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YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 84; minimum temperature, 54; fair.

TODAY'S WEATHER—Increasing cloudiness and cooler; south to west winds.

PORTLAND, FRIDAY, AUGUST 30.

A MENACE OF PEACE.

It is a curious thing that inventive genius, applied to war, steadily enhances the efficacy of defense, by sea and land. The perfection of explosives continually lags behind the resistance of armor. Repeating guns and smokeless powder made for Germans and British to conquer the world, get into the hands of the intended victims and hinder what they were designed to achieve. The Turk defies discipline, the Filipino band survives in mountain fastnesses, the Boers spread out behind tree and rock and keep at bay the armies of Edward's empire. So it is on the sea. In the Spanish War we made no damage upon the fortifications of San Juan, and only played with the ancient defenses of Santiago and fluttered about Havana without the temerity to enter.

The increasing power of the defense to resist attack is one of the most powerful operating forces in international politics today. Coupled with the financial perils attendant on prolonged contests, it fortifies the peace of Europe behind almost insurmountable barriers. There are those who value peace at any price above all other considerations, material and moral; and to them the news is welcome. But he who reads history with unprejudiced eye can tell of many blessings and achievements that would still be unborn in the womb of time, so far as human eyesight can penetrate, except for the throes of mighty war. When the world becomes, through supine submission to intrenched tyranny, what Wordsworth calls "a stagnant pen"; what Shakespeare had in mind when he spoke of "the cankers of a calm world and a long peace"; what Tennyson mourns as base when in the closing lines of "Maud" he welcomes the call to arms, there is no cost of blood and treasure to be counted against the moral and intellectual awakening roused by the clash of battle.

How often in all the records of the race has the sword been unsheathed to right the gravest wrongs! When Greek rose against the invader; when Switzerland flew to arms in defense of her liberties; when the Netherlands broke the power of Spain in Northern Europe and liberators drove her spoiling rulers from the New World; when the allies crushed the ambitions of Napoleon at Waterloo; when Cromwell's forces set up righteousness on the unworthy throne of Charles—the ideals raised and the sacrifices undergone bequeathed a priceless heritage to all succeeding time. What would Bunker Hill and Lexington, Valley Forge and Yorktown, mean to us of America today but for the Fathers' appeal to arms, and who shall measure the blessings contributed to all mankind by war through such careers as Washington's, Lincoln's, Lee's and Dewey's? War gave us our independence, freed the slave and raised the Stars and Stripes in far-off islands of the sea.

Who shall give us wherewithal to supply the place of high tradition in Army and Navy; of the chivalry of men in battle and in prison and the heroism of women through hours of parting or suspense? What shall fill the place in sacrifice and inspiration, of Thermopylae and Salamis, Hastings and Marston Moor, Nathan Hale's martyrdom, Grant's patience, the sacrifices of the common soldier, the ministries of the battle-field, the silver voices of heroic bugles, the wild, grand music of war? Civilization gets forward on a powder-cart, but the battle-field's greatest blessings are not so much those of trade as the heroic memories it leaves to lift up lives and discredit the cowardly and mean.

There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And freedom shall a while repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

The Oneonta, N. Y., correspondent of the New York Sun writes that paper under date of the 24th inst. that the hopgrowers of Otsego and other counties of Central New York are unable to compete with the Pacific slope. For two or three seasons the hop farmers of the Empire State have been plowing up their hopfields and planting them to other crops, until the acreage in hops of the once famous hopgrowing district of the counties of Otsego, Madison and Oneida is estimated to have decreased a quarter or a third in five years. In the collateral hopgrowing districts of Schoharie, Herkimer, Montgomery and Fulton Counties and parts of the Upper Catskill country the reduction is in much larger proportion. The vast hopfields of the Pacific slope, owing to the favorable conditions of climate, soil and labor, have made it next to impossible for the Central New York grower to compete with them in the general markets. The soil of Oregon is new and rich. The climate is without the meteorological dangers that threaten the Eastern vines. The land is so cheap that ten acres of superior hop soil may be had in the Pacific slope region for the price of one acre in the Mohawk belt. Labor is cheaper there. The hop farmer of New York State is repeating the experience of the old-time New York State wheat and barley grower. The wheat of the Genesee Valley and the barley of Ontario, Seneca, Yates and Steuben Counties once supplied a large proportion of the demand for those grains, but when the great grain farms of the Northwest began, with the completion of the trunk lines of transportation from the Atlantic seaboard to the Great Lakes and the Mississippi, to throw their crops upon the market, the farmers of New York State were unable to compete with the stream of grain that poured in from the far Northwest. Today the old-time splendid wheat and barley lands of New York State are devoted to the cultivation of potatoes, beans, onions and other crops.

IS IT NECESSARY?

May we not at last draw the veil of charity over the horrid spectacle of Reconstruction, graphically pictured by Mr. Page in the September Atlantic? They were awful blunders, it is true, that came in with Abraham Lincoln's death and went out with the kindly and almost equally persecuted Rutherford B. Hayes. They were stupendous crimes—those perpetrated through the eight years of reconstruction, against a brave, cultivated and chivalrous people by the bigotry and ignorance of Northern partisans and unscrupulous soldiers of political fortune. History must record these dark annals and seek, in humiliation and pain, to bind the blame on the guilty. But for present use in getting on in happiness and advancement, shall we not try to forget it all? "Ring out the old, ring in the new." We are all in straits at times to cry for mercy, and extenuation is sorely needed for Ku Klux and lynching horrors as well as for Stanton's hostility and carpet-baggers' corruption. Shall we not move with more hope and confidence, North and South, to throw the mantle of charity upon the sins of both sections, and look steadfastly forward to the triumphs of the twentieth century?

We take it that Mr. Page's counterblast against the bloody shirt was long ago made into a superfluity. Assuredly they have burned to ashes—these fires of generation-old hatred and misunderstanding! For every Southron that has come fervently to thank God that slavery is no more there is at least one Northerner who prays to be forgiven for his persecution of the South and his pernicious errors on behalf of the black. Just as much as we have a New South, we have a New North. The nightmare of the awful Yank is not more effectually dispelled than is the superstition of the Southern man "lazy, self-indulgent, cruel; who passed his time in the indulgence of his appetite, supported by the painful labors of slaves to whose woes he was worse than indifferent." The new generation at the North, who knew not the animosities as well as the sacrifices of the War, are content today to let the South work out its own problem, well persuaded, as Mr. Page effectually puts it that "intelligence, virtue and force of character will eventually rule in the South as elsewhere, and everywhere as certainly as the law of gravitation."

NEWELL AND THE LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

Further information seems to cast doubt upon the assertion that the late Governor Newell was the originator of the life-saving service. The Washington correspondent of the New York Evening Post has been at considerable pains to inquire critically into the foundation of Mr. Newell's claim, and finds from examination of the records that the most that can be claimed for Dr. Newell is a share in helping along what had been begun before his time and remained to be carried on to both a practical and a general stage by others. In 1898, when Dr. Newell was 79 years of age, he issued a little pamphlet in which he sought to make himself the hero of the most of the experiments by the distortion and garbling of letters, official reports, etc. His method is illustrated by a passage in which he quotes Superintendent Kimball, of the life-saving service, as saying in his report for 1876:

> The Government first gave its attention to the method of aiding stranded vessels by the establishment of stations, furnishing means of effecting communication with such vessels and the shore, in 1848, and to the Hon. William A. Newell of New Jersey, then a member of the House of Representatives, belongs the honor of first presenting and advocating the merits of his plan, in a speech in which he described the uses of the mortar, line, rockets, etc., portraying vividly the terrible scenes of shipwreck upon the calamitous shores of his state.

Here Dr. Newell has changed the word "this" in the report to "his" in the quotation before the word "plan." All Mr. Kimball did in his report was to give Dr. Newell credit for the first speech made in which the existing apparatus was described with some detail. There was clearly no intention to credit Newell with any consistent plan or scheme of his own, or to hold him up as the author of the life-saving service. Dr. Newell, in his pamphlet, pretends that his invention of the system grew out of a visit to the wreck of an Austrian brig on the New Jersey coast in 1839, when the sight of thirteen drowned sailors on the beach prompted him to invent the idea of throwing a lifeline to a wreck by means of a mortar. Dr. Newell's "invention" of 1839 was fully described in an edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica considerably antedating 1839 in its accounts of the use of the mortar and line for connecting wrecked vessels with the shore by Lieutenant Bell, of the British Artillery, as long ago as 1791. Bell received 50 guineas from the Society of the Arts for his invention, and was promoted as acknowledgment of merit, and in 1811 an address was moved in the House of Commons by Mr. Wilberforce, praying to have such an apparatus stationed at the different parts of the British coast. Captain Manby, of the British service, made further application of the same idea, and published a volume on the subject with a number of illustrative engravings in 1826, in which the mortar and line are shown pictorially, as well as described in the text in all the stages of their use.

This book was published thirteen years before the sight of the Austrian brig prompted Dr. Newell to invent the idea of throwing the lifeline by use of a mortar and make experiments in proof of its practicability. As a matter of fact, the Austrian brig referred to was not wrecked in 1839, but in 1862. In the wreck of 1839 the entire crew and the greater part of the cargo was saved. But Dr. Newell confused the incident of 1839 with that of 1862 in order to date his so-called invention as far back as possible. Dr. Newell based his claim to be "the originator and founder of the United States life-saving service" on his introduction of a resolution in January, 1848, but as far back as 1838 the Secretary of the Treasury had forwarded to the Senate communications relating to the establishment of a life-saving service. In 1847 Congress enacted a law appropriating $5000 for furnishing lighthouses on the Atlantic Coast with means of rendering assistance to shipwrecked mariners. This appropriation, with one added later, was turned over to the Massachusetts Humane Society and expended on the Massachusetts coast in the construction and equipment of station-houses. This society since 1791 had maintained lifeboats, rockets and lines at houses on exposed beaches.

These facts show that the whole subject was already old and familiar when Dr. Newell took hold of it in 1848. He successfully urged an appropriation for surf-boats, rockets and other necessary apparatus to be placed at selected points on the New Jersey coast, but the credit for the first thorough organization of a responsible life-saving service seems chiefly to attach to United States Senator Hamlin, of Maine. Dr. Newell appears on investigation of the records to have been a vain old politician who worked his "services" in Congress on sea and shore for a good deal more than they were worth. He only raised an annual clamor for an appropriation, for the benefit of the New Jersey coast, just as the Alabama Congressional delegation every year urges an appropriation for "the improvement of navigation on the Tombigbee River."

A HOODLUM'S HOLIDAY.

A writer in the New York Evening Post (Mr. J. P. M.) maintains that it is not vengeance, but fun, that the negro-burning mobs are after. The writer in the Post is a keen satirist, and yet it is a fact that this chronic negro-burning is an appalling phase of white degeneracy. The writer in the Post holds that negro-hunting and negro-burning are executed chiefly "by a kind of animals that never wasted as much time defending the honor of their families as would an ordinary alligator; they enjoy it and they let the children see it. It is just the kind of excitement that their dull, imbruited natures thrill at." This arrow of satire is tipped heavily with truth. History is full of testimony that agony in others soon becomes a source of enjoyment to those who inflict or witness it. The average boy until he reaches the age of puberty is generally cruel. He robs birds' nests of eggs and young, stones frogs to death and inflicts horrible tortures on cats and dogs. He torments the shy, sensitive or feeble boy among his fellows. So notorious is childhood for wanton cruelty that one of Hogarth's famous pictures, "The Age of Cruelty," is devoted chiefly to the delineation of the inhuman antics of half-grown boys practiced upon the helpless among mankind and animals.

Degenerate men always behave in this respect like children. They think little, they long for excitement, they are full of idiot sound and fury in all they do. The childhood even of great races, like the Greeks and Romans, was conspicuous for the practice of ingenious torture. There is no mode of cruel torture practiced by the American Indian that was not once in vogue among the great races of the Old World. In the degeneracy of Rome under Caligula, Nero and Domitian cruelty was cultivated as a fine art. The Carthaginian was distinguished for cold-blooded, malignant cruelty in an age of cruelty. Alexander inflicted horrible tortures on his real or suspected enemies, and the Oriental despot today is a demon of cruelty under small provocation. Spain cultivated the habit of cruelty through the public spectacles of the burning of heretics by the Inquisition, which furnished holidays to Seville, and the Spanish maidens came in from their vineyards gaudily attired to enjoy the agony of heretics. The Spaniard no longer has the Inquisition, but he had it until Napoleon Bonaparte stamped it out of existence with his iron military heel, and he has the bullfight today and will not give it up.

The Spaniard is the most cruel member of the Latin race, because of the Inquisition, which never obtained any foothold in France and had but a short and feeble life in Italy. And yet France was grossly disfigured by cruelty in her legal code long after England had become comparatively humane. Legal torture ended in England in the reign of James I, but legal torture was inflicted in France more than 150 years after it was extinct in England. Burning of heretics was common enough in England, but the terrible legal tortures that were a common punishment in France from Louis XI in the fifteenth century to Louis XV in the last half of the eighteenth century were never a common spectacle in England, even in its most barbarous times. That is to say, the English people never seemed to be cruel for mere cruelty's sake. All London, high and low, never turned out to see a common malefactor slowly done to death as all fashionable Paris did for 300 years down to 1757. The Spanish Inquisition burned 32,000 persons, and these religious spectacles educated the people to cruelty. The habit of cruelty grew on the French people during the Reign of Terror so rapidly that children of tender years were sent to the guillotine, and fashionable ladies wore diminutive guillotines for watch charms. Some of the Terrorists revived the cruelties of Nero. None of these habitually cruel Terrorists were men of any intellectual power. They were all degenerates in mind and body; the strong men among them were the first to cry halt to the massacre of royalists after battle, to wholesale beheadings, but the Paris public had been educated to a taste for cruelty and enjoyed the daily work of the guillotine, even as the degenerate white mob at the North or South enjoys hunting down a negro and organizing a barbecue where the spectators can all see the black bull meat roasted over a slow fire.

Cruelty is easily made a habit by degenerate men, whose mental and moral development has never outgrown childhood, which is emphatically the age of cruelty. Cruel and unusual punishments have always served to multiply the crimes for which the punishment was inflicted. The more witches burned the more witches there were to burn; the more heretics were committed to the flames the more heresy flourished. The practice of cruelty makes wild beasts of men, even as the taste of human blood makes that particular tiger henceforth "a man-eater." This lurking devil of cruelty is everywhere, but is generally held in leash by public opinion, but it broke loose in New York City once, in July, 1863, set fire to a negro orphan asylum and began to burn the children. It murdered innocent negroes on Grove steret, in the oldest part of the city. Cruelty grows fat upon what it feeds today, even as it did in the fifteenth century.

The new arrangement of railroad traffic officials in Portland has the surface appearance of being tentative. It carries with it a strong probability that the O. R. & N. and the Oregon lines of the Southern Pacific will be brought into still closer relationship. But the working out of these changes of relationship is a matter of much difficulty and time and diplomacy are required to effect adjustments that shall be beneficial to the service and lasting. The promotions just made are in every way commendable. They recognize active young men of special talents in their field. Mr. Markham has started a notable work in Oregon, a work requiring not only knowledge of traffic matters but also tact, persistence and executive ability. That work is far from complete, and if it were to be arrested by Mr. Markham's removal to San Francisco it would be unfortunate for the state. But Mr. Miller has been in close contact with the development policy of the O. R. & N., and he may be trusted to continue in Southern Pacific territory the course that his predecessor has inaugurated with so much promise. Mr. Coman has a record for efficiency and popularity, and he is thoroughly acquainted with the transportation field over which he is now to exercise jurisdiction. These promotions have the advantage of carrying popular approval as well as official strength.

The Mark Lane Express, of London, estimates the wheat requirements of the United Kingdom, France, Holland and Belgium at 664,000,000 bushels for the present crop year, of which those countries will produce about 396,000,000 bushels, leaving a deficit of 268,000,000 bushels. It is reported that Russia will be a small exporter, but, allowing for the exports of Russia to the importing countries of Central Europe, and for the exports of Argentina, India and Australia, it seems probable that the United States will be called upon for the whole amount of 268,000,000 bushels required in Western Europe for the crop year ending next July. In 1891 we sent abroad in a single year 225,665,812 bushels, and in the fiscal year of 1899 we exported 222,618,420 bushels. From 1869 to 1879 the United States exported only about 20 per cent of its wheat production. It now exports from 30 to 40 per cent. The largest yearly shipment in that time was 92,000,000 bushels; the smallest 25,284,800 bushels. During the last ten years the exports have averaged 173,000,000 bushels, and during the last three years the average has been 208,700,000 bushels. Our wheat yield this year is estimated at 650,000,000 to 700,000,000 bushels, of which 300,000,000 to 400,000,000 bushels can be exported.

Favors to certain classes of property have grown to serious abuses in many parts of the country. Nearly one-eighth of the taxable property in the State of New York is exempt from taxation. The total amount thus exempted by law is $723,344,841. Of this, the Federal property amounts to $55,647,055; state property, $39,104,660; county property, $6,150,300; city property, $344,355,687; schools, $85,352,590; churches, parsonages and cemeteries, $129,099,055; charitable and reformatory, $58,855,526; property purchased with pension money, $2,039,973; miscellaneous, $2,770,975; total, $723,344,841. As the total assessed valuation of property in the state is $5,461,302,752, it will be seen that the value of exempt property to the whole is 13.24 per cent, nearly one-eighth.

The steel trust appears to be gaining on the strikers, and while any end of the trouble is to be desired for business reasons, the present situation offers two disconcerting possibilities. One of these is that the laborers are far more likely than the employers to prolong a losing struggle indefinitely, and the other is that resort may be had either to violence or to sympathetic strikes of large proportions. Every mill opened by the trust is an incentive to reprisals on the part of the Amalgamated Association.

The most cruel punishment which could be administered to those striking Walla Walla convicts would be to take them at their word and give them no more work during their incarceration. Idleness in a penitentiary is not so pleasant as it is beside a running brook or in a hammock under a tree.

It is disconcerting to the Sultan to see the French Ambassador withdraw peremptorily and await in Paris the settlement of the French claims. Yet even this embarrassment may be unequal in his view to the pain of paying. Ducats come before diplomacy in the Byzantine lexicon.

Indications point to racing as the probable cause of the calamitous steamboat explosion on the Delaware. If this proves to be the case, Philadelphia will have an excellent opportunity for the application of Jersey justice.

The Selby Smelting Works refuses to pay that $25,000 reward for conviction of Winters. The company discovers that since it has the gold back it did not want the treasure so badly, after all.

With rival revolutions in all the South and Central American republics, the yellow journals will have to establish a draft to get war correspondents enough to go 'round.

Why not call the Astoria regatta "The Artificial Propagation Carnival"? The salmon hatcheries have contributed much toward its success.

Italy is going to make us pay for lynching several of its citizens. After we have had our fun, it sometimes irks to pay the fiddler.

The big log raft is afloat, and navigation between the mouth of the Columbia and San Francisco will soon be risky business.

Germany's colonial policy might be more feasible if it did not include operations in South America.

A new record is a regular part of the Deutschland's cargo now.

GIRLS PREFER THEIR OWN SEX.

Chicago Tribune.

A writer in the National Review sets forth some curious and amusing results secured by asking several hundred schoolgirls the following questions: "Which would you rather be, a man or a woman, and why?" There is a striking difference between the answers of the children in Germany, in England, and in the United States; also between the answers of the little girls of New England and of Indiana. Apparently the farther West one comes the higher is the estimation in which womanhood is held.

In Indiana only 14 per cent wished they were men, and in New England 15 per cent. In England 34 per cent wished to be men, urging that men had a better time, more glory and more money. In Germany most of the girls were not allowed to answer, but those who did so took the sober view that "it is wicked to wish to be a man." In Germany there were none who expressed a belief in the superiority of women. In England there were 4 per cent; in New England 14 per cent, and in Indiana 34 per cent. Evidently the women of Indiana are of superfine material.

The reasons of the 85 or 86 per cent who were true to their sex are interesting if not alarming to the masculine mind. A large percentage, especially in New England, said they would rather be women because women were better than men. Twenty per cent of the Indiana maidens were glad they were not men because men's lives are so dull and commonplace. In general, the American girl seems to be convinced that "it is more important to be a woman than a man," and is determined to get her "share of the world" in spite of the men who own it. One says she would rather be a woman because she cannot be anything else, and she means to be "as good as a man, anyway." One is reminded frequently of Mrs. Poyser by the replies of the Indiana girls, of which these are delightful examples:

> Women are more industrious than men are.
> Women have good chances in life; they can be in any profession; or, if they do not want to be, they can marry and do nothing.
> I would rather be a woman, because they suffer more than men, and it is blessed to suffer.
> I was born a girl, and I shall have to be a woman, so there is no use in crying over spilt milk.
> A man can work harder, and a woman has more sense. If I wanted to be a man it would be no use, and men swear and spit on the floor, so I have not lost much.
> I would rather be a woman, as they have better chances in life as teachers in public schools.
> I would rather be a woman any day; men get drunk and steal, and they can't work or make children's clothes or do anything useful.

Evidently there is a hard time coming for American men when these frank-spoken Hoosier maidens grow to maturity. Their almost unanimous verdict on the comparative merits of men and women ought to cause the lords of creation to take a humbler estimate of themselves.

Easy Guess at China's Population.

Chicago Record-Herald.

Our esteemed contemporary the Tribune has been imposed on by its Frankfort correspondent, who furnished it with a new statement of the total population of China from German papers based on a "Chinese journal." The table, which is quite interesting, is as follows:

Chili	17,937,000	Hupeh	22,190,000
Shantung	36,247,000	Hunan	21,000,000
Shansi	12,211,000	Sensi	8,432,000
Honan	22,115,000	Kansuh	9,285,000
Kiangsu	20,905,000	Szechuan	67,112,000
Anhui	20,596,000	Kwantung	22,700,000
Kiangsi	24,534,000	Kwangsi	5,151,000
Chukiang	11,580,000	Kweichow	7,669,000
Fuhkien	22,190,000	Yunan	11,721,000

Unfortunately this table does not give the present population of China, but merely in round numbers the identical approximation made for the Statesman's Year Book of 1897, and which has not been revised since. A note upon this guess in the 1901 edition of that publication says: "In the following table the areas assigned to the provinces are mainly from estimates by Colonel G. F. Browne, military attache in China; to the provinces with an asterisk are given the populations from the Chinese official data for 1882; those with a † (dagger) have the population of 1879; Fuhkien is estimated on the basis of the census of 1844."

As nine of the provinces are marked with an asterisk and seven have the sign of the dagger to designate the date of the guess it will be perceived that the above table is utterly worthless as a statement of China's present population, although one contemporary vouches for it with the heading, "China's Population Counted."

It is instructive, however, to know exactly where the German newspapers get the figures with which they are wont to correct reckless American statisticians.

As a matter of fact the population of China has never been counted accurately, and no man knows whether it has a population of 300,000,000 or 400,000,000. Including Manchuria, Mongolia, Thibet, Inugaria and East Turkestan with the above provinces the accepted guess puts the population of China at 399,680,000. But travelers discount these figures from 10 to 20 per cent.

Give Hoke Time to Develop.

Philadelphia Record.

A man from Georgia, one of the delegates to the industrial convention, was talking about Hoke Smith.

"Down in our state," said the delegate, "the name of Hoke Smith is held in veneration. Apropos of this they tell a story about a couple of 'crackers' who were sitting on a fence talking politics. It was when Hoke Smith was serving as Secretary of the Interior in Cleveland's Cabinet.

"'Hoke Smith's a great man, suh,' said one cracker.

"'Yaas, suh, he's a great man, but he ain't es great a man es Grover Cleveland,' said the other.

"'Yaas, suh, Hoke Smith's a greatah man than Grover Cleveland.'

"'Wall, ah reckon he ain't es great a man es Gen'l Robe't E. Lee.'

"'Yaas, suh, Hoke Smith's a greatah man than Robe't E. Lee.'

"'Ah reckon he ain't es great a man es Jeff'son Davis.'

"'Yes, suh, Hoke Smith's a greatah man than Jeff'son Davis.'

"A long pause followed, and each chewed meditatively.

"'Hoke Smith ain't es great es God,' remarked the doubting cracker.

"This argument seemed a clincher, but the other cracker proved equal to it. He spat copiously, and then drawled out:

"'Mebbe not—mebbe not. Hoke Smith's a young man yit.'"

Cruelty to Nordstrom.

Philadelphia Times.

The law's delay has seldom had a more striking example than in the hanging Thursday of Charles Nordstrom, at Seattle, Wash., convicted of killing a man in 1891. Nordstrom had as his counsel ex-Congressman James Hamilton Lewis, who exhausted every effort to save his client's life. The case was before all the courts in Washington, where it was tried seven times, and was twice before the Supreme Court of the United States. Even to the last Lewis kept up his efforts to save Nordstrom's life, and spent the night before the execution trying to get some Judge to order a stay. The nine years' legal struggle was all in vain, and was really cruel to Nordstrom, who was led to believe that he would not be hanged. So confident was he of this that at the last moment he collapsed, had to be carried to the scaffold and was hanged as he was, propped up by a piece of timber.

Political Economy in Kentucky.

Old Negro—Say, Cunnell, what am political economy?

Kentucky Colonel—Political economy, Sambo, is the removal of the greatest number of your political enemies with the least possible waste of ammunition.

AMUSEMENTS.

Funnier, more tuneful, and altogether more like a comic opera than "The Toy-Maker," "The Wedding Day," which was the bill at Cordray's last night gave the Tivoli Company in general, and Mr. Hartman in particular a far better chance to show themselves to be capable entertainers than its predecessor. There is a swing and dash to the opera that starts with the first chorus and never ceases till the last. There are no drags nor pauses any place. The dialogue melts suddenly into music, runs through a few bars in which all hands round take a part, swells into a rollicking chorus, finishes on an altitudinous note and is back to plain dialogue again almost before the listener has time to observe what is going on. The comedy starts a little heavy footed in the first act, but as soon as Hartman sheds his circus-ring togs and arrays himself in the ill-fitting habiliments of war he begins to be funnier than he has ever been before, and from that time forward there is plenty to laugh at and about. There was plenty of laughing, too, for the audience was just the same size as the theater, and it employed all the leisure between encores in chuckling at Hartman or his numerous well-qualified assistant comedians.

Musically the opera is one which will take rank with any of the new ones. It is brimfull of melody; now a catchy topical song, now a swinging chorus and, again, a solo of a kind one wants to hear again. The choruses, in particular, are full of life, and they were sung in a fashion which shows what can be done with good voices and hard drilling. The work of the orchestra, which is that of the theater, was of a high order and did much to aid in the effect of the musical numbers.

The book of the opera would be only moderately funny in the hands of an inferior company, but Mr. Hartman, in the part of the baker whose wife involves him in the varying fortunes of war; Miss Myers as the wife, and Mr. Cunningham as a fire-eating, plotting General, are able to make it exceedingly amusing.

Mr. Hartman has three rousing topical songs, the first of which, "Lulilee," is put on with the whole feminine contingent, who know what to do with the chorus, and do it the right way. Another concerning the dances of divers and sundry foreign parts provoked so many encores that it looked for a time as if he would have to devote the rest of the evening to its completion. The third was a dream song, with local and other topical verses, which was funny even though it was an obvious imitation of Harry B. Smith's great song in "The Serenade."

Miss Myers has considerable singing to do, and is as captivating as usual, while Bernice Holmes, as Madame de somebody or other, contributes a very effective vocal number in the second act. Edward Webb's turn came in the third with a very tuneful metrical essay of friendship, which won a well-deserved encore.

The whole company seemed to be at its best, and not one opportunity to get all the music possible out of a number was overlooked. The opera was prettily costumed and well mounted.

"The Wedding Day" will be the bill the rest of the week with the exception of the matinee Saturday afternoon, when a special souvenir toy matinee of "The Toy Maker" will be given.

Kipling Traced to "Oregon Lay."

Springfield Republican.

Rudyard Kipling's latest rhyming—we can't honestly say rhythmic—production was designed to set forth the blunders of the management of the South African War, and as a tract it may have its value, but otherwise it is certainly even more lamentable doggerel than "The Absent-Minded Beggar"—which is a sufficiently severe remark. He begins his satirical screed with an expansion of the formula of confession, "Mea culpa, mea cupla, mea maxima culpa!" The Boston Pilot makes this use of the opportunity:

> Some curiosity has been felt as to where Mr. Kipling found the metrical model for his latest poem, of which the following are some specimen lines:
>
> It was our fault, and our very great fault, and not the judgment of Heaven;
> We made an army in our image on an island nine by seven,
> Which faithfully mirrored its maker's ideals, equipment and mental attitude,
> And so we got our lesson and we ought to accept it with gratitude.
> We have spent some hundred million pounds to prove the fact once more
> That horses are quicker than men afoot, since two and two make four.
> And horses have four legs and men have two legs, and two into four goes twice;
> And nothing ever except our lesson, and very cheap at the price.
>
> The reference to horses gives us the needed clew and points straight to Mr. Kipling's fount of inspiration, namely, John Phoenix's once famous "Oregon Lay." Not Kipling's flat plagiarism of these lines:
>
> He bought him a switch-tail sorrel two-year-old, which had a white face,
> And he bantered all Portland, Oregon Territory, for a five-hundred-yard race.
>
> Then, following a splendid account of the contest, in which Mr. Stuart's switch-tail sorrel was victorious, the poet tells of how the winner comported himself:
>
> And there was that there Stuart with his hand upon his hip,
> And two men a-following him with a tin pail full of dollars and a champagne basket full of scrip.
> Then he packed it in a handcart and sweetly smiling, pulled it off, as though he didn't mind a heft;
> And since then we haint bought nothing, nor sold nothing, nor paid no taxes, and I do solemnly believe that in all Portland, Oregon Territory, there ain't a single dog-gone red cent left.
>
> Both poets, it will be seen, rise superior to the fetters of rhythm and meter, but there is a certain breezy swing to Mr. Phoenix's lines which his imitator has wholly failed to catch. Mr. Kipling is at his worst in attempting a meter which lent itself with difficulty even to Mr. Phoenix and to the author of "A Fine Old Arkansas Gentleman Close to the Choctaw Line."

The Missing Link.

McClure's Magazine.

In the jungles of Southeastern Asia and the islands near-by, which have long been known to science as the cradle of the human race, and which are still inhabited by the very lowest orders of human beings, the pithecanthropus lives with the elephant, tapir, rhinoceros, lion, hippopotamus, gigantic pangolin, hyena, and other animals, remains of which were found round about him. It has been computed that this ancestor lived somewhere about the beginning of our last glacial epoch, some 270,000 years ago. In other words, about 17,000 generations have been born and have died between him and ourselves. It will assist our understanding of what this relationship really means to know that nearly 250 generations carry us back beyond the dawn of history, 5000 years ago.

The Last of the Mail Stage-Drivers.

Daily Telegraph.

By the death of Mr. Stephen Philpott, of Dover, in his 88th year, the last of the mail stagecoach-drivers between London and the Kent Coast has passed away, to the regret of many friends. He regularly drove the mail coach between the capital and the Kentish seaport for many years, and when the railway superseded that method of conveyance for the mails he drove the mail coach between London and Herne Bay. Naturally, he had many interesting reminiscences of old times, and was fond of telling how, when driving from London to Dover, he met Prince Albert proceeding to the metropolis for his marriage with Queen Victoria. Mr. Philpott drove the first coach in the funeral procession of the Duke of Wellington from Walmar Castle.

Glued to the Spot.

"You seem to have grown very fond of that thing," observed the fly on the wall to the one on the fly paper.

"Yes; I'm dead stuck on it," returned the other, as he resigned himself to his fate.—New York Times.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

The hours are said to be fleeting at the Astoria regatta.

James Hamilton Lewis is winning fresh laurels as the man whose client has been hanged.

General Uribe-Uribe is evidently so in love with his name that he has to sound it over again.

Messrs. Lo and Wandering Willie look unmoved on the proposed attempt to corner the soap market.

Perhaps the Wall street brokers will find that they have shorn all the lambs that bore the golden fleece.

Swindling miners with gold bricks is a good deal like trying to get ahead of a farmer in a horse trade.

Gently, France, gently, pray. In another month or two or three we shall want to be slicing Turkey ourselves.

Hall Caine refers to himself as a literary genius. We supposed that J. Gordon Coogler was the only one at large.

If the New York yachtsmen continue to indulge in panic, it will be necessary for Governor Odell to appoint a day of prayer.

The line-o-type man has been restored to the Chicago Tribune, but he has lost his rag-time channel plate during his absence.

The departure of the French Minister indicates that the Sultan discovered too late that he had been entertaining a Tartar unawares.

The American elevator which has been installed in Buckingham Palace will have to submit to the humility of being called a blooming lift, don't ye know.

The Kansas City Journal points with pride to the fact that the drouth in the Middle West has not dried the springs of prosperity. Unfortunately, it also had no effect on the founts of Kansas oratory.

A reader suggests that the transport which is to carry teachers to Manila could be called a courtship more properly than a schoolship. He evidently expects her to bring a cargo of partnerships into port.

A state exchange announces that the ministers of the town in which it is printed have determined to stop gambling there. This is highly laudable. When ministers gamble right in their own town it is high time for them to stop.

> O, once despised potato, thou hast soared so very high
> That thou'lt be esteemed a luxury unequalled bye and bye.
> We will order baked potatoes with that I'm-the-whole-thing air
> Used exclusively by people who consume the choicest fare,
> And they'll bring us our potatoes there reposing in their pride
> On a platter with the terrapin and bluepoints on the side.

Surrogate Fitzgerald, of New York, pronounces "Steve" Brodie's last will and testament invalid simply because the two witnesses to it signed before Brodie did. It is well observed by the New York World that "a law which compels or permits such a scandalous mockery of common sense is an illustration of Mr. Bumble's immortal declaration, 'The law is an ass.'"

A new fad promising small results has been introduced among the upper ten, a New York gossiper says. It started several years ago, but failed to acquire sufficient headway to maintain itself. Recently a member of the obtrusive set at Narragansett Pier was asked to give his full name. Intimate friends knew him only as Charles W. O. B. Quarritch, and he was required to tell what the W. O. B. stood for. He willingly explained that the letters stood for themselves only, not being the initials of any names, but just tacked on by his parents to fill out. His father wanted to call him William Oscar Buckner, while his mother insisted on Walter Orlando Barnwell, and as neither would yield they called him Charles and W. O. B. as a compromise. The explanation led to a general talk on the subject of names, and it was presently revealed that many initials in the middle names of both men and women stand for no names at all, but are merely letter stuck in for the sake of euphony.

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

Sue—She has designs on him. Belle—Since when? Sue—Oh, ever since he consented to wear a necktie that she embroidered.—Philadelphia Record.

Street Corner Civilities.—"Well," said the blind man, grasping his cane and starting on, "I'll see you again." "Let me hear from you occasionally," said the deaf and dumb man cordially.—Chicago Tribune.

After the Ball.—She—How nice to be home again! What a crowd there was. I don't suppose Mr. Bankier knew one-half of his guests. He—Didn't he though! Why, he had four detectives in evening clothes there.—Life.

Unable to State.—"What is the name of the President of your country?" said the visitor. "I don't know," answered the citizen of the South American republic. "We haven't yet had a full report from the latest battle."—Washington Star.

Like an Employe.—When the nightwatchman found a strange man stealing funds from the vault of the bank, his indignation knew no bounds. "You've got your nerve!" exclaimed the watchman. "Anybody'd think you was employed here, actually!"—Puck.

The Schemer.—Dick—Everybody's remarking how soft you are on that wealthy Miss Wilfel. What are your chances