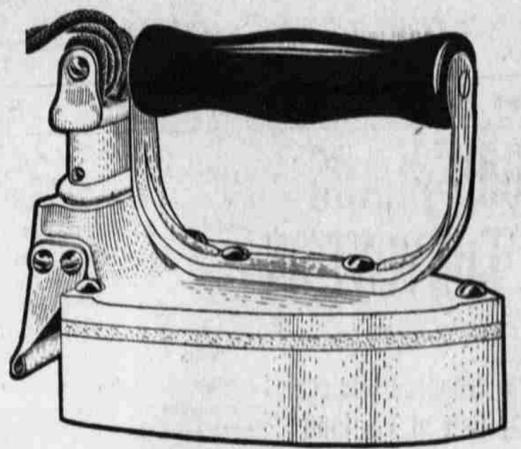
He leaned over to kiss Lena, and the professor stole away from the table, free from care at last. Paul's scarab had worked a double cure.

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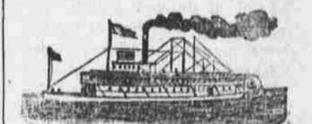
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