

The Oregonian

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TODAY'S WEATHER: Fair and warmer; generally windy.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, AUGUST 26.

THE LAW OF CHANGE.

To most young persons no doubt it seems as if they had been born into a world of permanent conditions.

All things in which men are concerned are in continued flux—and this from the very necessities of human existence.

Some holds the record as the known empire of longest duration. In twenty-two centuries make the record of most others seem brief.

These illustrations of the fleeting nature of the political greatness of nations might be pushed very far.

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to any real distinction save Major-General Osterhaus, who was an efficient division commander under General Sherman.

THE BOOK OF BOOKS.

When the receding battalions had entered the gates of Pekin and the captives realized at length that their hour of deliverance had come, the happy missionaries could think of no words so fittingly expressive of their gratitude and joy as the seventh verse of psalm cxlvii.

It is the most natural thing in the world that these Christian missionaries should turn in their heart-throbs of joy to the words of Holy Writ.

It is an evidence of the hold of these Scripture passages upon the mind that outward circumstances exert little or no effect upon the impression of their accuracy and serviceability.

And this is well. There are songs for the lost as well as the saved. The psalmist's heart was often jubilant, but it was sometimes cast down to the depths.

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business would soon languish. The penitentiaries yawn for these perjurers and suborners of perjury.

News of the part played at Washington will come as a revelation to many. Without going into the merits of either decision of the Interior Department, one can but regard it as significant that certain proceedings in Oregon so exactly fitted certain other proceedings at the National capital.

It is not a little strange that there should have been such a rush for worthless land, land that nobody wanted previously when at least it was not loaded with special disabilities.

Mr. Gates, of Hillsboro, in his remarks at the soldiers' reunion, among other things said:

Even Colonel Jackson has stated that it was luck that won in the Spanish war. I want to say that it was not luck it was preparation. We started right. It was intelligence and preparation that won, and not luck.

Our "preparation" consisted in having 17,000 men in the Santiago expedition armed with modern rifles and ammunition. Two volunteer regiments were retired from the firing line because their black powder smoke gave the enemy the range.

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the peculiar view of northern climates and northern races. The people of Egypt, Italy, Spain, Mexico, Southern France, are so temperate that drunkenness is almost unknown.

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SAUNTERINGS IN HOME FIELDS.

This season all the wild things of the air and sky seem to feel the thrill of extraordinary energy. The other day I stumbled upon a stalk of golden-rod fully eight feet high, and I am inclined to believe its equal cannot be found in any other state of the Union.

The dogwood also seems to be bent upon breaking all previous records, and in a whimsical spirit, of contradiction shows ripened berries and blossoms growing at one and the same time on the tree.

The glowing magenta-pink flowers of the flowers of the yellow composite for the possession of the land. The surprising consistency this plant maintains through all the various changes it undergoes must be a perpetual source of wonder to all who study it.

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SLINGS AND ARROWS.

The time-honored motto is laid away With the fables of other days. And the free silver issue is gone to stay With the shades of the greenback era.

Time was when the free coinage bill Could sometimes be made to go, And that was the time when our little boy Bill Shouted it high and low.

"Away with the Nation's debts," he said, "Let's make our money cheap. And we'll knock the corporate greed in the head And put the trusts to sleep."

But while he was howling an anti's yell Home-worried our little boy Bill, And they shuffled the deck for a different deal While they bid his rich voice be still.

But the time-honored motto patiently waits For our little boy Bill's return. For the voice once more to invade the fates To give us all money to burn.

And it wonders as waiting neglected till Election day draws nigh, What has become of our little boy Bill Since he bade them a long good-bye.

"I'm out of it," said the bawling suit, "What's the matter?" inquired the town, dryly.

"Oh, nothing, only I arrived here this year just in time to get a gorgeous view of my fish. I used regularly to succeed the opera gowns in the columns of the funny papers as a synonym for nothingness, but these rainy-day costumes have got me going in the beginning of the first round."

My Wish. I want to be the ice man And on a wagon stand And hold a ten-pound chunk of ice Incessantly in my right hand.

Why She Fell Dead. "Sapphira," said the apostle, "I just managed to get a straight tip out of Annas on the date he had set for her trial."

Pleasant All the While. Pleasant in the meadows When the rain beats on the grass, And the gray clouds roll 'n' tumble, In their frolic as they pass.

SONGBURSTS OF SWEET SINGERS. HYMN. At noon, at noon, at twilight dim, Maria, thou hast heard my hymn.

It is the hour when from the boughs, The nightingale's high note is heard, It is the hour when lovers' vows Are sweet in every whispered word.

THE RECONCILIATION. As thro' the land as we went, And plucked the ripened ear, We fell out, my wife and I, Oh, we fell out, I know not why.

NEARING THE END. A little older every day, A little nearer to the close, Nearer the ending of the fray, Nearer the long repose.

THE DEATH BED. We watched her breathing thro' the night, Her breathing soft and low, As in her breast the wave of life Kept heaving to and fro.

SEA DIRGE. Full fathom five thy father lies Of his bones are coral made, Nothing of him that doth fade But doth suffer a sea-change.

WANISHED SHAKESPEARE. If I walk in Autumn's even, And the dew is on the grass, If I gaze on Spring's soft heaven, Something is not there that was.

MASTERPIECES OF LITERATURE.

Daniel Webster's Reply to Hayne—Speech in the United States Senate, January 26, 1850.

But, sir, what is this danger, and what are the grounds of it? Let it be remembered that the Constitution of the United States is not unalterable. It is to continue in its present form no longer than the people who established it shall choose to continue it.

If anything is found in the National Constitution, either by original provision or subsequent interpretation, which ought not to be in it, the people know how to get rid of it. If any construction, unacceptable to them, be established, they will correct it.

They will correct it practically a part of the Constitution, they will amend it, or they will amend it by their own sovereign pleasure, while the people choose to maintain it as it is, while they are satisfied with it, and refuse to change it, who has given, or who can give, to the state Legislatures a right to alter it, either by interference, construction or otherwise?

But, sir, the people in these respects had no voice, and they have no voice now. The Constitution could neither have been preserved, nor would it have been preserved, nor would it have been preserved, nor would it have been preserved.

Mr. President, I have thus stated the reasons of my dissent to the doctrines which have been advanced and maintained. I shall not, however, detain you by a direct assault; it cannot be; evaded, undermined, nullified, it will not be, if we, and those who shall succeed us here, as agents and representatives, and vigilantly discharge the two great branches of our public trust, faithfully to preserve, and wisely to administer it.

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