

The Oregonian

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TODAY'S WEATHER—Probably fair, with frost in the early morning; northwesterly wind.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature 55; minimum temperature, 42; precipitation, 0.23 inch.

PORTLAND, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 3.

THEIR AWFUL PUNISHMENT. The terms of thirty United States Senators expire on the third of March, 1902.

Allison, William D., Republican, Iowa; Clay, Alexander, R., Democrat, Georgia; Deboe, William, R., Democrat, Kentucky; Dillingham, William F., Republican, Vermont; Fairbanks, Charles W., Republican, Indiana; Foraker, Joseph, R., Democrat, Ohio; Gallinger, Jacob H., Republican, New Hampshire; Gresham, Henry C., Republican, North Dakota; Harris, William A., Populist, Kansas; Hatfield, Henry, Populist, Idaho; Jones, James K., Democrat, Arkansas; Keith, John P., R., Democrat, Nevada; Kyle, James H., Independent, South Dakota; McCreary, Samuel D., Democrat, Louisiana; McClain, John L., Democrat, South Carolina; Mallory, Stephen R., Democrat, Florida; Mason, William E., Republican, Illinois; Penrose, Boies, Republican, Pennsylvania; Pettus, Edmund W., Democrat, Alabama; Pratt, Orville H., Republican, Connecticut; Platt, Thomas C., Republican, New York; Pritchard, Jeter C., Republican, North Carolina; Hawley, Joseph L., Democrat, Utah; Spooner, John C., Republican, Wisconsin; Teller, Henry M., Silver-Republican, Colorado; Turner, George, Populist, Washington; Vest, George G., Democrat, Maryland; Wellington, George L., Republican, Maryland.

The effect of Tuesday's elections, as is usual in off years, especially odd-numbered years, is not great. Most of the Legislatures to choose successors to this list will be elected in 1902.

The actual result, so far as parties are concerned, is a "stand-off." That is, Senator Deboe, of Kentucky, will be succeeded by a Democrat, and Maryland is reasonably certain to send Gorman, Democrat, back in place of Wellington, alleged Republican. Foraker is practically returned from Ohio, and Allison from Iowa.

Incidental bearing on the complexion of the next Senate is afforded by results in other states. This is not a new phenomenon. It is now apparent that there will be an end of Rawlins in Utah and Teller in Colorado, while Republicans will elect successors to retiring Democrats in New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and South Dakota. Hatfield may very readily be superseded by a Republican in Idaho and Turner by a Republican in Washington. Just as Nebraska and South Dakota have done with their Senators retiring last March.

It is a most depressing thing, whatever one's politics, to see how silver has driven the Democrats out of the Senate and left their party representation in that body confined almost exclusively to Southern States. No longer ago than 1896 the Democratic Senators included men as White of California, Gray of Delaware, Palmer of Illinois, Turpie and Cochran of Indiana, Lindsay of Kentucky, Gorman and Gibson of Maryland, Hill and Murphy of New York, Brice of Ohio, Mills of Texas, Faulkner of West Virginia, Viles and Mitchell of Wisconsin.

Every one of these men has been sacrificed on the silver issue, either because he would not swear to a lie or because silver drove his party from power.

It is a melancholy commentary on Bryanism that while the country has largely come around to tariff reform, the party that won on it as an issue in 1896 and 1898 has lost the country's confidence so that hardly a Democrat sits in the Senate from a Northern State.

WHERE SHALL OREGON TRADE? Oregon railroad development is in the hands of Mr. E. H. Harriman and his associates. They control the Union Pacific system, which now comprises the Southern Pacific, and they hold such interest in the Northern Pacific as will protect them from competition from that quarter. They can open and develop Oregon or they can leave it as it stands today, so far as railroad transportation is concerned.

Since the influence of Mr. Harriman became dominant in certain transcontinental railroads the inclination here has been to regard him as friendly to Oregon interests. It is feared that the new parties in our political arena yesterday will tend to shake the confidence Oregonians repose in him. If the railroad policy is to be drawn Oregon business to San Francisco, it may be set down as distinctly unfriendly to Oregon as a state, and to Portland, the chief seat of its commerce and capital. Oregon needs independent development, development that shall give it autonomy and knit together its social, business and political interests.

The matter of opening Eastern Oregon by railroads is clearly in the hands of the Harriman people. If they are exercising this power against Portland, the fact should be made known. If

they are pushing the Nevada-California-Oregon road up from Reno and checking the progress of the Columbia Southern southward across the state, it is a matter of serious concern for Oregon. It means that San Francisco is to be favored at the expense of Portland in a field that legitimately belongs to Portland.

Portland cannot rest passive in this condition of affairs. The management of the Columbia Southern must move forward. That road should lose no time in getting entirely across the state to the California line. If necessary, Portland capital must support the road, that it may go forward independent of the New York investors. It is a profitable enterprise thus far as an independent business venture. Portland cannot afford to let the territory through which it is projected be drained to San Francisco. It lies much nearer Portland, it is in the same state, and there is every reason why its business affiliations should be with Portland rather than with San Francisco. Here is a matter to which the business interests of Portland should give serious consideration.

RAYNOR AND HIS THEME. Mr. Raynor pleasantly reminds us that oratory is not lost. We live so fast these days that if we do not hear of an eloquent appeal in each day's news, we think the general public has denied the gift of speech. Great orations, as has been well said, arise not only from the speaker, but from the occasion, the audience and the theme. These are combinations that cannot be evoked at will, to satisfy the critic or delight the ambitious advocate. Daniel Webster lived for 70 years, yet the Nation can be counted on the fingers of one hand. No one has spoken more eloquently than Lincoln, yet he did so but once, at Gettysburg, and perhaps three, counting a brief passage in each inaugural. Our popular orator, Colonel Ingersoll, left his worshippers only three or four masterpieces—at Indianapolis in 1876, at Cincinnati the same year, and brief flights of religious fervor. Only a few hours or moments in a lifetime can the greatest of orators hope to rise to the heights of eloquence. Therefore they are disappointed who look for oratory as regularly as their morning paper or their box at the opera.

Mr. Raynor found his opportunity in the occasion, the theme and in himself. The verdict of history was at stake, the sorrows of a poor, persecuted old Admiral might have moved a less ready tongue to eloquence, and he was full of his subject. He came from Maryland, where such people are on fire with love for Schley, and scorn of his accusers. His achievement was not, perhaps, great, but it was noteworthy both in content and in effect. One need not expect a bluff old sea dog like Dewey to be hard to move to tears by impassioned rhetoric and deft appeals to professional sympathy. The crowd in the courtroom was certain to applaud Schley's advocate, whatever he said.

The significant tribute to Raynor's skill is that he rested in the fact of the profound impression made upon the court, who suffered the applause to continue for some moments, and then hastened to congratulate him, one and all, including Lemly himself, who must have welcomed so humane a respite from the thankless task to which duty has assigned him.

Doubtless Schley made mistakes in May and June of 1898. We all make mistakes, which we rue in bitterness and tears. The careers are few that can stand unblemished in the fierce light of searching and hostile inquiry. But such mistakes as his must be forgiven to have been those of divergence of discernment which experienced judges as well as the universal sentiment of humanity forgive and forget if proved to have been incidental only to the impulsive promptings of a sound heart, steadfast and true. Such, for loyalty and fidelity, bravery and tenderness, was the hero of Santiago's nature, such were his mistakes. They are crowns of glory, services and achievements, and errors all compared with the envy and jealousy that have hounded him to this closing act in his long life of heroism and honor. In Mr. Raynor's panegyric the country will join; and not only this country, but the hearts of brave men and devoted women, wherever his story is told. The mistake he did not make was that of being cowardly and ungenerous, and for that, more grievous in judgment eyes than anything charged against him. His criticism must answer in the court of mankind.

FRENCH CLAIMS AGAINST TURKEY. The French fleet is prepared to collect the claims of its government against Turkey at the cannon's mouth. The history of these claims has a present interest worth retelling. About ten years ago a French corporation representing French capital secured from the Sultan a concession for building a system of quays on either side of the Golden Horn, but on condition that the quays were built in accordance with the plan of 1885, and opened to commerce in 1888, and proved of great advantage to Constantinople and a profitable investment. The Turkish government grew covetous of the revenues of the French company and began to persecute it, trying to "freeze" it out and claiming the right to buy out the company.

The building of the quays had resulted in the reclamation of large tracts of valuable land on both shores of the Golden Horn, and these tracts belonged to the company under the terms of the original concession, but when the company decided to place this land upon the market the Turkish government refused to give up the title deeds, and thus caused the French corporation heavy loss. Then the French corporation was ready to sell out to the Turkish Government, but asked for \$10,000,000 to \$12,000,000 for work that cost it about \$7,000,000.

However, was willing to buy out the quays, but was unable to raise the purchase money except by issue of a new loan on conditions which his ministers refused to approve. This situation was maintained for several years, until finally the French Ambassador, M. Constant, prevailed upon the Sultan to raise a loan of \$5,000,000, out of which he could pay the company \$3,000,000 for the quays, and at the same time settle some long-standing claims of French creditors for money used in the construction of railroads, one of which amounts with interest to \$9,000,000.

These claims, it is said, were lodged long ago by the Turkish courts. After agreeing to this scheme of settlement of the quays once the Sultan about two months ago broke his pledge and M. Constant's quest left Constantinople. Allowing for the fact that the Turkish

Government robbed the French corporation of a large sum by refusing to surrender the title deeds to the said concession, it cannot be said that the French company asked an excessive price for the quays, but probably the Sultan was too poor to pay the sum demanded. In the end Turkey must yield, for the French fleet can destroy Smyrna and sequester the revenues of the Smyrna Custom-House. None of the powers of Europe will support Turkey, and since the Russo-Turkish war of 1878 Turkey has not dared to undertake a war of any consequence without powerful Continental support.

No better assurance of the determination of the powers of Europe to keep the peace is found than this spectacle of France hounding Turkey without any interference on part of Great Britain, Germany and Russia. Nevertheless the day may come when Europe will hesitate before coming to the aid of the Sultan. If there ever should be a Mohammedan uprising in both Asia and Africa, in defense of the Sultan of Turkey as "Commander of the Faithful," as custodian of the tomb of the prophet, Europe would have a very ugly war on its hands. The ravages of a single "Mad Mullah" cost England a very severe war with the Hill tribes of her African empire, and it took only a few years, a war that it took an army of 70,000 men to suppress.

If Turkey should once set up her back against Europe and preach "the Jihad" all along the line of Mohammedanism from Khartoum, in Africa, to India and China, there would be danger of a series of very formidable and expensive insurrections against the authority of Christian powers, like Russia and England.

WATCH THE PROFESSOR. The pronouncement issued by San Francisco's Mayor-elect brings reassurance to a quarter whence it is earnestly to be desired. We all think well of the first fiddle in the orchestra. His signal to begin always earns a generous hand from the impatient galleries, and life would be considerably less worth living without his eight bars of hurry to bring the hero on or the heart-searching tremolo to which the ingenious softens the grim visage of the heavy set of us, until San Francisco set the pace, have thought or even wildly dreamed of anything but a march, however luxuriant in hair and vigorous of baton, for Mayor of a city of say, 300,000 inhabitants.

Great men have come up from humble beginnings and everybody will hope for such outcome for Mr. Schmitz. He has good sense of his own, or at least listens to sound advice, when he promises to consider well the needs of invested capital, to refrain from radical or revolutionary policies, and to see that business interests suffer nothing by reason of his office. These are wise words, and as they come from the candidate of men but lately in arms against San Francisco's business interests, they are brave words. They encourage us to think that the new Mayor will be as effective as if he had been drawn from the ranks of law or professional politics. A man can be a labor leader and be just. He can be a labor leader and be wise. We have had many such men in this country, even before the days of Mitchell and Siffar, and they are on the increase. The hard-headed and clear-eyed men of today, if they know it, trust their destinies to a traitor or a fool, for the certain penalty of such errors falls upon their own heads.

When Professor Schmitz talks about introducing "harmony" into San Francisco's affairs, we trust he is not assuming a painful joke from the realm of Apollo. Whoever of peace and solace inheres in the municipal art is practically lost upon him. Let Latin America be brotherly love itself compared with the traditional peace of church choirs, bands and opera troupes. Hell hath no fury like a music teacher scorned, and she who melts all hearts with divine arias will pull right merrily the hair of one who tramples maliciously on her professional pride. Which reminds us that the man who can manage an orchestra is not necessarily a good man, and that the man who can manage a city is not necessarily a good man. The years have demonstrated executive qualities of no mean order.

THE PANAMA CANAL. The Panama Canal has been offered for sale to the United States Government by the company that built it. The canal was begun in February, 1881, by De Lesseps, who believed in 1881, and before that he could build a tidal water canal for \$120,000,000 in less than eight years from that date. By the autumn of 1888 the company was bankrupt, and was forced into liquidation on January 1, 1889. The bond and share indebtedness accumulated at that time was estimated at \$30,000,000, although not a fifth part of the work had been accomplished. In 1890 a visiting commission of French engineers sent to the Isthmus by the official liquidator reported that the tide-level cut at Colon was rapidly filling up, the harbor was shallow, and that the plant valued at \$30,000,000 was rusting away. The obstacles to a tide-level canal are reported to be very great.

In 1879 the overflow of the Chagres River covered a large area of water which the Panama Railway, which crosses the Panama Canal, had been promised. The wet season in this region is eight months long; the earthquake of September, 1882, did much damage to the Panama Railway, and the climate of the Isthmus is pestilential. The friends of the Panama Canal contend that if the plan of the enterprise be changed from a tide-level waterway to a lock canal it can be completed and operated; that the only question is the price demanded for the property of the French company; that if this property could be bought cheaply enough, a canal at Panama could be finished earlier than one at Nicaragua, and for less outlay.

The only real asset of the Panama company is the railroad which it owns and such part of the work done upon the canal that would be of service in its completion. The Isthmian Canal Commission reported last December to Congress that less than half of the cost of any value, and the actual value of what had been accomplished it estimated at \$23,234,463. If estimate of the total canal assets of the Panama Canal includes \$7,000,000 for the stock of the Panama Railroad. The total cost of the Panama Canal is estimated at \$148,342,779, so that the work already done on a canal not over one-fourth of its total cost.

Our engineers would probably not advise our Government to pay much more than \$30,000,000 for the entire assets of the French corporation, which is about one-third the sum at which the Panama company held it in November, 1898, and

about one-sixth the cash capital sunk in the canal. The practical result of this narrowed discussion of the Panama Canal purchase will be still further to postpone the building of any trans-isthmian canal whatever. Probably the whole Panama purchase scheme gets its life from the great railway interests that have thus far successfully blocked the Nicaragua Canal.

So far as Great Britain is concerned, it is likely that the United States will be able to build an isthmian canal on her own terms. The real opposition to the canal that is difficult to overcome is the opposition of the great railway interests that have thus far successfully prevented any decisive action. The fresh presentation of the project of the Panama Canal purchase probably has these railway interests behind it.

Dan M. Hogan was killed at his country home in Illinois a few days ago by his son, Dan M. Hogan, Jr. In defense of the latter's mother, whom the senior Hogan was brutally beating. The coroner's jury promptly returned a verdict of "justifiable homicide" in the case. Any community is well rid of a man of instincts so brutal. Hogan in this instance, and coroner's juries have a very dignified but positive way of saying so. A similar case occurred many years ago in Clackamas County, of this state. A lad of some 16 years of age was the defense of his mother, who was being pursued by his father with intent to kill, felling the latter with an ox-bow as he ran.

The lad was promptly acquitted by the coroner's jury at Oregon City, and if he was not congratulated openly for his sturdy stroke in defense of his mother it was because the men who heard his story were restrained in speech by prudential motives. The physical argument appeals to the wife-batterer more strongly than any other, and his conclusions are final, as in the case above noted, few regrets are indulged.

The death of Li Hung Chang records the passing from the stage of Oriental politics of the most conspicuous figure of the century. His history is more than two generations. While the civilized world may regard the astute old statesman as unlearned in the lore of modern progress, it must still concede to him an intelligence broadened by contact with the world beyond the Chinese Empire and an influence that has been felt in accordance with this touch and outlook. Though he was an old man, he had not attained a great age, the most authentic designation of the year of his birth making him seven years younger than was the late Queen Victoria at her death, and much younger than were William I, Bismarck or Gladstone at their passing. He retained, in spite of great physical infirmity, his mental faculties to the last, and his death mourns the loss of her most sagacious man of affairs.

The probability that Miss Ellen M. Stone will be rescued alive from her Siamese captors grows more dim and uncertain as the days pass without tidings of her or knowledge of her whereabouts. The rigors of winter in the Balkan Mountains are extreme, and they begin early. Persons familiar with the conditions there existing are justified in the belief that the hapless missionary has not been able to survive a practically shelterless life in the mountains, to the bitter discomforts of fatigue and anxiety. Death would, of course, be the least of her troubles. It could happen to a woman situated as Miss Stone, and the assurance that she is beyond the reach of further harm is awaited by her friends and the friends of missions with the gravest apprehension.

Books that sell by the hundred thousand are not common. Hence the fact is remarkable that the book written by John Bunyan in Bedford jail about 240 years ago is a vital part of the book of the present day. Millions of copies of "The Pilgrim's Progress" have been sold, and it is probable that more copies have been sold in any month of the first year of the twentieth century than could have been disposed of in a year in the author's lifetime. Amid all the so-called popular novels of the day—and there are some that are entitled to distinction—it would be hard to select one that seems likely to weather the popular tide of two centuries and a half as gravely and successfully as has this little, but mighty, book, written with a holy purpose and inspired by religious zeal.

It is reported that the Secretary of War in his forthcoming report may recommend the creation of a paper force of reserves which shall consist of men who have been honorably discharged from the regular Army, and of officers who have proved their fitness for commission, by passing suitable examinations, which would include those who have been sent to the service for honorable reasons, those who were of good record in the volunteers during the war with Spain or in the Philippines, and men in civil life or the militia who have proved their fitness for line or staff duty before a board of regular officers. In event of war, such a list could be commissioned at once.

A much-married scion of a family honored in the early history of the state is in trouble in this city on account of his uxorious propensities. The court will probably be called upon later on to decide which one of two women who call him husband is entitled to the doubtful honor and questionable privileges conveyed by her claim. The wonder in a case of this kind is that any woman of ordinary self-respect will try to establish a preferred claim to the affections of such a roving blade.

Apparently the greatest difficulty encountered by Mr. Raynor in his summing up for the defense is in convincing the jury that the defendant, Schley, was in fact characterized by the evidence of many naval officers of the prosecution without denouncing the officers themselves as they deserved. If courtesy had permitted, he could have simplified his statements in regard to them by the use of language that no one could have misunderstood.

A robber who robbed a robbing machine at Oregon City has been convicted of his crime and will expire in the "doing time" at Salem. In other words, one Perry E. Polk, who robbed a nickel-in-the-slot machine in a saloon of that city last August, has been convicted of the crime and received sentence as provided by law for all evils, and passed upon some.

PALL CONCERT IN WILDZEEZ PARK

New York Sun. It is our duty to try to check once more the torrent of visitors that is rushing into Hudson Park, and this is a praiseworthy, but it is inconvenient. Yesterday was Springfield Day, and 1144 pilgrims, headed by General Sambo (the name of the most illustrious disciple of Dithyramb Dick, pronounced as addressed to that prince of poets. When nearly 1500 persons go to the Maryland shrine from a comparatively small city, the odds are against trading on one another's knees and the general stalling. Park are easily imagined. It is our advice to all Dickites, whether they are members of Dick clubs and societies or not, to keep away from Hudson Park at the present. It seems impossible that the crowds should not thin out by late spring. Meanwhile do not disturb the master's train of thoughts and intrusive admirers are doing well to keep their hands off his bowler in Wildzееz Park where he meditates the perfect song. "Sun-steeped at noon and in the moon nightly dew-fell" follows a similar fall. The quaffed the latter's mother, whom the senior Hogan was brutally beating. The coroner's jury promptly returned a verdict of "justifiable homicide" in the case.

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AMUSEMENTS

"Jess of the Bar Z Ranch," which was given at the Marquam last night by Miss Alice Archer and a very good company, is a melodrama of a nature which has never been overworked on the stage. Most people have taken a kindergarten course on the subject of the great American cow-boy, and the play is a very thoroughgoing text-book and studying very thoroughly; but the gentlemen with the sombrero, the blue flannel shirt and the ever-active sun-burned hair which he appears in in any such numbers as he appears in this drama. The story is told in far better style than that of the Kit Carson and Deadwood Dick authors. The cowboys are real cowboys, their speech recalls the classic pages of "Wolfville," and when they come in from a ride they have real dust to shake out of their clothes. The story is told in far better style than that of the Kit Carson and Deadwood Dick authors. The cowboys are real cowboys, their speech recalls the classic pages of "Wolfville," and when they come in from a ride they have real dust to shake out of their clothes.

Miss Stone and her captors are giving a first-class now-you-see-us-and-now-you-don't exhibition. Some day the Sultan will wake up to find his subjects have got scared and paid his debts for him. The possibilities of General Alger's book as a war drama are so great that they will probably be developed. It was fitting that the court of inquiry should be flooded with tears. It added the flavor of the salt, salt sea.

Even Croker can scare up a few things to be thankful for if he takes a good, hard look at his bank account. Mark Twain is now trying to figure out just what percentage of Low's majority was due to his (Mark's) speeches. The returns from Nebraska indicate that the editor of the Commoner will not be likely to leave his desk for some years. A contemporary has an editorial entitled "Buying and Selling Votes." It is probably a stray item from the market page.

An Atlanta messenger boy has been sentenced to the penitentiary for two years. His fall is probably attributable to his fast life. An Italian monk was arrested in Paris the other day. There is nothing to show whether or not they also arrested the organ-grinder. If it were not for the Sultan, the diplomats of the various nations would become lamentably deficient in opportunity for target practice. Kruger says the Boers would fight if they were forced to do so. They seem to have been putting up a very fair imitation of fighting all along. The brigands think they have not been offered a large enough ransom. They must think their time is worth as much as J. Pierpont Morgan's.

Having the first call on all President Roosevelt's writings, the Congressional Record is in a fair way to multiply its circulation by seven or eight. Alfred Austin met the Duke of York on his return with an ode. But such is the Duke's love of his native land that he didn't even think of going back to Canada. Minister Rockhill favors the establishment of an American bank in China. Minister Rockhill certainly ought to know by this time that fan-tan is the only game that can be made to pay over there. It will probably be unnecessary to ask President Roosevelt to write a short message. A man who can sell everything he writes to the magazine is not likely to fill space very full when there is nothing in it for him.

For the last two years members of the Baptist Church of Saco, Me., have been annoyed by a sound in the church building. While it was not especially troublesome, it was annoying from the fact that it was confined to the church for its last week. In making a more thorough search than usual, he found tucked away in a stable end a swarm of bees and about 50 pounds of honey. A "funeral stenographer" is one of New York's functionaries. She is a young woman skilled in the art of shorthand writing, who attends the obsequies of people of prominence and wealth, and jots down in her notebook all the complimentary things the preacher says about the deceased. If mourning relatives desire, she transcribes these notes, and either arranges them in book form or engrosses them upon parchment, for which she receives adequate, and sometimes exceedingly liberal, compensation. Of course, the prayers are all about alike, and do not require preparation, but in his sermon the preacher is apt to say some pretty fine things, and it is the duty of many up-to-date families to keep a record of them. In no way other than by the employment of a stenographer can this record be secured, for as a rule funeral sermons are extemporaneous speeches.

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS. Lady Sherwell—Have your daughters accomplished much in music? Unfortunate Father—Yes, the eldest has moved—Punch. Ambiguous—Hill, that is not what you mean if you loved him? Dora—Well, you see, he said he couldn't live without me, and it says so in my autobiography—Punch. "De reason when 'de reason' get along." A golden image gleams: "Is that what you mean?" "No, it's not what you mean." "Well, you've got to get along now"—Tit-Bits. "What He Meant"—Yes; they call it a "rural play"; but it seems to me there's something lacking. "Why, so there is; there's no mortgage on the farm."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin. "That's It"—They were talking of the New York municipal campaign. Said one: "What do you think of Shepard's candidacy?" "Well, Shepard thinks of marrying Tammany to reform it." Was the reply—Pittsburgh Chronicle. In a Dublin paper some time since was a biographical notice of Reapers, which concluded as follows: "This extraordinary man had no children, and he died at the age of 70, his brother, who was killed at the same time."—Glasgow Evening Times. Out of the Question—"See here!" cried the frazzled politician, "in your paper this morning you tell me to 'Bill Tweed.'" "Well," said the Philadelphia Press. "I told you that I am well worth to get up now"—Tit-Bits. "My dear, are you feeling any better?" asked her fond mother, "I dunno," replied Dolly. "Is the jelly all gone?" "Yes, dear." "Well, I think I am well enough to get up now"—Tit-Bits.

Requirement. Flora Macleod is fortuitously Review. In the sunken City of Murcia. A golden image gleams: The sea-loose of the moving seas is in our hands. Where He dwells. In the City of Murcia. In the sunken City of Murcia. A golden image gleams: The sea-loose of the moving seas is in our hands. Where He dwells. In the City of Murcia. In the sunken City of Murcia. A golden image gleams: The sea-loose of the moving seas is in our hands. Where He dwells. In the City of Murcia. In the sunken City of Murcia. A golden image gleams: The sea-loose of the moving seas is in our hands. Where He dwells. In the City of Murcia. In the sunken City of Murcia. A golden image gleams: The sea-loose of the moving seas is in our hands. Where He dwells. In the City of Murcia.

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NOTE AND COMMENT

Li Hung Chang sat up late into the night with his old friend Deeth. With all the new safety device, football is beginning to be nearly as safe as war. Bryan's telegram of condolence to Croker is due, but no one seems to have read it. The first of the month has no terrors for Abdul Hamid. Hills are always due with him. Miss Stone and her captors are giving a first-class now-you-see-us-and-now-you-don't exhibition. Some day the Sultan will wake up to find his subjects have got scared and paid his debts for him. The possibilities of General Alger's book as