The Oregonian.

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TODAY'S WEATHER-Partly cloudy, with YESTERDAY'S WEATHER-Maximum tem-

perature, 66; minimum temperature, 50; pre-cipitation, .10 inch. PORTLAND, SUNDAY, MAY 11, 1902.

PERSONAL, AND SO INTENDED.

To the voters of Oregon The Oregonian would say, as did Mr. Tate in his uddress at the Young Men's Christian 'Association Friday evening: Your ballot is not your own; it belongs to your country. You are the sovereign people of this state and Nation, and you have no more right to neglect your duty in directing governmental policies at the ballot-box than the President has to neglect his duties in the White House, The vote of a single individual may be of little consequence, but a thousand or ten thousand individuals staying away from the polls may change an election.

It is estimated that nearly 20,000 voters will not be registered when the books are closed next Thursday evening. When the people thus disregard their own political obligations, what ought they to expect from those who may be elected to represent them in official positions?

Without regard to the political affiliations of those who are yet unregistered, The Oregonian would urge again, as it has many times in the past three months, that every voter place his name upon the list of qualified electors. It is probable that the apparent diffidence of the voters is due largely to the practice which has grown up of sending out motaries to visit the farmers at their homes and make for them certificates of registration. Both political parties have followed this plan, and it is quite to be expected that farmers will wait for the visit of a notary rather than Leave their work to go to the county seat. But this should not be the means of leaving nearly 20 per cent of the voters of the state unregistered.

To whatever party you claim allegiance, or if you have no party affiliation, your country has a right to your ballot. It is your duty to study the issues of the political campaign, to form your opinions carefully and candidly, and then vote your opinions. Only in this way can the will of the majority of the people be ascertained.

A place at the ballot-box is a post of honor. The elective franchise is the greatest privilege and safeguard of the American people. To fill that position and to exercise that privilege will carry fwith the action a duty which no man can honorably avoid. You should go to Mhe polls June 2, divest your mind of bevery prejudice, disregard every personal interest, and then cast a ballot, mot for the purpose of favoring a friend or punishing an enemy, but as your honrest judgment tells you is for the best Minterests of the city, county, state or Mation.

If you can do that you are worthy the sovereignty that was bestowed upon you by the men who framed the Constitution. If you are derelict in your duty you are unworthy of American citizenship.

DIALECTS, HIGH AND LOW.

We had supposed that the Celtic sense of humor would have been sufficient to deter all Hibernians from proposing to rob society of the legended Irish po liceman with a sand-paper wig and scarlet whiskers encircling his visage as with an aureole. Can it really be by an evangelist in Portland last week possible that any one regards this delightful carlcature as the sober ex- men. "There are no brothels in any pression of intelligent opinion? It is, city," he said, "until first there are apparently, for the dispatches say so, brothels in the hearts of men." Truer just as they said a while ago that Kentucky women proposed to abolish Legree by Legislative enactment.

Now it is said by intelligent Irishmer that they never heard "begorra" and bedad" till they came to America. "Hoot mon!" is alleged to have been upon the establishments that minister unknown by our Scottish citizens on their native beath, and it is cer- kinds represented in vice. If there were rific explosion the scene was lighted tain that the familiar caricature of the no evil-minded men, there would be no Hebrew clothing merchant or pawnbroker is as gross an exaggeration as our Irish friends complain of in the wig and red whiskers. Usually there is enough cosmopolitanism in all of us to laugh at these extravagances, without malice either in performer or observer. Usually there is discernment enoughand if not there ought to be-to teach us that no nationality is free from its

accent has nothing more ridiculous than the dialects of our own "mountain whites" or the patois of our American street arabs. French immorality has nothing more chameful than the almost promiscuous intercourse which obtains in some isolated and degraded sections of our own country.

There is another side to this matter of "accent," and that is the foolish pride that bases itself on certain provincial nannerisms. If the Irish brogue or the Scotch accent is to be smiled at, so is the Boston Intonation and the soft Southern "a" or "r." English is English. There is a standard of pronuncia tion as well as of spelling, and in Webster it tells you how to form your vowels, consonants and diphthougs. It is said that the finest English is spoken in Dublin, and the finest French at The Hague, Perhaps this is true. Certainly Parisian French and London English leave something to be desired. In Germany every little district has its own pronunciation, which it will fight for as the only correct one. Each, of course is equally wrong. The vocabulary and the pronunciation that are irreproach able are those without geographical pecultarities. Sir Henry Irving and the Dublin purist and President Eliot speak alike. They who exploit peculiarities of speech only advertise their own pro vincialism.

CRANKS, MINUS THE MICROSCOPE They who saw Minnie Maddern twenty years ago or less singing in short dresses the "Blue Alsatian Mountains" and "Little Fisher Maiden" in the fresh youth of both singer and those melodious ballads will take a pleasurable pride in the appearance of Mrs. Fiske in the International Monthly for May as the author of a paper on the modern drama. No synopsis could do justice to her admirable essay-its appreciation of Shakespeare, its strictures on "problem" plays from Ibsen to "Camille," its loyalty to the traditions of the old school of faithful actors, its deprecation of didacticism and coarseness alike, its freshening breeze of optimism and health. But there is one passage in it which is apt to set the newspapermaker and newspaper-reader to thinking. We refer to her clever thrust at the critics who forever insist that the play shall preach a sermon or point a

Mrs. Fiske says that there is a considerable body of current opinion which scouts the conception of the theater as a place of amusement, rest or recreation. But she also says that this noise is made by a very few persons. They are always in evidence in the newspapers, but they make a showing highdisproportionate to their numbers. They are almost lost in the rank and file of theater-goers. Most of them never go to the theater. The few that do go are generally deadheads. No manager need cut out his course with a view to their support: A very little reflection will convince the most casual observer that Mrs. Fiske is right. People who spend money for theater tickets do so out of a desire to enjoy themselves. They are not looking for mental and moral improvement. If they want sermons there is the preacher. If they want to study venery or neurology there are the professor and the hospital. This discovery of the numerical value

of the theatrical moralist affords a hint for the overworked interpreter of public opinion that may be utilized in other fields. The Oregonian has printed in the past five years a great many letters on the adoption of bimetalism by the Republican party and the prosperity which therefrom resulted. The uninitiated reader may have formed the impression that this is a widespread popular conviction; but, come to think of it, these letters all came from the sions of "S. Pennoyer," "X.," "Citizen," "Fair Play," etc.

There is a man in Portland who must have married injudiciously, for whenever matrimony is up for discussion he writes a letter in tremendous derogation of womankind. There is a good woman on the East Side who always comes to the front when prohibition is attacked. There is a man in South Portland who writes an anonymous letter to The Oregonian whenever the Portland Savings Bank is remotely referred to. Two or three "common-point" flends can make more noise than a whole stateful of farmers, and our devoted band of socialists would fill the paper up every day with public opinion on their own lines if they were permitted,

Let us then be reassured. If any have wondered why the theatrical manager has dared to defy the strident public sentiment that demands orthodoxy from the leading man and repentant homilies from the "heavy," they can find it in Mrs. Fiske's assurance that this same public sentiment occupies about one seat by the manager's courtesy on the second night. If any have been momentarily perturbed by the loud call for abolition of everything existing and the establishment of all things unknown and untried, let them reflect that the true reformer, eccentric and irreconcliable, has to be multiplied to about 1000 diameters to deserve any numerical

Perhaps this is one reason why the reformer permits himself such latitude, He knows his radical proposals have no chance of adoption. Otherwise, as a reasoning being, he would desist and tread the road as steadily as the rest of us. Be charitable, therefore, with the crank, He feels called upon to diversify the landscape, and would doubtless deprecate it ruefully as any one if he were to be taken seriously. If there were no men with long hair or women with Derbys, how could we appreciate the delights of civilization at their true

PURITY FOR MEN.

value? ..

A very suggestive remark was made in the course of his addresses to young word was never spoken, and it is worth while to commend the public teacher who so far departs from the beaten path of professional reformers as to recognize that reformation lies in the heart rather than in punitive pressure to unrestrained appetites of the various fallen women. And if all the fallen women on the face of the earth could be swept away in an instant as by a Martinique upheaval, man's unregen-Whitechapels of every city with fresh

victims of his force or cunning. The nature of man provides an ex planation for his abuse of womankind,

feminine reach is afforded in the liver of countless men, brave, virile and vigorous as any, but dominated by the power of conscience or an inborn love of goodness and truth. He who has not known such men in every walk of life has employed his gregarious capacity to poor purpose. He has lived in a far more dark and sullied world than the natural one in which every man is permitted to dwell. Such examples of pure yet robust manhood as come within the view of every life should b cultivated by all, especially by the young. A man's character is largely ormed by his acquaintances. He mo his destiny when he selects his friends The blessing he picks out for himself when he seeks the society of the great and good is inestimable; and when he permits his leisure hours to be dominated by men whom he knows, however gifted and winning they are, to be unworthy a pure woman's love and re spect, he starts on a downward path whose end is lost in deepening shadows of an endless night.

Humanity, let us say, is an experiment. What Buckle and Spencer Gibbon and Draper have written on the power of climatic and racial forces is largely incontrovertible. Yet equally true and of vastly more compelling meaning to the soul are the infinite vistas of choice opened up before the Human Will. The destiny of humanity, whether upward to the stars or down ward by retracing steps again to the beast, is in the keeping of the individual consciences of the multitudinous units of the race. It is an inauspicious token that so many men of brains and force of character are disposed to look with lenience upon the submerging of the higher nature under whelming waves of self-indulgence. Whatever a man's heredity, whatever his early and late environment, an obligation is laid upon him to lift his better nature up and keep his passions down. On each there rests, accordingly, a measure of responsibility for the outcome of creation, and in the surrender of the noble to the false in any life there is a dis tinct betrayal of the eternal plan which made the world so beautiful and created man in the image of his Maker. The man whose baser passions are not dis ciplined into perfect control may be wise and great and otherwise good, but there is a blemish on his character which extends to other lives. The mis ery of the half-world lies at the door of men who ought to be pure.

EARTHQUAKES, OLD AND NEW. In the history of disaster involving the loss of human life, earthquake accompanied by volcanic action takes the lead as an element of destruction. Briefly stated, 13,000,000 of people have perished from this cause during the period covered by authentic data, while the less in property for all practical purposes exceeds computation. Going back to the first century of the Christian era we find the people of the anelent City of Pompell arrested in the full flow of a wickedness that was distorted into the guise of pleasure by this greatest of calamities. The city was slowly but surely invested with a gray shroud of ashes, in preparation for a burial that was accomplished when Vesuvius disembogued lava in a flery stream, overwhelming and obliterating it. The neighboring cities of Herculaneum and Stablae shared with Pompell the fate of extinction as cities of the living through this great convulsion of Nature, which was literally the opening of a valve through which the contending elements of fire, water and air vented their power and their wrath. The number of lives destroyed by the burial of these cities can only be conjectured. It is sufficient to know that they numbered many thousands.

All along the track of history we find records of earthquakes and volcanic eruptions coming suddenly, causing fielpless consternation and leaving death in their wake. Superstition in past ages found in them a terrible expression of the wrath of God, or of the displeasure of the gods, and puny human hands and terrified human voices were lifted in supplication in the desperate plous hope that thereby this expression of offended Delty might be turned aside. One of the most notable of the relatively modern earthquakes was that of Lisbon in 1775, which took into the awful maw of earth and sea 60,000 human beings. Japan has in later years and at various times been in the throes of this prodigious power by which she herself was projected out of the sea, and her people by hundreds of thousands have been swallowed up by the yawning earth and engulfing waters. South America has been fre quently the scene of disastrous earthquakes, that of Caracas in 1822 being familiar to the students of geography half a century and more ago, illustrated as it was by pictures, purely imaginary, yet sufficiently graphic of yawning fissures into which reeling houses and despairing human beings

were sinking. The United States has been relatively exempt from disastrous earthquakes, though not entirely so. Early in the century-in 1811-12-prolonged seismic disturbances occurred near the head of the Mississippi Delta, This was known as the New Madrid earthquake, and the of about two years, but owing to the sparse population of the area affected, no loss of life occurred as the result of the protracted disturbances. Minor shocks have occurred from time to time in California, and tremors of very brief duration have extended along the coast to Alaska, but there have been no violent or destructive shocks in this region in recent years. The earthquake of place within the United States. The incidents of this event are still fresh in the public mind. These were of terror, apprehension and loss of property rather than of loss of life. The property loss amounted to between \$8,000,000 and \$10,000,000, while the loss of life was less

than three-score, Ranking with the terrible calamities of Lisbon and Caracas, and approaching in fatality those of ancient Pompell and of modern Japan, is the calamity that a few days ago befell St. Pierre, on the French Island of Martinique, Accounts tell us that the earth and sea in the vicinity were for a time obscured by vapor and ashes; that following a tersuddenly by a livid glare as a volume of molten lava rolled from the open crater of Mount Pelee to the sea, burying the city of 25,000 people so that as far as known not one escaped; laying erate heart would quickly people the waste the neighboring country with a flery rain, and causing the death all told of at least 40,000 people. The imagination of a Dante would halt in the attempt to describe such a scene, and but no justification. The proof that from such description as is possible horpeculiarities. Irish brogue or Scotch purity is within masculine as well as ror-stricken humanity turns shudder- not count

ngly away. A calamity against which human power, either of strength or ought or flight, can offer no defence; of the causes of which even science refuses to speak with its accusomed positiveness; dreadful in anticipa tion, terrible beyond words, in its realization the world can only hear with wonder and pity the dictates of this oldnew catastrophe that adds 40,000 human lives to the long casualty list of vio-

The Salvation Army in this country has planted three colonies in pursuance of its plan to elevate the people of the slums in cities by giving them a chance to work in the country. These are located at Fort Amity, Colo.; Fort Romie Cal., and Fort Herrick, O. Together they contain nearly 400 people, who were utterly destitute when taken from the city slums. These people have greatly improved in condition and morals, are comfortably housed and clad, and well ed. This they compass for themselves, being simply given the opportunity. They have paid back to the army nearly \$13,000 of the money advanced to them in the beginning, and want nothing, except in the way of a loan, that they cannot earn. The idea is not to make them subjects of charity, but to give them a chance to support themselves and encourage them in habits of thrift and independence. This is in direct line with intelligent charitable effort here and elsewhere. Mr. Thomas Strong set this principle out in strong language in these columns recently, and people who are genuinely, "sorry for the poor" will do well to follow the suggestion that the City Board of Charlties be allowed to dispense their aims.

If the Northern Securities Company does not control the parallel transcon tinentals, Great Northern and Northern Pacific, as the answer in the "antimerger" sult implies, how does the existence of that "trust" have any bearing on the situation of the Burlington? And would Mr. Harriman, who said control of the Burlington by the Northern lines a year ago produced a situation unendurable for the Union Pacific, be pacified by an arrangement that leaves him no voice in the affairs of the Burlington? Harriman interests are ade quately represented on the board of the Northern Securities, and in that manner only is the Union Pacific protected from the Northern combination. But if the Northern combination is not dominated by Northern Securities, where is Mr. Harriman's protection? In that case the Union Pacific is in an "unendurable situation"; but it doesn't seem to be suffering. The serenity of the Harriman people is a strong argument that the Northern Securities is doing just what it was organized to do, and that it does govern the Northwestern raliroad field and reduces the competition

therein. The names of a number of men notable in the various walks of public life have been added to the list of the dead within the past week. Among these is that of Amos J. Cummings, member of Congress from New York; Admiral Sampson, of the United States Navy; Archbishop Corrigan, of the Roman Catholic Diocese of New York; Bret Harte, the American author, whose tales of the mining camp formed a distinctive feature of the early literature of the Pacific Coast; Paul Lelcester Ford, a story-writer of recent fame, and Potter Palmer, of Chicago, prominent in the world of finance. For a time it looked as though the name of Wilhelmina, the young Queen of Holland, would be added to this list, but the danger that threatened her life seems to have passed. Death came to each of these men suddenly, to one tragically, and all have been with eulogy, and some with pomp and circumstance. The record is a remarkable one as covering the mortuary

events of a single week. There is a bill before Congress providing for the payment of an annuity of \$5000 to Miss Clara Barton. Miss Barton's services in behalf of humanity in stress of war, pestilence or famine are well known. Their value is above all computation, and they have been given often at great inconvenience, suffering and expense to herself. In view of these facts she is much more justly entitled to an annuity from the Government than is any wealthy woman of ease whose sole claim to such consideration is that she married a man who in the course of years became President. The public, however, of whom Congress is supposed to be the echo, does not view the matter in this way, and, bound by precedent, continues to favor women whom circumstances have favored, and leave those who have worked their way to distinction through heroic deeds or deeds of mercy to work their way still. This is the way of the world, whereof it is useless to complain, and against which it is vain to strive with words.

It is said that within the past six months 4000 immigrants who have landed in Canada, hoping to cross over into the United States, have been stranged there, as our immigration inspectors series of shocks extended over a period would not permit them to pass. A great many of these people are suffering from infectious diseases which are the direct result of filthy and unsanitary habits and conditions, hence our inspectors would not accept them. Of course, Canada does not want them, but, having effected a landing within her borders, she finds it difficult or impossible to displace them. The remedy, if there is to be one for this state of affairs, lies in Charleston, S. C., in 1886 is the only holding steamship companies to a destructive earthquake that has taken stricter accountability in the matter of holding steamship companies to a be "assisted" to America over their lines.

> The public is to be congratulated upon the settlement that has been amicably effected between sawmill-owners and their employes in this city. We are now at the beginning of a building season of great activity and wide influence in the labor world. A check upon this activity at this time would be disastrous, and its ill effects would extend far beyond the present time. All concerned, including the general public, are fortunate in this reasonable adjustment of differences.

Cable dispatches have been received at Vienna stating that the Dowager Empress of China is insane. The story should not be doubted. The cunning of insanity has been noticeable in Tel An's actions for many years. But she manages to keep the throne for herself against all comers, notwithstanding this fact. Nothing less than death will displace her. Insanity in her case does

THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEIL

From Bulwer Lytton's Celebrated Novel The cloud, which had scattered so deep s murkiness over the day, had now settled into a solid and impenetrable mass. It resembled less even the thickest gloom of a night in the open air than the close and blind darkness of some narrow room But in proportion as the blackness gathered, did the lightnings around Vesuvius increase in their vivid and scorching glare. Nor was their horrible beauty cor fined to the usual hues of fire; no rainbow ever rivaled their varying and prodigal dyes. Now brightly blue as the most azure depth of a Southern sky-now of dyes. a livid snake-like green, darting restlessly to and fro as the folds of an enormous serpent-now of a lurid and intolerab crimson, gushing forth through the columns of smoke, far and wide, and light ing up the whole city from arch to arch
-then suddenly dying into a sickly paleness, like the ghost of their own life; In the pauses of the showers, you heard the rumbling of the earth beneath, and the groaning waves of the tortured sea; or, lower still, and audible but to the watch of intensest fear, the grinding and hissing murmur of the escaping gases through the chasms of the distant moun-

tain.

derers, the unsubstantial vapors were as the bodily forms of gigantic foes-the agents of terror and of death. The ashes in many places were already knee-deep; and the boiling showers which came from the steaming breath of the voicano forced their way into the houses bearing with them a strong and suffocat ng vapor. In some places, immense fragments of rock, hurled upon the house roofs, bore down along the streets masses of confused ruin, which yet more and more, with every hour, obstructed the way; and as the day advanced, the motion of the earth was more sensibly felt-the footing seemed to slide and creep-

upon the other, and vanishing swiftly

the turbulent abyss of shade; so that, to

the eyes and fancies of the affrighted wan-

nor could charlot or litter be kept steady. even on the most level ground, Sometimes the huger stones, striking against each other as they feil, broke into countless fragments, emitting sparks of fire, which caught whatever was combu within their reach; and along plains beyond the city the darkness was now terribly relieved; for several houses, and even vineyards, had been set on nd even fiames; and at various intervals, the fires rose sullenly and flercely against the solid gloom. To add to this partial relief of the darkness, the citizens had, here and there, in the more public places, such as the portices of temples and the entrances to the Forum, endeavored to place rows torches; but these rarely continued long; the showers and the winds extinguished them, and the sudden darkness into which their fitful light was converted had some thing in it doubly terrible and doubly im-pressive on the impotence of human

hopes, the lesson of despair.

Frequently, by the momentary light of these torches, parties of fugitives encountered each other, some hurrying toward the sea, others flying from the sea ocean had reback to the land; for the ocean had re-treated rapidly from the shore an utter darkness lay over it, and upon its groaning and tossing waves, the storm of cinders and rocks fell without the protection which the streets and roofs afforded to the land. Wild-haggard-ghastly, with supernatural fears, these groups encoun-tered each other, but without the leisure to speak, to consult, to advise; for the showers fell now frequently, though not continuously, extinguishing the lights, which showed to each band the deathlike of the other, and hurrying all to seck refuge beneath the nearest shelter. The whole elements of civilization were broken up. Ever and anon, by the filekering lights, you saw the thief hastening by the most solemn authorities of the law, laden with, and fearfully chuckling over. the produce of his sudden gains. If in the band, or parent from child, vain was the hope of reunion, Each hurried blindly and confusedly on. Nothing in all the various and complicated machinery of so-cial life was left save the primal law of self-preservation!

Advancing, as men grope for escape in a dungeon, Ione and her lover continued their uncertain way. At the moments when the volcanic lightnings lingered over the streets, they were enabled, by that awful light, to steer and guide their progress; yet, little did the view it presented to them cheer or encourage their path In parts, where the ashes lay dry and mmixed with the boiling torrents cast upward from the mountain at capricious intervals, the surface of the earth presented a leprous and ghastly white. In other places, cinder and rock lay matted in heaps, from beneath which emerged the half-hid limbs of some crushed and mangled fugitive. The groans of the dying were broken by wild shricks of wo en's terror-now near, now distant-which, when heard in the utter darkness were rendered doubly appalling by the crushing sense of helplessness and uncer tainty of the perils around; and clear and distinct through all were the mighty and various noises from the fatal mountainitis rushing winds; its whirling torrents and, from time to time, the burst and roar of some more flery and flerce explosion. And ever as the winds swept howling clong the street, they bore sharp streams of burning dust, and such sickening and polsonous vapors as took away, for the instant, breath and consciousness, fol-lowed by a rapid revuision of the arrested blood, and a tingling sensation of agony trembling through every nerve and fiber of the frame,

Suddenly, as he spoke, the place became lighted with an intense and lurid glow. Bright and gigantic through the darkness, which closed around it like the of hell, the mountain shone-a pile of fire! Its summit seemed riven in two; or rather, above its surface there seemed to rise two monster shapes, each confronting each, as demons contending for a world. These were of one deep, blood-red hue of fire, which lighted up the whole atmosphere far and wide; but below, the nether part of the mountain was still dark and shi ed, save in three places, adown which flowed, serpentine, and irregular, rivers of molten lava. Darkly red through the profound gloom of their banks, they flowed holding steamship companies to a slowly on as toward the devoted city. stricter accountability in the matter of Over the broadest there seemed to spring a allowing the destitute and defective to bragged and stupendous arch, from which, as from the jaws of hell, gushed the sources of the sudden Phlegethon. And through the stilled air was heard the ratof the fragments of rock, hurtling one upon another as they were borne down the flery cataracts—darkening, for one instant, the spot where they fell, and suf-fused the next, in the burnished hues of the flood along which they floated!

> And meekly, softly, beautifully, dawned at last the light over the trembling deep! the winds were sinking into rest—the foam died from the glowing azure of that delicious sea. Around the east, thin mists caught gradually the rosy hues that heralded the morning; Light was about to resume her reign. Yet, still, dark and massive in the distance, lay the broken fragments of the destroying cloud, from which red streaks, burning dimiler and more dim, betrayed the yet rolling frees of the mountain of the "Scorched Fields." The white walls and gleaming columns that had adorned the lovely coasts were no more. Sullen and dull were the shores so lately crested by the cities of Herculaneum and Pompell. The darlings of the deep were anatched from her embrace! Century after century shall the mighty Mother stretch forth her asure arms, and know them not-moaning round the sepulchres of the Lost!

MUSINGS BY THE WAYSIDE.

How many people, I wonder, who did not know him, except through his stories, feel a personal loss in the death of Bret Harte? After winning high and permanent place in American literature. went into congenial exile across the waters and, it may be assumed, found among another English-speaking people full content. He tried it, but he did nothing notable in a foreign country. His fame rests on his California stories and some exceptionally clever verse. foundation is secure. And though he chose to forsake his native land, he left us the best that was in him. What a charitable man he was! Where is there another writer who puts into the hearts and minds of social outcasts the manly and womanly attributes which are the priceless heritage of mankind? It is very evident that Harte believed that accident as often as intent made gamblers and Magdalens out of those who, under othe circumstances and in other environment could have led honorable lives. He never excused crime nor put rainbow tints or immorality; he did not make preachments but throughout his whole writings he taught that no man or woman is entirely ain. Sometimes the cloud appeared to reak from its solid mass, and, by the lost; that the divinity in the human be lightning, to assume quaint and vast ing can not be killed.
mimicries of human or of monster shapes. striding across the gloom, hurtling one

Harte delighted to tell by indirection the beauty of sacrifice; he created real heroes. True, they did not carry swords nor look forward to stars on their shoulderstraps, and their pictures on the front page of every newspaper between two oceans, but the stuff out of which real heroes are made was in them. And his heroes were always modest, seeing their duty and doing it without the aid and inspiration of the flag and brass bands He makes "Mother Shipton," the tough est woman of Poker Flat, starve herself to death in order to furnish food for an innocent girl. For a tale of life-long devotion, read "Miggles." Always to be onsistent, Harte never holds out hope of reward. There is only the sweetness of sacrifice.

Bret Harte notes in the rude life of every Callfornia mining camp a deference to pure woman which amounts to rever nce. They are always under protection That interesting old fraud, Colonel Starbottle, whose worship of the weaker sex is stamped with Southern chivalry, is not more courteous than the driver of the Slumgullion stage. Mr. John Oakhurst gambler, though he never presumes to address folk outside his own craft, de velops a knowledge of proprietles equal to that of Mr. Van Bibber, gentleman, Fifth avenue, New York.

Bret Harte was the prince of storyellers; the master of the short story. Professor Brander Matthews, in "Per and Ink," has a chapter on the philosophy of the Short-story. He defines it thus: The difference between a Novel and Novelette is one of length only; a Nov elette is a brief Novel. But the difference etween a Novel and a Short-story is a difference of kind. A true Short-story is something other and something more than a mere story which is short. A true Short-story differs from the Novel chiefly in its essential unity of impression. In a far more exact and precise use of the word, a Short-story has unity as a novel cannot have it. A Short-story deals with a single character, a single event, a single emotion or a series of emotions called forth by a single situation. . . . I have written Short-story with a capital S and a hyphen because I wished to emphasize the distinction between the Short-story and the story which is merely short. The Short-story is a high and difficult department of fiction."

In a little corner of my own mental gal-In a little corner of my favorite ShortI hang a picture of my favorite ShortTo plant the seeds, contented if they reached to the surface of the ground there first, and I have often wished he would write another story half so good as "The Man Without a Country." erward Bret Harte occupied the place of honor. He was never removed, but for several years Kipling hung to the left of him. Perhaps if Richard Harding Davis had conceived another story equal to "Her First Appearance," he, too, would have had a place. A few years later, when I finished "Domsie," "A Doctor of the Old School" and "Drumsheugh's Love Story," I took down Kipling and hung Ian Maciaren. Measured by the pleasure I have received, I put Bret Harte first of all, and I wish to record my sense of personal loss in his death.

When an insane brother murdered Paul Leicester Ford last Thursday, American literature was robbed of a creative gen- terday for some information, he thrashed tus. There is no telling what he might the fellow within an inch of his life. This have done. Ford was young. In his early is statesmanship of a kind that counts. 30's he wrote "The Honorable Peter Stirling," the best American novel of recent years. Best? Without question. Perhaps some reader of the clever and some times fascinating "historical" novels with years will "prove" by the number of tons sold that "The Honorable Peter Stirling" holds only the eleventh or twelfth place. Borrowing his argument, I retort that the New York Journal or the World sells 19 times as many copies as the New and not to pay street-car fare. York Evening Post; yet the Post, for ability and character, is easily the best daily newspaper in New York.

Who is to succeed Sol Smith Russell? He was sui generis. He never reminded you of any one else, and no one else could remind you of him. Off the stage as on, he was quaint, simple, affectionate, hopeful, patient, with strong love for children and a reservoir of humor as large as the world. While his speech lacked wofully the musical quality, I cannot repleased the ear, but, some way or other, stirred the latent emotions and put you on better terms with yourself. And his funny legs. They were so long and so siender and so eloquent in their awkwardness. He did not use them acrebatically, like Tom Seabrooke, but like an overgrown boy, who did not know exactly what to do with them. I always think of Russell as a loving uncle of adopted orphans, who in stress made a brave fight and got his just reward.

the American people may safely begin to make their final and permanent estimate is hope for the country. of him. They could not do this so long as he was alive. They did not do it with Lincoln or with Grant. Now they will collect and weigh the evidence, and they will listen to the opinions of naval experts of other nations, and a few years hence will bring in their verdict. future Captain Mahan will put the facts and the findings into a bound record. Temperamental fallings which his contemporaries observed with regret will not be known to the rising generation. In the course of time Admiral Schley will pass To the prise that is to be. away and present acerbities will vanish, and it will be written that Sampson was the greatest all 'round man in the American Navy. L

SLINGS AND ARROWS-

To a Dollar. Bright disc, whose straffic and unaccustomed

weight I feel but lightly in my welcoming hand, Thou talisman of weal or woe, what fate
Has placed thy services at my command?
To Rockefeller thou wouldst seem a thing
In many millions, worth no thought, alone,
But I consider of the joys thou'lt bring,
And deem thee wealth that I am proud to

The size and value of a dented dime;

Far larger than the moon in harvest time. That hatchet-visaged goddess holds the key To food and drink, and whiffs of grateful A rich reward of princely luxury

Well carned by weary days of living broke I shall not speculate upon the ways Which thou wilt take to leave my company, Enough that I may gratify my gaze,

While thee art still sojourning here with me. For though it is thy wont to come and go As bidden back and forth by other men. To me thou art a stranger, and I know I ne'er may look upon thy like again.

It Bidn't Work, "Portia," said Brutus, as he bade her a fond farewell, "I may return home late this evening. Assassination is rife, and I have been urged to attend a meeting which has for its purpose the murder of our old friend, Mr. Caesar. We meet to

decide on the weapons." "Nonsense!" answered his spouse, indignantly. "You are going out for a time, and you are just inventing an excuse. Whenever you want to embark on a spree lately you tell me you are merely going to assassinate somebody, or dynamite the Collseum, or hang Marc Anthony, I know very well that no such innocent object would take you from the house at this time of night."

And with a feeling of one unjustly accused, but nevertheless up against it, Brutus went forth on his purely harmless "and gentle errand.

A Job-Like Gardener.

There is no joy which fitly can compare With delving in the bosom of the earth, Constructing paney beds and trenches for The radiantly blossoming sweet pea, Besmearing tracts of ground with unslaked

And is in turn devoured greedily By that sly, slimy insect called the slug-To poison which you spread it on your

I've planted popples, peoples and peas, Nasturtiums and verbenss in my time, And compassed them about with lime and

sand: Besprinkled them with soot and other things Inevitably fatal to the slug; And seen the slugs grow sleek as aldermen, Establish homes adjacent to the lime; And, heeding what the Scripture strict enjoins Rear families of most colossal size; And when the lime and flowers both were gone Sit hungrily upon their nether limbs And clamor that I furnish them with

I've watched with eager eyes the tender shoots Put forth above the surface of the ground, Rejoicing in their rapid, healthy growth, And picturing estatically the time When all my yard should blossom as the rose, With flowers like my mother used to grow. I've seen the dews of evening kiss the beds And gloried in the promise that they gave; And when the sun illumed the Eastern skies I've seen the guilty cutworms hie them home Distended far beyond their normal size With all the goodly increase of my plants.

There are, I know, upon this smiling earth Verbenas, popples, peonles and pease, And fair nasturtiums, too, that sprout and

grow,
And blossom in their due, appointed time, Molested not by slugs, and cutworm shunned But I suspect, as seasons come around, And never blade of green of mine appears Above the earth that is not seized unon And borne away to feed some slug's foul brood, That those who have such gardens must employ

Policemen to patrol their beds all night, Equipped with Mauser rifles, who will shoot The first base slug who dares to show his head, As such a force to guard one's plants comes

sprouting to the surface of the ground And making garden simply for the foy One finds in delving in the fragrant earth,

The Statesmen of the South.

From the Pike County Incendiary. The South is letting the rest of the country know that it is on earth. In the Senate chamber yesterday Senator Tiller challenged any man from Massachusetts of twice his weight to meet him in front of the president's desk, and when no one took him up, he blacked the eyes of both, just to let them know he wasn't afraid of them. We breed statesmen in this coun-

From the Alabama Alligator. Our distinguished senior Senator is making a record for himself in Washington, When approached by a correspondent yes-

From the Mississippi Boomerang. The quality of Southern statesmen is not strained. Senator Cash rebuked a streetcar conductor who questioned his right to which we have been deluged the past four ride without paying his fare by slicing the upstart's hand into ribbons. Perhaps after awhile the riff-raff around Washington will discover that the Southern gentlemen who have been sent to Washington are there to transact the Nation's business,

> From the Carolina Moccasta. Again has the superior ability and grasp of National affairs of our Senators been

vindicated. While Senator McLaurie was in a hotel a day or two ago he was accosted by a person who presumed to criticise some of his recent utterances. A short-arm jab soon laid the ruffian low, and no further test will be required to prove that our Senators know how the country should be run. While we do not agree with our Senator in politics, we are call a more charming voice-not one that | fully in accord with his methods, and feel convinced that he is imbued with the true Southern spirit,

From the Georgia Cracker.

Our representatives in Washington may not be long on popularity at the White House, but they certainly know what measures are best for the country, and to their presence the Nation owes a large measure of its prosperity. There is not one among them that can be given the lie with impunity, and should any occasion arise for a mix-up they will be found Now that Admiral Sampson is dead, right in the shuffle. While such a standard of statesmanship is maintained there

There's a flash like the gilnt of silver On the riffles that foam below, And a thrill is sent down the rod that's beat In a slender, tapering bow; There's a wild and sudden mingling Of the voices of stream and pine
With the joyous peal of the singing reel,
As it yields to the vibrant line.

And the hand grows firm and steady, And the eyes can only see Where the waters close o'er the thread that

A gleam in the golden sunshine, And you know that the fish is fast. Now skill meets skill, and will meets will, For the battle is on at last!

—J. J. MONTAGUE.