The Oregonian.

Entered at the Postoffice at Portland, Oregon TELEPHONES. Editorial Rooms ... 166 | Business Office 667 REVISED SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

fall (postage prepaid), in Advance with hunday, per month. Sunday excepted, per year...... with Bunday, per year..... Meekly, per year.... Weekly, 3 months.... (Sty Subscribers—

News or discussion intended for publication in The Oregonian should be addressed invariably "Editor The Oregonian," not to the name of any individual. Letters relating to advertising, subscriptions or to any business matter should be addressed simply "The Oregonian."

The Oregonian does not buy poems or stories from individuals, and cannot undertake to return any manuscripts sent to it without solicitation. No stamps about be inclosed for this

No stamps should be inclosed for this

Paget Sound Bureau-Captain A. Thom office at 1111 Pacific avenue, Tacoma. Box

Eastern Business Office-The Tribune build-ing. New York city; "The flookery," Chicago; the E. C. Beckwith special agency, New York, For sale in San Francisco by J. K. Cooper, 146 Market street, near the Palace hotel, and at Goldsmith Bros., 236 Sutter street. For sale in Chicago by the P. O. News Co., Bit Dearborn street.

POSTAGE BATES.

United States, Canada and Mexico:

TODAY'S WEATHER-Increasing cloudine with probably showers; northwest winds.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, JUNE 24.

THE "LIFE OF GENERAL STEVENS." Two noble volumes are the fruit of the purpose of Hazard Stevens to prepare a life of his distinguished father, General Isaac Ingalls Stevens. The work is a splendid fillal tribute, and It is executed with literary and historical skill. The life of General Stevens deserves this fine setting; and it would have been a pity if this work had not been written. Our Northwestern pioneers, who know more of Isaac I Stevens than any others knew of him, have always held him in highest estimation. He came out to Washington Territory in 1853, as its first Governor. and was its most conspicuous citizen and eminent man till his death at Chantilly, Va., in September, where, holding the command of a Major-General, he fell leading a charge which his keen military eye saw was necessary to check, in a dreadful emergency, the advance of Stonewall Jackson and save the long Federal line then executing a hazardous movement from annihilation.

In these ample volumes there is a fine story of the Mexican War, or that part of it in which Stevens was engaged. We have a full account of his service, first as Governor and then as Delegate in Congress from Washington Territory; and a large portion of the materials of the early history of Wash-

In politics Governor Stevens adhered to the "regular" Democratic organization, and supported Breckinridge for feat for renomination for Delegate to Congress in 1861; for the Douglas Democrats, full of resentment, made every sible effort to "punish" him. In May, 1861, the territorial convention heid at Vancouver, and Stevens was beaten for the nomination by Selucius Garfielde, a man of utterly worthless character. From Vancouver Stevens came to Portland, and next day offered his services to the Government. in the Civil War. Without waiting for for the East, was appointed Colonel of the Seventy-ninth New York, and soon service was so brilliant that it is believed he would soon have been appinted to the command of the Army of the Potomac, for it is known that President Lincoln had thought of him

for the position. This biography covers the entire career of General Stevens; and it is a most welcome addition to the biography of eminent Americans, to the historical literature of the country, and to the collection of material for the history of the State of Washington.

GROWTH IN NAVAL ARCHITECTURE

Naval architecture is a wonderfully progressive science. A circular was recently issued by the Secretary of the Navy to armor-plate manufacturers, witing bids for the armor of the three battle-ships authorized by Congress in March, 1899. From the data thus furnished, some idea may be formed concerning the superb specimens of the shipbuidler's art that will be added- to the American Navy when, some three years hence, if all goes well, the Pennsylvania, the Georgia and the New Jersey go into commission.

These ships are to be much larger and faster than any of our battle-ships now afloat or in course of construction. Reluctant as we may be to admit it, the Oregon may have to retire to the rear of the firing line when in the crucial test of battle the guns of these swiftly moving forts "belch forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame." They are to be of 14,650 tons displacement-the size of the largest vessels in the British and French navies-and, notwithstanding their enormous bulk, they are to have a speed of nineteen knots.

The great essentials of the modern man-of-war are speed and strength. To ablue these two forces so that each may supplement the other is the study of the naval architect. There are now no battle-ships of 14,650 tons displacement that have quite the speed of nine. teen knots. Such ships may be ready for service in other navies by the time the three known as of the Pennsylvania type are completed; but the United States will be among the first powers to place such swift leviathans in com-The vessels of this newest type will draw only 28 feet of water n fully loaded, making them comparatively easy to dock, and they will have a coal capacity of 1900 tons, givem a range of 6000 miles at the usual pace of the vessel cruising in

time of peace. From the circular to which reference is above made, it is learned that the vitals of these new battle-ships will be protected by Krupp armor eleven inches thick, the same quality of armor ting used on other parts, but of less thickness. All the wood used in them. -and there will be very little-will be rendered fireproof. Their batteries will be exceedingly formidable. Four 40caliber 12-inch breechloading rifles, and eight 45-callber 8-inch rifles, mounted pairs in six turrets, will comprise the main battery. The secondary tery will consist of twelve 50-caliber are densely ignorant. He is able to

6-inch rapid-firing rifles, twelve 3-inch estimate the strength of the powers (14-pounder) rapid-firing rifle guns, twelve 3-pounders, eight 1-pounders, two 3-inch field guns, two Gatlings and six .03-caliber automatics. The 12-inch guns will be able to fire every ninety seconds, the 8-inch guns every fifty seconds, and the 6-inch guns every 20 sec onds. All of these guns will be far superior to guns of similar caliber now in use, both in power and rapidity of fire. One of the 12-inch guns of the Pennsylvania type will, for example, have greater power than a 13-inch gun of the Oregon, and can be fired with greater

rapidity. The time limit for the completion of these battle-ships is thirty-six months. If this is adhered to, the creation of these monster battle-ships will be pl nomenally rapid. It is doubtful indeing from the experience of the past, whether they will be completed a five years. When they are built, however, we have the assurance of naval architects and authorities that the ennsylvania, Georgia and New Jersey will be as far in advance of the Kearsarge and Kentucky as these latter ressels are in advance of the Indiana and Massachusetts. In the meantime, unless all signs fail, the navies of the world may be put to a practical test before that time, and the strength and power of the several types of battle-ships be decided in action upon the high seas.

WHY NOT?

The Commander-in-Chief of the G. A. R. has expressed the opinion in the West that the time is "not ripe" for the return of the Confederate flags. If not, why not? All the leading actors on either side to the great contest are gone, both in war and politics, save General Schofield, Longstreet and ex-United States Senator Reagan, of Davis' Cabinet. The youngest veteran of the Civil War is 55, and the majority are nearer 60. In politics, the day of "war" Senators and Congressmen and Governors is long over, South as well as North. Connecticut has never had a "war" Governor since 1866; and even Massachusetts never had but one exsoldier for Governor, Ben Butler, surely was not selected because of his 'war" record. New York never had a genuine "war" Governor, Congress long ago blotted out the battle-fields of the Civil War from the regimental flags, and from the Army Register. With a leading Confederate General back again in the United States Army as a Brigadier-General; with Longstreet on the pension roll; with the sons of ex-Confederates filling our Army and Navy today and fighting and failing for the Stars and Stripes, why is not "the time ripe for the return of the Confederate flags"?

Two ex-Confederates died on the United States Supreme Bench; an ex-Confederate Brigadier sat in the Cabinet of President Hayes; another in that of President Cleveland. There is really nothing left today to remind us that we ever were other than one people. Why keep these oid tattered war relics of a melancholy and deplorable Civil War. whether they remain in the official hands of our Government at Washing ton, or in those of the state govern ments, or are part of the property of President in 1860. This caused his de- | G. A. R. posts? Our Government is today ashamed to display these relics, and they are hid away in boxes in the storerooms of the War Department. The captured battle-flags are no longer displayed at our state capitals, as they during the first years that followed the Civil War. The public sense of decency revolts from the further exhibit of these trophies in days when the Civil War is thirty-five years distant, when its combatants on both sides are rapidly marching to the grave to an answer, he took steamer at once join the army of "ghosts of soldiers armed with ghosts of guns."

The ex-Confederates do not care a became a Major-General. His year's button whether these sad relics are returned or not. They lost them with dishonor, and they can afford to wait calmly for that hour of reason and good sense when Congress will have fewer demagogues of the sort that are afraid to revise a padded pension roll and afraid to return the captured battle-flags, to the South, whose children of Confederate sires have since stood shoulder to shoulder with the sons of Union soldiers in defense of the Stars and Stripes. The green corn of Spring is today breaking from the commingled dust of these children of Union and Confederate sires, who have spent their blood freely for the "old flag" and all it implies. And yet at such an hour the commander of the G. A. R. announces that "the time is not yet ripe for the return of the Confederate flags." If he is right, then it is because the time has become absolutely rotten for any nobler aspiration or higher endeavor than bullying and browbeating a cowardly Congress into tapping the Treasury by the application of a new patent pension suction nump. The very same cheap spirit which prompts a Congressman to vote for the perpetuation and extension of extravagant and ill-guarded pension legislation inspires him to approve the flat of the commander of the G. A. R., "The time is

not ripe for the return of the Confederate flags." The time has always been "ripe," and always will be "ripe," we suppose to enact extravagant pension legislation, but time will never be "ripe demagogues to favor an act of wise ourtesy and generous acknowledgment that, officially or unofficially, our Government and our people believed that to the vanquished should be returned all the sentimental spoils of victory the coment the sons of both victors and vanquished were found doing battle

nobly side by side for the National flag. The regimental flags of some of the regiments in the British army bear ancient legends of famous battles, but none of them bear inscriptions referring to victories won in civil war, like the battle of Culloden, won over the rebel Jacobite army. Do these Bourbons of our day insist on retaining custody of the Confederate battle-fings lest we forget how hard and bloody a task it was to capture them? There is one thing of which we may be sure, that those Union veterans who think "the time is not ripe for the return of the Confederate flags" probably never personally helped capture them, for it took a kind of a soldier to capture a Confederate battle-flag different from the veteran who secures a pension for infirmities so obscure as to be invisible to the naked eye. If we have become ashamed to keep Confederate flags in sight as trophies, ought we to retain them as curios to satisfy the eye of big-

Lt Hung Chang has not traveled over the civilized world without learning some things of which the persistent stay-at-homes of the Chinese Empire

which the Empress Dowager derides, and he sees the necessity, if the empire is to survive, of the speedy restoration of peace in China and the absolute protection of its foreign residents. self-conceit in declaring that he alone among Chinese statesmen and rulers is store order in the empire, seems to be justified in the brief announcement of his purpose to "decapitate the leaders of the Boxers, send their ignorant followers home, and make peace with the This is clearly all that is ecessary to restore peace and postpone the day of the dismemberment of China.

MORE SAILING SHIPS NEEDED. High ocean freights are absorbing a iberal share of the profits which should accrue to the Pacific Coast wheatgrower. This is one of the results of England's abandonment of the saller and taking up with the tramp steamer a few years ago. Old age and disaster are annually retiring from service hundreds of salling vessels, and, since the yards of Great Britain have been working exclusively on steam tonnage, but a very small proportion of the loss has been made good by other countries. Meanwhile, business has been expanding and new fields for trade opening up all over the world. The Pacific Coast, which is now paying from 42s 6d to 45 shillings per ton for ships, feels the scarcity of sailing vessels worse than any other locality, but not until the completion of the Nicaragua Canal will the steamers give us any relief in the round-the-Horn business. This fact is apparent from the experience of the samship line now operating between San Francisco and Hamburg.

Although there is a scarcity of balast tonnage, the list of sailing ships bound from Europe to Pacific Coast ports with cargo is greater at the present time than it has been for several years. A large number of these vessels are coming from Hamburg, the port from which the only steamship line in operation between Europe and the Pacific Coast has its headquarters. When this line was started, about a year ago, it was freely predicted by those who have been writing the doom of the sailer for the last twenty years that the steamer would quickly monopolize the field. The business, as it is now moving, shows that there is more work than ever for the sailer, and the field for the steamer is still limited. None of the Hamburg liners which have made the voyage to the Coast have been less than ninety days on the way, and some of them have been 110 days. When it is considered that a smart sailing vessel can be depended upon with a considerable degree of accuracy to make the voyage in 120 days, with 165 and 110-day trips not unusual, it can be easily understood that the saving in time by steamer does not warrant the extra rates that are charged. A glance at the manifests of these steamers shows that, instead of giving the Pacific Coast a direct steam line to Europe, they are, in reality, but coasting liners. The steamer leaving San Francisco with a full cargo discharges haif of it at a Central American or South American port, reloads again with some other commodity, and moves on another 1000 miles, where another exchange of freight is made. It is only by this "peddling" business that a steamer is enabled to maintain any kind of service over a route like that which extends for 16,000 miles without a cheap coaling port anywhere on the

The Nicaragua Canal, in times like the present, would act as a safety valve on the freight market; but, even when it is completed, there is no assurance that much of the business would be taken away from the sailer. Except in there is no great rush to get cargoe from the Pacific Coast on the market within a month or two, and the slowmoving sailer, which burns no coal and requires no blg engineering force affords cheap warehousing for the wheat while it is steadily floating it to the consuming markets. In abandoning sailer England has been beaten by two inferior powers-Germany, which has bought up all of the old sailers discarded by France, which has been steadily building new ones.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENTS IN LI-

BRARIES. An Important theme of discussion at the recent meeting of the American Library Association at Montreal was the children's department in Mublic libraries. There was a time, not so long past but that some of us can readily recall it, when it was not considered necessary to supply chidiren who were past the age of appreciation of the "Mother Goose Melodies" with reading matter outside their schoolbooks and the simple tales that formed the Sunduy school libraries of an intensely orthodox era. The minds of children were so indelibly stamped with the commonplace incidents of these tales and with the heavenly characteristics of the childhood which they portrayed that, after a lapse of fifty or sixty years, they stand out boldly in the emory, and can be reproduced by a shift of the mental kaleidoscope Whittier, in his brief autobiography, testifies to the fact that the few books in his father's house were read and reread by the children, "until drained of their last virtue." The same may be said of the school readers of that time in hundreds of households, it being probable that McGuffey's series of readers exercised a greater influence upon the minds of the children of the second generation of the century than all the sermons to which they were compelled to listen. For example, a lesson in industry and application to a special object was taught in a brief homily entitled "No Excellence Without Labor"; persistence under discouragement in a story of "The Old Eagle Tree"; reverence for the Creator in a highly imaginative story of "The World of Chance"; delight in military achievement in the story of "Napoleon Crossing the Alps"; the value of self-endeavor in the story of the "Farmer and the Old Lark," etc., etc. The lesson in each instance was impressed upon the memory by many readings, to be drawn upon and appropriated in after years as occasion offered.

The reading habit thus fixed upon children became, as it were, a heritage to their children, and with the widening opportunities of popular education. and through the activity of the bookmaker and the printing press, it has increased until the children of today are omnivorous readers, fiterally devouring everything in the line of books that is within their reach. One extreme was ing, hunting, walking, swimming-will reached in the scarcity of books for children, and it would seem that we are of athletics is as abourd as it is to make will do."-Funch

rapidly approaching, if, indeed, we have not reached the other, in a multiplicity of books provided for them, so great that it is impossible to supervise their reading with proper diligence. General literature has been introduced into school courses; the newspaper is seized by the children of the family often beable to cope with the situation and re- fore their elders have time or opport tunity to read it, and eager reading, first a heritage, has become a habit.

The demand thus created has been met by an abundant supply. A class of writers for children has been developed, and, while some of the books produced are not fiattering, either to their authors or to their expected readers there is a number of volumes that, in the beauty and purity of their imagery, in the sanity of their moral teaching and in their adaptation to the age between the nursery rhymes and primer and the matured work for men and women, fill an important place in the book-world, the child-world and the

home-world. Library work has become a profestion involving previous training. This fact has developed a large corps of skillful bookmen and bookwomen, such as form the American Library Association and administer the affairs of state and other targe libraries. Upon the experience and alertness of these librarians depend to a great extent the value of libraries. It is possible to sift, through them, the large output of juvenile books, thus separating the wheat from the chaff of literary production. The natural result of this is the develcoment of children's libraries, or, for economic reasons, children's depart-

ments in general libraries. Parents, it is said, do not give suffielent attention to what their children are reading. In the demands that modern life makes upon them, and amid the multiplicity of books, it may not be possible for them to do so. To those fathers and mothers who are careful, and for those who are indifferent about their children's reading, the aid given by skillful and sympathetic librarians cannot fall to be of great advantage. It has been pertinently said that "the morals of the people of ten and fifteen years from now will be determined by what the children of today are read-The printing press is the great ing." modern preacher. The gate of reading admits the young to a paradise. wise guide at the gate will see that it is a paradise the joys of which will not be lost.

ATHLETICS AND HEROISM. The notion that systematic athletics tends to develop the heroic qualities which a nation needs in great crises is not borne out by the facts. Of the ninety-seven young men who enlisted from the five classes 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901 and 1902, at Harvard, only fourteen were recognized as athletes. In the five classes from 1893 to 1897, eightysix men enlisted, and only ten of these had been known as athletes, and the proportion of athletes became smaller as the classes became older. Among the 384 Harvard men known to have enlisted in the Spanish War, only thirty-four are recognized as athletes President Eliot says:

These figures do not indicate that the mer These figures do not indicate that the men who take part in the competitive athletic sports are on that account more inclined to enlist as soldiers or salions than the ordinary student who is physically sound enough to pass the medical examination for the Army or Navy. The conclusion of President Ellot is

entirely sound. The impulse to heroic

adventure and sacrifice has never been

associated with the practice of inces-

sant, specific gymnastic training, such as has become a kind of a fad of recent years. Beyond the ordinary exercise btained in popular outdoor sports of fishing, hunting, rowing, riding, swimming, walking and kindred recreations that nearly all boys indulge in during rare cases, at intervals of several years, their leisure hours, athletics as a spethe fad is very great in neither promotes the passion for enterprises of great pith and moment, nor does it promote length of days nor superfor intellectual endurance. During our Civil War there was no such thing as athletics among our people, but there was no lack of sturdy youth of heroic temper among our boys within or without college. Between 1828 and 1845 the roll of Harvard College included a larger number of men distinguished for ultimate intellectual eminence and length of days than in any period of her history. During these years there was no such thing as sys-Young men went tematic athletics. fishing or fowling, rowed, went swimming in Charles River, formed walking parties to visit the White Mountains Monadnock or Wachusett, These simple forms of natural outdoor recreation were sufficient to keep these young men in health, and out of their ranks came that splendld army of Harvard College graduates who fought so hero ically and fell on the firing line of the Inion Army from Shiloh in the West to Spottsylvania in the East, Measured by its fruit. Harvard College is none the better since athletics became ar annex for all and a stupid fad for muny. The average mental power of Harvard; the average physical endurance of her graduates, has not improved with athletics, and this fact will not excite any surprise, except in the minds of those college chumps and snobs who can talk about nothing but athletics ad nauseam, just as a horse jockey can talk nothing but "horse," This absurd "muscular Christianity this anotheosis of "hothouse" physical development, has about run its course, and a reaction has commenced in favor of a return to the practice of simple, healthful exercise, which requires no gymnasium, no irksome, unnatural exertion to cultivate a sound mind in a sound body, to insure good digestion healthful sleep, mental and physical en-

durance and longevity. Of course, athletics has nothing to do with creating heroic spirit, for men in ancient or modern times who have exhibited the capacity to do and dare beyond their fellows have been men of moral courage and will power, not simply men of giant strength and stature. Prize-fighters, according to the ath letic argument, ought to make heroic soldiers, but as a matter of fact they show no taste for military life, and when tested are hardly up to the average man in warlike courage that faces death and wounds with firmness. Heroism is born of the spirit, and, while consciousness of exceptional strength and skill makes a bully, it never makes hero. The most heroic Generals on the battle-field have not seldom been more conspicuous for the want of bodily strength and stature than for the possession of it. Any young man who desires to care for his health has no need to give his days to "athletics" the natural recreations of youth-fishkeep him in condition. To make a fad a fad of playing whist, with or without

a dummy.
The most tiresome creature that runs at large is a man, young or old, who cannot or will not talk about anything but "athletics" of some sort. He is generally a person whose muscles are developed at the expense of atrophy of the brain. His head is generally an iron pot. His brain pan is about as deep as a dimple. He is generally the kind of fellow that Shakespeare describes Ajax to be in "Trollus and Cressida" as "bought and sold among those of any wit like a barbarian slave."

The dispatches make the important announcement that the attacks made upon the foreign troops at Tien Tsin were delivered, not by the Boxers, but by Chinese regular soldiers, furnished with formidable artillery. If this news be confirmed, it means that there is great danger of a formidable anti-foreign uprising in China, unless the foreign troops succeed in landing an army strong enough speedily to beat the Chi nese in the field and occupy Pekin. Whether the contest is long or short, it is likely to end in a European protec torate governing China through an imperial puppet, even as Great Britain administers the affairs of Egypt under the Khedive today. The war in South Africa is on its last legs, and Great Britain can, if necessary, spare 26,000 troops for China, and can send at once 5000 from Calcutta. France can send 5000 from French Tonquin, and when the weather permits the United States can send 5000 men from Luzon.

The Boer War cannot endure many days longer. Lord Roberts and General Buller have joined hands at Standerton, and, with the whole line from Pretoria via Laing's Nek to Ladysmith and Durban in his possession, the Orange State Boers under President Steyn, to the number of 10,000, are sure to be starved out of the mountains and forced to surrender. They are caught between Lord Roberts' forces and those under General Buller. The moment Lord Roberts obtains supplies enough for an advance of his main army, the railroad to Delagoa Bay will be seized to the Portuguese frontier, and after that further resistance would be futile

"We favor the construction, ownership, control and protection of an isth mian canal by the Government of the United States," says the Republican platform. The St. Louis platform of 1896 was more specific. It declared for the Nicaragua Canal. Anyway, the party favors and has favored a great inter-oceanic waterway. Then why haven't we got it? The country want it and demands it. The House in May passed the Hepburn bill by an over whelming majority. It was killed in the Senate. Who is responsible for throttling this measure? The Republican Senate and the Republican Presi-

W. H. H. Dufur, forest supervisor in charge of the Bull Run reserve, whose communication is published elsewhere shows commendable public spirit in offering a reward of \$150 from his private funds for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the first per son guilty of violating the law relat ing to forest fires. Portland is vitally interested in preserving the timber bordering Bull Run River, and will heartily approve Mr. Dufur's zeal,

It is difficult to suppose that the Salem Statesman can really believe that our producers of hops, wheat, onlons lumber, dalry products, etc., are "protected" against foreign competition tariffs. Oregon has one product that is protected, one only-wool. And here the comparatively few woolgrowers are protected at the cost of everybody who wears clothing; in most places, it may of population.

It would be reasonable if the Demo cratic National Convention would pronounce for the gold standard, de for retention of the Philippine Islands and assert that force should be used to put down mobs and quell riots, like those at Coeur d'Alene and Chicago Let the Democratic convention do these things, and many an objection to voting the party ticket will be removed.

Perhaps we ought to be grateful, af er all, for the things the Republican platform does not contain. Web Davis and his Boer plank seem to have been ditched. ____

The statement comes from Europe that nobody knows anything about China, but some know less than oth ers. That's about the situation.

No conscientious campaign orator will fall to call attention to the coincidence of the McKinley nomination and the rapid advance of wheat.

Li Hung Chang might have added that one less Dowager Empress would do much for China in the family of nations.

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

"Do you know, I never dreamed she was trained nurse." "How did you find it out? "Saw her bill."—Cleveland Plain Dealer. "Daughter, I notice that Harry isn't a bigallant to other women." "No, indeed, ma; broke him of that right after we were man ried."-Indianapolis Journal.

He-Would you mind a little temporary it convenience, dear; a few years of poverty whe you marry me? "Good gracious! Don't yo expect to live any longer than that?"-Life. "Papa, will you give me a good, sound lick ing?" "What for, Bobble?" "Well, I am going to sneak off and go in swimming, and I don't want to be bothered with a future."—

Applied Externally.- 'The first Board of Ed wantion. I presume," observed the professo,
"eas really a shingle, and when needed for adulational purposes was usually wieded,
fare say, by the mother."—Chicago Tribune. "Deze hoss'iess kerriges ain't so much," said Mr. Erasmus Pinkly. "Dey's all de talk," re-plied Miss Miami Brown. "Co'se dey is. But it's a back - number scheme. What were de fust steamship but a mule-less canal boat?"— Washington Star.

Washington Star.

A Family Affair.—"No. Mr. Homewood, "said Miss Beachwood, firmly but kindly, "I cannot be your wife, but I will be a sister to you." "Very well," said the young man, resignedly, "will you assume my name or will I take yours?"—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph. Consistent, at Any Rate - "Why. Dolly, where's Marie? I thought you were playing circus." "Well, she got mad and went home 'cause I wouldn't give her any peanuts. I was the monkey and she was the tiger, and tiger ion't eat peanuts."—Harper's Bazar, The following notice was lately affixed to a church door in Hertfordshire, and read in the

church: "This is to give notice that no per son is to be buried in this churchyard bu those living in the parish; and those who wis to be buried are desired to apply to the paris clerk."—Tit-Bits. Visitor-And how is the restoration fund going on Mrs. Lychgate. The Rector's Wife-I'm sorry to say it's going on most unsatisfac-tority. We've tried every conceivable means of getting the money honestly, and failed; and SLINGS AND ARROWS.

Wily Li Hung Chang.

Li Hung Chang him welly stlong. No can foolum muches long. King he thinkum: "O!" Li Hung No meh good; no muches young." Takum peacock feathelt 'way, Of Li Hung him not much say. King get happy, muches smile; Li Hung Chang he wait one while. Bling him coustn. bling him den, King no moh heap smiles them. Go to pitson cell one day Heap no moch oan get away.
Li Hung Chang an' Queen good fien,
Ketchum peacock featheh 'gain.
King he say with sad, end tongue:
"No can fooloo Ol' Li Hung."
Himeby Queen she makum plan,
Think Li Hung too olo man,
Takum vellow incket 'way. Think Li Hung too ole man.
Takum yellow jacket 'way,
Li Hung Chang not muchee say,
Queen she smile and wavum fan,
Say: "No need heap ole man."
Of Li Hung he muchee sad,
Missum jacket welly bad.
So he sit an' heap much think.
Bimeby makum muchee wink;
Call him cousts. Boxee man. Call him cousin, Boxee man, Tellum he heap fightum can Return he head high man can. Boxes man he ketchum 'bout Million cousin all come out. Blingum hatchet, blingum gun, Makum Chinee almy lun. Killum white man ev'ly day, White man no much like that way, Sendum man an' talkee Queen,
Askum: "What heap killum mean!"
Queen no subce what he say,
Write man talk an' go away,
Bimeby heap big almy come.
Heap much cannon, heap much dium.
Ouese, she getturn much affaid. Queen she gettum much afiaid, Say: "Li Hung much tlouble made." Callum him to talkee then, Callum him to takee then, Givam jacket back again. Tellum go an' see if can Stop him bloody Boxee man. Though him muchee no mon young, No can fooloo ol' Li Hung.

Heeded His Advice. "Young men and women," said the prominent citizen who had been selected to address the graduating class, "look upward, look ever upward, and your careers will be assured." Just then a bat, which had strayed into the room, wheeled around the ceiling in a frantic effort to find a dark place, and for the first time on record a graduating class followed

the advice given in a prominent citizen's Modesty.

His modesty was so intense That he would oft opine I'm really of no consequence, I know I look like thirty cents, Marked down to twenty-nine.

address.

Consolution. "I've had my day," observed the horse, "But it's comforting to know That, though I must get off the earth, The automobile must go."

The Disappointed Pinulat. Once upon a time a Commercial Traveler sat in a Hotel Parlor and played the Overture from "William Tell" in Bag

Time. Two Guests sat outside on the Porch and Listened to him. Soon the Pianist began to play, also in Rag Time, the Doxology. This he considered a Brilliant Stroke of Humor. "That will make the whole Hotel Laugh," he said, "and they will see that I am a fine Planist." He went up to the Window to hear what the guests were saying about "I wonder who is the fellow that is try

ing to play the Piano," said one.
"Oh," said the other, "he is some Coon that they pay by the Hour. He was probably Dropped by some cheap Minstrel Show." The Commercial Traveler was Tired,

and so he did not Play any More that Evening. Moral-Some People have no Ear for Music.

How It Was Done. When the last statistic is gathered, And the weary census is done, And the people who took it are dying From mental fatigue, one by one, We shall wait, and grow old in the waiting.

Whether we like it or not,

Until the Director shall tell us How many people we've got. Before they had sailed for their home, Where the stately old icebergs are drifting By the shores of auriferous No shall find, when they forward their names it

From that frozen and desolate shore,— hall find, and be stricken with wonder. That they all have been counted before. For, although their stay was a brief one, And although no shelter they found, But slept on the streets in their blankets While they papsed in the burg on the Son They were needed to add population.

And so, with their kith and their kin.

The Explanation "Look at that mule," said General

Kitchener, "he walks right through shot and shell and doesn't turn a hair. I my er saw anything like it."

"My lord," said a quartermaster, "that animal was shipped from St. Louis, where he has been pulling a street-cur."

Mand Mulier, on a Summer's day, Raked the meadows sweet with hay, And plastered lottons all that night Upon her face, to keep it white. For of all the words at her command The saddest were these, "I'm getting tanned.

In Desperate Straits.

"My glory has departed," said Aguinaldo. "First, the Boers crowded me off the first pages of the newspapers, and now the troops of the Americanos have de serted me for a lot of Chinese Boxers. 1 hate to do it, but if I am going to keep before the public I guess I shall have to accept that Democratic Vice-Presidential comination, after all." And in order to attract a little temperary attention he died. J. J. MONTAGUE.

Theodore Roosevelt.

This is what the Indianapolis News, an independent Republican journal, said about osevelt on the day the convention met It is probably not too much to say that just the most popular man in the Republican party. r of Republicans would prefer to Any number of acquantants would prefer to see him at the head of the ticket this year. All the younger men of the party would be for him with a seal and zest they have never felt for McKinley. He would win and hold all the Republicans that have become disgusted with McKinley and Hannaism; be would undoubtedly rally to his standard the independ voters and the great bulk of the Gold De

would somewhat strengthen the McKinley ticket. But there will be many men devoted to Roosevelt and believing in his future that will be sorry to see him sacrifice four years to unimportant functions of the Vice-Presidency. His immense ability would, however, give the office new distinction.

Safe in His Prediction. Minneapolls Times,

When Colonel Jack Chinn ventured the opinion that every man in Kentucky who needed banging would get it, the Colonel was in New York.

Merely Mole Hills.

Beston Herald. There are only a few more mountains left for sale in Mazzuchusetts. Consider-ing their altitude, they do not come very high.

MASTERPIECES OF LITERATURE-XIX

Stanzas from "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" -Lord Byron.

XXI. 7

re was a sound of revelry by night, Belgium's capital had gather'd then Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happliy; and when
Music aross with its voluptious swall,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a
rising knell!

XXIL

Did ye not hear it?-No; 'twas but the wind, Or the car ratting o'er the stony street; On with the dance! let joy be unconfin'd; No sloop till morn, when Youth and Pleasure

But, hark! that heavy sound breaks in once As if the glouds its echo would repeat;

To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet-

And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before! Arm! arm! it is-it is-the cannon's opening

XXIV. Ahfethen and there was hurrying to and fro, And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress, And checks all pale, which but an hour ago Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness; And there were sudden partings, such as press The life from out young hearts, and choking Which ne'er might be repeated: who would

guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn

XXV.

And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed, The mustering squadron, and the clattering car, Went pouring forward with impetuous speed, and swiftly forming in the ranks of war; and the deep thunder peal on peal star; and near, the beat of the alarming drum Roused up the soldler ere the morning star; White thereof d. the citizens with terror drup. White throng'd the citizens with terror Or whispering, with white lips—"The fee! They come! they come!"

XXVIII Last noon beheld them full of lusty life, Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay, The midnight brought the signal-sound of

The morn the marshaling in arms,-the day Battle's magnificently-stern array! The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when earth is cover'd thick with other clay, th her own clay shall cover, heap'd and

pent, Rider and horse-friend, foe-in one red burial

LXXIII.

Pair Greecel sad relic of departed worth! Immortal, though no more; though fallen Who nowshall lead thy scatter'd children forth, And long accustom'd bondage uncreate?

Not such thy sons who whilem did await,
The hopeless warriors of a willing foom.
In bleak Thermopylae's sepuichral strait—
Oh! who that gallant spirit shall resume,
Leap from Eurotus' bunks, and call thee from
the tomb?

LXXVI. Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not Who will be free themselves must strike the blow? By their right arms the conquest must be

wrought? Will Goul or Muscovite redress ye? no! True, they may lay your proud despoilers low, But not for you will Freedom's altars fiame. Shades of the Helotal triumph o'er your for: Greece' change thy lords, thy state is still the name;
Thy glorious day is o'er, but not thine years of shame.

LXXVIII O Rome! my country! city of the soul! The orphane of the heart must turn to the Lone mother of dead empires! and control in their solut breasts their petty misery. What are our woes and sufference?

and see The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, Yel O'er steps of broken thrones and temptos, a.

Whose agonies are evils of a day—

A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

LXXIX.

The Niobe of nations! there she stands, Childless and crownless, in her voiceless wan empty urn within her wither'd hands. Whose holy dust was scatter'd long ago: The Sciplor tomb contains no askes now; The very sepulchres lie tenantiess Of their heroic dwellers; dost thou flow, Old Tiber! through a marble wilderness with thy yellow waves, and mantel he

CXL I see before me the Gladiator lie: He leans upon his hand-his manly brow consents to death, but conquers agony, And his decopy'd head sinks syndually low ough his side the last drops, ebbing

slow a the red gash, fall heavy, one by a the red gash, fall heavy, one by Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now The arena swims around him-be is gone, Ere-ceased the inhuman shout which hail'd the

wretch who won. CXLL

He heard it! but he heeded not-his eyes Were with his heart, and that was far away; He reck'd not of the life he lost nor prize But where his rude but by the Danube lay. There were his young barbarians all at play. There were his young barbarians all at play. There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire, Blutcher'd to make a Roman holiday—All this rush'd with his blood—Shall he expire, And unavenged? Arise, ye Goths, and glut your fre!

.

CLXXVIII

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods, There is a rapture on the lonely shore, There is society where more intrudes. By the deep Sea, and muste in its rear: I love not Man the less, but Nature more, From these our interviews, in which I steal From all I may be, or have been before, To mingle with the Unfverse, and feel

CLXXIX.

Roll on, thou deep and dark bine Ocean-roll! Ten thousand fleets sweet over thee in vain, Man marks the earth with ruin-his control Stops with the shore -upon the watery plain Stops with the shore—upon the watery plain.

Stops with the shore—upon the watery plain.

The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain.

A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,

When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,

He sinks into thy depths with bubbling group. Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and un-

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save Assyria, Greece, Rome, Curthage, what are

They waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to desertin—not so thou,
Unebangeable save to thy wild wave's play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thise naure brow—
they are rection; down behelf, they relies to Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rolless

CLXXXIII

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form Glasses itself in tempests; in all time, Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm, Icing the pole, or in the terrid clime Dark-heaving,—boundless, endiess, and sub-

The image of Eternity—the throne Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime.
The monaters of the deep are made; each some
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

CLXXXIV.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be Barne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me Were a delight; and if the freshening sea. Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear, For I was as it were a child of thee, And trusted to thy billows far and near, And laid my hand upon thy mane-as I do here