

OREGON MIST

Printed at the Postoffice at St. Helens, Oregon, as second-class mail matter.

COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING BY DAVID DAVIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: One copy one year, in advance, \$1.00 Six months, .50

COUNTY OFFICERS: Norman Merrill, Clatskanie Judge; Joseph E. Dean, Treasurer; G. W. Wells, St. Helens Sheriff; E. B. Ross, St. Helens Assessor; L. H. Copeland, Heppner Assessor; A. B. Little, Heppner Surveyor; Dr. H. R. Clark, St. Helens Coroner; W. B. Case, Pittsburg Commissioner.



AUGUST 16, 1901.

The systematic examination of more than 40,000 pairs of human ears in England and France has resulted in some interesting conclusions. For one thing, it is ascertained that the ear continues to grow in the later decades of life. In fact, it never appears to stop growing until death. A woman who has small, shell-like ears at 20 years will be very apt to possess medium sized ears at 40 and large ears at 60.

The great trouble with this state now seems to be scarcity of labor. Not many years ago the labor demand was nothing, but now there is no able-bodied man who cannot find work. In Eastern Oregon the grain fields will give employment to more people at good wages, and west of the Columbia the mills and logging camps are hard pushed to get sufficient workmen. Railroad building opens another field, and there is room in almost every branch of industry for more help.

The proposal to raise money in the United States to present a testimonial to Cervantes ought to be considered with caution. A delicate sensibility such as the Spanish admiral showed to the imperiled Honiton is the companion might not esteem a testimonial from a country which deprived his own of honor and estate. Besides, there are many living and dead who served the United States and did not seek to injure their interests for whom their fellow countrymen have not yet provided any proof of admiration.

It seems there is some question about the new Washington & Oregon railroad, or in other words the Northern Pacific, building a bridge across the Columbia river at Vancouver. Some well informed people are of the opinion that the road from Kalama will be continued up the river on the Washington side to connect with its line at Walla. It should do so it will take grain away from the O. R. & N. Co's territory and haul it to the Sound. This route would give the Northern Pacific a down hill route and would be the means of taking grain away from Portland.

To do a good act because one is to get something for it is to destroy all that makes the doing of it good. To pursue goodness because it is profitable, either for this life or some life to come, is to thoroughly discredit goodness, and to debate it into a coin of exchange. The universe has nothing wherewith to pay a man for doing right or for loving his brother, because it has nothing of equal or comparative worth. The reward of doing right is in being right; the reward of love is in loving; the reward of service is in serving; the reward of telling the truth is the joy of being true.

In many of the fraternal orders the active, effectual work of securing new members stops during midsummer and early fall, but death does not stop during that period. It keeps right on making its expected and unexpected calls at the homes of our brethren, and the resulting financial obligations which the order must pay and reminding us anew of the necessity for vigilance and industry. Time and death take no vacations and there is no good reason why fraternal meetings should be allowed to drop into a retrograde march at any time. The motto should be to keep moving ahead all the time.

Nothing displays the diversity of taste any more than the different places selected by people for their summer outing. One says there is no place quite the equal of the seashore. Another poo-boos the great, briny ocean with its continual growl and speaks for the lofty mountain with its fresh deer and festive trout. Another wishes to sit down beside some mineral spring and drink and drink. Another prefers to go to some big city and see the sights, and as well get a change and part with lots of change. After all, wherever one goes it is the change that does the business if it is done.

Arizona we believe the state is somewhat tardy in furnishing money to start salmon hatcheries, we do not agree that the recent almost unprecedented run of salmon in the Columbia river is entirely due to the work of the hatcheries some five or six years ago. Had the propagation then been on a big scale we should have been inclined to the prevailing opinion. Natural causes should have some credit. No doubt that the big run of salmon will be made a bait to secure money from the state legislature for the purpose of starting more hatcheries, and we hope it will succeed, for all Oregon regions to hear of the big salmon run in the Columbia river.

Much pressure was brought to bear on the directors of the Pan-American exposition to have them close the grounds on Sunday, but the desire on the part of the directors to make the exposition pay, proved a more potent influence than the religious pressure, hence, despite the fact that much attention and consideration has been given to religion in various ways by the directors of the exposition, the grounds are thrown open the same on Sunday as on Monday, and probably has larger crowds on that day than any other. The desire of the city folk to have a Sunday outing has destroyed much of the old Puritanic spirit, and it is not considered very much of a breach of religious belief and faith to go out and spend a pleasant Sunday in innocent amusements during the summer season.

OPEN CONFESSION.

The Cathlamet Gazette, whose editor is, and has for a number of years, been a howling insanity, one of those dyspeptic individuals who was of the opinion that he lived in a cheap country, and who predicted that the nation was scheduled for a journey to perdition in a hand basket if a republican president were elected and the heads of the people bowed down under the yoke of the gold standard, has been caught by the mighty wave of popular opinion and fact and carried back to reasonableness, and gives space in his editorial columns to the following article, not of a calumnious tenor altogether, either:

The United States is jumping with enormous strides into the world's affairs and has become recognized as a factor which must be reckoned with in all matters concerning the nations. Brother Jonathan has become the business man of the world, and his European cousins no longer laugh at his dollars, but realize that his dollars and what they represent are coming to rule the world. The rapidity with which this country has been taking the markets of the world is one of the surprises of the day. Not only in commerce is the United States coming to be a recognized force, but international problems can no longer be settled by ignoring the opinions of this country, and the time has now come when the voice of the United States in influencing a decision which rules the world politics is regarded as second to none. The republic, which from its infancy, has been complacently ignored on the European continent, as a child, has suddenly become a grown giant and is respected and feared. Brother Jonathan has been looked down upon as interested only in the almighty dollar, has come to be feared as the force that is to dominate the history of the twentieth century.

We know only too well that any fool can offer plausible criticism on the handiwork of a sage. We know, too, that one who picks flaws in the actions of public officials or public matters, as a rule, never becomes a hermit or does not want to understand the circumstances surrounding the transactions, and therefore is not a competent person to judge or criticize. We hope we are not treading too harshly on anyone, but justice and health demands that we obtain purer water in the individual's cup for the use of our populace. We have refrained from criticism on this matter all the time in the hope that some improvement would be made, but good has drifted to bad and had to unbearable. The water supposed to be supplied by the gravity system is wholly inadequate in quantity for the use of our people, and the pump, with all the impurities it lifts up from the river, has been resorted to. Mildly said, the water is vile and an epidemic of malaria if not typhoid, is in store for our entire population. If the water company is not in position to furnish a better article, or refuse to do so, then let the city council take the matter in hand and make an effort to get an ample supply of better water. Something must be done and action must be hasty. The war period has just begun, which will continue for at least six weeks, by which time the germs of disease will have become so thoroughly rooted in our system that science and drugs may not suffice to restore health to many of our people. These are delicate matters to parade before the public, those of other sections, but the situation has grown so serious that pride must be buried and only existing facts dealt with. We do not care who or what company elects to supply the water for the town, or what reasonable charge is made for the same so long as somewhere near value received is given. Good water must be had whatever cost, and the sooner the citizens stand at the backs of the city council in demanding and obtaining this, the better will it be for all concerned.

Socialism in its acute form as preached by the leaders of that party today, includes common ownership of everything, land, mines, transportation, in fact business in all its branches, says the Albany Herald. The slogan and the drone would share alike with the energetic and the active. It means a destruction not only of the bad points of our competitive system, but a return to the period between the 9th century and the 14th century, when the conquering barbarians joined forces with the semi-civilized people of the Romanized provinces and plunged themselves into a state of abject servitude. Even in that stage of the world's development it was an impediment to civilization and a step backward. The feudal system almost destroyed the intelligence and individuality of all Europe and reduced them to mere serfs, who welcomed the influence of the church and monarchies to cast off the feudal yoke. Private ownership and our present system slowly evolved from the decline and destruction of that soulless institution that robbed Europe of its intellect and reduced it to a state of anything bordering on the return would destroy our commerce and our homes and reduce the American nation to the condition of the semi-civilized centuries. Socialism is well enough for the untutored savage and the university professor, but like the stage coach and the scythe and sailing vessel, must give way to modern civilization and live only in history.

A MAN with a mission has reached this country from far-away Australia. And what do you suppose that mission is? Nothing more than to reduce the missionary seems to think dead money which he will think differently about before long. One thing can be placed in his credit. He is paying his own expenses. His name is G. T. Wyleigh, but he will be called Dennis or Mud by most Americans. His mission is to educate Americans into belief that this country has outgrown the garb of a republic and that it should adopt King Edward, of Great Britain, as its royal ruler and become a part of the British Empire. Whether Mr. Wyleigh is a harmless fanatic at large or is trying to get notoriety as a freak that can be turned into money on the lecture platform is not yet fully determined, but there seems little doubt of his being one or the other.

A too common error among readers of newspapers is to assume that whatever is printed by way of clippings is an endorsement by the paper reprinting them. It is the mission of the well regulated newspaper to not only have and express views of its own, but to set out the views of other newspapers and other people, that the public may be able to judge for itself. The paper that confines itself to clippings that accord only with its own notions will not only fail in its own mission as a newspaper, but will be forced in time to the conclusion that the public has no particular regard for the opinions of the paper that does it. Most papers of good standing do not try to express their judgment at the proper time and in the proper place, and they find it an equally easy matter to give other people the same latitude which they claim for themselves.

This good country of ours is one of great forests and golden grain, where valleys that yield from thirty to seventy

bushels of wheat, from fifty to 100 bushels of oats, and from 300 to 700 bushels of potatoes. The soil is not infrequently watered by mountains of metal or coal. It is a land where crops never fail, and the rewards of intelligent industry are as sure as the decrees of God; where wonder treads on beauty's heels, and riches rush to meet the earnest seeker (newspaper men excepted). His reward is at handness as his exertion and as varied as the ever changing hues that bathe its sunset skies in prismatic splendors. While other parts of the world suffer from blistering heat or piercing cold, we have balmy breezes, refreshing showers, and an equable temperature the year round.

This is For the Boys.

The following from the pen of a correspondent in the Stayton Mail is so full of good, sober thought that it gives us pleasure to reprint it. The advice given in it should reach the heart of every young fellow in the land who has formed the habit of speaking of their father as "the old man." How often we hear that name from the lips of young boys, some quite old boys, too, when speaking of their father. I never hear it that I do not think there is something lacking in the individual's make-up. I think it denotes a lack of respect. Boys do reverence to the old man. Once like you, the vicissitudes of life have silvered the hair and changed the round, merry face to the worn visage of old age. Once that heart beat with aspirations coequal to any that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time that withered the flowers of yesterday has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once at your age he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to nook in fame; imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream, and you that you have felt, aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the fields of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace