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The Oregoman.

Entered at the Postofice at Portland, Oregon,

TELEPHONES.

Editorial Rooms 108 | Business Office 697 REVISED SUBSCRIPTION BATES.

By Mail (postage prepaid), in Advance-

To City Subscribers-Dally, per week, delivered, Sundays excepted.150 Dally, per whek, delivered, Sundays included.590

POSTAGE HATES. United States, Canada and Mexico:

ing, 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 re-turn any manuscripts sent to it without solicim. No stamps should be inclosed for this

Puget Sound Bureau-Captain A. Thompson. office at 1111 Pacific avenue, Tacoma. Box 955.

ome Postuffice. Eastern Business Office-The Tribune build-Landers Assames Ones-the Tripene Dull-lag, New Fork City, "The Rockery," Chicago; the S. C. Beckwith special agency, New York. For eals in San Francisco by J. E. Cooper, Teo Market street, hear the Palace Hotel; Gold-smith Bros., 200 Sutter street; P. W. Pitts, 1008 Market street; Foster & Orear, Ferry Newsetand.

209 So. Spring street, and Oliver & Haines, 106

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TODAT'S WEATHER .- Occasional rate, with

mrly winds.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 25.

It is 270 miles by the Northern Pa-& N. for hauling it 214 miles over easy if the Northern Pacific, by forcing tions, had a wild and barbarous charern Pacific. Then the O. R. & N. would min." have to haul grain 314 miles to Astoria The visit of Peter I, Czar of Muscovy, for the same rate the Northern Pacific gets for hauling it 270 miles to Tacoma This is the point brought out by Mr. pollshed nations of Western Europe," Ellis G. Hughes in his article printed plausible explanation, hitherto lacking, Bokhara or Slam is to us." Since Pe- family. the "common-point" agitation.

On his other point Mr. Hughes is not that extension of the common rate to Astoria will not benefit the country, because, inasmuch as rall carriage is costlier than water carriage, an added granting of terminal rates to the mouth of transportation between Portland and the mouth of the river." This is far that if the O. R. & N. owned the tracks people accept the will of an autocrat, from Portland to Astoria it might make intrached in the loyalty of the peas-Astoria a common point and yet con- ants, as the supreme law. Not the of nate." It was needless to deport Napo-

land East.

Rev. Dr. Kellogg takes high and impregnable ground when he argues that farm doesn't make much difference whether evolution is true or not. Some of them

embrace it, others denounce it, but most are anxious to let it alone. Now, to let evolution alone is, from an evangelical standpoint, about the worst

> or girl that the Genesis account of creation and the dates of annotators are Helena. inspired and verbally infallible, the error will be discovered some day, and then faith is shattered in the whole fabric of religion and morals. If you teach a young man that the Bible is inerrant as it stands, when he comes across the approved emendations and delusion and a snare. It is best to tell the truth about these things. It is in the facts of physical science and the demonstrations of historical criticism

that the soundest basis of Christian ethics rests. To build upon them is to take a foundation on the rock. To despise them is to build upon the sand. News stand For sals in Los Angeles by B. F. Gardner. So contemptuously regarded by theolo-So. Spring street, So. Spring street, For sale is Omaha by H. C. Shears, 105 N. Bisteenth street, and Barkalow Bros., 1052 Farman street. For sale in Sult Lake by the Salt Lake News

FUTURE OF RUSSIA.

English embassies sent to Russia in For sals in Denver, Colo., by Hamilton & the latter part of the sixteenth century Candrick, 200-912 Seventh street. tives describing the savage ignorance and the squalid poverty of the barbarous country in which they had so-journed. In Russia, they said, there was neither literature nor science, neither school nor college. The best-

educated men could barely read and Wallula to Portland. Under present and misery ruled in his most spiendid conditions the Northern Pacific is com- palaces. The truth of these narratives Tacoma over disadvantageous grades, which the Russian Legations made in for the same rate charged by the O. R. England, "The strangers," says Ma- Napoleon's life and talk at St. Helena caulay, "spoke no civilized language. water-level grades to Portland. Now, Their garb, their gestures, their salutam-point" rates to Astoria, can acter. The Ambassador and the grancompel the O. R. & N. to deliver grain dees who accompanied him were so 100 miles beyond Portland for the same gorgeous that all London crowded to charge now made to Portland, it will stare at them, and so filthy that nobody

> to London in January, 1698, was an epoch in the world's history. "To the continues Macaulay, "the empire which

so conclusive. He undertakes to show cruit armies. She is a first-class mill- tendant with something like the tenexpense will somehow be laid upon the political and religious institutions she have borne with remarkable patience is not only not modern, but that she is and gentleness the ceaseless institutions of the river would or would not benefit the country at large," he says, "de-has been the neglect of home probpends on whether the railroad or the lems that in portions of the empire, moody and irascible Gourgaud. Lord Rosebery says that "an Englishman Piliteracy rises to 94 per cent. Free po- must regret that his government ever litical institutions are as unknown as undertook the custody of Napoleon, and from clear. It is readily conceivable In the reign of Ivan the Terrible. Her must regret still more that the duty

are in the controversy still remain to the demand for Oregon apples increases be disclosed. Among them are the lum-ber districts of Western Oregon, which Eastern market. "No crop," says the Italy from Milan to Naples in the fournow have to pay a local rate to Port- Lebanon Criterion, "is surer if propland, plus the through rate from Port- erly handled, and no crop pays better than good Winter apples. Besides, the growing of apples does not interfere to any great extent with the ordinary work." It seems superfluous to

> THE LATEST ESTIMATE OF NAPO-LEON.

Lord Rosebery is the author of the latest study of Napoleon, and he examines him closely by the light of the thing they can do. If you teach a boy best material that was furnished in the six years that Napoleon spent at SL

It is complimentary to the manliness and truthfulness upon which English character is bottomed that the most generous, just and discriminating estimate of Napoleon, whether as a soldier, as a statesman or a man, has been formed by distinguished Englishmen. omissions of the revised version he will despite the fact that he was the ablest be apt to think the whole thing is a and most terribly costly enemy England had ever encountered. It is in Napler's "History of the War in the Spanish Peninsula" that we find the confession that Napoleon was the greatest master of the art of war that ever lived, for Napler as a military critic was too nobleminded to belittle the enemy of his country. It was the brilliant English literary critic, Hazilitt, that wrote a "Life of Napoleon" that is a partisan defense of his statesmanship; it was an English poet, Byron, that wrote-The rocky lale that holds or held his dust

Shall crown the Atlantic like the hero's bust;

And now it is an English statesman of the first rank that searches among Napoleon's ashes and finds much more giory and far less shame than the Frenchmen, Lanfrey and Taine, who have dealt mercilassly with Napoleon's memory, both as a statesman and a

man. The personal memoirs of Napoleon, dictated at St. Helena, are not always truthful, unbiased records of fact, but in those days truth was neither reclife from Wallula to Tacoma. It is write. The person of the sovereign was quired nor expected in Conti-only 214 miles by the O. R. & N. from a blaze of gold and jewels, but filth nental statesmanship, and Napoleon's memoirs are certainly entitled to as much credit as those of pelled to haul grain this 270 miles to was established by the appearance his detractors, Talleyrand and Metternich. The most truthful record of

in Lord Rosebery's judgment is the private diary of General Gourgaud, written entirely for his own eye, which undoubtedly embodies the truth as it appeared to the writer from day to day. This diary, however, does not extend beyond March, 1818, and of the last have nullified the important advantage dared to touch them. They came to three years of Napoleon's life to the the O. R. & N. now has over the North- the court balls dropping pearls and ver- end of May, 1821, we know nothing that end of May, 1821, we know nothing that is trustworthy, or next to nothing. Gourgaud's diary is that of an honest, truthful, gallant, loyal soldier, who loved Napoleon so passionately that he was always in a fit of jealous rage if the Emperor showed any attachment elsewhere in today's paper. It offers a be governed had till then been what for any other member of his military It is clear from Gourgaud's

for the Northern Pacific's interest in ter's time centuries of growth have diary that when he was petulant, sulky given Russia a vast territorial extent, and captious to the last degree Napo-She has boundless resources, and im- leon was gentle, patient and good-temmense populations from which to re- pered, trying to southe his touchy attary power. "Yet," says Edmund No. derness of a parent for a wayward ble, in "Russia and the Russians," just child. Napoleon's own mental sufferpublished, "when we turn to her inter- ings were terrible; his physical suffernal life we find that in respect of both ings were great, and yet he seems to living at least 400 years en retard as and annoyances to which he was ex-

teenth century, at once a warrior, a statesman and a freebooter, who "made his employers and his rivals alike his tools; who overpowered his open enemies by faithless alles and then armed himself against his allies with the recognition of evolution is important for the church as the basis of a broader, sufer faith. Most ministers think it tary adventurer to the first throne oflisly. If his character was legraded by some crimes, it was on the other hand ennobled by public spirit and by

THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN, PORTLAND, NOVEMBER 25, 1990.

of Francis Sforma, the great leader of

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bonorable ambition?" Macaulay points out that habits of dissimulation and faischood in an Englishman mark a man utterly worthless and abandoned, but in an Italian of the Middle Ages we frequently find those faults in company with great and good qualities, with generosity, with benevolence and disinterestedness. The medieval Italfan statesman never hesitates at an oath when he wishes to seduce, never wants a pretext when he is inclined to botray. His cruelties spring from deep, cool meditation. He does not hesitate to deceive those whom he does not scruple to destroy. A dangerous enemy, he could be a just and beneficent ruler. Wanton crueity was not in his nature. Unfair in his polley, there was an extraordinary degree of fairness in his intellect. He possessed an amplitude and subtlety of intellect which would have rendered him eminent either in active or contemplative life, and fitted him either to govern or to instruct mankind. Ferocity and incolence were not among the vices of the medieval Italian statesman; he might have recourse to barbarity as an expedient, but he did not require it as a stimulant. In his country's adversity he breathes all the spirit of those intrepld and haughty Roman Senators who listened with unaltered composure to the tremendous tidings of Cannae." Truly, this picture by Macaulay of the great Italian warrior-statesm-m of the fourteenth century is a fairly good picture in its blend of repulsive vices and Roman virtues of Napoleon, the great Italian warrior-statesman of the sine-

A Russian vessel, the Yermak, designed and constructed for the special purpose of cutting and breaking through the ice fields that close so many Russian ports to navigation during a portion of the year, has made a successful test of her capabilities as an ice-fighter. A wonderful craft, she has been made the subject of several illustrated magazine articles in this country, which have attracted considerable attention. Renewed interest in the vessel has been aroused recently by the statement that the Russian Government has in contemplation an expedition to the north pole in which this vessel will be the chief factor. While the Yermak has demonstrated fully her power to force a channel through solidly frozen packs of ice in harbors close to coaling stations, it is conceded that an attempt to reach the remote pole would present a much more serious problem. The question of fuel is one upon which the efficiency of the most powerful vessel depends, and without an abundant supply of coal this formidable ice-fighter would be merciy a helpless mass of steel, to be crushed by instead of crushing the los packs. The experiment, however, if undertaken, will possess sufficient novelty to engage public attention, and perhaps even arouse some expectation

The fact that what are to be the biggest steamships in the world are being built for the trans-Pacific trade is full of significance to American commerce, since it points to a revolution in commercial business. "Heretofore," says the Philadelphia Ledger, "the Atlantic Coast has had all except an intinue to load ships, at Portland because her 150,000,000 people has the slightest loon to St. Helena, for his energies were onsiderable portion of the trade, not voice in determining home or foreign exhausted, and so were those of France only with Europe, but with Asia. It grotesque shapes. Gilbert, adopting the thankful for Bishop Potter's lively interhas sent its vessels through the Suez thought of the Pacific Coast as a possi- land" and "Through the Looking diass," ble competitor for the trade of even the viz., to fashion an eccentric, superearthly story into shape, and deal with Pacific Islands." Old things, even in commerce, are passing. Here we have it coherently and logically, so as to win the promise of vessels of enormous car- our sympathies. In this way was born all those airy creations of the brain that rying capacity, which are to ply between Pacific America and Pacific Asia. immediately carried the world by storm There can be but one result from this-"Trial by Jury," "Pinafore," "Pirates of Penzance," "Patlence," "Iolanthe," "The Mikado," "Ruddigore," and the rest. the building up of the trade of our Western coast to a rivairy with that of the Eastern. The journal quoted re-Up to that time the chorus had been a Sussex, one of the sons of George III, marks further that if the Atlantic side helter-skelter crowd of stern-visaged, stiff-jointed professional singers, who wishes to combat this condition of were plainly intended to be listened to things the way to do so is to hasten without being looked at. It was Gilbert's the building of the Isthmian Canal. fertility of invention that gave us the This is a proposition in which the Papicturesque groupings, shifting colors, and thousand and one coquetries in panfear of retarding or curtailing its own commercial prospects, but rather with Great Britain. He fascinated Captain the certainty of increasing them. It seems that the chief cause for apfancy and aplomb that indicated his misprehension in the case of the Czar is from constitutional weakness. Typhoid fever of the type from which he is suffering is not regarded as dangerous, strains, as to those of his French protoespecially when it is possible to give type. Offenbach.' His melodies enchanted. the patient good nursing and proper but never offended. his nourishment. Constitutional conditions render his system "good ground" for the home of the Gilbert-Sullivan opera for the germination of the seeds of tubera quarter of a century. The brilliant partnership that has given us such triculosis, and it is feared that the attack of fever which has weakened his powers of resistance may encourage the development of this far more dreaded disease in his lungs or brain. His physicians, however, continue through official bulleting to declare his condition tesque Pooh Bah-who can take favorable, and the progress of his disfrom us? GERTRUDE METCALFE. satisfactory. A few days probably decide the matter of life or death for him, and incidentally, per-Cosmopolitan. To us the very word "inn" seems to promise good cheer and comfort. Com-fort is England, however, usually means cleanliness and a good bed; of cheer there is none. The evenings pass warrity. The har is a cold-biooded place, filled with tobacco smoke and political arguments. The proverbial barmaid has cheeks that are too red and hair that is really too blonds. The coffee-room is the only other haps, of war or peace for Europe. Queen Wilhelmins, graclous without being imprudent, congratulates ex-President Kruger upon having accom plished his long voyage in safety, and is happy to learn that he is well. Less than this the young Dutch Queen could refuge, and it is occupied by a stately matron with her novel or two young ladies talking in undertones in the cornot do and be dutiful to a grandfatherly old man who is seeking her realm in search of sympathy; more ner. One is really atraid to smile. The centertable is adorned with a Bible, the than this the crafty old burghers-her ministers-will not at this stage of pro-Sportsman's Magazine and Burke's Prorceedings permit. The young Queen can age. be polite; that is her province. It is French Society Cultivates Music. theirs to be politic.

A PRINCE OF MERRY-MAKERS.

It is granted to but few men to be ourned by two nations, as Sir Arthur Sullivan is being mourned today. A man whose death chastens the thoughts of the sober university man in cap and gown, the merry-bearted soubrette, the beery bandmaster, the turnip-faced callboy from the Savoy wings and the Archbishop of Canterbury is no ordinary man Today there is not a chorus girl but will drop her airy coquetries long enough to who away a tear as she hums the "Three Little Maids From School." There is not a white-robed bishop following his fit of singing choir boys and clergy today to the chancel but will sadden as the strains of "Onward, Christian Soldiers," brimful of manly English energy, fall upon his car. There is no questioning the versatility

of a man who could give the world vigorous, swinging church tunes, full of digmity and rhythm, tender love songs for the drawing-room, cantatas, oratorios and orchestral works of cinesical purity of style, operettas so sparkling in their melody that they have captivated a jaded, pleasure-weary world, so original and focund in their creative gentus that they have laid the foundation for a new school of English opera. The Italian instinct for melody that Bul-

livan inherited through his mother combined with the Celtic fire and buoyancy of humor that was bestowed upon him by his father-an Irish band-master-will doubtless in a measure explain the hold his genius has on all kinds of humanity The plaintive, careasing beauty of his songs appeals with peculiar power to the multitude. These are all hopest and sincere expressions of deep feeling. The most popular of these, "The Lost Chord" (Miss Proctor), took shape while he was watching during three long weeks beside his dying brother's bedaids; the death of this brother Frederick-the same who, two years before had created the role of the pompous Judge in "Trial by Jury"was a great blow. Other songs written more or less in the ballad style, which have been received with remarkable favor, are "Will He Come?" (Miss Proctor), "O Ma Charmante" (Victor Hugo), "The The Distant Shore," and "Sweethearts" (Gil-Italian warrior-statesman of the out of his bert). More beautiful still from the standpoint of the musician, but less popu-

lar, are "O Fair Dove, O Fond Dove" (Jean Ingelow), "Sweet Day So Cool, So Calm, So Bright," and "The Arabian Love Song," by Shelley: the Shako-speare songs, and the sories entitled "The Window," written for him by Tennyson. We are told that by the time the boy Builivan had reached the dignity of 8 years, there was hardly a wind instrument that he could not pluy with facility. He had a vast ambition oven then, and resolved to be a choir boy either in Westminster Abbey or the Chapel Royal. He used to practice in private the great aria "With Verdure Clad," from "The Creation," and at last actually had the good fortune to sing it in the bishop's palace, having at the age of 13 achieved his purpose of becoming a choir boy in the Chapel Royal. One cannot but admire the English pluck of this dark, curlyhaired, music-loving youngster, whose similing face, sweet voice and persistence won the day against many odds. This was the beginning of a sound musical education under English and German masters which later in his career enabled him to create works for the orchestra that may in the end prove the most enduring monuments of his genius. But though Bullivan, in return for the

aid he received as an aspiring choir-boy, has left a rich leagey to the Anglican church in the form of anthems and hymntunes of stately rhythm and splendid energy, it is not through these that he won his way into the warmest corner of the English heart.

the company of W. S. Gilbert, whose pecullar gifts of humor, have, in the last 25 years, effected a complete revolution in fun-making before the footlights. The old form of burlesque, as Percy Fitzgerald tells us was to take some natural and

SLINGS AND ARROWS-

Tragedy of Ye Tarkey Cock. In a poultry yard down In a small country town Did a chesty old turkey cock dwell, With his clothes and his tilo, Of the awaggerest style-A regular latest-thing swell. He would side-step and stalls, With a harm actor walk With a ham actor walk, When he thought of his moble birth. And the paultry could see When he passed them that he Was the handsomest fowl on on the earth.

To a plebeian bird He said never a word, An aristocrat proud was he; Though as got he best food, It was never too good t was never too good For a fowl of his high degree. Oh! he was the acu. In that little old place, A fact which the others confessed, And is often would say, In a four-flushing way, With a damply inflated chest:

'T'm the grandest old bird That ever conurred. The whole world was built for me, Examins the out Of my clothes, and my strut, They benyeak my gentility; Takke a lamp at the red Of ever continui basid off my cardinal hash, And mark how my feathers fit; From my fail to my breast, I am stumingly dreamd, I am, most emphatically, IT."

When the fowls thereabout Eaw that hot swell strut out, how that hat not even after out, Their bearis with green entry were sore, For they knew that their clothes Were not in it with these Which this fashion plate on himself wore And their hours were spent And their neurs were spent In bright green discontant That fortune had favored him thus; But he was stripped When he saw them annoyed. (He was a malepolent cuss.)

"Now what is the use." "Yow what is the use, "Of living in such a cold world? We all are outclassed When that gobbler stalks past With his tail and his wattles unfuried."

"The pretty rough luck," Observed the squat duck, "To see how he throws out his chest; Alas for the masses, The opulent classes, Have got us ground down and oppressed!"

So the malcontents growled, And they stormed and they howled That the government sure must be And would go to perdition If such a condition Was allowed to continue for long.

Was allowed to continue for long. But one Autumn day There came strolling that way A small farmer boy with an ax, And that flashy-clad swell A cold carcass fell, Upon the receipt of three whacks.

Now the moral of this Tou are likely to miss, Unless you will notice with care That you can't always tell Of the inck of a swell By the clothes that he happens to wear. And you need not feel bad If your neighbor is clad In raiment that's strikingly gay For a plainly dressed duck. Is in far bigger luck Than a turkey on Thanksgiving day.

Why They Are Thankful.

To show that this is not such a cold

world as the joyless narrators of hardfollowing communications from persons who might be expected to regard Thanks-

giving as a holiday in which they are not entitled to participate, are printed herewith: Lincoln, Neb., Nov. 23.-I am thankful that I carried Texas and escaped with a

W. J. BRYAN. whole voice. Washington, Nov. 23-I am thankful I went over the side before the ship of A happy turn of fortune threw him into state went into action.

GEORGE DEWEY. Little Rock, Ark., Nov 21-I am thank. ful I did not set a bad example by betting on Bryan. JAMES K. JONES. Cavitio dei Luzono, Nov. 23.-I am thankful I am dead. E. AGUINALDO.

strains, How the beart of the Minsteel is breaking.

MASTERPIECES OF LITERATURE. XL

Lyrics of Thomas Moore.

When He Who Adores Thes. Wher who adores thes has left but

Of his fault and his sorrows behind, Oh! say, wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame

the fame Of a life that for these was resign'd? Tes, weap, and however my foce may condema. Thy lears shall effect their decree; For Heaven can witness, though guilty to these the state of the state o

I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my curilest love; Every thought of my reason was thins; In my last numble prayer to the spirit above. Thy mane shall be mingled with mine. Oh! bluet are the lovers and friends who shall

The days of thy glory to see, But the next deaross blessing that Heaven can

Is the pride of thus dying for thes.

The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls.

The harp that once through Tara's halls The soul of music shed. Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls As if that soul were fiel. So sloops the pride of former days, So givey's thrill is o'er, And hearts, that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no m

No more to chiefs and indice bright The harp of Tars evails; The chief alone, that breaks at night, Its thic of ruin talls. Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes, The saily throb she gives is when some heart indigrant breaks, To show that atill she lives.

Rich and Bare Wore the Gems She Ware.

Rich and rars were the gems she wore, And a bright gold ring on her wand alls bore; But, ohl her beauty was far beyond But, ohl her beauty was far beyond Her sparkling gens or snow-white wand.

"Lady, dost thou not fear to stray, So lons and lower, through this bleak way? Are Erfin's some so good or so cold, As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

"Bir Knighti I feel not the least alarm, No son of Erin will offer me harm; For though they lowe womme and golden store, Sir Enight! they love boner and virtus mere."

On she went, and her maiden smile In safety lighted her round the green isle; And hiest forever is she who relied Upon Erin's honor and Erin's pride.

The Meeting of the Waters. There is not in the wide world a valley so

As that vals in whose bosom the bright

waters meet; Ohl the last rays of feeling and life must depart. Here the bloom of that valley shall fade from

Ere the om of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet is was not that Nature had shed o'er the The purest of crystal and brightest of green;

"Twas not her soft magio of streamlet or hill. Oh! no-it was something more exquisite still

"Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, Who made every dear sceps of enchantment

more dear, And who felt how the best charms of Natura

improve, When we see them reflected from looks that

Sweet wale of Avocal how calm could I rest ack stories would have us believe, the In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,

Where the storms that we feel in this cold. world should cease, our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace. And our

She Is Far From the Land.

She is far from the land where her young

hero sleeps And lovers are round her sighing; But coldly she turns from their game, and weeps, For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild songs of her dear native

plains, Every note which he loved awaking; Ah! little they think, who delight i

R. & N. to haul the grain there over lumbia River tracks, or even in its own towns below Tacoma have commonpoint rates; but ships continue to go up to Tacoma to load, for many and the Columbia River.

Astoria a common point, whatever more it costs to haul the grain there by rail than by water will be a direct or indirect charge on the consumer or pro-This, also, he fails to prove, and, as it seems to The Oregonian, he cannot prove. As to the consumer, we can diamiss him at once. The Liverpool price of wheat will not be affectcause if the terminal rates now applying to Tacoma and Portland are ex-Portland to Astoria. The Portland or Astoria grain-buyer will have to give the Eastern Washington farmer just poses that polished nations unlearn the what the Tacoma grain-buyer will give. Such grain as goes by rail to Astoria will pay less to the O. R. & N. between Walluis and Portland than it for further conquests. would pay now. The O. R. & N. would have to absorb the cost between Portmanner possible. From the illustration of the Oregon Steam Navigation Company, it appears probable that even to Portland.

The fond dream of the Astoria publi- transcendent purpose of social utility" cists is that if Astoria were made a mmon point the ships would load ago they thought all that was needed was the railroad. They got the railroad, which helped Portland more than civilized peoples, but unknown, both it helped Astoria, and now they move on a peg. Now it is only the lack of change be offered by the autocracy, or the "common point" that keeps them will it proceed from the people through back. But it is not the most impossible thing in the world that Astoria should have the "common point," and acter of the tremendous development then find, after all, that it must make on the threshold of which Russia is its own destiny rather than rise by taking over the business of some other government is, in the main, beneficent, The interests of the Northern ago have largely disappeared. Russia's Pacific and the Astoria road in the to all. They are in favor of it. The attitude of the O. R. & N. In the contion. troversy is equally plain to all. It is apposed to it. So far, Mr. Hughes is assumes that the income account of the ravages of the codiin moth and other

Astoria. In other words, it is not policies. Trial by jury, elsewhere cenproven that the extension of common rates to Astoria would compet the O. ligious offenders. She supports in her his overthrow had cost England and of the world, and never so much as by Lewis Carroll in "Alice in Wondermeateval church a "superstitious and all Europe too much. the Northern Pacific and Astoria & Co- unprogressive religion, repudiated in Lord Liverpool wrote Lord Castleform by millions of her uneducated, re- reagh that he "wished the King of river steamers. All the Puget Sound jected in substance and outright by France would hang or shoot Bonaparte

most of her subjects who have any as the best termination of this busiclaim to culture." ness." But the King of France was Russia offers today perhaps the most afraid to shoot Napoleon as it had Maradequate reasons. So it might be on striking example of prolonged empire shal Ney, so England reluctantly conthe world has ever known. She is sented to be his jailer. Lord Holland, the

building a railroad which is the wonder nephew of the great English statesman, But Mr. Hughes says that if we make of economic science. She has a sol- Charles James Fox, and the Duke of diery which will brave any danger and run to rapine in the presence of spoil. recorded their public protest against But these are military achievements. the course which was pursued. It was She poses before the world as a nation impossible, however, to have granted tolerant of creed, yet the edict of eccle. him to live as a country gentleman in siasticism throws millions of helpiess England, as did Napoleon III after his cific Coast can join heartily, without Jews upon the mercy of the world. fall, for he would have been a danger "In Asla," says Mr. Noble, "the semi- to the governments of both France and barbarian finds his race life untouched. ed by the common point. As to the In European Russia cultured peoples Maitiand, Admiral Hotham and the producer, the argument also fails, be- are despolied of the things they hold rest of the navy officers who met him, and forced Lord Keith to say if Napoalmost as dear as existence itself; the Boles of their language, the Little Rus- leon had obtained an interview with tended to Astoria, there will be no sians of their literature, the Baltic Ger- the Prince Regent he would have capadded charge whatever on wheat from Pertiand to Astoria. The Portiand or of their constitution." The Czar sug-In his conversations at St. Heler In his conversations at St. Helena gests a scheme for universal peace, pro- Napoleon was always interesting, but sometimes inconsistent through art of war, while his ignorant, almost varying moods. In this respect he was barbarian horde continues to familiarize not different from our General Sherman, itself with the bayonet and equip itself who was a great letter writer and an incessant talker. Sherman's letters show that he had extravagantly What of the future of Russia? We have on the one hand an autocracy, a praised and bitterly blamed at different land and Astoria, and doubtless it narrow ecclestasticism which rules it, dates Halleck, McClellan and Grant. would haul the grain in the cheapest and an ignorant peasantry which gives Napoleon could generally do justice to it blind obedience and extends its Massena, Suchet, Soult and Davoust, Mr. Hughes gives from the experience power. On the other hand, we have a among his marshals, but sometimes denew literature whose distinguishing clared that when he was absent his note is realism, whose representatives, lieutenants always lost. In religion

then the vessels would prefer to come | men and women, are for the most part | Napoleon's real leaning was toward Mohammedanism. He was hostile to still striving in the interest, "not merely of artistic ends, but of some the papacy, and thought Francis I made a mistake in not adhering to the which they wish to see realized, Which Reformation. As to man, he pro-of these two forces will first bring claimed himself a materialist. In reof these two forces will first bring there instead of at Portland. A while Russia into that association with the ply to the question, "Was Napoleon a world which will open the eyes of the great man?" Lord Rosebery says: Russian to the liberty enjoyed by all If greatness stands for natural power, for

in greatment stands for matura power, for predominance, for something human beyond humanity, then Napoleon was assuredly great. Besides the indefinable spark which we call genius, he represents a combination of intellect and energy which has never, perhaps, been woughed never screately unreased He case. in name and in form, to him? Will the a revolution? The answer to this quesequaled, never, certainly, surpassed. He car-ried human faculty to the facthest point of tion will largely determine the charwhich we have accurate knowledge. Under the fercent giars of modern soruting, he enlarged indefinitely the limits of human contespine and human possibility. Till he had lived no one could realize that there could be standing today. The tendency of the

The dangers that threatened 20 years so stupendous a combination of military and civil genius, such comprehension of view united mmon point" controversy are plain future is bright, and pregnant with of body and mind. achievement through peaceful revolu-Napoleon answers the description given by Macaulay of the great Italian

statesman of the Middle Ages, Machia-Applegrowers of the state ought to velli, as "an enigma, a grotesque as correct in his reasoning. But when he take courage. Devices whereby the semblage of incongruous qualities, selfishness and generosity, crueity and be-O. R. & N. and the progress of West-ern Oregon are identical, he fails to practically have been overcome, give villainy and romantic heroism." Nascore. What the interests of the state with proper care a clean product, while poleon recalls Macaulay's description giad hand at London.

Any old excuse will do if there are no good ones. The Panama route is now invoked to defeat the Nicaragua Canal, because other subterfuges have failed. No doubt all the transcontinental railroads are strong for the Pan-

Great Britain is said to be likely to accept Secretary Hay's latest proposal

est in municipal reform-not. opposite principle, which, about the same RICHARD CROKER.

Paris, Nov. 23.-I am thankful for what I did to them before I found it necessary to take a trip north for my health. P. KRUGER

Indianapolis, Ind., Nov. 23,-I am thankful that I left my happy home in the nick of time. W. S. TAYLOR. Formerly of Kentucky. 'London, Nov. 23 .- I am thankful for

that touching little poem entitled "Mother Won't Be With Us Always." ALBERT EDWARD WETTIN.

Hartford, Conn., Nov. 23-I am thank ful that I did not write "Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight." MARK TWAIN.

Blessings of Father Adam.

Oh, most happy Father Adam, what a vest and goodly store, Of this life's sublimost blessings you had to be tomime and side play which make up the

charm of the modern chorus, Sullivan enthankful for! tered into the spirit of all these changes

Not a sealekin sacque to pay for, when the Autumn winds blow chill, Not a coal collecter mought you, nor a plumber with his bill, with an exuberance of humor, grace of

sion in life was not to write symphonies, Never had to spend a morning shut up in a

but comic operas. Never, by any chance cell alons, Striving hard to call a friend up on the dread was there any touch of vulgarity to his

long-distance phone, Never found yourself wedgod breathings in a argowded trolley car,

Never broathed the awful odor of a candidate's The Savoy Theater, London, has been cigar.

All you had to do was wander 'round your garden plot and think, Never taking thought for clothing, or for what you'd eat and drink, Never smillingly applauded when some maiden umphs of satiric wit has now come to an end; but the pompous Ruler of the Queen's Naves; the absurd Bunthorne,

Never smillingly applauded when some maiden would recits That meet fierce and awful poem, "Curtow Shall with his sunflower and his troups of adoring maidens; witching, fresh-cheaked Josephine, the Captain's daughter; gro-

Not Ring Tonight": Never lent your last ten dollars to some whisky-laden friend, For, most blessed of all mortals, you had not a cent to lend;

Never played the festive ruces or upon elec-

tions bet, would seem, Old Pather Adam, you're tha

22 luckiest being yet.

Not a phonograph resounded as you clamiy walked along. The infernal composition known now as "the

latest song"; Never rode miles in the country on a bass, do-

nde. The coffec-room is the only other

Never rode mines in the country on a case, de-cettrul biks. Punctured threa, not out homeward, on a long and weary "hike"; Not a college pail aroused you when you sought to take your rest. No mispicion of a burglar raised his head

No suspicton of a burgan raised in head within your breast, Not a single yellow journal laid its horrors at your door. Not a "coof" man gave you gracting, saking where you'd mot before;

Naught you knew of indigestion, never had a

smallpox seare; Never had appendicitis, never knew a pain or care. Calm, unsuffied was your programs through the

happy vale of life;

J. J. MONTAGUEL

He had lived for his love, for his country he

They were all that to life had entwined him; Nor soon shall the tears of his country dried,

Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh! maks her a grave where the sunbeams

rest When they promise a glorious morrow; They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,

From her own loved island of sorrow.

'Tis the Last Rose of Summer.

"Tis the last rose of Hummer Left bicoming alcos; All her hysip companions Are faded and gone; No flower of her kindnes, No flower of her kindnes, No rosebud is nigh, To reflect back her blushes,

To give sigh for sigh. I'll not leave thes, thou lone one,

To plus on the stern: Since the lovely are sleeping, part of the Go sleep those with them. Thus kindly I scatter. Thy leaves o'er the bed,

Where thy mates of the garden Lie scentless and dead.

Bo soon may I follow, When friendships decay, And from Love's shining direly And from Love's shising circl The grans drop arms/ When true hearts is wither'd And fond ones are flown, Oh! who would inhabit This bleak world slone!

Come, Ye Disconsolute.

e, ye disconsolate, where'er you languish, me, at the shrine of God fervently knowly Come, ye disc

Here bring your wounded hearts, here talk your anguish-Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

of the desolate, light of the straying, Hope, when all others dis, fadeless and pure, Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name

saying. "Earth has no sorrow that Heaven manot

o, ask the infidel what boon he brings us What charm for aching hearts he can reveal Sweet as that heavenly promise Hope sings

"Earth has no sorrow that God cannot heal."

Off in the Stilly Night.

Off, in the stilly night, Ere Slumber's chain has bound me, Fond Memory Brings the light Of other days around me; The smiles, the tears, Of boyhood's years, The survey of lows them enchant

The words of love then spokens The words of love then spokens The eyes that shone. Now dimmed and gone. The cheerful hearts now brukenf Thue in the stilly night. Ere Slumber's chain has bound me. Sad Memory Brings the light Of other daws around me.

Of other days around ma.

When I remember all The friends so linked togethen, Pro seen around me fall, Like leaves in whitry weather; I feel like one Who treads alone Reme hannow that downand

Weo treass alone Bome bangoet-hall deserted, Whose suriands dead, And all but he departed! Thus in the stilly sight. Ere Blumber's chain has bround nos, Bad memory brings the light .Gf other days around me.

Didn't even have to hustle to support your kids and wife. Ton would thisk, eb, Pather Adam, if you Ton would intra, ch. Pitcher Adam, if you dropped around bohay.
That your life down there in Eden was one joyous roundeiny.
And when came the next Thanksgiving you would fick a beaming entits.
Kill your fattest turkey gobbler and observe the day in siyle.
X J. MONTAGETER

- Harper's Bazar. Music in Paris society has undergone a grammes of society has undergone a grammes of society has undergone a inhole concerts professional names only appeared, inshifonable women now figure, and, so to speak, crowed out the artists. Countenses, Baronesses and the bearers of less resounding tillas are beheld, who have studied singing correctly, are gifted with beautiful voices and lack neither feeling nor powers of expressional network formers. This is less frequently the case in respect to instrumental work-never, in much; but in regard to singing the situation is just as described.

Harper's Bassr.

English Inns Lack Good Cheer.

Cosmopolitan.

-

ama route.