

The Oregon Daily Journal

C. S. Jackson.

JOURNAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, Proprietors.

Address THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL, 222 Yamhill Street, between Fourth and Fifth, Portland, Oregon.

INDEPENDENT DEMOCRATIC PAPER OF OREGON.

Entered at the Postoffice of Portland, Oregon, for transmission through the mails as second-class matter. Postage for single copies—For an 8, 10 or 12-page paper, 1 cent; 14 to 25 pages, 2 cents; over 25 pages, 3 cents.

Business Office—Oregon, Main 509; Columbia, 705. Editorial Room—Oregon, Main 509. City Editor—Oregon, Main 250.

Terms by Carrier:

THE JOURNAL, one year	\$5.00
THE JOURNAL, six months	2.50
THE JOURNAL, three months	1.25
THE JOURNAL, by the week	.10

Terms by Mail:

THE JOURNAL, one year	\$4.00
THE JOURNAL, six months	2.00
THE JOURNAL, three months	1.00
THE JOURNAL, by mail, per year	2.00
THE JOURNAL, by mail, three months	1.00

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Man is an infinite little copy of God; that is glory enough for man. I am a man, an invisible atom, a drop in the ocean, a grain of sand on the shore. Little as I am, I feel the God in me, because I can also bring forth out of my chaos. I make books, which are creations. I feel in myself that future life: I am like a forest which has been more than once cut down; the new shoots are stronger and livelier than the old.

WHY MULTNOMAH IS POOR.

The investigation of the affairs of Multnomah County which is now in progress and to which The Journal has repeatedly directed public attention, has convincingly shown that the burden of taxation has been most unequally distributed. The report of the experts filed a month ago shows that during the six years covered by their search the county lost hundreds of thousands of dollars through the compromise or cancellation of its claims for taxes, with the inevitable consequence that the county's indebtedness now exceeds half a million dollars. In other words those who avoided the payment of taxes, by means of these compromises and cancellations, not only escaped the burden which rightfully belonged upon their own shoulders, but they have thrown it upon the remainder of the community.

The average taxpayer knows in a vague sort of a way that taxes are levied to meet future expenses, but he does not always understand that there is no such thing as a surplus. On the contrary the very fact that a county indebtedness exists shows that the tax levies have not been sufficient to meet the expenditures. It inevitably follows that if any tax is not paid, a heavier levy must be made in the future in order to make up the deficiency, and those who have paid their own taxes regularly in the past must pay more so as to make up for those who escaped payment. Or, to put it in figures, if \$50,000 of the taxes assessed are not collected, an extra mill will have to be added in the next or some subsequent levy, in order to make up the deficiency.

Taxes are a necessity in all civilized communities and their payment is a duty none can shirk. The failure of any property owner to pay his taxes shifts the burden which rightfully belongs to him upon the shoulders of others who have already borne their just proportion. To evade the payment of a just tax is a gross imposition upon the other taxpayers of the community.

In former years when the mortgage tax law was in force, the indebtedness resting upon any piece of property was deducted from the assessor's valuation of the property. As the assessed valuation was never more than half the actual value, the owner of incumbered property who failed to pay his mortgage tax escaped taxation altogether.

During the hard years following 1890 hundreds of taxpayers allowed their taxes to become delinquent. Finally about the year 1890 it was determined to enforce the payment of these delinquent taxes. Out of the attempted collection of these taxes grew the remarkable "settlements" made by the County Commissioners, which have been the subject of the recent expert investigation. The people are beginning to understand these transactions and their eyes are fixed upon the present County Judge and his associates upon the Board of Commissioners, to see whether anything is to be done toward righting the manifest wrongs to the county and to the taxpayers.

The people will not be satisfied with glittering generalities. Temporizing and evasion will not be tolerated. The taxpayers demand action, prompt, fearless and uncompromising.

The Journal has made no charges against any of the officials who were in office when these transactions took place, believing that it is the province of the constituted authorities to fix the blame for the wrong doing. It is not contended that every compromise of the county's claims for taxes was improper, for in many instances gross irregularities in assessment had occurred, making it wise and prudent to waive a portion of the amount due. It is not to such cases as these that the expert has called attention, but to those settlements which appear on their face so unreasonable, imprudent or irregular as to demand the fullest investigation.

Let the light be turned on these shady transactions and let the taxpayers know the truth.

HERMANN'S HOPES.

Binger Hermann has hopes in his contest. He is not without grounds for some encouragement. Viewing the mortality of gold standard men in a purely gold standard party, and the corresponding political vitality in the same party of its free silver heretics, he is justified in his ambition to fill out the Silver Republican quartette, comprising the delegation from Oregon.

Oregon, in 1896, was the single gold spot on the map of the Northwest, a mere color in the wide expanse of silver. Mr. Hermann's party won that victory after a momentous struggle, and by the skin of its teeth. It was not a victory over the Democratic party, for that party was in a normal and hopeless minority. The real contest was against Silver Republicans, without whose presence there would have been no contest. These Silver Republicans received their financial education from certain Republican teachers, whose commanding position in the party made their instructions authoritative. When the battle came on they exclaimed for gold in belated and apologetic tones, but the silver seed they had sown sprang into so rank a harvest that the gold standard reapers were barely able to mow it down. Mr. Hermann was one of the sowers.

The Republican party in Oregon has always vaunted itself for this triumph and largely through the mouths of the men who made the triumph so dearly to be bought. At this distance from that sanguinary struggle, we look for the banner of gold in Oregon. It is in the hands of the silver men.

There is Mr. Mitchell, who went to the planet Mars for a silver figure of speech not afforded his rich imagination by any sublimity experience. He is in the Senate. There is Charley Fulton, who proved quite satisfactorily that the ratio of 16 to 1 was the proper Republican ratio. He is in the Senate. If Mr. Williamson cannot be quoted on that subject, it is simply because he cannot be quoted, the ripeness of

his intellect on this question having been delayed to a later date. And there is Mr. Hermann. Why should he lose hope?

On the other hand, there were men in those days who sweat blood for that cause which today is proclaimed to crown the Republican party with a golden halo of never fading glory. Where are they? The man at the helm, who guided the old craft through these troubled waters, was Joseph Simon. He is retired by his party with such contentment that there is no Silver Republican so poor to do him reverence. There is Governor Geer, who sounded the golden note on every stump in Oregon. He was cashiered by a convention of the gold standard party. There is Malcolm Moody, who suffered his first defeat fighting against free silver in the convention that nominated his free silver antagonist, Mr. Ellis. Mr. Moody is a private citizen, and Mr. Ellis is in a comfortable office created for his special benefit. And there is Mr. Scott! What free Silver Republican was not wounded by his shafts? What mortal combat was ever waged with such unflinching courage? And his reward? To be rejected and rebuked, and to add to the sting of it, to be refused a plaintive plea, for help by that silver prince, his willom friend, the ineffable Mr. Brownell.

But Mr. Hermann is for gold now. Indeed, and so are they all. Those other silver men have been forgiven, and why not he? But to what point will the forgiveness for political sins like that be carried—a sin proclaimed to be so perilous to the country as to be unforgivable in a Democrat? Is the Republican party of Oregon sincerely for the gold standard when it puts all its political sinners in and all its political saviors out?

Republican managers in Ohio are preparing to use automobiles for the distribution of political pamphlets in the next campaign, but they should impress upon the chauffeurs that the loyalty of the staunchest Republican will scarcely survive being run over.

MUNICIPAL HOUSE CLEANING.

Bodding and corruption have become so common a feature of municipal government in this country that the public has come to regard them almost as inevitable ills, as much to be expected as taxes or winter storms. It is most gratifying when there is an occasional strong reminder that these evils are remediable and that every community holds the remedy in its own hands. Such a reminder is afforded by the conviction of the former Mayor of Minneapolis, A. A. Ames, whose trial on the charge of receiving bribes terminated yesterday in a verdict of guilty.

The result is the culmination of the reform movement in Minneapolis which has overthrown one of the worst rings that ever disgraced an American city. No graft was too contemptible or too shameful for "Doc" Ames, as he was familiarly called, and he levied systematic tribute from the criminal classes, using the police as his go-betweens and collectors. So flagrant had this official blackmail become that the decent citizens finally rose in revolt. The ring was overthrown, and Ames fled from the city, but was finally brought back and compelled to stand trial.

The example afforded by Minneapolis, to say nothing of St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Chicago, New York and other Eastern cities, is an emphatic lesson upon the necessity of frequent and thorough municipal house cleaning. No city can afford to neglect it. There is probably not a large city in the country whose affairs would not be improved today by a rigid investigation of the methods pursued in its various departments and a merciless exposure of any abuses that may exist.

How great is the need for reform is never known until the investigation is made. The longer it is postponed, the more unpleasant will be the sights and smells when the house cleaning is finally commenced.

WHO IS THIS COWGILL?

W. C. Cowgill, who poses as a newspaper man, connected with the Baker City Democrat, is going over the state raising his brazen, gold-lined voice "in behalf of the people" as his pretense, in securing names to petitions calling for a referendum vote on the portage railroad law and the corporation tax law, passed by the last Legislature, in the hopes of defeating these measures.

The question is asked: Is Mr. Cowgill doing this from a sense of conscientiousness, because he thinks these acts are detrimental to the people's interests, or is he doing the work for hire? The fact of the matter is Mr. Cowgill has no record of unselfish work in behalf of the common interest, and the inference is fair at least to him to say that he is in the hire and pay of those corporate interests that are opposed to an open river or greater development of the tributary country.

The Journal is in position to prove the connection between Mr. Cowgill and these interests, and if he persists in his grand trapeze act of patriot, while, in fact, he is a traitor to Eastern Oregon in particular and the Oregon country in general, there are going to be some interesting developments in this connection.

The attitude of Mr. Cowgill toward the portage road measure is no more surprising than that of the Baker City Democrat, whose interests should lie with the people of the Inland Empire, rather than opposed to them, in supporting Cowgill in his attitude toward this very important proposal to that section. In Cowgill's case it is only another instance of the hand of Esau and the voice of Jacob.

AN OVATION TO CLEVELAND.

A remarkable incident of the recent assemblage of noted men at St. Louis for the World's Fair dedication ceremonies was the wild enthusiasm with which ex-President Grover Cleveland was received at a banquet given to the visiting newspaper men, and at which he was present as an invited guest. A toast given in his honor called forth an extraordinary demonstration. Men sprang upon chairs in all parts of the hall, waving napkins, singing "He's a jolly good fellow," and shouting themselves hoarse as Cleveland rose to respond.

The remarks of the ex-President displayed a keen humor and he was frequently interrupted with outbursts of prolonged applause. When he turned to leave the hall, his passage was blocked by a dense throng of cheering, struggling men, eager to shake his hand, and they burst into the old song "Four years more of Grover," as he finally made his way from the building. It was a most remarkable demonstration and all the more remarkable because the gathering was composed of newspaper men from all parts of the country.

The incident affords one more illustration of the powerful hold which Mr. Cleveland has upon the intelligent voters of the nation. His ability, his sincerity and his patriotism find recognition among Republicans as well as Democrats.

If Binger Hermann can so readily explain to the voters that it was through no fault of his that he twice lost his job in the Land Department, doesn't it seem a pity that he could not make it equally clear at Washington at the times when he was fired? Just a word of explanation to the President last winter and Mr. Hermann would now be compelled to chase another office.

The local employers who have refused to arbitrate their differences with the unions may live to rue it. Their attitude is plainly the result of the belief that they have the best of

IS FREE



Stories that the Princess Czaykowska, ward of Senator Depey, is held in prisoner in Turkey are denied by the Senator, who declares that his ward is perfectly free and is coming home to her native land within a short time.

the struggle and that they can force the unions to terms. Perhaps they may, but such victories are never lasting and they are always costly in the end. Arbitration is the just and the rational method of settling disputes between labor and capital. If the employers refuse to arbitrate in the present controversy, the unions may do the same at some future time, when they hold the whip hand.

J. Pierpont Morgan is so much exasperated at the photographers that he has said that he is willing to pay \$500 to anyone who smashes a camera that is pointed at him. There ought to be something doing the next time Mr. Morgan appears in public.

The constitution may follow the flag, but it must be lagging a long way behind in the Philippines. The constitutional blessings of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness had not yet reached the islands when General Miles made his investigations.

The Kaiser's scheme of making a German colony out of Brazil is all very well, but he does not yet seem to understand that the Monroe doctrine is still working at the old stand.

Russin says she has let go of Manchuria, but there is reason to believe that she still has a string to it.

If the laundry strike lasts much longer, big neckties will become fashionable again.

BATCH OF NICKNAMES.

Britain's Duke of Westminster has been known from babyhood as "Bend-Or" on account of his grandfather's late Duke of Westminster's famous race that won the Derby in 1873, that year the year after his birth. The Duke of Marlborough has always been called "Sunny," doubtless from Sunderland, one of the many second titles of the Marlborough dukedom.

Diplomacy is generally too dignified for nicknames; but the Marquis de Sereval, the popular Portuguese minister, is known to his hosts of friends as "Toby." Lord Hamilton of Dalzell (pronounced "D. L.") bears the martial nickname of "The Warrior." Lord Darnley has a life been called "Toby." Lord Darnley has a life been called "Toby." Lord Darnley has a life been called "Toby."

Lord Cholmondeley—the lord great chamberlain—has always been called "Rocky," which is probably derived from the first syllable of his second title, Rockingham. Lord Darnley has a life been called "Toby." Lord Darnley has a life been called "Toby."

Sir Michael Herbert, brother of Lord Pembroke and British ambassador in Washington, is universally known as "Mungo." Francis Lambton, Lord Durham's youngest brother, goes by the name of "Pickles," and Lord Granville Gordon—as a recent cause celebre informed us—has all his life replied to the name of "Granny."

Sir Robert Balfour, the popular Irishman, has been christened "Paddy," and Cyril Martineau, the curious nickname of "Yenus." In the street set these quaint pseudonyms are still plentiful, but owing to the modern custom of calling everybody by his Christian name, a distinctive sobriquet is gradually becoming less general. The Jacks, Bobbys, Billeys, and Dockys of twentieth century life have somewhat bowed out the "Briggses," "Mollies," and "Spurgeons" of the seventies and eighties.

CHIMNEY IS MADE OF CONCRETE AND STEEL.

A chimney 120 feet high, built of concrete and steel, instead of brick, is a novelty in construction. Such a chimney is being erected at Los Angeles for the power plant of the Pacific Electric Railway Company, and is described in the Engineering Record. The cement concrete is laid in molds about the frame work of steel. These molds are removed when the concrete is hard. The steel, imbedded in the concrete, consists of 10,000 pounds of twisted bars and 4,000 pounds of old steel rails, placed 12 inches apart. The foundation is laid in a heavy stratum of gravel. The chimney is regarded as a notable piece of construction. Not only is it stronger and more durable than a chimney made of brick, but it cost less to build.

Wisconsin has paid its state debt, which was but \$2,500,000, during the last quarter.

ECHOES FROM LONDON

LONDON, April 23.—With each succeeding year the change of the atmosphere of English society is more and more marked.

It is said this change is an important one—in fact, an Americanism. The smart English person and the commoner are taking on a modified form of Yankee hustle.

With the growing tendency of dukes, marquises, earls and barons to marry Americans and unknown women, it seems probable that aristocratic damsels will have more and more to put up with any available commoners, and that "Mr. and Mrs. Smith Jones" will be the popular formula of the future. One of two prominent families are credited with expected lack in their matrimonial affairs and an ability to marry of their daughters to great parties.

This is not a sentimental age, and one of the signs of this attitude of mind is the tendency of the modern man to disregard the celebration of anniversaries. He still keeps Christmas day and bank holidays, but unwillingly and grudgingly, remembering them as occasions of much domestic inconvenience and unadvised expense. Lent has long ceased to devote to penitence and gloom, and is thankful that no mitigation of his pleasures is expected nowadays during that period.

At Easter he does not expect or pretend to be more hilarious than his wont. He possibly runs down to Blenheim Towers for the holidays because society has ordained it as the smart thing to do and the children like making daisy chains, but personally he would fain ignore, as the climate has done latterly, the fact that winter is supposed to be merged at last in spring.

Quarter days are naturally anniversaries of the impetuous early Edwardian would like to obliterate from the calendar. The celebration of his birthday, too, is a positive annoyance.

The last days of King Edward's visit to Lisbon passed off as felicitously as possible. The "tourade" (about which such a ridiculous fuss has been made, under the idea that it was a genuine bull fight), was a great success. All the best of the country, and by buying from him the island at a fair price for the Scotch nation, converting it into a public park such as is to be found on the Canadian side of the Niagara Falls.

Young King Alfonso of Spain, for the first time since he attained his majority and assumed the reins of government a year ago, exercised on Good Friday last his monarchical prerogative of pardoning no less than seven criminals lying under sentence of death awaiting their execution. This ancient custom, which has been in use in Spain since the fifteenth century, dates back to Moslem times. The Hebrews were in the habit of releasing a prisoner at Passover in memory of their deliverance from Egypt, a popular choice at the time of the crucifixion lying between Christ and Barrabas. "Their most Catholic majesties" for that is the correct title of the rulers of Spain—adopted a similar custom for the celebration of Good Friday.

Until the reign of Queen Isabella II only one death sentence was remitted. Several papers were, however, prepared and folded, each one containing a name. These were placed promiscuously on a large silver plate, and that criminal was privileged on whose paper the royal hand rested, the others obtaining no benefit. The anxiety of all those whose names were given in for the pardon was a bitter disappointment of the unsuccessful. May, better be imagined than described.

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Veretchnich spent several days in wandering through Central Asia and China. He entered the latter country just after the suppression of the great Tai Ping rebellion. He passed through town after town where hardly a soul remained alive. One day he was at Tehoungtchok, was simply a carnal creature. It did not contain a living creature. It was here that the artist secured the greater part of his wonderful collection of skulls, but he was not in his art that when his pictures of the Russo-Turkish campaign were exhibited at Berlin the Emperor forbade his soldiers to see them.

Michael Munkacsy gave his very life to his art. Indeed, he did more. He gave his reason. His real name was Lieb; he took the name he is known by from the village he was born in. Munkacsy was a simple, earnest, and honest man. In 1870 he exhibited his first great picture, "The Last Day of a Condemned Prisoner," at the Paris salon. After that he painted with his hand and his heart. Often he worked so hard that he hardly slept. When a picture neared completion he hardly slept. His mental concentration was extraordinary. He would frequently paint a figure correct in every detail entirely from memory. The result was that at the age of 48 he went mad, and three years later died in a private lunatic asylum.

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Another French artist, Gericaud, found that he could not get on with his great work, "The Wreck of the Medusa," because of the frequent distractions caused by his acceptance of invitations. He would frequently paint a figure correct in every detail entirely from memory. The result was that at the age of 48 he went mad, and three years later died in a private lunatic asylum.

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COURTS AND CAPITALS OF OLD WORLD

King Edward may possibly intervene, if not officially at any rate indirectly, to prevent the purchase of the Holy Scottish Islands of Iona, the home and death place of St. Columba, the apostle of the Highlands, by one of the principal Roman Catholic religious communities which have just been expelled by the French government.

I mentioned some weeks ago in these columns that this Scotchman, just averted spot in all the northern kingdom, had been advertised for sale by its owner, the Duke of Argyll, brother-in-law of King Edward, and suggested that Andrew Carnegie, as a son of the Land of the mist, do well to purchase it, and to present it to the nation to which he belongs by birth.

It did not occur to me that it might be bought by any of the Roman Catholic communities which have just been expelled from France, and which are enormously rich. But now that the negotiations for the sale are under way, and likely to culminate in a transfer of the property, all Protestant and Presbyterian Scotland is up in arms, denouncing with the most intense bitterness the lack of public spirit and of Protestantism on the part of the Duke and of the Duke of Argyll in this preparing, for the sake of a few thousand pounds, to turn over to that Roman Catholic Church which Presbyterianism regard with such aversion, the great burying place of the Kings of Scotland, if Scottish monarchs being entombed on the island.

Of course the Roman Catholics, both on the Continent of Europe and even in Great Britain, take the ground that the acquisition of Iona is singularly appropriate, since it was when Catholicism was supreme in Scotland that the tomb of St. Columba enjoyed its greatest celebrity. But that does not prevent the fact that the contemplated sale has aroused a revival of religious rivalry and mutual intolerance altogether unknown in recent years, and which it would be wise for the British government to allay by compelling the Duke of Argyll to break off negotiations that are now in progress, and by buying from him the island at a fair price for the Scotch nation, converting it into a public park such as is to be found on the Canadian side of the Niagara Falls.

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stained glass tower colored lights. This Mr. Hunt believed to be incorrect. He got the biggest lens procurable, and concentrated moonbeams through a stained glass window upon a white sheet. He found the effect was a delicate golden yellow, and his discovery is embodied in the picture he afterwards painted.—Chicago Journal.

The town that made beer famous now comes from the front with another claim for popular favor. Not satisfied with having produced a universal thirst, Milwaukee claims to have added to the inner man's comfort in still another way. Friends of "Ike" Woodruff, a denizen of the "Cream City," claim he is the Nestor of duck hunters, and that for years the feathered victims of his trusty gun have supplied the tables of hostess far and near. In addition to carrying on a wholesale warfare against the "red heads," "canvassacks," and "mallards," Ike has found time to flag the occasional victim of his gun into "Brewerytown" to take out the ashes.

He is an employee of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, and it is said that "Ike" is the first man that ever flagged a train at the Milwaukee road's crossing at Kiskadee avenue. Last week Mr. Woodruff, who came to Milwaukee as boy with his parents, away back in 1844, celebrated his 75th birthday. When he first began to shoot ducks the best grounds were the then extensive marshes along west of Jones Island, in what is now the center of the populous Third Ward.

Passengers of the Kronprinz Wilhelm during one of its last and fast voyages were treated to a sight which told them, spellbound, forced the vessel to go many miles out of its path, and furnished no little gossip for the greater part of the journey. It was the sudden and unexpected appearance of a monster iceberg.

Towering fully 300 feet above the sea level, the berg hove in view late on a Sunday afternoon. The word was not once spread throughout the entire ship, and soon the seamy decks and many loop-holes were crowded with the inquisitive and terror-stricken passengers. It had the appearance of being an island, and but for the careful watch which had been maintained and speed with which it moved might have been responsible for another wreck and sea horror.

The steamship gave it a wide berth and turned 60 miles southward of the regular "lane." It is supposed the giant was one of the immense mountains which annually break off from the ice fields of the west Greenland coast and come grinding, roaring, and crashing out to sea, a menace to the safety of the thousands of tourists who yearly fit from coast to coast on the big trans-Atlantic liners.

In Ireland great efforts are being made by the Department of Agriculture to improve the methods of farming. In County Donegal poultry, fax show, live stock and cottage, garden and farm prize schemes have been introduced.

Whitley Abbey, a delightful residence near the famous vale of Avoca, in County Wicklow, has been offered for sale.

Sincerity is the highest quality of good manners.—Emerson.

time for the adoration of the Cross had come. The young Queen knelt before the crucifix, the altar with several papers was presented, and all watched her majesty to touch one and repeat the traditional words, "Yo te perdono, yad Dios me perdona." (May God pardon me as I pardon thee.) But with tears in her eyes and her heart full of pity, regardless of tradition, brought all the papers together, and in a broken voice exclaimed, "Yo os perdona a todos, a todos, yad Dios me perdona." (May God pardon me as I pardon you all—of you.) Ever since then it has been the custom for the sovereign to extend royal clemency on Good Friday to all prisoners under sentence of death for capital crimes, and the responsible ministers could find almost any sort of extenuating circumstances.

From Lisbon I hear that an Anglo-American company has been formed in partnership with several enterprising Portuguese for the purpose of endeavoring to recover the royal diamonds of the Portuguese crown which were lost in the destruction of the royal palace in the great earthquake of 1755. Fortunately the royal family was absent at the time at Belem, for the royal palace at Lisbon was almost the first building to be destroyed entirely.

The royal diamonds were valued in those days at 25,000,000. Today their worth would be perhaps four times as great, and the attempt to recover them is well worth the expenditure of a considerable sum of money. The company in question has an agreement with the Portuguese government according to which terms of which a very handsome salvage will be paid in the event of the venture being crowned with success.

The work will entail not merely excavation, but mining, as at the time of the earthquake the ground cracked into great fissures in many directions, fissures into which ruins and human beings disappeared.

Whereas on the continent of Europe and also in this country, the newspaper proprietors and editors abound in cabinets and administrations, in England is the proprietorship of reviews that constitute a distinctive feature of the press of this character. Sir George Lewis was taken from the editorship of the "Edinburgh Review" to become chancellor of the exchequer in Lord Palmerston's first ministry, and the editor Balfour has again taken an editorial of the "Edinburgh Review" in the person of the Hon. Arthur Elliot, Lord Minto's brother, to succeed Hayes Fisher as financial secretary of the treasury. The Right Hon. John Morley, who shared two of Gladstone's cabinets as secretary for Ireland, was editor of the "Fortnightly Review," before joining the administration.

Several other instances could be cited, but I cannot recall a single case of an editor or proprietor of a newspaper finding the latter stepping stone to political preferment in England. Henry Labouchere, the editor of "London Truth," was a member of the cabinet, and has received a seat in Mr. Gladstone's last cabinet—and that the Grand Old Man told him so—had it not been for the late Queen's objections on account of the criticism of the "Truth" in "Truth." And should Lord Rosebery be invited once more to form an administration—the probability of which is very remote—we may yet live to see Alfred Russel Wallace, the proprietor of the "London Mail," a cabinet minister, as a portfolio as such being a reward for his political and journalistic services to that peer.

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In Washington Times.