simple-minded people, the Chinese ave very definite ideas of what suits them, and they will not have, except in insignificant measure, what they do not want. Simply and plainly state we must cater to the desires of the Oriental peoples if we would build up to the limit of its possibilities a trade with them.

## A NOBLE TYPE.

General Hazard Stevens' biography of his father, General Isaac Ingalls Stevens, Washington's first Governor, is the plain and simple record of one of the many men, hard-headed, indomitable, bustling with energy, full of shrewd common sense, whose personal sacrifices and bravery freed the Northwest from the domination of the red man and made it safe for white settlement Coming West when Washington was created a territory, and shortly after the United States had extended its authority over the Oregon country, Governor Stevens' first duty was to treat with the Indians and obtain their relinquishment of title to lands held by them. In a few weeks he added many thousands of square miles to the public The writing of the present day will domain. His treatment of the Indians have but a small permanent place in was that of a conscientious public official, mingled with the humanity of a noble soul. "You are my children," he said to the Indians at the Point Elliot council, "for whom I will strenuously labor all the days of my life until I shall be taken hence." Upright to the last degree, he suffered no advantage to be taken of the passing race which the white man was supplanting. He heard the red man's complaint in generous spirit, and firmly insisted that in which he sends it forth are both of no treaty be signed until full undergreat importance. Neither is negligistanding of all its terms had been had. The resolute spirit and prompt sa-

STYLE.

literature. It has historic value as the

ecord of our literary activity, but it is

ot necessary to the thinking mind in

the sense that Homer and Virgil are

necessary, Dante and Goethe, Shakes-

peare and Milton. Since Tennyson, no

oet, since Burke no politician, is clas-

sical. We fall short in both essentials

of literary achievement, we have nel-

ther form nor matter. The substance

of the author's message and the garb

eminence can be achieved, but the high-

est places are for those who have

thought and style, each in superlative

degree. The great thinker who is an

mperfect writer influences humanity;

closed book to the general mind, which

nust be reached through attractive

writing; while perfection of style, com-

bined with barrenness of thought, may

be sure of an audience but of no con-

For thought, there is no recipe. Only

the man born with the passion for

study of books or research in Nature

or with both combined, can leave the

ter of style is more susceptible of ac-

quisition, though within limitations. The marvelous gift of language is born

in a Keats or Thackeray, and perhaps

no study can supply the true literary

faculty when wholly lacking. But the

annals of literature are full

the testimony of gifted writers

to how they trained their included of expression. Some saturated themselves with the ancient classics "Hamlet" in their

pockets for years, some forbade them-

selves to read any writing of inferior

order lest their style should be vitiated.

There is little evidence today of this

devotion to style. The reason is that

our writers neglect to form their vo-

abularies and their syntax from the

masters of English prose. An illustra-

tion of a beautiful style is given on this

page today in extracts from one of the

Poe. It may be taken as a companion-

Westminster Abbey, printed two weeks

Nothing that Poe or Irving had to sa

on problems of the present day. Poe's

revolt against the tyranny that domi-

nated the world of letters has passed

their imaginative and reflective prose is

fountain of delight for the leisure

our and an admirable school for the

literary aspirant. They have no mis-

don to clarify the thought or guide

olace for the pensive hour, and a mode

for all who seek through literature to

the precision of their writing lies its

harm. Every word fits into its place

like the keystone in the arch. Every

entence is a polished gem. In the

strife for literary recognition he who

equips himself with the charm of ex-

pression lays hold on a weapon his

adversaries will have difficulty to with-

There comes a day to every literature

then style is everything, and then is

the hour of its decline and fall. The

enthronement of realism is confession

hat detail has conquered us. Form is

nore than matter, appearance more

han substance. Great discoveries in

nind and matter become familiarized

nd we dwell on the countless mino

things that make no difference. When

Greece discovered herself, when the

Renaissance and the Elizabethan Age

ediscovered Greece and first discov

ered the real world in which we live

literature was born and then born

again. But today little seems left to us

but retrospection, and painful pursuit

of detail; the romantic poem, the en-

numbered painting, the musician run to

echnique, the society drama, the prob

lem novel. Occasionally a man like

Lecky or Matthew Arnold shows us

what high thinking and pellucid style

an do even today, when they are com

bined. But the arid waste of current

literature shows nothing, perhaps, but

hat we are waiting for somebody or

lved that shall give us another Golden

Says General Joseph Wheeler in a

ate issue of the New York Independ-

nt, in the matter of our trade with

lealing with the people of China and

the Philippines, we must send thither

intelligent agents, who will study their

customs, prejudices and preferences

nd we can then offer them what they

want in the shape most pleasing to

hem, and in the way which best suits

heir convenience." And when he adds

"If we take over our goods and insis

mon forcing both our goods and ideas

upon them, we will fall far short of the

ighest attainable success," he makes

statement that accords at once with

mmon sense and intelligent knowl-

dge of human nature. Western meth-

ds may be the best methods; certainly

Western peoples and nations are justi

fied in believing that they are. But it

s worse than useless to expect Orienta

peoples to accept this view cheerfully

and with alacrity. The practical fail-

ure, after years of persistent effort, to

ng of the whole of the people of the

Chinese Empire to discard the religion

of Confucius for that of Christ should

be of suggestive value in formulating

our trade tactics with China, Though

nduce any proportion worth mentio

"To obtain the best success in

e discovered or ancient thought

nething. What new worlds are to

impress themselves on mankind.

the life: nothing but charm for the ear

corrected and superseded. But

Irving's history has

into criticism.

vorid wiser than he found it. The mat-

but indirectly. His own message is a

With either alone, comparative

gacity of the man were brought into play when, at the Chehnils council, he reprimanded the refractory and lying Tleyuk, and tore the chief's commission the Government had given him. It was a courageous act, and it was also effective in its consequences. Knowing the admiration of the savages for per sonal courage, Governor Stevens determined by a sudden surprise to overawe the pompous Tleyuk and check the rising passions of his 350 tribesmen.

History abounds in acts of personal courage by men who have been the exponents and defenders of civilization on the frontier. Witness John Smith and a few followers in early days in ginia rushing into Opekankano's lodge, seizing him by the long scalp-lock dragging him before his astonished tribesmen, holding a pistol to his breast and forcing him to furnish corn to the starving people of Jamestown. Wit-ness Governor Duval, accompanied by an interpreter, riding boldly into an Indian war council in Florida, in 1823, and breaking up the conspiracy of Neamathla. Witness the courage of Gencarried "Hamlet" in their eral Joseph Lane, when violation of an armistice had put himself and ten unarmed men at the mercy of 700 Rogue River Indians at Table Rock, in South ern Oregon, in 1853. A few defiant words said with the utmost composure changed the murderous Rogues from their purpose to massacre General Lane and his associates, the excitement subsided, and the peace negotiations were continued in amity. For another kind "Old World Romances" of Edgar Allan of courage, but withal faithfulness of a white man to Indian compacts, witpiece to Washington Irving's essay on ness Joe Meek's devotion to his Nez Perces wife. When he was asked why he could not abandon his wife and cut loose entirely from his wild life, the of any concern to a thinking mind brave old mountaineer placed his hand over his heart and replied: "I could today. What thinking they did was little enough at best, and has no bearing not do that; it hurt here."

Though the treaties negotiated by Governor Duval, General Lane and Governor Stevens, and the intrepidity of Smith, were followed by fierce and of the services of these pioneers to civilization is nowise impaired. The outbreaks were reactionary, and, one might almost say, the natural results of the confinement of savages within definite territorial limits, or reservations. The negotiators were not at fault. They blazed the trail for the white settlers; numbers settled the question of rac supremacy, though in the meantime the new race suffered in life and property What Smith was to Virginia and Duval to Florida, that also were Stevens to Washington and Lane to Oregon. Stevens and Lane represented in the highest degree the type of brave men who pushed the frontier of civilization west ward from the Mississippi, until, skirting the shores of the Pacific, it came face to face with the awakening civilization of the Orient and the ancient home of the Aryan race. It is fitting in General Stevens' case that the so should commemorate the heroic deeds of the father. But it is one more solemn reminder that the nineteenth century will mark the passing of the era mad glorious by the great deeds of the plo neers and of the large majority of the men and women who fitted this country for the hearths that burn so brightly in thousands of happy homes.

## REVIVAL OF LOVE FOR TREES.

The demand for rapid transit has been one of the pronounced features of an age governed by energy and dominated by haste. In response thereto the street railways have been given right of way in crowded streets, bicycles have been granted the privileges of sidewalks, forests of unsightly pole strung with hissing wires have sprung up in cities, and shade trees-the growth of years and the heritage of beauty from the painstaking of a past generation-have been mutilated beyond all semblance of natural lovell ness or wholly uprooted. Beyond ar occasional sentimental sigh from a middle-aged person who recalled the date, away back in his childhood, of the trees' planting, or perhaps a tear stealing silently down an aged cheek at the memory of the time when these venerable trees were slender saplings carefully protected from possible harn by municipal or parental decree, the trees have generally fallen before the demands of modern life, without a sign

of regret at their sacrifice. Of late, however, it is said that senti ment in favor of protecting tree life against the ruthless encroachment of modern improvements has been revived in New York City, where for year every tree that stood in the line of what the world today calls mechanical progress has fallen, without exciting protest and seemingly without causing regret Instead of the decree "cut it down" be ing executed unquestionably, protest has arisen and a hearing before the authorities demanded by tree-lovers to consider ways and means whereby the tree held to be "in the way" might be protected without sacrifice of the pub lic convenience.

In support of this statement it is cited that a few days ago a certain site in Central Park was suggested as the

best place for the statue of General Sherman, which the members of the Chamber of Commerce are to give to New York City. The spot chosen is in every respect admirable, but the placng of the statue there would require the destruction of several fine old trees, and there was an instant and strong objection to its selection. Even a fine statue of the hero of Atlanta, it is held, must take second place to the grand work of nature as unfolded in these trees. Again, the Rapid Transit Commission was compelled to give a hearing to a committee of an association in favor of having a contemplated underground railroad so constructed that the fine trees in the Boulevard Parkway may not be destroyed. It was shown that the road in this street, if built by excavation, would kill most if not all of the trees on the route: if by tunneling, the trees would be preserved. The latter, however, would be the more costly method of construction, but the commission gave assurance that all that is possible will be done to save the trees, and that even so important a public work as rapid transit would not be allowed to ruthlessly destroy them, Every lover of trees will rejoice in this revival of the spirit for their protection. This sentiment does not, of course, extend to the commercial and business centers of the great city, where every vestige of tree life has been stamped out, but it broods tenderly over public parks, where it is held that a magnificent tree, the work of nature during the greater part of a century, is more befitting to the landscape than a monument hewn from granite or molded from bronze to commemorate the deeds of a military hero. Not that the monument is not in every way a worthy and desirable expression of public gratitude for a grand public achievement. The expression simply voiced is: "Let a site be chosen for the monument where its erection will not make necessary the sacrifice of the trees-the lands greatest beauty." It is not asked or expected that sentiment will be the supreme arbiter in all cases in which trees stand in the way of modern improvements. But simply that, instead of hastening to cut them down, an effort will be made to preserve them, if possible, even at considerable cost in de-

PROHIBITION OF RECREATION.

vices to evade their destruction.

The New York East Conference of the Methodist Church, at its recent session in Danbury, Conn., voted almost unanimously for a resolution requesting the General Conference to strike out of the "Book of Discipline" the specific injunction against members attending horse races and theaters, and against indulg ing in dancing and card-playing. The resolution was advocated by Rev. Dr. Rice, of Wesleyan University; by Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley: by Rev. Dr. George Mains, and by Rev. Dr. H. H. Beatty. These eminent Methodist clergymen held that the attempt to legislate evil out of the great Methodist Episcopal Church has proved an evil in itself. Rev. Dr. Rice said:

We do not want such prohibitions. For my take to have such specific clauses in the Book of Discipline. Let us get at it in a practical way. Let us correct our blunder and

Dr. Rice said that many sincere and honest Christians do not agree with the church authorities as to certain forms of amusement; that the prohibition wa so repulsive to young people that they hesitate to join the church, and some go to other churches. Dr. Rice held that the conscience of the Christian should alone be the judge of what form of amusement he participated in. Rev. Dr. Buckley held that the only things that should be specifically prohibited are those which are essentially immoral. He declared that he had al ways voted against the adoption of these restrictions, and believed that they were the great promoters of the things they were intended to prohibit. These eminent clergymen are right. They have the wit to perceive and the courage to confess that churches are made repulsive to many well-disposed persons because they are voiced and conducted by narrow-minded, bigoted Puritans, who are not content to denounce what is really sinful, morally indecent and pernicious, but denounce things that are not sinful or indecent at all. Humanity is naturally gregarious and of social habit. The world is sure to seek recreation, and the denun ciation of decent recreation because it is quite possible to abuse or misuse it is absurd. There is nothing that is good that has not its base counterpart. Plous speech and action is sometimes presented in the base form of hypocrisy and sanctimoniousness. Doe that fact furnish a reason for the dis couragement of the cultivation of pious thoughts and practice?

It is possible to dance indecently, to gamble with cards, and present indecent dramatic spectacles; but to pro hibit on this plea all dancing, card-playing and the theater, would be as shallow as it would be to forbid the creation of literature because it is possible to write and print immoral or indecent prose or verse, or to forbid the pictorial arts because they are some times prostituted to indecent and immoral purposes. A woman who dances decently is no more responsible for women who choose to dance indecently than a woman who speaks decently is responsible for a woman who speaks indecently. The same stupid logic is contained in the view that because ome men are intemperate to their own injury and to the outrage of law and order, the sale of alcoholic liquors as a beverage should be prohibited to all All this logic is absurd which holds that because somebody has abused a thing nobody shall ever be legally permitted to use it again.

Everything that helps to keep life full of light and from becoming a howling wilderness full of morose misers and hypochondriac monks is stupidly placed under the ban by your Puritan because it has been perverted to base uses and dragged down to the level of the ditch, Reason revolts from this absurd confusion of the use of recreation and the abuse of it. Intemperance in love degenerates into jealousy; disappointment in love sometimes breeds vindictiveness which prompts to murder, or preeds depression which ends in suicide Intemperance in love leads to adultery, illegitimate births and social evils of all sorts. Because of this shall sane human society embrace the Shaker faith, prohibit marriage and repress all love between the sexes? Shall we treat sexual love with contempt because out of its intemperate exhibition great so cial evils afflict mankind? We nunish crime, and we do not allow any man to plead in excuse of his crimes "the

oman gave to me and I did eat," nor

do we allow any man to plead in extenuation of his crimes his intemperance in drink.

THE MAN BEHIND THE ONION.

"The Man With the Hoe" was in town yesterday. He came from "out Yamhill way," and brought a hundred sacks of onions with him. He sold the onions and in the afternoon returned to the farm bowed down, not with "the weight of centuries," etc., but with the weight of \$650 in shining, yellow gold, which one of the "oppressors of mankind" had paid him for the onions. As is usual at this time of the year, the man with the hoe found the air freighted with the direst political wailing, and, had he listened, from many a free-lunch counter and street-corner orator he could have heard how the accursed gold standard is making paupers of us all The onion-grower, however, escaped the knowledge of the dreadful predicament he was in by hurrying back to the farm, to bring in another load of

onions before the price goes down. The price paid for onions in the Port land market yesterday is the highes that has been reached for many years The scarcity and attendant high prices ara of course, unusual, but rare indeed is the season when growers do not se cure prices which insure them good substantial returns for the labor of production. Last year at this time pota toes were selling at \$2 per sack, enabling a great many small farmers to market the output of an acre or two of land at a figure sufficiently large to maintain their households for the re-

mainder of the year. Mr. David Riggetto, who sold the bove-mentioned lot of onions, does not place all of his eggs in one basket, but conducts his farming operations on s plan sufficiently diversified to enable him to always have a certain amount of produce which will command good figures. Last year both potatoes and onions brought him in a good income, and this year the onion crop is more than making a stand-off for the low prices of potatoes. Mr. Riggetto has no monopoly of this business, but a study of his methods and a practical application of the same will knock that "brother to the ox," etc., portion of Markham's theory higher than Gilderoy's kite. Honest toll and well-directed effort will bring its reward, just as it ever has and ever will, "world without end."

The propensity of children-boys mable to earn their own shoe leather and girls without household knowledge sufficient to sweep a room or boil potatoes—to get married is a serious one. which all persons, whether related to them or not, should refuse to aid and abet in any manner whatever. Of course, the divorce of these heedless youngsters can, and frequently is, secured by parents not quite ready to give the madcaps over to the consequences of their folly, but the undertaking is at best vexatious and unpleasant. Perjury that falsifies in regard to the ages of juvenile candidates for matrimony is of a type that, in the best interests of the community, should be dealt with as provided by law, while the magistrate or minister who goes through the mockery of the marriage ceremony between children deserves not only the condemnation of all responsible, right-minded people, but he should be visited with such penalty as the law provides—necessarily inadequate—for this grievous offense against the family and society.

One of the legitimate results of the better knowledge of America on the part of the Japanese growing out of our advent into the Orient is increased immigration of the little brown men into this country. The stopping at various ports of American Army transports was an object-lesson to the people extremely impressive. Even common soldiers spent money like water there. The Japanese stared in astonishment when they saw Uncle Sam's boys in blue with as much gold in their pockets as a man in that country could earn in a year. This must be the land of promise, the new eldorado, to them. It is here, no doubt, they locate the bucket of gold at the end of the rainbow. Thousands have come rainbow chasing since our volunteers passed through the Mikado's Empire, and they are but the advance ruard. There need be little fear of immigration from the Philippines, for the people are too lazy to hunt work, and e change in climate is too great; but from Nippon we may expect a flood.

The American ship Abner Coburn has een chartered to carry coal from Moji, Japan, to Hong Kong, at \$2.50 per ton. The Coburn has just arrived at Hiogo from New York, with general merchan dise, and proceeds in ballast to Moji to load. In this trade the American ship is in competition with German, English, Japanese, Norwegian, Italian Chinese, and, in fact, with ships of every other nation that has a flag on the high seas. Mr. Smith, of the shipping subsidy grafters' literary bureau at Washington, in a recent letter to The Oregonian, stated that the only profit made by American ships was while they were employed in the American coasting trade, from which all foreign vessels are excluded. Such being the case, it seems passing strange that an American ship would be sent so far from home in competition with the fleets of the world. The charter of the Coburn, however, is but one of a great many cold, hard commercial facts, garding which the subsidy grafters maintain a very discreet stlence,

No one should be surprised that the members of the Chicago Ambulance Corps have thrown off their mask and developed into a fighting organization. Its very composition was enough to indicate its character. The men were all of the violently anti-English type of Irishmen, and had seen service in the National Guard and the Spanish-American war. One of the qualifications poasted of at the time of their departure was their expert marksmanship. Of course, Miss Barton was deceived by their representations and their possession of a complete ambulance outfit, which a few of them, the surgeons of the party, will doubtless ise, while the major portion go into active service. Being an upright and honest woman, with her heart in the noble work of the Red Cross, Miss Baron may readily be excused for her ignorance of the methods of the Chicago Clan na Gael.

One of the little organs accuses The Oregonian of "personal hostility to Sen-ator McBride." This is silly. There is This is silly. There is nothing against McBride that amounts to serious objection, beyond the fact that he is a cheap little political trimmer who practices the small arts of politics for his own advantage; that

really he is nobody and nothing, and that men of ability and force ought to be sent to the Senate of the United States.

Is it possible that a crushing monop oly is going to deprive the people of the diamonds they should have for their fingers and shirt fronts? If the De Beers trust prevents the opening of the new diamond fields, how long will the people endure the denial of their rights? Here is an opening for Bryan that discounts his plea for the stamp taxes on parlor car tickets that are grinding down the tolling masses.

Colonel Colson is the latest great Kentuckian to vindicate the unwritten law of the hair-trigger state that the right to bear arms and use them on one's personal enemies must never be abridged.

It is pleasing to know that Dr. Daly regards his election to Congress as certain. The voters of the First District will at the proper time persuade the doctor to change his mind.

Chicago has no use for Candidate Dewey, but when the time comes she will tender to Admiral Dewey a genune Western welcome.

THE PERFECTION OF BOSSISM. Considerable Life Left in the Old Tribune Yet.

New York Tribune.

One of the marks of modern civilization is the abolition of useless and antiquated ways of doing things. Having perfected machinery to perform work, we do no go through the senseless mockery of ac-complishing it by hand. No farmer with his reaper and binder pays a tribute to ancient prejudice by employing a dozen fellows to stand about his fields with sickles and give an imitation of old-time har vesting. No railroad company transacts its real business by express train and pays teamsters with wagons to drive about the country to fool people into the notion that the transportation business is thus carried on. With mails, telegraph lines and express companies at their command people do not, unless they want to advertise themselves as freaks, send messenger boys half around the world to deliver letters and packages.

But in one sphere of activity people

seem to have neglected to adapt practical means to practical ends. In politics we have the political trust, the political steam engine, the political automobile and all the other instruments of high civilization the other instruments of high civilization. Yet long after they have performed their work we sent the small tradesmen, the horse treadmill and the ox team of politics over the course of their operations, making a senseless mummery with superfluous and idle motions. Take, for inthe state convention to be held in this city next week. Several hundred people, dressed in their political work-ing clothes, with carefully made-up marks sweat upon their brows, will be assembled at great expense from all parts of the state to give a dramatic representation of popular government in operation. There will be speeches and resolutions and votes, and when the play is finished the public will be invited to certain political output as the ished, polished and on exhibition. modern political steam fact those wares are already made, finmodern political steam engine has at-tended to all that, and the hand laborers' convention has about as much to do with it as an assembly of geologists on Vesuvius has to do with a coincident eruption of that volcano. Mr. Thomas C. Platt has already made all the necessary speeches, adopted the resolutions and cast the votes. The resolutions as agreed to are an indorsement of President McKin-ley, with a demand for his renomination, and an indorsement of Governor Roose-veit, without a demand for his renomination. The votes as cast and counted show the election as delegates to the National convention of Thomas C. Platt, Chauncey pew, Benjamin B. Odell and Theo-

dore Roosevelt. The fine, well-oiled and powerful triple expansion engine has done all that, as everybody knows. While in the matter colutions there seems to be a conseems to be as well done as can be pected of machine-made goods, which in the market are not generally considered up to the standard of old-fashioned, hon-est hand work. But this is an age of machinery, and we expect our politics as well as our furniture and shoes to be turned out from a factory. But what is the sense of going through the elaborate and costly farce of sending all the factors goods out to cottage laborers simply to have them brought in to the political fair with a transparently false label, "hand-made"? If it deceived anybody it would be dishonest. But it doesn't deceive a soul. Everybody knows where and when the goods were manufactured and it is a mere waste of time and money not creditable to the practical sense of the American people to keep up this sol-emn pretense. Let political as well as relal facts be accepted as the It is folly to go to the expense of hold ing a state convention merely to make a dumb show of doing what Mr. Platt has already done. Both honesty and economy are subserved by frankly letting Mr. Platt's action be final.

Going to Cape Nome.

J. Gordon Temple. The Cape Nome fever's got our town, it seen to fill the air;
Ef they all go that see they will, 'twill bust the place, I swear.
Bill Jones is sellin' off his ship.

is sellin' off his things, an' so is Jerry Black: Simpson sez he'll move his store, an' Smith's begun to pack. Widder Nott's a-tearin' up, an' sez she's

goin', too; Newby girls hez started thare, so what will Jonesburg do? will Jonesburg do? Ol' Grandpa Sykes is all thet's left, but he's

too old to roam; They'll send him back to Kansas, while the rest go to Cape Nome. We listen to reports from thare, a-tellin' how

Is bein' picked up ev'rywhare, an' of the rich ma, she drops the paper then, an' sex.
"Fer pity sakes, They're scratchin' up the coarsest gold-jest usin' garden rakes!

They say thare's nuggets big as fists, an' 10-ounce pans an' sich; Ef fools an' tenderfoots hev luck, we orter strike it rich!" "Mebbe it's all rite, but it's to But, jest the same, he's goin' on the first boat

to Cape Nome We're fig'rin' on the rashuns that we want to take along; We've got advice from ev'ryone, so nuthin

won't go wrong. There's half a ton o' bacon, an' five hunderd Dried apples an' pertatoes-well, ye don't know

what it means To buy things when ye git there, where the prices are so high kain't begin to tetch 'em, fer they're 'way up in the sky.

v. eggs is ninety cents apiece, an' honey,

is eighty cents, ac' beef is worth one-fifty at

But there's one thing that hurts me, an' sum body else, I know; 'twa'n't fer my sweet Carrio, why, wouldn't hate to go.

see her tender blue eyes now, a-swimmin in her tears, fondest hopes o'erbalanced by the pre-

at the time o' partin', when she see her last "Good-bye." brace up an' be cheerful, tho' I know I'll want to cry; to me she's the dearest girl ber

An' I jest long to prove

MASTERPIECES OF LITERATURE-X

"The Masque of the Red Death"-Edgar Allan Poe.

The "Red Death" had long devastated the country. No pestilence had ever been so fatal, or so hideous. Blood was its avatar and its sent the redness and the horror of blood. There were sharp pains and sudden dizziness, and then profuse bleeding at the pores, with dissolution. The stains upon the body, and especially upon the face, of the victim were the pest ban which shut him out from the aid and from the sympathy of his fellow men. And the whole seizure, prog-ress and termination of the disease were the incidents of half an hour.

But the Prince Prospero was happy and dauntless and sagacious. When his do-minions were half depopulated, he sum-moned to his presence a thousand hale and light-hearted friends from among the knights and dames of his court, and these retired to the deep seclusion of one of his castellated abbeys. This was an extensive and magnificent structure, the creation of the Prince's own eccentric yet august taste.

The external world could take care of The external world could take care of itself. In the meantime it was folly to grieve, or to think. The Prince had pro-vided all the appliances of pleasure. There were buffoons, there were improvisatori, there were ballet-dancers, there were musicians, there was Beauty, there was wine. All these and security were within. Without was the "Red Death."

It was toward the close of the fifth or sixth month of his seclusion, and while the pestilence raged most furiously abroad, that the Prince Prospero entertained his thousand friends at a masked ball of the most unusual magnificence. It was a voluptuous scene, that mas-

querade. But first let me tell of the rooms in which it was held. There were seven—an imperial suite. But in the western or black chamber

the effect of the firelight that streamed upon the dark hangings through the blood-tinted panes was ghastly in the extreme, and produced so wild a look upon the countenances of those who entered that there were few of the company bold enough to set foot within its precincts at It was in this apartment, also, that

stood against the western wall a gigantic clock of ebony. Its pendulum swung to and fro with a dull, heavy, nonotonous clang; and when the minute hand made the circuit of the face, and the hour was to be stricken, there came from the brazen lungs of the clock a sound which was clear and loud and deep and exceedingly musical, but of so peculiar a note and emphasis that, at each laps eof an hour, the musicians of the orchestra were constrained to pause, momentarily, in their performance, to heark-en to the sound; and thus the waltzers perforce ceased their evolutions; and there was a brief disconcert of the whole gay company; and, while the chimes of the clock yet rang, it was observed that the giddlest grew pale, and the more aged and sedate passed their hands over their brows as if in confused revery of medi-tation. But when the echoes had fully ceaserd, a light laughter at once per vaded the assembly; the musicians looke at each other and smiled as if so their own nervousness and folly, and whispering vows, each to the other, that the next chiming of the clerk should produce in them no similar emotion; then, after the lapse of 60 minutes (which embrace three thousand six hundred sec-onds of the time that files) there came yet another chiming of the clock, and ther were the same disconcert and tremulous ness and meditation as before.

But to the chamber which lies westerly of the seven, there are now of the maskers who centure; the night is waning away, and flows a ruddier light through the bloodcolored panes; and the black ness of the sable drapery appals; and to him whose foot falls upon the sable carpet, there comes from the near clock of ebony a muffled peal more solemnly emphatic than any which reaches their ears who indulge in the more remote gayeties of the other

But these other apartments were densely crowded, and in them beat feverishly the heart of life. And the revel went whiriingly on, until at length there comof midnight upon the clock And then the music coused, as I have told; and the evolutions of the waltzers were quieted; and there was an une cessation of all things as before. now there were 12 strokes to be sounded by the bell of the clock; and thus it happened, perhaps, that more of thought crept, with more of time, into the medi-tations of the thoughtful among those who reveled. And thus too it happened, perhaps, that before the last echoes of the last chime had utterly sunk into silence, there were many individuals in the crowd who had found leisure to become aware of the presence of a masked figure which had arrested the attention of no single individual before. And the rumor of this new presence having spread itself whisperingly around, there arose at length from the whole company a buzz, or murmur, ex-pressive of disapprobation and surprisethen, finally, of terror, or horror, and of

There are chords in the hearts of the most reckless which cannot be touched without emotion. Even with the utterly lost, to whom life and death are equally jests, there are matters of which no can be made. The whole company, in seemed now deeply to feel that in the con-tume and bearing of the stranger neither wit nor propriety existed. The figure was tail and gaunt and shrouded from head to foot in the habitiments of the The mask which concealed the visage was made so nearly to resemble the countenace of a stiffened corpse that the scrutiny must have had difficulty in detecting the cheat. And yet all this might have been endured if not approved by the mad revelers around. But the mummer had gone so far as to assume the type of the Red Death. His vesture was dabbled in blood and his broad brow, with all the features of the face, was besprinkled with the scarlet horror.

When the eyes of Prince Prospero fell upon this spectral image (which with a slow and solemn movement, as if more fully to sustain its role, stalked to and from among the waltzers he was seen to be convulsed in the first moment, with a strong shudder, either of terror or disbut in the next, his brow reddened with rage.

"Who dares?" he demanded hoarsely of the courtiers, who stood near him-"who dares insuit us with this blasphemous mockery? Selze him and unmask himthat we may know whom we have hang at sunrise, from the buttlements.

He bore aloft a drawn dagger, and had approached, in rapid impetuosity, to within three or four feet of the retreating figure, when the latter, having attained tremity of the velvet apartment, turned suddenly and confronted his pursuer. There was a sharp cry-and the dagger dropped gleaming upon the sable carpet, upon which, instantly afterwards, fell prostrate the sable carpet, upon in death the Prince Prospero. Then, summoning the wild courage of despair, a throng of revelers at once threw themselves into the black apartment, and, selzing the mummer, whose tall figure stood erect and motionless within the shadow of horror at finding the grave cerements and corpse-like mask, which they handled with so violent a rudeness, untenanted by any tangible form.

And now was acknowledged the presence of the Red Death. He had come like a thief in the night, And one by one dropp the revelers in the blood-bedewed halls their revel, and died each in the despairebony clock went out with that of the last of the gay. And the flames of the tri-pods expired. And Darkness and Decay pods expired. And Darkness and Dec and the Red Death held illimitable dom