

The Oregonian.

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sin on the other, France could not be in better hands than those of President Loubet and Premier Waldeck-Rousseau. If the resolution which recently passed the Chamber of Deputies becomes a law by the concurrence of the French Senate, the term of the next and of every succeeding Parliament will be six years instead of four. The strong support which all the French Republicans gave this resolution for prolonging the term of the Chamber of Deputies to six years may be taken as an expression of their confidence in success at the impending general election.

THE DOUBLE LIFE.

No novelist ever contrived a stranger story of marital irregularity than is uncovered by the murder of Mrs. Charles A. Furbush and her little girl in Philadelphia last week. But for the chance that led to the negro servant's horrible revenge and consequent revelation of the double life that has been carried on for years by Charles A. Furbush, a wealthy manufacturer and broker, that city, the facts in this most unusual and revolting case would probably never have come to light.

In the Fifteenth-street home Mr. Furbush had a wife and two children. The house was a handsome one, and luxuriously furnished with costly paintings and statuary. The woman was 47, good looking and affectionately regarded by her neighbors. The two little girls resembled the father. The Spring Garden-street house was also grand within and without. It lived a wife and one child, also a daughter. The day of the tragedy Mr. Furbush was in New York, and returned in hot haste upon telegraphic summons. He was at the Spring Garden-street house a while, but spent most of the night away, dividing it between sorrowful watches at the side of the dead woman and equally distraught interviews at the hospital with his little Elsie, the second daughter, who was wounded but not killed by the murderous negro. In her intervals from suffering she recognized him, called him "Papa," and talked of his common misery. At the Spring Garden-street house the lights were low, and in response to inquiries it was said that the mistress of the house was ill, she knew nothing of the other Mrs. Furbush, she was no relation of hers, she could not be so easily deceived.

Owing to the reserve and delicacy observed by the Philadelphia papers, out of respect to the man's position in business and society and through sympathy with the relatives of both women, it is uncertain what are the facts about the relations of the man with his two putative wives. Whether he was married to both or to one, and which one, and whether either or both of them knew of the other, the Philadelphia papers do not say. It is possible, though time may disclose all. It is incredible that a woman of right instincts could be consenting to such baseness. It seems incredible that any woman with ordinary knowledge of affairs would willingly bear children to a man who could never own them before the world. All that is certain is that this man, with all his wealth, business capacity, social qualities and cultivated tastes, was a moral monster, in whose exceptional case all rules of human nature are put to naught and all explanations fall to explain.

Yet, however exceptional his nature or his theories of life, his actions are indefensible by any code. Marriage as it is observed in Great Britain and the United States has been approved by the experience of the race in all the experiments made down through the ages, and is a moral monster, in whose exceptional case all rules of human nature are put to naught and all explanations fall to explain. Yet, however exceptional his nature or his theories of life, his actions are indefensible by any code. Marriage as it is observed in Great Britain and the United States has been approved by the experience of the race in all the experiments made down through the ages, and is a moral monster, in whose exceptional case all rules of human nature are put to naught and all explanations fall to explain.

TONNAGE AND CROP PRICES.

Oregon wheat, flour, lumber, salmon and other products are now going out to the world's markets at a very low ocean freight rate that has prevailed since 1896. From the Antipodes sailing ships are bringing coal to this city at lower rates than those exacted from the mines in adjoining states. From Europe many cargoes of salt, cement, glass, iron and building material are headed for this city at the lowest freight rate on record. Steam and sail vessels are coming from Calcutta with bags of rice at a price that has been the lowest since 1896. The Orient tramp steamers are cutting rates on sulphur, rice, mauling and all other freight which can be secured to fill the vacancy under deck. Meanwhile new tonnage is going into the water at a record-breaking rate all over the world.

The slump in freights has, of course, called a halt in new contracts for ships, but like a soft snowball rolling down hill, the business is gaining volume as it gained speed, and will not reach its greatest proportions until just before it comes to a halt. This is a bad season for the shippers, but among the producers no regrets are expressed. The men who handle the ocean commerce of the world can be numbered by the hundreds, or the thousands, and they are now in a fair way to lose some of the big surplus that has been accumulating during a number of years of prosperity. The producers and the consumers are numbered by millions, and from the highest to the lowest they are reaping the benefit of low ocean freights. Not more than 100 individuals or firms are interested in the ships that carry to market the products of Oregon, Washington and Idaho, but 1,000,000 people in the three states profit by the reduction in these freights. An iniquitous tariff has enabled the salt trust to force prices up to unreasonable figures, but the decline in ocean freights has started thousands of tons from Europe to Pacific Coast ports, where it can be landed and sold far below the prices exacted by the trust.

No matter how remote the producer or the consumer may be from the American seaboard, he is certain to profit by any reduction in ocean freights. Russia and France are products relying a market at lessened expense for carriage. Rail lines which carry the products of the interior farms to tide-water do not reduce their rates when crops are poor, freight scarce and the foreign market at low ebb, and accordingly the only relief that the American farmer can secure at such a time is that afforded by low ocean rates. When crops are bad in one part of the country, and good elsewhere, the railroads cannot move their transportation equipment to the locality where freight is plentiful, and thus by competition equalize matters. In the ocean steamer it is different. The Almighty has provided for these wanderers commercial highways on which all flags have an equal opportunity.

When the crops are bad and freight is scarce in certain parts of the world, the steamer can up anchor and steam to a port where conditions are more favorable. The producer in the unlucky district who has a poor crop, or a partial offset for his poor crop, may have the call on the steamer before she departs, however, at a very low rate of freight. Even the producer who has been favored with a good crop receives an additional benefit by the competition of the various steamers that have been driven away from other parts of the world and flock in where freight is plentiful. Yet, even so, loading in this port are flying the British, the Austrian and the French flags. They have come here from the remote quarters of the earth, and they are after business and will take it for what they can secure.

A shipping trust that can bring the fleets of all these big powers together and regulate rates is as impossible as an international alliance that would satisfy all the nations. For this reason the producers of the world will periodically find relief from excessive freight rates in the assertion of the law of supply and demand, which in the case of ocean freights cannot be obstructed or nullified by combinations and mergers.

POPULAR REVERENCE FOR POWER.

The humor of Mr. Samuel L. Clemens is never quite so grotesque and compelling as when its author attempts to divert it to some serious end. This has been the deplorable fate of the humorous ventures in "The Gilded Age," which he happily averted in the case of his answer to "Does the Race of Man Love a Lord?" which ornaments the place of honor in the North American Review for April. Among the many frailties of our poor human nature, none lends itself more readily to banter than the instinctive reverence and oftentimes unscrupulous manifestations of Mark Twain has displayed a fruitful field for the employment of his peculiar talents. He has marked them all—the worship paid to royalty by the nobility, the aristocracy's worship of the nobility, the worship every eminent class or individual gets in his own realm, large or small, from the King on the throne to the leader of the newsboys. And he shows up with rare skill and humor the various modes in which this devotion expresses itself. We can all recall the pleasure with which the man who once has supped with the Emperor or walked down the steps of the Capitol with the Senator, or rode across country with the Governor, or shook hands with the heavy-weight champion, or assisted Mrs. Quality to alight from her carriage, narrates the incidents of his triumph to admiring and envious auditors, and we all know how well pleased the most belligerent democrat is to be recognized by the great man or photographed with Prince Henry or addressed in friendly terms by some person of great eminence or wealth.

This all looks very pitiful to Mr. Clemens, though it is far from being a new story. Dickens is full of caricatures of this universal propensity. Thackeray is apt to refer to the spirit of worship, and when he refers to it, perhaps, perhaps, the Duke as one of the greatest gentlemen in England, one feels that the novelist is part of the admiring throng. But in Dickens there is always some character like Joey Bagstock who is continually bringing up the story of how the Prince slapped him on the shoulder, or his aide Sir Leicester Dedlock, with his admiration of Lord Coddle, Doodie, Fuddle, etc. This is partly due to the identification with Thackeray with polite society, with which Dickens had no part or sympathy. Mark Twain's new contribution to the subject consists, however, in his contention that the American loves a lord as much as the Englishman does, and that the worship of Power and Conspicuousness is a common failing of humanity.

It is all this there is to be taken grave exception, not so much in its direct teaching as in its implications. It is the danger of comedy that it is tempted to take itself too seriously. Mr. Clemens is our greatest exponent of high comedy. Comedy in its high and true sense, as occupying itself with the follies and frailties of society, is his natural and exclusive mode of expression, even when he drops into pathos or rises into description. But high comedy is not life, and the follies of the race are only a part of the very small part of its character. This reverence for power is an instinct that cannot be laughed away. It belongs to no order of society or stage of civilization. It is an incident of the reward that comes to the exceptional mind. It does not indicate anything to our discredit that force of character gives power and power gains recognition in America as it does elsewhere. Human nature is not made in monarchies or unmade in democracies. In reverence for power the whole world is kin.

There is a little difference, throughout the world, by reason of the variant circumstances that contribute to eminence, but not much. In all history and under all forms of government power has been principally achieved, not delayed or inherited. Ancient Chaldaea, Persia and Egypt were ruled by kings whose authority was recognized, and built up by revolution, or by conquest from without. Cyrus gained the throne of Media and founded the Persian monarchy through his own efforts. Darius wrested dominion from the unwilling hands of a revolutionary oligarchy. Caesar was the son of a Captain in the Roman Army, Napoleon was born in Corsica, the son of an Italian lawyer, William the Conqueror was the illegitimate son of a Duke of Normandy. The story of Joseph is a familiar one in the ancient and modern world. The great Bismarck carved his own way up from obscurity to power. Gladstone was the son of a Liverpool merchant, Disraeli's father was a struggling author. DeWitte, the foremost Russian statesman of the day, began life as a railroad laborer, and China's powerful dictator, Li Hung Chang, came into the army out of a humble village in a minor province in the empire, so little thought of that the date of his birth is involved in obscurity.

THE MULTNOMAH DEMOCRATS.

Pedient East Oregonian. It is bruited about the state that the Multnomah Democrats are considering a proposition from the Simon Republicans to form a coalition for the purpose of defeating the Republican ticket, city and county. This object is to be desired—the defeat of the Republicans of Multnomah County. But, as to the coalition with Joseph Simon and his cohorts, there is not the slightest doubt that it will be the most disastrous movement that can be entered into by the members of the Democracy of that county. It will be a place over the entire Democratic ticket of Oregon the hoodlum of a man who has just received the Democratic nomination for the hands of his party that ever man was given with the blood of the voter. Joe Simon has been discredited. He has been told by members of his own organization to go something like 2,000,000 miles back, and after arriving at his destination, to sit down in a chair into the seat of which a can of glue has been poured. To tie up with Joe Simon at this time of all times means to injure the cause of the Democracy more severely than in any other way that could be suggested.

The Multnomah County Democrats desire to end all chance of success in the present campaign, let them enter into a political partnership with Joe Simon, and then they will all effort cease and the party be broken up. It will take from the strength of George E. Chamberlain, who will be the Democratic nominee for Governor, the major portion, and there will be no more likelihood that he will be elected than that he will take to the moon upon the back of a wild cayuse.

As the situation stands, Mr. Chamberlain is a strong candidate. Coupled with the support of the Multnomah County Democrats, he will be in no hope of success. Joe Simon is at this juncture a good man to have upon the other side. He is a man who can afford to be associated politically.

THE LOGIC OF "SCUTTLE."

Protection Without Sovereignty—Responsibility Without Power. Another Philippine debate is soon due in the Senate, this time upon the bill for the temporary government of the islands. The substitutes proposed by the committee indicate the course of the opposition. Now, as at every previous stage of necessary legislation concerning the Philippines, the alternative policy is simply Scuttle.

This time there is a slight variation or addition to the main idea, the abandonment of American sovereignty. The majority substitute proposes that the United States shall hold the islands until peace is established, the obligations of the United States to the Philippines are terminated, and the islands are to be placed under the protection of an independent government. Then, having proclaimed the world to know that the Philippines are an independent and sovereign nation, we are to proceed to negotiate with Great Britain, Germany, France and such other powers as may be interested in the islands, for the perpetual inviolability of that sovereign nation from foreign interference. In other words, having relinquished all claims to the islands, we are to have withdrawn from the islands, we are yet to be responsible to the rest of the world for the new republic's behavior, and also responsible to the Filipino Republic for the maintenance of its independence against assault by other nations.

Suppose the experimental republic fails? Suppose the proposed constitution with the other great powers fails? Suppose that one of them finds a pretext for breaking its treaty obligations? We are out of sovereignty, but we are in responsibility for the Philippines. Protection without sovereignty, responsibility without power—such is the logic of the logicians of Scuttle.

THE TOWN OF BUTTE.

Boston Evening Transcript. Into an ounce of brandy put a small dose of cocaine; drink the mixture, and in 10 minutes you will find yourself in the city of Butte. The man who is in the normal state of the citizen of Butte never sleeps. It is as wide awake at 2 in the morning as at midday, every shop open, every industry in full blast. Life of the town is a constant succession of the mines and the smelter; and these never stop. Day in and day out, the year round they work continuously, with three eight-hour shifts of men, one stepping out at 10 o'clock, another coming out from year's end to year's end and neither industry ever drops a stitch. The shift that comes off at midnight, but eat, drink, and are served with its amusements, like the others. So it happens that every door in down, of boarding-house, shop, saloon, theater, and all the rest, stands always ajar. So far as business is concerned, there is literally no day, no night. One hour like all the rest, every hour is an hour of hustle. To the stranger it appears like delirium; to the man of Butte it is a matter of course.

The result is easily foretold; quick exhaustion, nervous prostration, the man of Butte is an octogenarian at 40, a senile ruin at 55. On one lives to be old, in the accepted Eastern use of the word; you