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TODAY'S WEATHER.—Probably fair; warmer; northwesterly winds.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, SEPT. 16.

GOD AT GALVESTON.

The trusting believer, if he thinks as well as trusts, looks at the Galveston horror and wonders how it happens, if there is a just God, that he permits such undeserved losses and suffering to fall upon his children. We may suppose that evil men received in this catastrophe no more punishment than would requite their deeds; but the blow fell equally on the saintly and the depraved, the hardened sinner and the innocent babe, on the abandoned in their hour of carousal and on the self-sacrificing at their posts of duty. Loving families were broken up, faithful wives snatched from the husband's side, dutiful parents removed from the children to whom they were necessary, and God-fearing men and devout women were called to pass through torture of mind and body such that the humane are fain to turn from it in very weariness of sympathy and grief. How can God, if he loves his children, suffer these things to be? What purpose of justice or benevolence can be advanced through such strokes of misery and desolation upon those whose lives are exemplary and whose hearts are right?

Such inquiries bring forcibly before us the iniquity of old superstitions and the collapse which is near at hand of old inadequate conceptions of God. It was the misfortune of early Christian teachers and of many of later times, to go back to antiquity for heathen attributes of deity which higher thinking, notably that of the stoics, had grandly outgrown. The primitive mind, in its narrow views, naturally imparted human passions to the Ruler of the universe, who was usually conceived in multiform personages. The growth to monotheism was slow and painful, and the impulse to identify different divinities or parts of divinity with different human qualities has long seemed impossible of correction. It still survives in the multiplications of saints in the Catholic system, and in the speculations of extremely mystical Protestant theologians on differentiations between the three persons of the Trinity.

Theology has long insisted upon cataloguing the human propensities of Deity. These are derived, not from study of creation, but from imperfect human nature. It is the survival of conceptions formed of the universe before any adequate knowledge of the universe had been obtained by actual examination. The nature of the force or forces behind creation was as imperfectly grasped in the morning twilight of knowledge as was the topography of the earth itself or the arrangement of the celestial worlds. And while the geography of Marco Polo and the astronomy of Ptolemy have long been superseded by more correct systems, the religious world, partly by reason of its isolation from the practical walks of life and partly through the tenacity of religious opinion, has been slow to yield to the educational effects of new discoveries.

The one great fact that theology has set its face sternly against is the reign of law. And if there is one department or expression of the reign of law more profound than any other in its significance, or more inimical to theology in theology's own view, that is the law of growth. The tenet to which religion has most fiercely clung is that things were created as they are. Again, to specify the particular fields in which this contention has been most fondly cherished, they are three—the original creation of the world, the being of man, and the Bible. Geology was long resisted as the contrivance of the Evil One, because it menaced the doctrine of special creation. Evolution is still resisted because it disproves the ecclesiastical view of man's nature, and historical study of the Bible is condemned because it shows that book to have been a growth instead of a verbal emanation of Deity. It is only necessary now to note the fact that theologians have long ceased to contend that the Genesis accounts of creation are to be taken literally, that Christian evolutionists are becoming more numerous and influential every day and that enlightened Christian scholars now differ only in the degree in which they accept the results of the higher criticism. An excellent source of information on this score is supplied in the noble series of articles now appearing in the Outlook from that grand old Congregational minister, Lyman Abbott.

With this increasing understanding of the law of growth as applied to creation, to man's nature and to the Bible, it will not be long when the old terror of a capricious God incessantly interfering in the affairs of men will have passed away; when explanation of calamities and blessings will be looked for in natural causes rather than in the mysterious desire of a hidden power to reward or punish. The old libel upon the Creator, that he could call into being millions of innocent children whom he had preordained to everlasting torment has been dismissed at last, in favor of the assurance that "it is not the will of your Father in heaven that one of these little ones should perish"; but similar misconceptions still linger. As independent inquiry grows strong through its reassuring discoveries in science and history, it will soon have courage, even in the most trusting and devout, to appeal from dogma to evidence, to lean in confidence upon reason and conscience, to strip away from the conception of Deity all unworthy and repellent attributes, as anthropomorphism gradually gives way to the refinements of perfect ideals. The saintly soul that is perplexed at the Galveston horror has need of emancipation from that worst form of slavery, the intellectual tyranny that binds the mind and forbids it on some subjects to think and reason. The old theology, the old church, the old ideals—these have served their purposes and served them well. They must give way by degrees, and they are pretty certain not to do so until the basis of new and better things has been laid in study and experience. The new boat must be seaworthy before we abandon the old.

A REVOLTING RECORD.

The brief life history of Coleman Gillespie, the youth upon whom the extreme penalty for murder will be inflicted at Gold Beach, Curry County, on the 5th of October, is a record of utter irresponsibility, idleness and mischievous intent, culminating in his 21st year with one of the most dastardly murders that has ever been committed in this state. His victim, an aged woman, a lifetime neighbor and friend of his mother; the motive, a desire to possess himself of her quarterly pension check; the manner of committing the deed and the disposal of the body by burning the house wherein it lay, acts of most deliberate atrocity, the crime in its inception and execution lacked nothing that could add to its diabolism.

Pity for a boy who drifts into crime unchecked by home influences, or is urged into criminal ways by a retaliatory spirit smarting under oppression or injustice, is not aroused in this case, since it appears that the daily life of Coleman Gillespie was one of insubordination at home and mischief abroad, and further, that a reputable, hard-working mother, and a kind, energetic sister, toiled diligently to maintain a home for him and strove to make him a useful member of the isolated community life in which their lot was cast. In common parlance they "could do nothing with him." In spite of their praiseworthy example in industry, he was an idler; in contrast to their lives of self-supporting endeavor, he was a shirk and a dependent; scouting their counsels to uprightness of life, he was a petty pilferer throughout his boyhood, graduating into a thief and a murderer in his early manhood. The course of such a boy cannot, for the good of all concerned, be run too quickly. It is a matter of sincere regret, as in this case, when it is not cut short by nature before murder is done and mortal heartbreak and bitter disgrace are inflicted upon the long-suffering mother. No words can convey the sympathy that is this mother's due, and there will be a feeling of general relief, the legitimate outgrowth of this sympathy, when the execution has taken place.

The lesson of this wayward life is to the multitude of ungovernable boys and youth of the state who, dominated by the spirit of insubordination, openly defy or covertly ignore parental restraint. God pity the mothers of such boys, who, like this mother, strove and are striving in their weakness to discharge a double parental duty, forced upon them by death or the delinquency of fathers. Let the breath of censure be hushed when the name of such a mother is named in connection with the crime of her son, and instead let the voice of gentle charity be heard saying, "She hath done what she could."

TROUBLES INVESTIGATED.

Nothing in this world is perfect. The noblest stream of progress has its eddies of black stagnation. The grandest life has its flaws of temperament or purpose. The highest achievement is clouded with imperfections of vision or of execution. It's an imperfect world.

Now, there are minds so constituted that they cannot see the picture for its flaws, or the achievement for its imperfections. Everything great or impressive, everything that the mass of mankind accepts at its face for whatever of present or future good it contains, is to them only a challenge to microscopic scrutiny. Speak you of Washington? Ah, but he swore once. Delight you in yonder masterpiece of Italian art? Ah, but methinks I see a flaw in one corner of the canvas. Are you moved at the sight of that ship under full sail? Alas! I seem to see a tiny rent in the mizzen-topsail.

In the closing years of the nineteenth century the remnants of Spain's colonial system passed into the hands of the United States through a brief but brilliant war and the subsequent treaty of Paris. Dewey sailed into Manila Bay by night and destroyed the Spanish fleet. Merritt and Otis, Anderson and Miller, there sustained the traditions of the American Army, and Oregon and Kansas Volunteers emulated the example of their fathers who fought a generation before with Grant and Sherman, "Pap" Thomas and "Black Jack" Logan. In the treaty of cession the vanquished received a grant of $20,000,000, and the acceding power proceeded to put down an insurrection raised against its authority by a single tribe of natives on the Island of Luzon.

Now, what is the important thing in this history for the gallant band of anti-imperialists whose letter appears in another column? Why, the important thing is to see if somebody, somewhere and somehow didn't make a mistake. As to Dewey, the essential thing is if he made an injudicious remark that he afterward regretted. As to Anderson's service there, the important thing is if he incautiously used an expression he had no right to use. As to the President's proclamation, the really vital thing is to see if there isn't a flaw in it somewhere, and as to its delivery, we must find if possible some discrepancy between the respective presentations of Otis and Miller. As to our procedure there, our first duty is to see if in some particular something different might have been done advisedly, and especially if Aguinaldo cannot be made out in the right and our own country in the wrong. As to Mr. McKinley's letter of acceptance, the real test of it is whether he didn't use more diligence to bring out points favorable to his case than he did to present the evidence and argument for his anti-imperialist critics.

Let us say at once that McKinley is a shifty politician, that Dewey is a liar, that Otis and Merritt, Anderson and Miller, are fools; that Wildman and Pratt are idiots; that Aguinaldo is the purest patriot that ever lived, and Hoar the profoundest statesman. What of it? What difference does it make in the situation in which we find ourselves? Suppose the whole tribe of soldiers and sailors promised independence which they had no right to promise and which is impossible of bestowal. How does it alter the necessity of our procedure there to restore order and put civil government into operation? All the duplicity of which McKinley is capable, all the lies Dewey and Anderson can concoct between them, all the idiocies of which the Wildman and Pratt intellects are capable, will not justify us in scuttling out of the Philippines, leaving them the prey to anarchy or seizure.

This stupendous array of evidence, therefore, is in the main aside of the question. But on one point it is pertinent. That point is in the proposal, to which anti-imperialism is reduced, and which is, perhaps, more implied than is expressed in this letter, to inaugurate in the Philippines independence and a protectorate. This is something that never was and never can be. It is a physical impossibility. The two terms absolutely exclude each other. Nobody is going to protect an independent republic. If it is independent it must protect itself. If it has to be protected, it will not be independent. Nobody is going to stand around and assist Aguinaldo to blow his tin whistle and assume the airs of sovereignty, and then maintain an army and navy there to protect him from the consequences of his own acts.

The United States is in the Philippine Islands by the unimpeachable title of conquest and treaty. That treaty is the law of the land. It will get out of the Philippines when it gets ready, and the day will not be hastened by insurrection against its rightful authority. Doubtless an era of peace and prosperity is in store for the inhabitants of the Philippine archipelago. But it is being indefinitely postponed by those in arms against the forces of the United States there, and by their active sympathizers and abettors here.

THE THEATER AND THE DRAMA.

The opening of the regular theatrical season is a subject for public congratulation, for the decent theatric and operatic stage furnishes human society with the finest form of public recreation and entertainment. The dramatic stage is older than any of the world's permanent literature, and it is part of its glory that it has impressed the noblest minds of literature into its service. The operatic stage has impressed into its service the greatest of all musical composers, who have made the grandest historic episodes and legendary heroes eloquent to us in the melody and harmony of magnificent music. The greatest French poet of this century, Victor Hugo, claimed for the theater that it holds possibilities of the widest and most far-reaching character for the education and enlightenment of the masses; a most powerful instrument to entertain and yet to elevate the audience. The stage, which is as old as literature and all other art, which has always been with us and always will be with us, makes for good or evil according as its art, like the art of literature, painting, sculpture and music, is used to lift up human nature or drag its better angel down. The stage in its artistic expression of the various shapes and voices of human nature, in its decent form (and true art, while it may be sometimes nude, is never indecent or obscene), is the noblest, most elevating form of public recreation and entertainment. It is more than this; it is humane culture, for it helps to stimulate the heart, enlarge the understanding and quicken the imagination. The stage needs no more apology or defense than poetry, sculpture, song, fiction need apology or defense, because sometimes meretricious poetry has been written, obscene statues carved, vulgar songs sung and vile novels printed.

The world's debt to the drama of high purpose is felt in thrilling tragedies and fine comedies of Shakespeare that still keep the stage, and there is a fine field of later English comedy that will hurt nobody and help many minds to humane moods of thought and feeling. The morality of these plays is sound; the philosophy is optimistic and genial, not pessimistic and morally hateful like some of the modern French plays. It is complimentary to human nature that the indecencies of the stage, like the indecencies of literature and plastic art, have always been of transient life. Two of Shakespeare's historical dramas that have not been seen in New York in many years are announced for revival early in the season, "King John" and "Henry V." Modjeska will play Queen Constance and Richard Mansfield the hero of Agincourt. This revival illustrates the soundness of our proposition that the decent and noble triumphs of art on the stage, like the decent and noble triumphs of art in other fields, are the only immortalities. The pathetic eloquence of Queen Constance, the thrilling pleadings for his life of Prince Arthur, the mixture of heroism and levity in Faulconbridge, who has more of "Prince Hal" than of Hotspur in him, make the play of "King John" as much a favorite with a modern English audience as it was in the days of Queen Elizabeth, while "Henry V" is the beau ideal of a soldier in action and a statesman in reflection. Both of these great plays keep the stage because they move along the modern lines of honest, upright English thought. The decent and heroic appeal of Queen Elizabeth's day is the decent and heroic appeal of our own day. The noble, decent things of the drama are the immortal things, while its indecencies, like the transient indecencies of literature, are the unnatural, short-lived aberrations and insanities of the stage and its public.

We think of our theater-going public today as superior to that of our ancestors of Queen Elizabeth's time, but probably it was superior to that of our own day in native, unspoiled, uncorrupted manhood and poetic sensibility, for otherwise how could Shakespeare, who did not write his great plays for his health, but for his business public, have found an audience and found a profit for his great works so great that his success as a playwright earned him a competence, so that he retired from the stage when he was 40 years of age? The London public, whose patronage made Shakespeare's fortune, could not have been limited to the Queen and her court. The middle classes of London must have been able morally and intellectually to appreciate the powerful creations of Shakespeare and listen to their interpreters with delight. Without this support from the plain people of London, Shakespeare as manager and playwright could not have obtained a competence. He evidently did not write over the heads of the theater-going public of his day, and what a public that must have been compared with the theater-going public of today, when a Shakespearean revival is an exceptional dramatic event! Macaulay evidently has this remarkable quality of the theater-going public of Shakespeare's day in his mind when he says that while something of the Elizabethan inspiration has been caught by Englishmen of this century, "never will England produce another Hamlet." What Macaulay implies is that London had a theater-going public and a general intellectual atmosphere that was more stimulating in its appreciation and welcome of such work as Shakespeare's plays than can be found in modern London. Macaulay points out that the few great works of imagination in a critical age are almost without exception works of uneducated men. Bunyan and Burns are cases in point. So in the reign of Queen Elizabeth and James I, while the literature of the court was in decay the literature of the people was in its perfection, for the popular audience of Shakespeare was one whose tears and laughter were never in the wrong; an imaginative people, full of freshness and bloom and hope, who fell in love at sight with Juliet, with Miranda and Imogen.

This magnificent dramatic literature of Shakespeare's day was not succeeded by a worthy generation of poets because the Puritans prohibited theatrical representations and stigmatized the whole race of dramatists as enemies of morality and religion. This extinction of the drama was succeeded by the indecency of the Restoration, and this indecency finally gave way to better public manners, and better public manners finally expanded into modern humanitarianism; so that the modern stage at its best is today about where it was when Shakespeare left it at its best. The top of noble, heroic drama in London of Queen Elizabeth's day was that of Shakespeare; the top of noble, heroic drama in London and New York today is that of Shakespeare, so immortal are the lines on which he wrought.

Among Shakespeare's sonnets is one which alludes to his profession as a player as follows:

Alas! 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to view,
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear—

This sonnet was written in a day when the actor was socially in disrepute, a disrepute, however, which Shakespeare's genius must have conquered or he would never have mixed with the noble company of Southampton, Sussex, Raleigh and other court favorites with whom his name is historically associated. The language of this sonnet conveys a melancholy impression of the fact that even so noble a mind as that of Shakespeare, conscious of its great gifts, could not entirely rise above the depression of aristocratic caste and class. And yet it was at least 150 years after Shakespeare's death before an actor of talents and character had any solid social standing in England. Not until the day when Garrick, who was the friend of Burke, Dr. Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds, do we find actors rising to social recognition, and Garrick's recognition was due something doubtless to his wealth. The great French actor, Talma, was the friend of Napoleon and Washington Irving. John Kemble and his great sister, Sarah Siddons, were made welcome by the highest English society. Sheridan, actor, playwright and theatrical manager, was the bosom friend of the great English statesman, Charles James Fox. Charles Kean and Macready in early dramatic days, and Joseph Jefferson and Henry Irving in our own day, have been men of social distinction through their exceptional talents and estimable character.

Last year in the City of Brooklyn there were 39,000 school children who from lack of room in the buildings had to be restricted to a half day in school. This year the excess of children over desk space in the schoolhouses will, it is believed, exceed 50,000. This is one of the mischievous effects of the top-heavy growth of our public schools. The spare room is in the High School buildings—ornate and spacious structures, that are built and maintained at the cost of crowding the children out of the lower grades, in which the fundamental idea of free schools finds its legitimate expression. This condition of affairs is not confined to Brooklyn or New York, or any other city. It is common to all, yet our educational authorities stand helpless before it, making such shift as they can from year to year to relieve the pressure from below.

Cold rains, with the customary September threat of continuance for some days, are causing much anxiety to the promoters of the State Fair. The discomforts of past years on the fair grounds, through persistent rains and deep mud, are recalled by all who shared them, while the financial disaster to the association incident thereto comes back with a sense of anxiety to the managers, who have worked hard for weeks to make the fair all that it ought to be. The "clearing-off shower" is confidently expected, however, not later than tonight, and if it is delayed a day or two no great harm will be done to the fair, while great good will result to farmers who are impatient to begin Fall plowing.

The face of the 12-year-old lad now in jail at Pendleton who killed his sleeping father in retaliation for a brutal punishment inflicted by the latter for a trifling act of forgetfulness, is that of an ordinary country boy, innocent and unsophisticated enough in outline and detail to furnish a fine illustration for Whittier's "Barefoot Boy." What to do with such a boy—so innocent in seeming, in reality of such deadly intent—is a question that the community is divided upon and that the courts will find it difficult to decide.

Curves are being taken out of the track, the grade changed and the gulch filled at the point in Tacoma where the street-car jumped the track on the Fourth of July with such terrible loss of life. It is a sad commentary upon the recklessness of men in charge of human life that reasonable precautions to insure its safety in transit should be neglected or delayed until their necessity is emphasized by a tragedy so shocking.

The Chinese murderer of Baron von Ketteler has been identified by the latter's interpreter. He seeks to palliate his crime by declaring that the identity of his victim was unknown to him. He will hardly be able to prove this; or, proving it, to satisfy Germany that he would, had he recognized her representative, have stayed his murderous hand.

THE DEMOCRATIC BRASS BAND.

After all, probably the one indispensable element of success in the Carnival that has just been in full swing around us, was the brass band. We might, with a sigh, have relinquished the sabre-whirling Turk, the star-rapt Persian astrologer, the hairy-coated cannibal with his clattering necklace of human bones, or the squeaking, curly-tailed performing pigs; but a Carnival without a brass band would be as much of a mockery as a Chinaman without a queue, or a locomotive without a whistle, or a Summer without birds.

During the past two weeks of merry-making we have had an unprecedented number of excellent bands in our city gathered from various parts of the Northwest. So intimate is the connection between street music and our community life, that we might apply this as the test of success to a holiday demonstration—the more brass bands in the procession, the more splendid the pageant. If there is any one thing in America that sends the street arab and gravely respectable paterfamilias alike off into transports of delirious joy it is a brass band. Music, indeed, despite those stern blue laws of our Puritan forefathers for its discouragement, has become an inseparable part of our National existence. It could not be otherwise, for music is the most democratic as well as the most alluring of all the arts, the only art that seems to be an absolutely essential element in the emotional life of the race, the one sure appeal to the feelings of the people.

Local demonstration of this has been seen in the grateful eagerness with which the crowds have swarmed to hear the open-air concerts given three times a week in the court of the Hotel Portland. There seems to be an instinctive and unconquerable craving for this most inspiriting and cheering of the arts. This is now the sixth Summer in which the people of Portland have been entertained and refreshed by these free concerts, and their genial and beneficent influence in the life of the community cannot be doubted. Thousands of weary, fagged-out workers have had their drooping energies revived for the next day's struggle, the subtle but sure restorative power of music upon tired nerves being now fully recognized by physicians.

It was perhaps inevitable in the history of music that strenuous attempts should be made to divorce it from the people, to class it with the fine arts, to fence it in from the rabble by a thousand and one ingenious difficulties, to make it the pet of the pampered few, the fad of the aristocracy, the exclusive luxury of the rich and cultured. Yet before ever Stradivarius made his wonderful fiddles, any one of which is now held cheap at $1000; before ever the harpsichord of Queen Elizabeth's day evolved into the complex mechanism of the pianoforte of today, mastery of which requires the heroic and passionate devotion of a lifetime and the investment of a goodly fortune besides; before ever Paderewski played, or Melba and Jean de Reszke sang to $5 a seat—before all these things had come into the world, the people had their folk-songs which they sang in the field while stacking the ripe grain into golden sheaves; they had their courting songs, their burying songs, their drinking songs, their lamentations in captivity, their dirges for the dead, their pibrochs of victory when returning from battle. These were all anonymous, having their origin in the genius of the multitude. So close, so vital, is the relationship of music to the inner life of the race that if a compilation could be made of all the popular songs that have ever been sung the history of humanity might be written from it.

Andrew Fletcher, when he said, "If a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation," suggested an impossibility; for no one man—without possessing the East Indian accomplishment of re-incarnation that would enable him to live in successive eras—could by any stretch of genius write all the ballads of a people. These are the impetuous, spontaneous outflowering of national aspirations and enthusiasms, which take their color from the passing ages and the peculiar moods and temper of a people, passionate or merry, gloomy or jubilant. Moreover, Fletcher's logic was faulty, for although a song may sometimes help to make history (as in the case of the Marseillaise), history more frequently makes the song.

It is a well-known fact that the deaf are more inclined to be morose and despondent than are the blind. This is because hearing is more necessary than sight in the fellowship of man with man. There are indeed no more lonely and isolated persons on the face of the earth than the deaf, for of all the social agents sound is the most indispensable. Someone has said that music has absorbed all the realistic and instinctive part of language. It has therefore remained, and will always remain, a language—not a man-made language that is learned with infinite labor and frequently proves to be a barrier rather than a bond of union between men of different complexions, but a universal language that is the birthright of the entire human race. This conception of music seems, on the whole, more just than that which merely catalogues it as one of the fine arts. Attempts to hedge music about with technical difficulties will never succeed in diverting it from its natural function as the one common medium of emotional expression among men. Perhaps Wagner was right when he said that all art comes from the people and must return to the people.

GERTRUDE METCALFE.

Kind Queen Margherita.

An American woman abroad says:

"Queen Margherita is, in the parlance of her Alpine subjects, 'our kind Queen,' with a strong emphasis on the adjective. She charms every one with whom she comes in contact. A little housemaid in the mountain hostelry of Casa Yanzo, where the Queen stopped on two of her excursions from Gressoney, said: 'The Queen patted my cheek. Just think how friendly is our kind Queen! She is far more affable than even her lady in waiting.'

"The 'kind Queen' heard of a peasant girl who had met with an accident and broken her leg. Forthwith her majesty dispatched a messenger with inquiries and a present, and a promise of a carriage to convey the doctor and patient to the nearest hospital, which was a whole day's drive from where the accident happened. In one of her long walks Queen Margherita passed the charred remnants of the hamlet of Saint Antonio. She made instant inquiries as to the condition of the burned-out families, and the result was that each family received a $20 note from the Queen—a veritable fortune in a poor valley, and, being wholly unexpected, a most welcome fortune, too. To a foreigner who had been helpful to some Italian peasants whose industry is as great as their poverty, the Queen devised an enchanting surprise, making the stranger the channel of the royal bounty to a number of Peidmontese toilers. These are random but typical instances of the Queen's tactful kindness."

SLINGS AND ARROWS.

School's Took Up Again.

The cows down in the pastur' lot is browsin' where they please,
Fur they don't git no warnin' whiff o' trouble on the breeze;
There ain't no Wild West Injun band a-whoopin' as they go
To hunt 'em 'round the medder like a herd o' buffalo,
There ain't no Spanish toradors a-wavin' blood-red shirts,
An' wieldin' lath with sharpened ends—a implement that hurts.
They get a chance to chew their cud an' switch flies now an' then,
An' not be nothin' but jest cows, sence school's took up again.

The chipmunks in the hemlock trees is chirpin' all day long,
An' in the slashin' you can hear the quail pipe up his song,
The rabbit, free an' easy, goes a hoppin' to an' fro,
An' don't prick up his ears to ketch the sound that says, "Lay low!"
The trout don't need to think no more that every skimmin' fly
They grab is on a line that's dropped to yank 'em high an' dry.
You'd think to santer through the woods, vacation'd never ben,
Fur all the critturs seems to know that school's took up again.

The branches on the apple trees is broke up pretty much,
An' all the limbs is hangin' full o' sticks an' clubs an' such,
The punkins all was harvested, before they reached the prime,
Because they ripened up too late fur jack-o'-lantern time.
Some Winter apples still is left fur pickin' by an' by,
But we must buy our punkins when we want Thanksgivin' pie.
We'll get along someway, I guess, an' do the best we ken,
But still its' comfortin' to know that school's took up again.

I git around about the work, at mornin' an' at night,
An' feel surprised to see the tools I need to use in sight,
A week ago the currycomb an' pitchfork would be hid,
An' disappearin' in the loft would be a chucklin' kid.
It's handy fur to have the tools jest where they ought to be,
But somehow it feels lonesome like around the barn to me,
An' I 'most want things upside down, the way they kept 'em when
The place was full o' larkin boys, 'fore school took up again.

Fearful News.

"William Jennings Bryan's rich voice today gave out—"

The Democratic leader dropped the party organ in which he read the foregoing lines and proceeded to go to bed with an acute case of heart disease. When the family doctor had prescribed for him a diet of digitalis, he revived somewhat, and picked up the paper to learn the worst. Beginning anew, he read:

"William Jennings Bryan's rich voice today gave out the stentorian announcement that the issue of imperialism was one which the opposition dared not allow to become paramount." The Democratic leader paid the doctor's bill, and offered him an extra five to kick him around the block.

From Our Chinese Contributor.

Oh, where, oh, where is our little King gone—
Our dear little boss Chinee,
With his reign cut short and his queue cut long,
Oh, where, oh, where, can he be?

Old Li Hung Chang we have asked in vain
Where our dearly loved King could be,
But he only said with a look of pain,
"Me heap no 'ketchee he."

We wrote and addressed to the great Prince Ching
A most pathetic plea,
For news of our wandering, long-lost King,
But he just said, "Searchee me."

We have lost Tsi Ann in the shuffle, too,
And we hope she is lost to stay,
For we've learned to know that Tsi Ann won't do,
And we'll not hunt her up; nay, nay.

But a King in the hand's worth two in the deck—
A reflection which is sad—
For without a King we may need to trek,
Oh, we need a good King bad.

Oh, where, oh, where, is our little King gone—
Our dear little boss Chinee,
With his reign cut short and his queue cut long,
Oh, where, oh, where, can he be?

Answers to Correspondents.

Fool Killer—Webster Davis' home is in Kansas City.

Inquirer—Lord Roberts is a British General, now stationed in South Africa.

L—H-g C-g.—He will get there, at the present rate, about 1908.

T—e R—s—it.—The hat is a little out of style, but it is all right for campaigning.

Billy Patterson—Diligent search fails to reveal the offender's name.

Oom Paul—Our extradition treaty with Great Britain is tolerably comprehensive.

A—g—ldo—He will not be elected this year.

What Constitutes a Statesman.

"Could Mr. Blank, the lawyer, pa,
Be called a man of note?"
"I cannot tell until I hear
How he is going to vote."

The Loafer.

He does no work for money,
He does no work for fame;
No mean or sordid motive
Is coupled with his name.
He does no work inspired,
Because he feels a "call";
He simply is so tired
He does no work at all.

J. J. MONTAGUE.

Effect of Chemical Rays.

International Monthly.

Three facts are regarded as proved: First, the bactericidal property of the chemical rays of light; second, the power of these rays to produce an inflammation of the skin; third, the power of the chemical rays to penetrate the skin. The method consists in treating local superficial skin disease of bacterial origin by the concentrated chemical rays, the ultra-violet being the most valuable. It is only when the light is so concentrated that it has as much as is possible of the blue, violet and ultra-violet rays that the action is speedy. Experiment has demonstrated that bacteria in a stratum of agar are destroyed in a few seconds. The anaemic skin allows penetration to a greater degree, and this is brought about by the lens being placed against the skin to be treated. Inasmuch as these rays, unless cooled, will produce an erythema, the lens is composed of a plain and a curved glass, giving the effect of a convex lens., set in a brass ring, and between them is placed a bright blue, weak, ammoniacal solution of copper sulphate. The solution absorbs the ultra-red rays, and the color excludes a large amount of the red and yellow rays. Further, the skin is artificially cooled. The treatment is for an hour daily, and, although the skin will redden and swell, no destruction of it has been observed. It is said to be painless. In ordinary lupus and lupus erythematosus (the butterfly disease of the face, so called from its resemblance to the form of that insect) a sufficient number of patients have been observed to make the results conclusive. Since both of these diseases are very intractable to ordinary methods, it would seem that a real advance has been made.

MASTERPIECES OF LITERATURE.

XXX.

Browning in Dramatic Romance—"The Italian in England."

Both this poem and the following were written after Browning's visit to Italy in 1844. As originally published they were entitled "Italy in England and England in Italy." The dramatic incident in the former poem was not a rescript of a particular historic incident.

That second time they hunted me
From hill to plain, from shore to sea,
And Austria, hounding far and wide
Her blood-hounds through the country-side,
Breathed hot and instant on my trace,—
I made six days a hiding-place
Of that dry green old aqueduct
Where I and Charles, when boys, have plucked
The fire-flies from the roof above,
Bright creeping through the moss they love:
—How long it seems since Charles was lost!
Six days the soldiers crossed and crossed
The country in my very sight;
And when that peril ceased at night,
The sky broke out in red dismay
With signal fires; well, there I lay
Close covered o'er in my recess,
Up to the neck in ferns and cress,
Thinking on Metternich our friend,
And Charles's miserable end.
And much beside, two days; the third,
Hunger o'ercame me when I heard
The peasants from the village go
To work among the maize; you know,
With us in Lombardy, they bring
Provisions packed on mules, a string
With little bells that cheer their task,
And casks, and boughs on every cask
To keep the sun's heat from the wine;
These I let pass in jingling line,
And, close on them, dear noisy crew,
The peasants from the village, too;
For at the very rear would troop
Their wives and sisters in a group
To help, I knew. When these had passed,
I threw my glove to strike the last,
Taking the chance: she did not start,
Much less cry out, but stooped apart,
One instant rapidly glanced round,
And saw me beckon from the ground;
A wild bush grows and hides my crypt;
She picked my glove up while she stripped
A branch off, then rejoined the rest
With that; my glove lay in her breast.
Then I drew breath; they disappeared:
It was for Italy I feared.

An hour, and she returned alone
Exactly where my glove was thrown.
Meanwhile came many thoughts; on me
Rested the hopes of Italy:
I had devised a certain tale
Which, when 'twas told her, could not fail
Persuade a peasant of its truth:
I meant to call a freak of youth
This hiding, and give hopes of pay,
And no temptation to betray.
But when I saw that woman's face,
Its calm simplicity of grace,
Our Italy's own attitude
In which she walked thus far, and stood,
Planting each naked foot so firm,
To crush the snake and spare the worm—
At first sight of her eyes, I said,
"I am that man upon whose head
They fix the price, because I hate
The Austrians over us: the State
Will give you gold—oh, gold so much!—
If you betray me to their clutch,
And be your death, for aught I know,
If once they find you saved their foe.
Now, you must bring me food and drink,
And also paper, pen and ink,
And carry safe what I shall write
To Padua, which you'll reach at night
Before the duomo shuts; go in,
And wait till Tenebras begin;
Walk to the third confessional,
Between the pillar and the wall,
And kneeling whisper, "Whence comes peace?"
Say it a second time, then cease;
And if the voice inside returns,
"From Christ and Freedom; what concerns
The cause of peace?"—for answer, slip
My letter where you placed your lip;
Then come back happy we have done
Our mother service—I, the son,
As you the daughter of our land!"

Three mornings more, she took her stand
In the same place, with the same eyes:
I was no surer of sunrise
Than of her coming. We conferred
Of her own prospects, and I heard
She had a lover—stout and tall,
She said—then let her eyelids fall,
"He could do much"—as if some doubt
Entered her heart,—then, passing out,
"She could not speak for others, who
Had other thoughts; herself she knew:"
And so she brought me drink and food,
After four days, the scouts pursued
Another path; at last arrived
The help my Paduan friends contrived
To furnish me: she brought the news.
For the first time I could not choose
But kiss her hand, and lay my own
Upon her head—"This faith was shown
To Italy, our mother; she
Uses my hand and blesses thee."
She followed down to the seashore;
I left and never saw her more.

How very long since I have thought
Concerning—much less wished for—aught
Beside the good of Italy,
For which I live and mean to die!
I never was in love; and since
Charles proved false, what shall now convince
My inmost heart I have a friend?
However, if I pleased to spend
Real wishes on myself—say, three—
I know at least what one should be.
I would grasp Metternich until
I felt his red wet throat distil
In blood through these two hands. And next
—Nor much for that am I perplexed—
Charles, perjured traitor, for his part,
Should die slow of a broken heart
Under his new employers. Last
—Ah, there, what should I wish? For fast
Do I grow old and out of strength.
If I resolved to seek at length
My father's house again, how scared
They all would look, and unprepared!
My brothers live in Austria's pay
—Disowned me long ago, men say;
And all my early mates who used
To praise me so—perhaps induced
More than one early step of mine—
Are turning wise; while some opine
"Freedom grows license," some suspect
"Haste breeds delay," and recollect.
They always said, such premature
Beginnings never could endure!
So, with a sullen "All's for best,"
The land seems settling to its rest.
I think then, I should wish to stand
This evening in that dear, lost land,
Over the sea the thousand miles,
And know if yet that woman smiles
With the calm smile; some little farm
She lives in there, no doubt; what harm
If I sat on the door-step bench,
And, while her spindle made a trench
Fantastically in the dust,
Inquired of all her fortunes—just
Her children's ages and their names,
And what may be the husband's aims
For each of them. I'd talk this out,
And sit there, for an hour about.
Then kiss her hand once more, and lay
Mine on her head, and go my way.

So much for idle wishing—how
It steals the time! To business now.

The Lincoln 4 Per Cents.

New York Journal of Commerce.

Four years ago Mr. Bryan was officious as an attorney in an effort—successful, we believe—to restrain the city government of Lincoln, Neb., from issuing gold bonds. It is now noted that the 4 per cent bonds of Lincoln are selling at a premium, whereas four years ago there was difficulty in selling its bonds at 6 per cent. It may be conceded, as Mr. Bryan has taken much time and pains to argue, that it is worth something to the debtor to reserve the option of paying in either kind of money; it might, with equal pertinence, be argued that it is worth something to the debtor to reserve the option of not paying at all; but whatever be the value of this sort of option the debtor must pay for. A contract to deliver wheat is worth more to the buyer than a contract to deliver any sort of grain that the other party may take a notion to offer. There is nothing more sinister in gold is being at a premium while coin 6s are hard to sell than there is in the willingness of buyers to pay more for wheat than for corn or oats. The Lincoln 4 per cent bonds are presumably not gold bonds by their own terms, but so long as a conspicuous citizen of Lincoln is kept out of the Presidency "dollars" will mean "gold dollars," and the taxpayers of Lincoln will reap the benefit in the rate of interest they have to pay.