

The Oregonian.

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development, on changes that may take place within them, on the views of the Congress of the United States, hereafter, as to the propriety of making them states. Most probably we shall have Cuba, after a while. Even our Democratic party heretofore has called for annexation of that island. When Cuba comes we shall act as we deem best about it. But, under our long-established territorial system, we can govern both Cuba and the Philippines in a manner perfectly consistent with freedom and justice to them and honor to ourselves.

Who, in his senses, casting his partisanship aside and forgetting its twaddle, does not know that this system, supported and extended by the United States, will be conducive to liberty and enlightenment in the islands? Who does not know that the Philippines, when he calls it a system of tyranny and oppression? It is freedom, indeed.

A TALE OF FOUR CITIES.

It has always been the Oregonian's agreeable custom to print from time to time sympathetically descriptive articles of the various Pacific Coast cities where members of its staff upon occasion visit for business or pleasure. The practice has been rendered difficult at times by the assaults made upon Portland by other cities and their newspapers, and by the trouble of discriminating always between an attacking newspaper and an inoffensive community behind it. It is easy to forget that journalistic undertakings having for their object the closing of the Columbia River are not necessarily chargeable upon the entire community where the attacking journal is printed. If this is ever forgotten, it is wise of the Oregonian's general editors.

San Francisco is a great city. It ceaselessly delights not only the local Californian, whose steadfastness in local pride is without guile or shadow of turning, but the traveler, whosoever he comes, whatsoever he seeks, however long or short he stays. Humanity is under heavy obligations to it for wealth produced in mines and fisheries, for goods and raw materials, for the soil, for luscious fruits that charm while they nourish, and for wiles that gladden the heart of man; and for the joyous character of its people, nowhere matched, perhaps, but in Paris itself, which makes its streets and homes, its audiences and congregations, and even its clattering cars and scurrying ferries a refreshing memory in the hour of distant toil or gloom.

Tacoma is going to be a great city. It has a situation of great strategic importance. It has wealth, it has determination. It has experience of both prosperity and adversity. The one never turned its head, the other never turned its back. There is no weakness in the solidity of its mercantile, maritime and industrial life, no flaw in the splendid character and cultivation of its people. In the volume of its transactions, in the emolence and dignity of its business life, in the New England nobility and fitness of its homes and society, it has the foundations of a city whose greatness some day will be reckoned in other terms than that of its commerce. On the other hand, by higher standards than the standards of miles long and stories high, Tacoma will grow as its neighbors grow and as its surrounding country grows. It will keep its place in the galaxy of Pacific Coast cities—a place that will command respect and perpetuate its justifiable pride.

Enough time should have elapsed to show that the prosperity of our place does not necessarily involve and is not dependent upon a corresponding loss to some other place. The business done at Seattle, within recent years, is not the business that used to be done at San Francisco, Portland or Tacoma. It is new business. All have grown while each was growing. Portland was never so rich as it is today. Its wealth, activity and contentment as it is today, are the result of building, shipping, jobbing, manufacturing, railroad construction, bank, produce and mining exchanges never before were so solid, so active, so inspired with hope and resolution. It was not by seeking to destroy each other that the great cities of the Atlantic Coast got on, but by each serving in its own way the development of its own field.

of public respect when he made a Winter journey from Montreal to Boston. The society of the few who were invited, in calling upon him, said they desired to express their "respect for him as one of the sons of the King of England." President Jackson repeatedly extended the hospitality of the White House to distinguished English noblemen visiting Washington. The Grand Duke Alexis of Russia visited this country in 1871 and was received with distinguished public honors. At the banquet to the Grand Duke, December 6, 1871, Oliver Wendell Holmes read a beautiful poem of welcome, which includes the following lines: "Ay, guest of the Nation; each roof is thine own, Through all the broad continent's star-bannered zone."

In September, 1861, Prince Napoleon of France was given a public banquet in Boston, at which Dr. Holmes read a beautiful poem entitled "Vive La France." The Chinese and Japanese embassies were also received with public honors in 1868 and 1872.

THE PATHETIC SIDE OF LIFE.

There is an exceedingly pathetic side to every great career. The pathetic side is sometimes visible to the public eye; sometimes it has to do with the inner life so completely that the world knows little of it. Cromwell died in outward victory and peace, but in inward gloom. Behind the blindness of that grand old Puritan, Milton, there must have been a great deal of mental suffering, for he had lived to see the religious principles of his youth scuttled in high places and the political Commonwealth he loved replaced by an obscene, dissolute and tyrannical monarchy. The pathetic side of Napoleon's great career needs no argument. There was a pathetic side to Grant's romantic career. The premature wreck of his military career by his own hand is followed by eight years of painful, ill-paid, apparently hopeless, humiliating toil, from which he is finally rescued by the vast civil war whose emergency furnishes a splendid opportunity for his obscure light to arise and shine. But the clouds and darkness do not clear rapidly from his path; McClellan will not see him; the War Office at Washington makes no reply to his offer of service; the Governor of the state has nothing to give him, until finally a regiment so turbulent that it was ordered to be disbanded is given to Grant as a bone to a hungry dog. After Donelson's great victory he is shelved by Halleck; after Shiloh he is severely snubbed and practically shelved for a second time. It was not Halleck's fault that he was permitted to persist in his operations against Vicksburg. Lincoln's good will and confidence alone saved Grant. Had Halleck's disaster not occurred in time ordering him to join Banks at Fort Huachuca, Grant would not have taken Vicksburg. Not until after Chattanooga, in November, 1863, does Grant get fairly out of the woods and feel that he was master of the situation, including Halleck. By his closing years of life are darkened by political obloquy, by overweighing financial disasters, which would have drawn out suffering of a fat and grossly painful disease. Surely, there was a very pathetic side to Grant's romantic career.

And yet it is doubtful whether, measured by the capacity of his inner life for suffering and the power of spiritual endurance, Grant suffered as much as Lincoln. We do not count Lincoln's assassination; the death by the bullet of disease; we consider the comparative susceptibility to mental suffering and spiritual suffering of the two men and their power of endurance. In our judgment Lincoln suffered the more because he had a highly developed imagination, while Grant, like Washington, had an excellent understanding, a strong will, great courage and a plain, unadorned, unimagination. This lack of imagination was a source of strength and his weakness, even as Lincoln's highly developed imagination was his strength and his weakness. Without this imaginative quality, Lincoln would not have been a logical, a forcible, but not an eloquent writer. Without this imaginative quality he could not have written that wonderful second inaugural, the touching passage of his first inaugural and his famous Gettysburg address. And yet, in our judgment, his imaginative quality must have been a man of very deep sensibility to mental and spiritual suffering all his days. Men of this temperament suffering from suffering may finally march to strength, but they suffer far greater than a man of the Grant type, for they suffer not only from what is seen and known, but the large and unimagined, eyes of their imagination sweep the field of the possible as well as the actual, the field of the unseen as well as that of the visible. Such imaginative, brooding natures, if they are strong men, survive their suffering and their melancholy, and sometimes achieve great distinction, and sometimes they break down, premature, by a lead filled, misanthropic lives. Lincoln's early career was marked by incidents that caused grief to his friends for the outcome. Doubtless the intense political activity of his day and generation helped to restore his equilibrium and maintain it. But Lincoln's face has the mark of deep sadness and melancholy upon it as much as that of Michael Angelo, the sad-browed Florentine, and there can be no doubt that he was a man of deep youth up must have experienced an unusual amount of mental suffering.

It was not because his trials perhaps were unusual but because his imaginative temperament implied morbid sensibility to and capacity for mental suffering. He was born to be a man of sorrows, not only because of his own suffering, but because of his keen perception of the sufferings of others. With every great sufferer, there is a suffering, because his poetic imagination brought vividly home to him the terrible grief and distress that battle brought to the thresholds of thousands of humble homes in which the lights would burn blue because of their dead soldiers. Thus, on the heels of great battles would come appeals of mothers, daughters and old fathers to pardon those they were sentenced to death. Then came the bitter criticism of impatient friends, like Greeley, or the insidious depreciation of ambitious rivals, like Chase and Fremont. Then he had to face what he must have felt to be the ill-concealed contempt for his ability shown by such men as Sumner, Richard H. Dana and Charles Francis Adams. In the dark days between June 1 and September, 1864, how Lincoln must have suffered! He knew that Wade, Sumner, Greeley, Chase, Fremont, Schurz, Thad Stevens, nearly every leading Republican except Rozcoe Conkling, was openly or so-

cretly striving to force him off the ticket that had already been nominated. He expected at this time to be defeated, and he would have been glad to have been taken Atlanta and Sheridan beaten Early in the Shenandoah Valley. He was a lonely man, a despairing man, in those days, until victory came. He suffered greatly, not because of personal pride, but because of what he deemed a great and noble cause doomed perhaps to final defeat. No wonder at this time his nerves were impaired, his face looked wan and even his kindly temper became acid and his voice sharp with anxiety. His great suffering, the pathetic career, was relieved by a flash of triumph and a stunning thunder-roll of final victory, and then the long-suffering man who had waited so patiently for his hour of glorious and ample thanksgiving, dropped dead in his tracks. As his tender, thoughtful eyes rest upon "the promised orchard" of olden days, he is no more there. He saw our Moses who perished just as he saw the glittering waters of the great Pacific ocean of a restored Union rise on his patriotic sight. Truly, it may be said that, even if Lincoln had never been murdered in the hour of victory, his painful march from youth to the grave before he grasped victory with dying hand makes his life one of pathetic quality and circumstance.

"SPRAY WITHOUT CEASING."

Mr. E. L. Smith, of Hood River, is doing a great service to the productive industry of Oregon in the efforts he is making to "spray without ceasing" the pest of the apple orchard, the codling moth. Mr. Smith is no mere theorist; he is no book farmer. His relationship to the apple industry is that of a practical man who works with his own hands—and not only with his hands, but with his head as well. To him more than to any other individual is due the high repute in which the Oregon apple stands in the general market. The success of the codling moth is easily the most famous apple orchard pest, in existence, so far, at least, as commercial fame is concerned—and it is a species of fame by no means to be despised. Ask any New York apple merchant what state stands first in apple production, on the point of quality, and he will promptly answer "Oregon; ask him what district of Oregon stands first and he will answer "Hood River"; ask him whose individual brand is worth most and he will say "E. L. Smith's." All this explains why Mr. Smith is entitled to give counsel to apple men. Spraying, Mr. Smith declares, is the first essential of successful apple-growing, or at least it is the thing without which success in apple-growing is not possible; and here is the formula which he recommends after many years' experimentation and of success. "White arsenic, one pound; sal soda, two pounds; boil for 15 minutes, or until the liquid becomes clear; add enough water to make up 50 gallons, or until the boiled material makes one quart of water to each 50 gallons of water, to which has been added six pounds of fresh slaked lime."

This formula was printed in yesterday's Oregonian in the report of a fruit-grower's meeting at Corvallis; and because it is so vastly important, we reprint it again. Every Oregon apple grower ought to commit it to memory; and, lest he forget it, he will do well to paste it in his hat. "Spray without ceasing" is an injunction which the apple-grower ought to write down as number eleven in his list of sacred commandments; and Mr. Smith's formula will greatly aid him in what he may well regard as a moral and religious duty.

The verses entitled "The Infidel and His Daughter," published in The Sunday Oregonian of the 9th inst., referring to Ethan Allen as a "stern infidel" and implying that he was an atheist who did not believe in immortality, are the work of a certain anonymous writer. Ethan Allen was a pious and a true believer in the same views as Jefferson and Franklin. He believed in God, but did not accept the belief in the miracles, nor did he believe in the supernatural birth and divinity of Jesus. In other words, General Allen's belief was identical with that of the liberal Unitarian Church of today. That General Allen believed in God is evident from the inscription on his original tombstone, erected on his grave shortly after his death at Burlington, Vt., in 1789: "He tried the merits of his God, in whom he believed and strongly trusted." General Ethan Allen was not an irreligious man, but he did not believe in "revealed religion." He was a rationalist, as his published writings attest. The story of his "dying daughter" is a plain, unadorned, unimagination, a piece of poetic fraud. Allen allowed perfect freedom of belief and opinion in his family, and his daughter had no need to ask him in what faith she should die. In Burlington, Vt., where Allen lived with his family the last years of his life after his return from captivity, the story is told of the present Secretary of the Interior, Ethan Allen Hitchcock, who survived her father a number of years. Allen's wife was a widow when he married her. She was as bold, resolute and independent-minded a woman as he was a man. The daughter of such a strong-minded pair would be sure to have a faith of her own to live and die by, and would not ask her father needless questions on her deathbed.

Under Senator Hoar's bill advancing the pay of members of Congress the Vice-President and the Speaker of the House would be paid \$15,000, instead of \$8,000, and Senators and Representatives would be paid \$7,500 instead of \$5,000. The increase takes effect as soon as the bill becomes a law. The enactment of this measure would take more than a million of dollars from the public Treasury, and its passage is sure to be followed by increased salaries for Cabinet Ministers, for if Congressmen need an increase of pay on the score of the expense of living at Washington, Cabinet Ministers equally demand it, and with this advance the whole civil list will ask for an increase of salary, as well as the military and naval establishments. Fully half of the Congressman's time is his own, and he can follow his private employment to some extent while a member of Congress. The increase famous in political history that increased the pay of members of Congress from \$5,000 to \$7,500, and was retroactive, that increase stood for ten months, but was repealed in January, 1874. This bill of Senator Hoar ought not to become a law.

"It is a sad thought," says the Providence Journal, "that Rear-Admiral Sampson's retirement means nothing to him. Broken in heart as in body, the brave commander knows nothing now of the sea and of the navy that were for so many years his life. He has seen the sea and the navy with eyes that were the eyes of a soldier. The bravest of the bravest, Americans may well sigh that so great a wrong has been done to so courageous a man."

patient and self-sacrificing a sailor and a gentleman. Everybody must sympathize with Admiral Sampson in his afflictive darkening of his mind; but it cannot be remembered that all the criticism to which he has been subjected he brought on himself by his claim of all the honor at Santiago, and by his refusal even to mention anybody else.

Accidents from the careless handling of giant powder are scarcely less frequent than they were when this highly explosive was first introduced as an adjunct to industrial economy and achievement. The same is true of fatalities resulting from the careless use of coal oil as an illuminant. The reason is not far to seek. Disaster that followed ignorance in handling these destructive forces in the first place now result from a familiarity with them that induces carelessness. Fatalities from these causes long ago reached the minimum; a further reduction in their number cannot reasonably be expected, for the simple reason that there is no possible defense against lapse in carefulness.

Of all the vile sidewalk acts in this town none are worse than some of those attached to property of which the municipality holds the fee. Of all derelict "abutting holders" the corporation of the City of Portland is easily the worst. For proof of this charge, examine the rotting walks along the Park blocks. It is shameful. Surely the municipality ought to set an example by creating and maintaining decent walks in all cases where its responsibility exists. What can be expected of individual property-holders when the city government is so neglectful of its duty?

Great Britain and Japan want peace, and for that purpose they have joined fleets and armies. Russia wants peace, and to that end, she announces, her army and navy are always ready. Great Britain and Japan want the integrity of China and the independence of Corea. Russia also desires the independence of Corea and the integrity of China. Where all are so anxious for the same result it is a pity to maintain such costly armaments of offense.

It is hoped that the acute and highly respectable critics who are forever holding up the Senate to the House as a pattern will observe, in view of Wheeler's speech, that the House is, after all, something in the way of a deliberative body itself. The Kentucky orator is almost as deliberative as Dubois and Tillman—almost, but not quite.

"Was your wife resigned to her death?" somebody asked the bereaved husband. "Gosh, yes," he answered, "she had to be." And Russia, by the way, seems exemplarily acquiescent in the Anglo-Japanese agreement.

RAFTING AND TIMBER INDUSTRY.

The effort of Senator Frye, of Maine, to stop the practice of log-rafting in the open sea is based on sound considerations. At best, the log raft is a danger, and at worst—and the worst often happens—it is a menace to every ship which passes in its course, for it lies below the surface of the water and is not easily seen at night, while it is certain disaster for a vessel to strike it. And when it falls to pieces, as it oftentimes does, and scatters over the sea, it makes a condition of widespread hazard and one which may last for weeks or months. The Emperor of Germany in spite of many disasters incidental to it because the profits of the successful ventures are so great that they sustain the loss of one raft out of every four or five. And this being so, there will always be found "plungers" ready to "take a flyer" into the business, heedless of the menace which it creates for shipping in which they have no personal interest.

In the interest of the timber countries—Oregon, Washington and Maine—the wholly with the movement to prohibit rafting. The exploitation of our forests is bad enough in its ordinary methods by which at least we get such advantage as comes from the working up of our timber product into lumber; and it becomes infinitely worse when our great trees are cut down and carried away in the rough without contributing anything worth speaking of to the industry or capital of the country. Under this system we are merely despoiled of our forests. Complaint, of course, accomplishes nothing, but we may be able to enjoy the system through the movement which Senator Frye has set in motion. It is a case in which our representatives at Washington can serve the country by giving the weight of their influence to the prohibitive force.

By this time the timber business of Oregon and Washington ought to be getting on the basis of a home manufacture in line with the development of our wheat business. It is only a few years back when every bushel of wheat grown in Oregon and Washington was sent out of the country in the form in which it came from the harvest field, and much of it still goes out in this shape. But, thanks to the enterprise and capital of Oregon, a very large proportion of our wheat product is now being worked up into flour and sold as a manufactured product. Many advantages come, too, through this better practice. It has created a new industry here, that of the commercial mill; it has found for us a new and large market in the countries which border the Pacific Ocean where never a pound of raw wheat was sold; and every farmer knows, or ought to know, that it has been the means of giving us from 1 to 3 cents per cental more than the old "Liverpool parity" price. Something like this ought to be done in the case of our timber. Surely, if the right man with the right equipment of capital and energy should come along, it would be found more profitable to work up much of our timber into finished goods than to send it out of the country in the form of rough lumber to be worked up elsewhere. The saving to be effected in the form of freight rates as between the timber in bulk and in finished forms ought to be considerable—enough, indeed, to make a premium upon home enterprise.

It is, we know, the rule to presume that it is not "business" to do the things which nobody has done; but we cannot but suspect that the primitive state of our timber industry rests less upon its impracticability than upon the fact that the man of the right qualities and of sufficient means has not yet taken hold of it. We can but recall that the business of commercial milling was universally pronounced "impracticable" until Mr. Theodore Wilcox took hold of it some 12 or 15 years ago. The same may be said of a lot of other things in connection with our grain industry, and we are the more hopeful of a Moses to lead us to better things in connection with our timber industry.

THE ESSENCE OF DIPLOMACY.

Chalmers Roberts has a strong and practical plea in the current number of the World's Work for the proper education and training of young men for the diplomatic service. He urges in this connection that men in the service who have the proper education and breeding for diplomacy should, in consideration of our widening National interests, and because of the formalities which in the courts and unprepared men in the consular service, of the world give character to the service, be assured of a permanency in position, to the end that long years of training would not in the end be brought to waste by chance of political favor. "Make," he says, "the career a permanent one, just as the Army and Navy are, and there will be no lack of capable men ready to prove there, as has been proved elsewhere, the breadth of American ability."

In the view of Mr. Roberts—a view created and sustained by large observation in the field of which he writes—so long as our present system of placing untried and unprepared men in the consular service, stinting their salaries and failing to provide them with suitable and permanent quarters in foreign capitals, privates, just so long will the charity-boy diplomacy of our Government be a just abroad and a shame at home. He concludes that there may be limits to the shame at home, but to the just abroad he declares there is none. So long as the "one has come to look for the current story in which the usefulness of some American diplomat furnishes amusement for his colleagues in almost every capital in Europe. Two of these stories he repeats as samples of the social blunders committed by the kind-hearted, homely folk who chance or political favor has brought suddenly into surroundings for which they are hopelessly unprepared."

The first story, which he declares must still amuse The Hague, is that of the wife of an American Minister under a former administration who, on being granted an audience with the Queen's mother, then regent, looked up at a large portrait of her gracious majesty, Queen Wilhelmina, and said: "Your little girl, I suppose, ma'am?" On receiving an affirmative reply she added, to the honor and to the amusement of the court in waiting, "Well, I must say she is a mighty fine child." None, says the chronicler, of the many who used to laugh over this story, always told in an exaggerated American accent, ever doubted the good woman's kindness of heart. They simply rated the country from which, in an official capacity, she came, as wanting in proper sense of its own dignity. It is, indeed, wholly without dignity and culture.

The second incident is related as follows, supplemented by the statement that it was the one good story of the Winter capital for days: The story concerns a former American Minister to St. Petersburg at one of the elaborate and very formal receptions or levees which the Emperor and Empress give on New Year's day. All the diplomats stand in line in their order of precedence, and their Majesties walk down the line to exchange greetings with each in turn. On this occasion the Empress, now the Dowager, was not present, having just given birth to one of the younger Princesses. It seems also that the good wife of the American Minister was at home occupied with a similar domestic duty. When the Emperor came down the line, he asked after the health of each of the gentlemen present, at the same time exchanging the usual seasonable greetings. Then, as was also his custom, he asked of each what was the news from home. This always means in the diplomatic world: "How is my good brother the Emperor of Germany, or what is the news from my dear sister, the Queen of the Netherlands?" It is supposed that all of his questions were properly answered with pleasant information about his fellow rulers.

To the usual question to our Minister, "I hope you have good news from home," our full-hearted representative responded, "Yes, thank Your Majesty, excellent news. It is a boy, and weighs 12 pounds." This perfectly natural answer produced a suddenly suppressed explosion which almost became explosive when the American with the overflowing heart stepped out of line as the Emperor passed on, tapped him on the shoulder and said: "I beg Your Majesty's pardon. I failed to make inquiry about the health of the Empress and the little Grand Duchess."

These stories, says Mr. Roberts, might be duplicated almost without end. We do not think it democratic to attitude at home and affect to despise the etiquette that they offend; but it may be as well to acknowledge, since the fact is known to all men, that all the good nature in the world does not compensate for ridicule. Nor is there any need to tell of the actual agonies that our sturdy, common-sense American diplomatists and their timid, shrinking wives have suffered and the slights they have borne at foreign capitals, solely because of their ignorance and indifference to all the thousand and one little courtesies that are the very essence of diplomacy.

It is not to underrate the sterling qualities of Americans who have represented, under this serious handicap our country in foreign capitals, but to exalt them rather, to agree with Mr. Roberts, that "To speak of the career of Mr. Currier as a bargain, Dick," said he: "I'll go you." "What do you mean, your drivelling idiot?" inquired the King mildly. "Don't you see that it's a horse I want, not a donkey?" "Yes, sir," proceeded the youth, "I see, but I am a little horse myself; this afternoon, the prop man left the stage door open." "But for his well-timed retreat through the right upper entrance this rally would have earned for the young man a hard slap with a rattan whip, but as it was, Richard, I'll give him a good one to continue to make his reasonable report to the women and children in the matinee audience, who wholly lacked the business sense to take advantage of it."

"A Poser. Life worth the livin'?" "Kinder hard to say." "Maybe 't wasn't yesterday." "Maybe 't was today." "Can't see through tomorrow." "Ain't no way to know." "In the days that's just ahead." "What'll come an' go." "Ain't no answer written." "In any kind o' lore." "All depends on who an' what." "A feller's livin' for." —J. J. MONTAGUE.

A Sideshow Prescription.

The busy doctor was hurrying down the street when he was stopped by a man nodding for his ability to get "aldewalk" advice. "I am thoroughly worn out and sick and tired. What ought I to take?" asked the man. "Take a cab," replied the unfeling doctor.

SLINGS AND ARROWS.

A Word to Prince Henry.

Now let fortune's Princes tremble, let all potentates beware. For the voice of old Kentucky like the thunder thrills the air. Chivalry, that blood-red flower, blazes on the verdant soil. Breathing forth the heavy perfume of the fragrant past. Rifles crack and sheath knives glister, pistols sound on every side. And the fierce and outwaged Colonels gather 'round from far and wide. Wrath is flowing like old Bourbon, and conchotions all alive. That the air of old Kentucky is unhealthy for a Prince.

Alb, most noble Kaiser's brother, if your body you'd keep sound. Don't extend your glad excursions to the dark and bloody ground. Quare the stains in fact, Milwaukee, snuff Chicago's varied scents. But look out for old Kentucky and her fire-breathing fiends. For the old time you reside there are most patriotic souls. And they'll make you good for nothing but a route your travels to the northward; it will pay you better, since things just now in old Kentucky don't look healthy for a Prince.

There is something most unpleasant in the aspect of a million possibly would spoil your fun; Though the prettiest of maidens and the speediest of steers, you'll find them all. You will miss by keeping out of that fair land of your deeds. Still, we've a royal brother will be glad if you missed them when He shall greet your proud home-coming and behold you whole again. Therefore, take the old Kentucky, let these few brief words convince You that the region of the blue grass is unhealthy for a Prince.

One on the Cow.

The cow jumped over the Moon. "Cow," we observed, when she again alighted among us, "if you are acting thus eccentrially merely to attract Attention and get your Name in the Papers, well and good, but if you are endeavoring to establish a Record for altitudinous Beef, the retful Butchers have got you looking like a Two-spot in an Ace-high Cut."

At this stinging Rebuke the Cow admitted that the Gentlemen we mentioned had her skinned, and promised to sit into no Game unless a Limit was placed on the Steaks. The foregoing Fable shows why a Roast is of such great value.

Ye Happy Farmer's Life.

Of all ye lives I wot of, Ye farmer's is most honest, He tills the soil with faith and toil, And wastes no Time in Rest. He rises in ye Morning, When half past Two has struck, At Ten he hits ye Road again, If yet he has good Luck. He jays to ye ye Stable, And milks two dozen Kine, At half past Four he hangsers sore, Or fried Pork Chops and Coffee. He gladly does partake, And to complete ye Meal does eat Ye best of Butter and Cake.

He rises from ye Table, And Favors ye Fire Place, But leaves his Place full soon to chase Back home ye straying Cowe. Returning to ye House, He lingers hard till Noon, And then does snatch a Bite of Lunch, Which he despatches soon. All day he gaily labors, In Field and Stable-Yard, No till he has done his genes, Nor finds his Work is hard. He beds down in ye Cattle, When morn comes down the line, Asked after the health of each of the gentlemen present, at the same time exchanging the usual seasonable greetings. Then, as was also his custom, he asked of each what was the news from home. This always means in the diplomatic world: "How is my good brother the Emperor of Germany, or what is the news from my dear sister, the Queen of the Netherlands?" It is supposed that all of his questions were properly answered with pleasant information about his fellow rulers.

Ajax's Mistake.

"Ajax stood under the open sky and shook his fist. "What's the matter, Ajax?" asked Achilles, who happened to be returning from his club, for the hour was early. "St! Don't bother me!" replied Ajax, angrily. "Can't you see that I'm defying the Lightning?" "Lightning be hanged!" answered Achilles, with fine scorn. "That isn't Lightning, it's a question mark. You're going to New York by wireless telegraphy."

Lullaby.

There is never a wink of that little eye As hour on hour goes dragging by. The clock is ticking the night away, And it's a wonder that it's not the edge of day. The moonbeams are shining in the sky, But they find no baby that's fast asleep. Is this a time to be wide awake, Or to be tucked up with an air of doubt? And wonder at everything you see, And to chuckle and laugh in fustian glee? But who's your baby, and how are you getting on? Or to fume and fret, and scold and fuss? You've been King 'round here since you came along, And of course the King can do no wrong.

The Wit of the Spear-Bearer.

"A horse," observed Richard Bizz, with some emphasis, "my kingdom for a horse." The youth with the spear, whose chief duty consisted in saying, "Mylordtheen-empyaches," looked up. "It's a bargain, Dick," said he: "I'll go you." "What do you mean, your drivelling idiot?" inquired the King mildly. "Don't you see that it's a horse I want, not a donkey?" "Yes, sir," proceeded the youth, "I see, but I am a little horse myself; this afternoon, the prop man left the stage door open." "But for his well-timed retreat through the right upper entrance this rally would have earned for the young man a hard slap with a rattan whip, but as it was, Richard, I'll give him a good one to continue to make his reasonable report to the women and children in the matinee audience, who wholly lacked the business sense to take advantage of it."

To Lie Like an Epitaph.

Mr. Carnegie suggests as his epitaph, "Here lies a man who knew how to get around him cleverer than himself." To lie like an epitaph is proverbial. When the man in the canopy of Mr. Carnegie got a chance? "Here lies a man who made a fortune out of a robber tariff and glorified himself with the proceeds" would be nearer the truth.