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TODAY'S WEATHER—Fair; slightly warmer; northwesterly winds.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 73; minimum temperature, 64; precipitation, 0.00.

PORTLAND, TUESDAY, JULY 23, 1901

BRYAN IS "OUT."

Mr. Bryan is unwilling to encourage the "bolt" in Ohio. This is his conclusion, and it is wisdom on his part. For nothing could be more apparent than the fact that the Democratic party is making a new forward movement. It is breaking camp all along the line. As it "accepted the results of the war," after the failure of its efforts to defeat them in 1864, and of its effort to reverse them in 1868, so now it accepts the results of its defeat on the Bryan platform of 1896 and 1900. It is a dull party, indeed, but it finally finds out that it is useless to look for birds in last year's nests.

It is a marvel, indeed, how a great party could have been hypnotized by shallow oratory, as this party has been. Ever since Mr. Bryan made the speech that brought him to the front in the convention of 1896, he has been the dictator of his party. He intoxicated it with phrases of a cheap distilment, among which his "crown of thorns" and "cross of gold" had special and wondrous potency. Now at last, after lapse of years, the party is showing signs of recovery from the drench he gave it.

Of course Bryan cannot again be its candidate. His remarks through his newspaper show a consciousness of this fact. But he has a natural wish to escape total oblivion; so he resolves not to put himself in a position to be pointed at as the unmoving figure of a lost cause, by the procession as it passes on. Ohio has given the signal for the new departure, and there is protest against it. But Bryan refuses to join in this protest. He offers no encouragement to those who would refuse to act with the party because the party has refused to reaffirm the platforms of Chicago and Kansas City. On the contrary, he informs the "bolters" that they can expect no sympathy from him.

Here is a touch of good sense at last. It is plain that Mr. Bryan is fully aware that he cannot be a candidate for the Presidency again. He has repeatedly said as much. He has had two fair trials, on platforms of his own making, and he sees he cannot expect a third. But he is unwilling to put himself in the position of the boy who "won't play." He cannot afford to be utterly ridiculous. He may still be something of a factor in his party, but only by moving along with it, however reluctantly.

It is a distinct gain to the country to get rid of the issues of the last two contests in Presidential elections. It cannot but be bad when one of the great parties takes a position which is seriously open to the charge of being both irrational and dangerous. It destroys the balance between parties, and leaves one of them in position to be no proper check upon the other. Thus, the Democratic party is doing not only itself, but the country, a service by getting rid of Bryan and Bryanism.

POOR OLD PAUL.

It is a pathetic picture the dispatches, in their colorless, curt way, draw of poor, old Paul Kruger in his lonely sorrow. Thousands of miles from home, a sojourner in the abode of his forefathers, yet a stranger in a strange land, vainly seeking recognition for a lost government, whose disastrous fortunes have been largely those of his own making—his exiled lot is unhappy enough at best. It is no wonder that when Dr. Heymans and Secretary Boeschoten, chosen for the melancholy office, had broken to him the news of Mrs. Kruger's death, the old man "burst into tears and asked to be left alone." Just before, a crowd of country girls had been singing the old songs of the Netherlands outside his lodgings as he came from evening worship. "He prayed for a long time," the story runs, "and is now calmly sleeping, his Bible beside his bed."

What was the recollection that rose to the old man's mind as he thought of the good wife gone and their long life together? "We never quarreled but once," he said, "and that was six months after we were married." Kruger was dismissed from the British Army once, for serious misrepresentation of money matters, and perhaps his recollection of his domestic annals is not perfectly accurate; but if it is, the Kruger record is probably a remarkable one. Few, undoubtedly, are the households whose heads can say, "We never quarreled but once." Whether one or more, quarrels are apt to occur in the first year of married life, and it is not strange that Paul remembers keenly an occurrence six months after marriage.

What shall we say of the quarrels of husband and wife? Some will have it that there is no true love until after such encounters, and even the sweet-tempered Tennyson lends color to the view in his beautiful little poem of the reconciliation at the grave of the lost child:

> And blessings on the falling out
> That all the more endears
> When we fall out with those we love
> And kiss again with tears.

Yet in general, Mr. Kruger's view is probably nearer right than Tennyson's. He evidently looks upon the single quarrel of his married life as a subject of regret. He takes a melancholy pride in the fact that they quarreled "only once." It is the best way to look at it. Differences of opinion are sure to come, antagonisms of habit are inevitable, but the wise souls will yield rather than fight. With a little sagacity and a great deal of patience, misunderstandings can be kept from becoming quarrels. Wrangling can do little for domestic affection but dull its finer edge.

Perhaps, if Kruger and his wife had looked forward to this day they might have averted their difficulty. Death is the great healer of differences as well as leveler of ranks. In that hour things that once seemed of supreme importance become of little moment, and the grave sheds a sickly hue over the most consuming ambitions and the keenest resentments. None of Mr. Kruger's enemies, and they are plenty; few of his critics, and they are legion, will forbear to sympathize with him in his heavy loss, and pity the sorrows of a poor, old man, for whom home now has lost the satisfaction that has long departed from his political dreams. His eventful career has drawn virtually to its close. At 12 he stood behind the wagon laager on Battle Hill and saw the Zulu crescent surge up the slope almost to the muzzles of the burgher's rifles. At 13 he was in the great fight on the Blood River, where the Boers slaughtered ten Zulus for every Dutchman that Dingaan had ambushed and massacred. Wars in battle and in politics have marked almost every step of his strenuous career; but it is all behind him now. All that is left for him is to listen for the summons calling him to join the aged companion of his joys and sorrows, the while in far-away Hilversum he cries himself to sleep, Bible in hand, while about his white villa the Dutch girls chant softly the folk-songs of the Zuyder Zee.

PORTO RICO'S PROMISE.

Charles H. Allen, a Massachusetts gentleman, a graduate of Amherst, scholar, merchant, Congressman, assistant Secretary of the American Navy, journeys back through tropic heat from Porto Rico to lay before President McKinley the needs and desires of the struggling little colony whose welfare has become his anxious care. The island Legislature has provided laws for ample revenue, as provided in the Foraker act, and in accordance with that act it now asks the President to redeem the pledge of Congress and declare free trade between Porto Rico and the United States.

The islanders have another specific wish, largely sentimental in its character, and that is that the date for issuance of the proclamation of free trade might be July 25, the anniversary of the day three years ago when General Miles landed at the harbor of Guanica and entered upon the peaceful conquest of a people who ran to meet their invaders with glad acclaim, and testified, with shouts, song and flowers, their gratitude at release from Spain and their proud welcome of American sovereignty. The President was not at Washington, so Governor Allen followed to Canton. There he spent Sunday, and when he went away he carried the promise of the President that the proclamation of free trade should issue, and issue on the desired day, July 25.

That is what the record says and what history will record; but the anti knows it is not so. When he reads that the Porto Ricans welcomed American rule, he says to himself, "More's the pity; little do they know the awful fate in store for them." When he reads that Governor Allen and his assistants left their comfortable homes, social pleasures and dear friends here that they might be of some service of uplift and humanity to the poor islanders, he grins sardonically at the thought that Allen is really out to plunder and oppress the Porto Ricans. If Congress has vouchsafed them free trade, it is only that they may be the more effectually despoiled. If the President yields to their sentimental love of the birthday of American sovereignty in their lovely but unhappy isle, it is only that he may in some way take advantage of their unsuspecting guilelessness and the more desperately injure them.

Coincidentally with the story of Governor Allen's visit to Canton comes by mail a paper-bound book from the Government printing office, entitled "Military Government of Porto Rico." The volume is worth attention. The pictures, especially, are good reading, for few Government reports are issued nowadays without illustrations, thanks to the camera and the etcher. There is a view of the provisional hospital at Ponce, located in a tent. There are two American officers, surgeons, and the rest are natives—pleased-looking attendants or poor sufferers from illness and accidents, whose troubles have been ministered to by American tenderness and skill.

Then there are views of hospitals for insane and for lepers, an operation for vaccine points, schools for poor boys and poor girls. Upon the highest step of a large building where the charity boys are gathered before the camera stands one proud little fellow grasping the staff of an American flag that spreads its folds benignly over the pathetic group. In another place a group of lepers are taken, with their attendant surgeons, two young Army officers—strong, handsome fellows, with that captivating air of dash and hardihood with which we are so familiar in barracks and ballroom, far away now from cities and society, obeying orders aimed to help these new and needy wards of the Nation.

These things are a joke to the anti, who calls them, with a sneer, "benevolent assimilation," or else a pious fraud which he denounces with a fine Pharisaism. But everybody else knows that along the whole line of domestic economy our efforts have been unsparingly put forth. Trained and devoted Americans have been busy in Porto Rico and Cuba, since the occupation, leveling roads, building bridges, draining swamps, laying sewers, establishing schools, feeding the hungry, ministering to the sick and naked, providing homes for the homeless and work for the workless. How earnest our people are is seen even in the outcry against the temporary tariff of the Foraker act, even in the prompt prosecution of those who betrayed the American trust in Cuban postal funds and Luzon Army supplies.

The antis have given up hope of American surrender to the Tagal chiefs and delivery of the islands over to assassination and brigandage. Their idol, Aguinaldo, has fallen, so that they no longer speak his name. They are driven to say, stubbornly, as the New York Evening Post says, that the first and sole aim concerning the Philippines is their renunciation to their independence. There is no argument for Philippine independence that does not apply to Porto Rican independence, except the North Atlantic desire to see trade flourish there and not flourish on the Pacific Coast. There is no work of amelioration or labor of love in Cuba or Porto Rico that will not be pushed also in the Philippines. There is no catastrophe of incompetence and helplessness that would overtake the Porto Ricans left to their own ignorance and inexperience but would also overtake the Filipinos.

American rule is good enough for all but those whose consciousness tells them we are a nation of robbers and assassins. It is a calamity all round that circumstances forbid their instant removal to a colony of Aguinaldos.

A SUGGESTIVE INCIDENT.

The return by Captain Lamson, United States Navy, of a sword captured during the Civil War to its owner, a Confederate Captain of Artillery, is in itself no unusual incident. This kind of courtesy between gallant foes has been in vogue for many years between the soldiers of both sides. Sometimes it is a Confedrate officer or regiment that returns a captured sword or colors; sometimes it is a Union officer or organization who gives back gladly to brave men things that, fairly won in war, ought to be surrendered in peace in order to administer that peace so as to promote lasting reconciliation between both parties to our great Civil War. But while the incident is common enough, its real significance lies in the fact that as a rule the best of feeling prevails and always has prevailed between the soldiers on both sides who fought the great war for the Union to a finish. Between the politicians and petty demagogues on both sides a great deal of passionate nonsense has been uttered and continues to be uttered to this day, but we do not remember a conspicuous soldier on either side since the Civil War who has not been conservative in his language and anxious to perpetuate a real and lasting peace between the sections.

The language and spirit of Grant, from his first inaugural to his last message from his deathbed to his countrymen, were for peace and justice to both sides, and the most conspicuous captains of the Confederate Army responded to this expression of feeling at his funeral, and General Joseph E. Johnston rendered the same tribute of respect to General Sherman. But the greatest and most far-reaching service that the leading soldiers of the Confederacy have performed for the future was their preparation of military memoirs and narratives which are written in the spirit of veracity and candor. The curse of the South today is the fact that a number of virulent, made-to-order histories circulate in their schools which present absurd and inveracious views of National events from 1860 to 1870. These histories are devoted to the inculcation of ideas that all the advanced Southern men of today admit are dead and buried and should remain so. These histories have been prepared by passionate little pedagogues or cheap demagogues, or by women of the Bourbon temperament, like Mrs. Pendleton. None of them has been prepared by a conspicuous soldier or statesman of the Confederacy. Nobody expects that the children of the South will read the story of the Civil War purely from the standpoint of a Union soldier, but the narratives, statements and reflections of the really great soldiers and statesmen of the Confederacy, who have recited the facts of that great struggle in which they participated, ought to be consulted and respected by Southern teachers, whose business and duty it is to give their pupils the facts of history, not the ignorance or prejudice of an ill-informed, superficial pedagogue or unscrupulous political demagogue.

The South ought to place in the hands of its school children the facts of history as related by the responsible soldiers and statesmen of the Confederacy, rather than the prejudices, the idiot sound and fury of Bourbon pedagogues. The narratives of these great soldiers and statesmen of the Union cause are not free from error. But the conspicuous soldiers and statesmen of both sides have tried to write of historical events in the spirit of veracity. They have not written in the spirit of a shyster lawyer whose cardinal principle of action is to be sure and abuse the other side by misrepresentation and vilification. And to these books written by the Southern leaders during the Civil War we must look for the final correction of the present mischief wrought by Southern school histories. Some day the intelligent young men of the South will find out that Longstreet scorned to depreciate Grant's great ability and refused to indorse Stonewall Jackson's serious military blunders, which lost Lee the legitimate fruits of his victory over McClellan. They will find out that while Longstreet deemed Lee a great soldier, he was no extravagant hero-worshiper, but holds Lee responsible by his imprudence and undue pugnacity for the failure of the Antietam and Gettysburg campaigns. They will learn that Alexander H. Stephens was the ablest enemy of secession in the South so long as there was any hope of its defeat; that he admired Lincoln and held Grant in the greatest respect as a man and as a soldier. They will learn that Generals Beauregard, Joe Johnston and Jordan are the severest critics of Jeff Davis' civil and military policy; that Lee saw no justification for rebellion, was never a secessionist, and always disapproved of slavery, and that these views were also held by Joe Johnston and Longstreet. They will find out that passion and prejudice and ignorance had far more to do with the Southern Rebellion than did the calm dictates of reason and patriotism.

The fact that the nephew of John Slidell fought in the Union Army while the nephew of Wendell Phillips charged with Pickett at Gettysburg shows that the fight was due more to environment than to blood or lineage. But the really brave soldiers, like Captain Lamson, are the men on both sides who have made this prophecy of Oliver Wendell Holmes, uttered in March, 1861, come true:

> Our Union is river, lake, ocean and sky;
> Man breaks not the medal when God cuts the die;
> Though darkened with sulphur, though cloven with steel,
> The blue arch will brighten, the waters will heal.

Wheat was booming in the Eastern markets yesterday, and Europe caught enough bad crop news in the Sunday night cables from this side of the Atlantic to send Liverpool up about 2 cents per cental at the close. Weighted down by crop prospects which have promised all the way from 700,000,000 to 800,000,000 bushels in this country, the market has been bumping along on the bottom, only waiting for the flood tide of unfavorable crop reports to lift it up where it is easier sailing. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and long before the ill wind that is now affecting the wheat markets commenced blowing on this side of the water it had wiped out 80,000,000 bushels of the expected German crop, and created a deficit of about 50,000,000 bushels in the French crop, while the specter of famine was stalking through some sections of the Russias. Whether or not wheat could have been kept down to the low level where it has recently been resting, even with a 700,000,000-bushel crop in this country, is uncertain, but a few days of torrid weather such as is now sweeping over the Middle West will scale down the Spring wheat yield quite materially. The Pacific Coast has thus far escaped with but little damage, and will accordingly show greater profits proportionately from the advance than the sections from which some of the bullish reports are now emanating.

The Leipziger Bank, which recently failed in Germany, in a list of twenty-one German banks stood eleventh in size of capital. Its capital was $12,000,000, having been increased one-half in four years, the capital in 1897 being $8,000,000. It failed with liabilities of $22,500,000 and assets of $12,000,000. Two-fifths of its resources were locked up in stocks and advances to syndicates, so that it carried a cash reserve of only six per cent. Yet its shares were quoted at 140 the day before it failed. The collapse of the bank is the result of the crash in speculative enterprises that have been floated by the German banks within the last six years. Last year the shares of the great manufacturing companies fell thirty to forty points on the Berlin Bourse. The German land mortgage banks, which in a few years have increased their issues based on mortgages to $1,400,000,000, began to find real estate thrown back on their hands. Two large banks failed last October, and another batch of failures came in April last. Krupp's Works laid off 5000 men last Winter and 4000 in the Spring. German cotton and woolen mills have been for nearly a year on three-quarter time. In Berlin last January out of 83,910 operatives in fifteen branches of industry, 22,629 were without work. Today the wheat and rye crops are poor, heavy imports of food are inevitable, exports are decreasing.

The presence of the circus recalls the fact that it is only some forty years ago that the State of Vermont repealed her law which forbade the circus to come within the state limits. Circuses skirted all the borders, to which Vermonters came down and crossed over into New York and New Hampshire and Massachusetts, to see the show which they were not permitted to see on their own soil. On circus day in Plattsburg, N. Y., the whole lake front of Vermont was depopulated by the exodus of the people to the Empire State. Finally the wisdom and virtue of Vermont began to see that the circus got the money of her people as completely as if the show was permitted to tour the state; that the people were bound to see the circus in any event, so the wisdom and virtue relented and the prohibition placed upon the circus was lifted probably for all time. The prohibitory liquor law still remains upon the statute-books of Vermont, although in practical results it is quite as absurd as the old anti-circus law.

Tillamook County will verify its claim this year as a great dairy section. The product of its creameries and cheese factories rates as first-class in the market. Indeed, the dairy industry of this productive coast county is like authorship in that its name is its product's guarantee of quality. The relatively recent establishment of this industry, covering a period of not more than seven years, and the comparative isolation of that section of the state as regards market facilities, combine to render its growth astonishing. With the output of between thirty-five and forty cheese factories aggregating 1,250,000 pounds this season, and the product of its creameries amounting to 200,000 pounds, it need hardly be said that the people of Tillamook are prosperous, while they are proverbially among the most contented people of the earth, asking only suitable railroad facilities to complete, commercially speaking, the sum of their desires.

Bainbridge Reynolds, formerly a Captain in the Third Cavalry, and eldest son of the late General J. J. Reynolds, U. S. A., died in Washington on the 10th inst. He was graduated from West Point in 1873. He had a long record as an Indian fighter, and was promoted for gallantry in the Rosebud fight. He resigned in 1891. Lieutenant Reynolds served with his regiment in Oregon from 1882 to July, 1885, and from 1883 to 1884 was Regimental Quartermaster.

We read in a book of history that "Washington had two horses shot under him" at Braddock's defeat. Why Washington should have had this done is a mystery. Perhaps the historian is mistaken. But we get this information from the Thomas History of the United States, which has been adopted for use in the public schools of Oregon.

Announcements of preparations for this Fall's State Fair are welcome. Under the present management this institution has been rescued from the oblivion that seemed to be overtaking it, and from its recent annals the people have the right to expect a good fair this Fall, an expectation in which they are not likely to be disappointed.

How eagerly the Porto Rico children grasp at the chance of American education is shown in the pathetic story of the sorrow with which they greet the vacation season. This does not well comport with the tyranny the anti recognizes in our occupation.

In the death of B. Goldsmith there comes to an end a career of sterling business worth and quiet, energetic usefulness in community life. He passes to a well-earned rest and leaves to his family an honored name.

"THE AMERICAN PEOPLE."

Mr. Cleveland Has Learned What the Phrase Means.

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The Venezuela boundary dispute, says ex-President Cleveland in the July Century, "established the Monroe doctrine on lasting foundations before the eyes of the world; it has given us a better place in the respect and consideration of the people of all nations, and especially of Great Britain; it has again confirmed our confidence in the overwhelming prevalence among our citizens of disinterested devotion to American honor, and last, but by no means least, it has taught us where to look in the ranks of our countrymen for the best patriotism."

The New York Sun objects to the last clause quoted as "vague and mystical." "The best patriotism," it insists, "is everywhere in this republic—alike on the prairie farm and in Wall street, among the 'four hundred' and in the shops and factories and down in the very bottom of the coal mines."

Granted; and praise God that it is. Yet when we consider the influences to which Mr. Cleveland naturally looked for support in his Venezuela policy, and recall how signally they failed him, and then pass in review the forces that sustained and carried him on to victory, there is nothing "mystical" in his acknowledgment of the truth.

Mr. Cleveland went into office amidst the acclaim of those who considered themselves the intellectual aristocracy of this country. He was hailed by them as a leader who would lift the great business of government to heights hitherto unknown in this nation. Yet when Mr. Cleveland set his hand to the plow that was to open an ineffaceable furrow across the history of the world, the class to which he naturally looked for aid and sympathy almost unanimously called upon him to turn back. "It was dreadful," as Mr. Cleveland summarizes their outcry, "for us to invite war for the sake of a people unworthy our consideration, and for the purpose of protecting their possession of land not worth possessing."

Then Mr. Cleveland learned a great truth. He learned who were the real American people. He was like Saul, the son of Kish, who went out to look for his father's asses and brought home a kingdom. For when the intellectual asses fled from him to the mountains, "the plain people of the land" rose up and followed him gladly. "Though in the case of the last extremity," as Mr. Cleveland well says, "the chances and suffering of conflict would have fallen to their lot, nothing blinded them to the manner in which the integrity of their country was involved. Not for a single moment did their Government know the lack of their strong and stalwart support."

In the Venezuela affair Mr. Cleveland, perhaps only half consciously, appealed to the instinctive patriotism of the American people to maintain a principle essential to their safety and honor. The response was instantaneous, for that appeal is never made in vain.

KATE CHASE'S AMBITION.

Wanted Her Father to Be President—An Old Story Retold.

Ladies' Home Journal.

The story of "The Dashing Kate Chase and Her Great Ambition" is told by William Perrine. Born in 1840, she early began to exhibit a masterful spirit, to study politics, and to dream of the possibilities in store for her when her father, Salmon P. Chase, was proposed as a candidate for the Presidency in 1856 and again in 1860.

When he was called to a Cabinet position he had been married three times, and it was whispered that he was about to make a certain lady his fourth wife. But the resolute Kate had made up her mind that no one should step in between her and her father, and one day, when the lady called, she was made so keenly to feel that she was an intruder that the budding romance was blighted, and Chase remained a widower.

Even after Kate's brilliant marriage to Senator William Sprague of Rhode Island, she still cherished the ambition to see her father installed in the White House, and was most gracious to those who were likely to be influential in helping her to advance his interests. When he was appointed Chief Justice she saw in it only a scheme to head off his Presidential aspirations forever, and said, half jocosely, half reproachfully, to Senator Sumner, who had voted for his appointment: "And you, too, Mr. Charles Sumner, in this business of shelving papa! But never mind, I will defeat you all!"

In 1868 she nearly succeeded in getting the Democratic National Convention to carry out her wishes. It was in session in Tammany Hall, New York City, and she kept in communication with it by messengers, waiting anxiously for the moment when it was believed her father would carry all by storm. On the fourth day the moment seemed to have arrived, and her heart leaped with joy. But the expected stampede did not come, and the impatient daughter was almost moved to go herself to Tammany Hall. Indeed, there were afterward some politicians who observed that, if she could have gone among the delegates on the floor, she might have been able, at the crucial point, to have swung the convention to the Chief Justice. Instead, Horatio Seymour was nominated, and Kate Sprague that night was the most unhappy woman in the land.

Throws a Suggestive Light.

St. Paul Pioneer Press.

The report of the Bureau of Navigation recently issued shows that 1900 came near being a banner year in American shipbuilding. The total tonnage was 401,285 tons and the number of vessels 1173, against 306,667 gross tons in 1899 and 1053 vessels. This record has only been surpassed in 1854 and 1855, when the United States was leading the world in the building of ships. But that was in the days of the old wooden ships, and the steel vessel forms now the greater part of the total tonnage of the great shipbuilding nations. Though the United States is building more and more steel vessels, it is a long way behind England or Germany. In 1900 we built only 15 steel steamers of an aggregate gross tonnage of 70,667 tons on the seaboard for ocean traffic and only nine steel steamers aggregating 18,888 gross tons on the lakes for ocean traffic. For lake traffic 40 steel steamers aggregating 137,312 tons were built. These totals of 89,555 gross tons in steel steamers for ocean traffic and 226,867 gross tons for lake and ocean traffic do not compare very favorably with the 661 steel steamers of 1,432,000 gross tons launched by Great Britain in 1900, and not particularly well with the 63 vessels of 213,984 gross tons launched by Germany. But the figures show that the steel tonnage is creeping slowly upward. On the whole, the returns throw a suggestive light on the need of ship subsidies.

A Warning to Mr. Bryan.

Albany (N. Y.) Argus, Dem.

If Mr. Bryan intends to continue his attempted dictatorship of the Democratic party "to the bitter end," the end will be bitter—for Mr. Bryan. He ought to remember that he was barely able last year, foreordained and unopposed candidate as he was, to force the Kansas City Convention to indorse dead issues. At the present time he might as well try to make the Democratic party reaaffirm the platform of 1864 as that of 1896.

Fortunate South Dakota.

New York Tribune.

The appointment of A. B. Kittredge as James H. Kyle's successor in the United States Senate gives South Dakota once more two representatives in that body of unquestioned Republican affiliations and antecedents. Since 1891 lack of harmony in opinion and action has been the rule with South Dakota's Senators—a misfortune from which the state is not likely again to suffer in National interests for many years to come.

AMUSEMENTS.

Henry Miller, with a supporting company altogether excellent opened a week's engagement at the Marquam last night in "Heartease," the play with which his name is most associated, and the performance was such as to arouse a crowded house, almost to the point of cheers. While Mr. Miller may be too robust and masculine for the part of the unfortunate composer, whose wrongs form the theme of the play, he invests it with an interest which, awakened with his first appearance with the manuscript of his beloved opera under his arm, is not abated a whit till the curtain falls on the confusion of his arch enemy and the restoration of his title to the authorship of the stolen music. But alone Mr. Miller could not have done so much. The company which he has enlisted to his support could hardly be improved upon, and few are the members of it who are not entitled to nearly as large a share of the credit as the star. The principal parts are in the hands of players of far more than ordinary ability, and one of them, that of Lord Nevill, played by Arthur Elliott, could scarcely have been done better. Given such a company any star could not fail to make an impression, and while Mr. Miller received most of the applause, which was accorded to the extent of six curtain calls at the close of the third act, he generously but justly divided the honors with his support.

The story of the play is one which readily appeals to sympathy, although were the composer a young man of gaunt frame, long hair and slender fingers, he might more easily seem the wronged and injured man that he is. Eric Temple, having composed an opera which he feels sure will make him famous, his next step is to fall in love with the daughter of Lord Nevill and to be fallen in love with by the young wife of the same nobleman. Comes then Sir Geoffrey Pomfret, a suitor of the daughter and an unmitigated scoundrel, poisons Lord Nevill's ears with a report that Temple is making secret love to his wife, and proceeds to lay plans by which he may entrap the composer. Circumstances come readily to his aid. Lady Nevill pays Temple's debts without his knowledge, and arranges to have his opera heard by a famous director. When he comes to her house for the hearing he declares to her his love for her daughter, and she, expecting that his declaration concerns her, listens with interest, as does also the daughter, who happens to pass through the room at the time, but who (of course) slips away before Temple has got so far in his story as to mention her name. This is trouble No. 1 for the luckless musician, and trouble No. 2 enterns upon the stage when Pomfret comes in during his absence and pilfers the only copy of the opera. The third and final trouble is ushered in when Lord Nevill turns up, and, finding Temple in his wife's presence, orders him from the house, and Temple, discovering that she has paid his debts, declares that she did so at his importunity, thus saving her reputation, and settling his chances with the daughter, as far as he knows, forever and ever.

He goes away, has the inevitable serious illness, and returns to find that Pomfret is in the act of producing the pilfered opera ("King Lear," under the alias of "Hildebrand," and that to add insult to injury, the knave has succeeded in extracting from Lord Nevill the promise of his daughter's hand. Naturally, when he learns the whole truth and finds Pomfret handy he smites him, and thereby brings upon himself a challenge to a duel.

But, as it has been written, it's a long lane which has no turning. In the last act, Miss Nevill, who has wrung a confession of the truth from her step-mother, comes to his lodgings, just before the duel, and, although she extracts a promise from him not to fight, she comes forth and releases him when Pomfret insults him to an extent not to be borne by gods or men, much less a composer of Temple's disposition. With the wounding of Pomfret the disclosure of the manner in which he came by "Hildebrand" and a few blushing confessions of love from Miss Nevill, Temple is restored to sweetheart, opera and the pursuit of happiness, and it being a fit time to draw a veil, the curtain falls.

Mr. Miller is perfectly serious about the part of Temple, and he convinces the audience that the loss of his opera and his love are no trifling matters to him. He cumbers his work with none of the eccentricities of genius, but acts in a simple, straightforward, manly fashion that keeps the affairs of the young artist very clearly before the auditor, and inspires one with sorrow for his afflictions and joy at his triumph. While he was perhaps a little inclined to be boisterous in the scene in which he gets his fingers at the throat of his enemy, the occasion is one which calls for some energy, and the way he rose to it roused the audience to a pitch of admiration which only six curtain calls could cool off.

Arthur Elliott, as Lord Nevill, gave a perfomance which was artistic in the extreme. While his opportunities were limited, he made a scene out of his discovery of his wife's attachment for the composer that could not be bettered by any actor who has ever appeared on the Marquam stage, and which has perhaps never been equaled here. The trembling voice of gouty age, the bellowing of a man in anger, and the failing speech of inexpressible passion were all so artistically done as to excite nothing but admiration.

Charles Cherry was equal to the part of Geoffrey Pomfret, Harry S. Northrup made an affable Captain O'Hara, Otis Thorn as Peter Padbury scored once or twice and Fred Thorn as Monsieur D'Arville, the director, and a carrier with an original dialect, created considerable amusement.

Jennie Eustace, of charming face and figure, and with a graceful carriage and engaging manner, made a winsome Lady Nevill, and in one or two scenes her work was of a high order. Florence Rockwell was sufficient as Miss Nevill and Grace Elliston was a pretty Alice Temple.

The play is handsomely staged and magnificently costumed.

"Heartsease" will be repeated tonight.

The Weather Man.

Brooklyn Eagle.

> A little boy with golden hair
> Once sought his father's knee.
> "Oh, popper, tell about the man
> Who weather makes," quoth he.
> "What happens when the day is hot
> And likewise hot the night,
> And when the weather man remarks,
> 'There's no relief in sight'?"
> The father shed a loving glance—
> A glance both kind and mild—
> Then heaved a sigh and promptly said:
> "It always rains, my child."
>
> "And, popper, when the man declares
> It's sure to rain for weeks,
> Till drops descend in steady stream
> From eyebrows, ears and beaks—
> What happens then, oh, popper, mine,
> Oh, tell your little dear,
> What happens when the weather man
> Proclaims it cannot clear?"
> The father stroked the curly head
> That rose above his knee,
> And with another kindly smile,
> "It always clears," said he.
>
> "Then, popper," quoth the lovely child,
> "Pray, tell me, if you can,
> The proper name by which to call
> Our funny weather man—
> The man who, standing in the sun,
> Remarks it cannot clear;
> And he who cannot see the rain
> Until the rain is here?"
> The father shook his shapely head,
> Then said in accents slow,
> "The name for him is not a word
> That little boys should know."

Tobacco.

Lord Byron in his poem of "The Island" thus sings the praises of tobacco:

> Sublime tobacco! which from East to West
> Cheers the tar's labor or the Turkman's rest;
> Which on the Moslem's ottoman divides
> His hours, and rivals opium and his brides;
> Magnificent in Stamboul, but less grand,
> Though not less loved, in Wapping or the Strand;
> Divine in hookas, glorious in a pipe
> When tipped with amber, mellow, rich and ripe;
> Like other charmers, wooing the caress
> More dazzlingly when daring in full dress;
> Yet thy true lovers more admire by far
> Thy naked beauties—give me a cigar!

NOTE AND COMMENT.

> Bill Bryan is talking yet,
> Lest we forget; lest we forget.

If this thing keeps up, his Satanic Majesty will have to make a tour of the Eastern States to get a few points.

When Bryan has anything to say about the Ohio Democrats he feels the need of a stock of I-report-with-regret blanks.

If a man cannot be a Christian and wear a shirtwaist, he certainly ought to be pardoned for keeping cool in this world.

> They started in a naphtha launch
> Across the surging foam,
> The oil gave out, and so they had
> To swim back home.

In the absence of any fighting, the war correspondents are sending out ingenious narratives about showers of frogs in New York.

Thirty thousand tailors have struck in New York. It will probably not be a difficult matter to find 3333 1-3 men to take their places.

> Mother, may I go out to swim?
> Yes, my darling Freddie,
> But first give mother time to get
> A grappling outfit ready.

After visiting Memaloose Island the rivers and harbors committee will begin to have some appreciation of the greatness of Astoria.

Two millions of bad money are already in circulation. The amount would have been many times as large had Bryan's financial policy been adopted.

The State conventions of Sheriffs in Texas should not have adjourned without passing resolutions commending Judge Lynch for his promptness and devotion to duty.

If the strike continues Andrew Carnegie will begin to yearn to get back into the steel trust, for it seems to offer the most speedy means of getting rid of surplus money.

The Spanish Senate is endeavoring to ascertain who was responsible for the disaster to their fleets in the late war with America. We would respectfully advise them that one Admiral Dewey bears the principal guilt.

> Everybody's writing rhymes
> To Chicago,
> To the many kinds of climes,
> In Chicago.
> It's a fearful place to dwell;
> And if half the truth they tell
> One would better live in
> That undiscovered country from whose bourn
> no traveler returns
> Than Chicago.

The poet of Fort Canby has again burst forth. He is now pursuing the elusive crab by the side of the deep and dark blue ocean, and he has imbibed inspiration in large bunches. Here is his lay, fresh from his seething brain:

> The Potter makes her daily trips down to this place so grand,
> No other place to trouble till Ilwaco dock you land.
> The train is always here on time, your baggage they will send
> Up North you go, they are not slow, clear to the other end.
>
> Hotels, we have the finest kind, likewise the best of help,
> Why stay in Portland these hot days, when hot enough to melt?
> To see us bathing in the surf, I know would do you good,
> While others bike upon the sand or roam into the woods.
>
> When tide is low out clamming go, a shovel's all you need,
> Or at the ponds largest crabs take from, left by the out-gone sea;
> Friends gather round, we are out of town, what care we for style?
> The fire is made, the table laid, now for a Long Beach bile.
>
> Now who would miss such times as these, enjoying such refreshing breeze,
> The color to your face it brings, that worn-out look has taken wings.
> When back to Portland you return, at business full of vim,
> You'll bless the day you came this way the seaside to take in. A. W. R.

An Invitation.

> The Summer showers patter on the spreading maple trees,
> The breath of roses travels on the cool refreshing breeze,
> And shade and sunshine alternate, as clouds go flying past
> Each clothing Earth with raiment more attractive than the last.
> In shady nooks beside the brooks invite to grateful rest
> O people of the sun-scorched East, pack up and come out West!
>
> The speckled trout are leaping in the placid mountain pool,
> The quail are shrilly piping in the canyons deep and cool,
> And on broad-bosomed rivers where the waves are never still,
> The passing steamboat's whistle wakes the echoes of the hill.
> The snow glows in the sunset on Mt. Hood's exalted crest,
> Why will you stay and swelter when the the railroads lead out West?
>
> The purple twilight lingers loath to leave the lovely scene,
> Against the golden sunset stand the mountains dark and green,
> Till sails the moon all radiant brough a soft and cloudless sky,
> And from far up above one falls the night bird's plaintive cry,
> To dwell in such a country is to dwell among the blest
> Pray leave your parching cities to their fate, and hasten West.

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

Mamma—No cooking-class today? May—No, ma; the teacher is sick. "The heat, I suppose." "No, dyspepsia."—Philadelphia Record.

Taking no Chances.—Friend—Can't you give me a tip on stocks? Broker—Yes; but in consideration of our long friendship, I won't.—Brooklyn Life.

Everything Convenient.—Mrs. Smith (looking at flat)—But I don't see any closets? Mr. Smith—Why, my dear, every room's a closet.—Town and Country.

Quite a Number.—"Willie, whom did George Washington marry?" "The widow Custis, ma'am." "Had he any children?" "Yes'm—the sons and daughters of the Revolution."—Life.

The Chief Cost.—Askit—And so you have given up your Summer trip to Wetspot-by-the Sea? Tellit—Yes, I had to.