

THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

PUBLISHED BY JOURNAL PUBLISHING CO. JNO. F. CARROLL

Published every evening (except Sunday) and every Sunday morning, at The Journal Building, Fifth and Yamhill streets, Portland, Oregon.

THE CITY CHEERFULLY BUNKOED.

FROM DAY TO DAY the conditions surrounding the granting of the front street franchise change and alter confusingly so that the average layman has much difficulty in keeping fully advised of all the facts. But certain general features of the case are even now plainly apparent. At the beginning there were two competing companies seeking a franchise down front street and they were strenuously bidding against each other to secure it. It is manifest that at that time they were perfectly willing to make more than ordinarily reasonable concessions to secure a right that was not exclusive and that, properly handled, the city could have got not alone the control, but the ownership of the road-bed. It is equally manifest that the council with a majority, more or less large, was from the first favorable to granting to the company whose offer was least attractive a franchise that would be exclusive if it could be so made or if not a preponderant influence in it. It is likewise manifest that the council has maneuvered the city out of many of its advantages, perhaps several hundred thousand dollars, and that the two companies, instead of being competing rivals, have come to a businesslike understanding between themselves under the terms of which the city is not likely to get anything like as good a deal as was originally promised. It is not publicly known precisely who are back of either of the companies, that is what particular railroad will be the dominating influence in the outcome, but it seems certain that however the United Railways started in, it is now under the control of the Southern Pacific railroad.

The starting point of the breakup with its enormous attendant loss in revenues, if not prestige and control, came from an opinion of City Attorney McNary that the city could accept no gift such as was tendered it by one of the competing roads, an opinion so manifestly wrong, if not actually iniquitous, that it has been laughed to scorn by some of the best legal talent of the city. Of this feature of the case we will have more to say at some future time. Suffice it now to say that it has done the city irreparable harm.

At this writing it looks to The Journal as though the public interests had been betrayed by the city council and that the city with much to sell is coming out of the small end of the horn as though it had been projected by a Maxim gun. It advises every citizen to watch the proceedings henceforth with the keenest scrutiny and if it becomes necessary in the end literally to force the city council to do its whole duty by the people, then to resort to that last desperate expedient with hearty good will.

WHY BOY BURGLARS ARE LOOSE.

TWO BOYS, respectively 14 and 12 years old, were arrested a day or two ago and confessed to having committed a series of night burglaries, one or more for several nights in succession, stealing all sorts of things, among them revolvers and cartridges, mostly from second-hand stores. One of them at least was carrying a loaded revolver when arrested, and admitted, or perhaps boasted, that he would have used it if molested and an attempt to capture him had been made. That is, they were not only night burglars, rapidly becoming professionals, but had murder in their young but tough hearts.

Probably nine persons out of ten if asked what is the trouble with such things be, would reply, "the police." They will blame "the police." But the police can't be everywhere at once; and if there were twice or thrice the present number of policemen such things would occur much the same. The police may deserve criticism, at times; as a whole they may not be up to the standard desired; but the principal blame must fall on the parents of these boys in one case and the relatives with whom he was living in the other. They ought to be looked up, and if the law would allow locked up. Why did they not know where these boys were these nights? If the boys were out one night why were they not punished and sent to school? Or if they were utterly incorrigible, why were they not reported as such and turned over to the authorities? Such parents and relatives as these are a curse to any community. It is a pity that the law does not admit of their punishment as well as the boys'.

Largest Cottonwood Tree.

Albino Correspondence St. Louis Republic.

The bill recently introduced in congress by Delegate McGuire to make a national park out of the school section near Alamo known as Big Timber park is intended to preserve the biggest tree in Oklahoma.

In this park there stands unrivaled the largest cottonwood tree known, and the biggest tree of any kind which is now growing in Oklahoma. It is not a tree that is impressive for its beauty, but primarily on account of its venerable appearance and its evident great age.

The Oklahoma giant is 7 feet through and more than 36 in girth. The frequent fire that swept the Oklahoma prairie before the advent of civilization have left their marks on its trunk, and the winds have frequently torn away great branches.

Considering the setbacks of this sort which it has experienced in its growth, it is estimated that the big tree must be at least 150 years old.

A Chronic Grumbler.

From London Tidbits.

Grumpy at his best is not a companionable man, but when unusually disturbed in his mind, stomach, or liver he is simply a social terror. He loses all regard for the amenities of life, and is an animated frost moving through the warm currents of society. One of the men with whom he can get along the best is Jolly, but there are stages of his depression when Grumpy would do his worst to stir up a row with a saint. Grumpy and Jolly met the other morning with this result:

"How do you do?" inquired Jolly, cheerfully.

"How do I do what?" growled Grumpy.

"I mean, how are you, of course."

"How am I what? Explain yourself."

"Oh, you've got one of your fits, Grumpy. How do you feel?"

"I feel satisfied with nothing. I feel that 99 per cent of the human race are fools, that marriage is a failure, that our social organization is a huge farce, and that the man who is willing to

TILLMAN AND THE RATE BILL.

SENATOR TILLMAN has his faults, and glaring ones of their kind, but in other aspects he is an admirable man and senator. He is without fear of anybody of anything. He dares say what he thinks, and says it, too. He may exaggerate, but if so the exaggeration is pertinent and justifiable, and call attention to great abuses. As between him and Aldrich, for instance, as man and senator, Tillman is almost incomparably the nobler, more worthy man.

In his personal report on the rate bill yesterday he said some very interesting and even important things. He explained that it was his report, not that of the committee, which is divided, and that he spoke for no member but himself. He frankly admitted that he thought the Hepburn bill needed amendment but not amending, as Foraker, Knox and others are trying to do, to impair or prevent the objects aimed at in the president's message. Although Tillman has bitterly assailed the president recently, he stands squarely with him on this issue—as far as the president goes. The question ought to be non-partisan, he said, but predicted that it would be the paramount issue in the next presidential election. He foresees that it will be so, even if the bill passes, because of the manifest opposition of most of the real leaders of the Republican party. There has been and will be long delay in passing any bill, and when passed it will be in Tillman's judgment inadequate, and he declared that "those who are responsible for delay or inadequate legislation will find that when at last the floodgates of popular wrath and indignation are hoisted there will be some fine grinding done," and he warned the Republican leaders and railroad interests that "if those most interested in these great properties will not consent to wise legislation to relieve the distress of the people, there is danger of more radical policies and leaders coming to the front, with the result that legislation far more drastic and dangerous than anything proposed in this bill and the amendments to be offered will be enacted."

Tillman may sometimes, even frequently, be wrong in judgment and unnecessarily rude in speech, but in this matter he is right, and whether right or wrong nobody has any doubt as to where he stands on any question, or that there stands an honest and courageous man.

THE QUARREL OVER STATEHOOD.

UNCLE JOE CANNON and his lieutenants are going to try by means of a party caucus to force all Republican members of the house to vote against the senate amendment to the joint statehood bill, thus making it a party question. He called a "conference," and made it a caucus, and Babcock, leader of the insurgents, reproached the speaker and accused him of deceit. Such a measure ought not to be made a party measure, and members ought not to be bound by a caucus on any such proposition. On this matter of the binding authority of a caucus Senator Patterson was right, and we think there will be more "insurgents" in both parties hereafter than there has been heretofore.

As to the statehood question there are arguments—old and selfish interests—on both sides. The house passed a bill admitting two states—Oklahoma, comprised of the territories of Oklahoma and Indian Territory, and Arizona, comprised of the territories of Arizona and New Mexico. The senate amended this by admitting only Oklahoma, including Indian Territory. Cannon and his followers object to this not only because they are jealous of the senate as a general proposition, but because if Arizona and New Mexico do not come in as one state now they may come in later as two, thus adding four members to the senate instead of two, which they object to—unless they expect to get into the senate themselves. Then it is a little doubtful if these new states can be absolutely relied upon to elect Republican senators.

So the bill will go to conference, with the result much in doubt. The house will probably stand by its bill, and if the senate stands by its amendment there will be no new state at all—though those territories have been promised statehood by both parties in their platforms for the past ten years!

There is one improbable contingency in which our distinguished representative, Hon. Binger Hermann, might be of use to Oregon. That would be in case his vote was needed to pass the \$400,000 appropriation for the jetty.

Some Advantage in Being Dead.

From Success Magazine.

Colonel Henry Waterson tells of the astonishment and chagrin with which a certain well-known citizen of Louisville, named Jenkins, read a long obituary of himself printed in a morning paper of that city. He at once proceeded to the editorial office of the paper, and after much difficulty, succeeded in obtaining audience of the busy city editor. Laying a copy of the paper before him, he observed in a mild, almost humble way, that he had come to see if the city editor could "kill" him "anything about it."

With a snort of impatience, the busy editor grasped the paper and hastily read the article. "It appears to be an obituary of one Jenkins," he growled. "What is there to 'tell' about it? What's the matter with you, anyhow?"

"Oh, nothing, especially," responded the mild Jenkins, "only I thought I'd like to know how the obituary came to be printed—that's all."

"Come to be printed?" repeated the editor, in irritated tones; "why, the man died, of course. My paper doesn't print obituary notices of living men."

"Perhaps not, as a rule," gently replied the visitor, "but, in this case, I happen to be the Jenkins referred to. Thereupon the city editor began a profuse apology. 'We'll print a correction at once,' he said.

"Well, after all," observed the mild Jenkins, "perhaps it would be better to let it stand; I'll show it to my friends when they try to borrow money of me."

Books \$1,000 a Volume.

What is regarded as the greatest of all illustrated books has just been completed. Only 100 copies have been printed, which have been sent to American and foreign museums, to the Kaiser, the czar, the mikado, the emperor of China, Queen Wilhelmina and the Prince of Wales. The book is a catalogue of the Jenkins collection of Jades, bequeathed to a metropolitan art museum. It contains 150 full-page water color drawings, etchings and lithographs and 800 pen and ink sketches. The text was contributed by 30 writers renowned in scientific and art circles and the illustrations are by Japanese and Chinese artists. The book has cost \$20,000 to produce.

SMALL CHANGE.

Perhaps one reason why the Salem Southern Railway senators elected in the old way is because this brings a lot of lobbyists and wirepullers to Salem during the sessions of the legislature, and they "spend money in the town."

There are newspapers who still print "lagrappes."

Candidates are all "encouraged."

The proper expression is "Entered the race." No other.

Smith only declined to "come out" after Lowell did. Sabel!

"Drifting into Socialism," says the Albany Herald. Partly drifting, and partly being pushed by the Republican congress.

"Treat the big city (Portland) kindly," says the Salem Journal after abusing Portland as hard as it could.

The bolters are the salt of the political earth.

The Baker City Herald argues that Mr. Johns is running very well because a number of the papers are running pictures of Mr. Johns with short biographical sketches of his life.

We seldom get a chance to study truth in the nude.

General Wood explains that those Moros, including women and children, all wanted to be killed. Very kind of him to accommodate them.

Paid your taxes? Registered?

This week we have gained a faint idea of how people back east feel about five months of the year.

We only kill a few Filipinos occasionally, but we rob all of them all the time.

Be like the birds; they're either happy or pretend to be so—or is it mad they are?

The shareholders in the defunct shipping trust are sending no condoling messages to C. M. Schwab.

Ex-Governor Geer is still writing.

And still the front street question is paramount, with the bridge question a close second.

Hall, gentle spring; ethereal mildness, come.

Mr. Lowell wants a joint debate. Ah! he thinks he is the best talker.

It is said that when a man marries a woman for her money he earns all France, and sometimes he earns what he doesn't get.

It is nearly time for President Roosevelt to bolt over and say what he thinks of the senate.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS.

At a Lakeview restaurant there recently lined up at one time, says the Herald, a representative of each of the following countries: Ireland, Scotland, Italy, Germany, England and Missouri.

Cook county has 17 creameries, a cheese factory, and will have a condensation.

Seaside summer cottages are renting already.

Seaside also has the railroad fever.

Improvements continue to multiply in Seaside, says the Signal. Hardly a day goes by that a new building, or some other improvement is not commenced.

Prineville has repealed its Sunday closing ordinance.

Many deer being slaughtered along Trail creek in Jackson county.

Merrill may have a second bank, and Bonanza a newspaper.

New big planing mill at Prineville.

Many hundreds of dollars have been expended during last fall in making the banks of the Ochoco at Prineville secure from the spring freshet.

Men of Prairie City and vicinity will file a bond of \$20,000 to build a new courthouse if the county seat is removed there from Canyon City.

Big wheat crop in John Day valley expected.

Fossil needs a dentist.

Astoria Budget, March 13: The severe weather on the river during the past few days has practically put a stop to gillnet fishing and this has made salmon scarce in the markets, but there is every reason to believe that there is an equally good run in the river now as before. With the season closing on Thursday there will be little chance of being caught and the fishermen and consumers will have to content themselves until April 15.

Corvallis Times: A well-to-do farmer from a remote corner of the county journeyed all the way to the sheriff's office through the cold wave the other day, to pay his taxes. There he learned that he might have paid his taxes in his own precinct and have saved the long trip to town. Complete notice about the lists were published in both Corvallis papers, but he is not a subscriber of either. The trip cost him more than both papers for a year would have cost him.

A Baker county man has produced a cabbage that grows three heads on one stalk and which bears the suggestive name, "the trinity cabbage." The heads are early, midsummer and fall and come in rotation as the season progresses.

The Roseburg News intimates that the route to Coos Bay from Drain may be given up by the R. P. and that from Roseburg substituted. But this may be only a local hope.

An Albany boy who experimented with a mixture of vinegar and soda in a bed with a lame eye as the result of an explosion. As soon as able he will study chemistry.

Mrs. Gale, who died in Baker City, left, besides two daughters and a husband, six sons who are all prominent stockmen of Baker county,

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

By H. D. Jenkins, D. D.

Topic, "Review of First Quarter."

John 1:1-14. "And Jesus went about in all Galilee, teaching in their synagogues and healing all manner of diseases."—Matt. 11:23.

Wherever we open the gospel or upon whatever chapter we light, we find the same story. We have not, as in Mohammed's case, a change from religious to secular propaganda. In the first 10 lessons of the present year we pass from the birth of our Lord through what little is told of his childhood to the inception of his work, the calling of his disciples, and certain miracles wrought at Capernaum, and we close with selections from the first discourse reported to us at any length. The first chapters of the evangelists bring before us well into the mission of our Redeemer. This is because the greater part of each narrative is devoted to his death and resurrection. This is in accordance with the teaching of the Bible, for he came into the world not as one who must die, but as one who purposed to die (Matt. xxi:28). It is but natural, therefore, that those who knew him should have been so deeply affected by the incidents of his trial, crucifixion and triumph over the grave. In consequence of this method, the review of the first quarter must necessarily bring before us scenes separated by many years, while later in the year the incidents will follow each other at intervals of a few days or even hours.

The Lesson.

I. Luke 1:1-14. Following the directions which were given them by the angels, "the shepherds find Jesus." They had been keeping their flocks upon the heights near Bethlehem, flocks destined for sacrifice. Their employment and their life in the open were both favorable to religious contemplation. We may safely assume that they were men of religious spirit, men to whom the advent of the Saviour was a subject of frequent conference. Besides this they belonged to the great mass of mankind. They were poor and the gospel is essentially a message for those to whom the world offers least (Matt. xix:24). Nor was there anything in the circumstances of the holy family which would abash them. They were not ushered into the palace of the reigning Herod, but into the humble precincts of an inn.

II. Matthew 11:1-12. But it was not only the shepherd who needed Christ. The wise men of the east were directed to his manger, their guide being a star. Their needs as Saviors even more than the shepherds, because education raises more problems than it solves (Ecclesiastes 1:18). Without a present and loving God in whom to rest, the world is a wilderness of despair. The Deliverer was at hand. What was discussed in Jerusalem was talked about in Babylon. The Jew was everywhere, and his mysterious worship, free from all immoral or tribal delusions, and his asceticism, caused him to be regarded with awe by many of the more thoughtful among all nations. It was but fit that he who should prove a universal Saviour should be welcomed as a birth by representatives of those peoples other than the descendants of Abraham.

III. Luke 11:40-52. The "boy" Jesus foretold, "the man" Christ Jesus (I Tim. 1:2). It is interesting to know that Jesus was a normally developed personality. He was not an invalid whose physical imperfections led one to expect strange mental phenomena, as the case of like Mohammed, an epileptic. He "grew" and he was "strong in spirit," and he acquired "wisdom." Withal, he excited interest by the character of his judgments, and his conduct forced men to confess that "the grace of God was upon him." Whatever might be his future, those entrusted with his bringing up did not make an exception of his duties. He should be enrolled as a son of Israel upon the occasion of his attaining his twelfth year, just as other Jewish children were. He was not a "boy preacher," but he was a boy-believer. Nor did he make his remarkable development an excuse for throwing off the yoke of obedience. He showed the largeness of his soul by the humility of his walk.

IV. Mark 1:1-11. It was not until he reached approximately his twentieth year that he came to the front as one with a mission. His relative, John, had left his hermit life in retreat in the hill country to stir the hearts of the people with predictions of a coming change. John felt in his deepest soul that one was near whose work would make and mark an epoch in the history of Israel. Those who looked upon John as a prophet sent from God, submitted, as evidence of their faith and hope, to a rite which symbolized the putting away of spiritual uncleanness. To this Jesus submitted, notwithstanding the protests of John, who said that as between himself and Jesus he was the servant, not the Lord. But Jesus understood that if he withheld himself from John's baptism, he would be clothed with his opponent's authority. Therefore administered the rite to him, but spoke of him the same day as one soon to take his place and supersede his authority.

V. Matt. 1:1-11. Before Jesus could enter upon his work for others, it was fit that he should show his mastery of himself. He withdrew to an unhabited place, as was the custom then under deep religious conviction, and there alone he "faced the specter of the mind." He was called to decide whether he would go on, whatever fate might befall. He understood enough of the religious and social conditions of his age to know that he who opposed the reigning powers, who controverted the accepted ideals, would be ground to powder. He knew also that a few striking and masterful religious convictions, however true, would be of little avail if he confronted evil, enthroned in high places, he must many a time suffer for the mere assertion of life. Should he use his supernatural power for his own protection? All these problems must be answered at the outset of his work, rather than during the progress of his mission to the destruction of his sin. He went forth to face his enemy; he returned "in the power of the spirit" victorious, ready to take up his work whatever it might cost.

VI. Luke x:1-11. But in order to work from more than one center, and that the truth might not be extinguished by the crushing out of his own life, he would choose a number of disciples to carry on that work. He would have a certain number with him constantly, that they might not contradict each other upon questions of fact or doctrine. He chose the number 12, as one which was customary. This would be sufficient for ordinary purposes and not too large for convenience. But from what classes should he take them? He did take them from those of a position almost as humble as his own. What ever men might say of his religion, they could not say of it truthfully that it formed an aristocratic coterie or was

GERMANY'S DEEPEST SEA CABLE.

From the Daily Consular Reports.

Consul Liefeld of Freiburg, reports that Germany has completed the laying of a new cable extending from Shanghai to Yap in the Caroline Islands, a distance of over 2,000 miles.

Altogether Germany has over 18,316 miles of cables, of which, however, only about 3,232 miles are owned by the government. The total cable length of the earth is between 24,462 and 27,646 miles, from which it will be seen that Germany's percentage is not without being all the progress which has been made in the last year in that direction, very modest. Really, only about one-fifth of the total cable length is in Germany, while England has more than two thirds. Not more than two years ago, however, Germany's part was no more than one twentieth, so it is evident that since that time Germany has made great strides forward. The newly laid cable from Shanghai to Yap is especially remarkable for the reason that a continuous line of cable has been laid around the whole earth which is not English.

From Europe to east Asia and to the Chinese coast there are the land telegraph cables of the Eastern Telegraph Company, the Great Northern Telegraph, the Atlantic ocean is traversed not only by the English telegraph lines, but also by the American, French and German cables. Since that time Germany has combined with the western coast of America, and from San Francisco the American Pacific cable extends via Guam to Manila, and from Manila to Yokohama, the German-Netherlands cable system branches off to Yap, from which place the new cable has made a new bond of union with the German and Danish lines on the Chinese coast. The cable Shanghai-Yap assures to Germany henceforth a telegraphic union with the Ladrones and Caroline Islands independent of English influence, and these islands are German colonial possessions, besides also the union with the Great Sunda Islands and the important Dutch colonial possessions in Farther India, which is an important also for the German commerce.

The Shanghai-Yap cable line has been laid in greater sea depths than any other cable. Up to a few years ago there was no cable in a greater ocean depth than 16,044 feet. The cable Menado-Yap-Guam, which was laid in the year 1905 by the German cable steamer Stephan, surpassed this record, inasmuch as it was obliged to lay the cable in depths of 23,366 feet, and to lay the cable Shanghai-Yap, which work was also the task of the cable steamer Stephan. It was necessary in the vicinity of the Ladrones to reach depths of 26,246 feet, which is one of the deepest places to be found anywhere in the oceans. The cable was manufactured by the Deutsche Seel- und Kabelwerke in Nordenham at the mouth of the Weser.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

The Military Representation.

Portland, March 9.—To the Editor of The Journal.—Will you please answer the following query through the columns of The Journal and oblige: Was it the intention of the Legislature to send the delegate to the Lewis and Clark fair for the war department on the opening day of the fair?

JOHN M. SPENCER.

The Fire Brigade.

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

(Copyright, 1906, by W. B. Hearst.)

Hark! high o'er the rattle and clatter
Of traffic-loud streets do you hear
The clatter of wheels and the clatter of hooves?
And pushing and rushing to see what's
The matter.

Like herds of wild cattle, pell-mell go
The fires.

There's a fire in the city! the engines
Are coming!

The bold bells are clanging, "Make
way for the fire!" the engines are
coming!

The wheels of the hose cart are spinning
and humming
In time to the music of galloping
feet.

Make way there! make way there! the
horses are flying.

The sparks from the swift hoofs shoot
high and higher: the engines are
coming!

The crowds are increasing—the gamins
are crying:
"Hooray, boys!" "Hooray, boys!"
"Come on to the fire!"

With clanging and banging, and clatter
and rattle,
The long ladders follow the engine and
hose;
The men are all ready to dash into
battle.
But will they come out again? God
only knows.

At windows and doorways crowd question-
ing faces,
There's something about it that quick-
ens one's breath:
How quickly the brave fellows sit in
their places.

And speed to the conflict that may be
their death.

Still faster and faster, and faster and
faster,
The grand horses thunder and leap on
their way;
The red foe is yonder, and may prove
the last.

Turn out, there, bold traffic—turn out,
there, I say!

For once the loud truckman knows oaths
he will not matter.

And reins in his horses and yields to
his fate:

The engines are coming! let pleasure
be a matter.

Let streetcar and truckman and mail
wagon wait.

They speed like a comet, they pass in a
flash.

The boys follow on like a tail of
a kite;

The commonplace street has but traffic
now in it—
The great fire engines have swept out
of sight.

Gun Cotton as Fuel.

"Light another hundred-foot candle of
condensed gun cotton! We must make
the next mile in less than a minute!"

That command, or something like it,
will be given by the commander of a
United States torpedo boat in the near
war in which this country may unhap-
pily be engaged, writes Mr. W. R. Stewart in Technical World Magazine for
April. It will not mean the sending
of a ship in a desperate situation, as
captain has decided to blow himself and
his whole command out of the water.
It will signify only the adoption as
emergency fuel of the wonderful new
compound, "motorite," a secret com-
position of gun cotton and nitroglycerin,
invented by Hiram Maxim, whose "maxi-
mite" is the high explosive now used
by the government in submarine tor-
pedoes.

Motorite for fuel use is packed in long
steel tubes and under forced draft can
furnish an almost unlimited amount of
power for a short distance.

A Pretty State of Affairs.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

Claude and Clarice are in a terrible
predicament. Claude is a secret agent.
"How is that?"

"They paid so much for their going-
away outfit that they can't go away."

LEWIS AND CLARK.

At Fort Clatsop.

March 16.—Overer did not return
with his party from the Cathlamets,
though we expected that he would be
back by this evening. He has probably
been prevented by the hard winds which
have blown from the north. The Indians
remained, but would not dispose of their
canoe at any price which we could rea-
sonably be expected to offer, consider-
ing how poor we had become. All the
small moccasins, and the small moccasins
were tied up in a couple of handkerchiefs.
The rest of our stock in trade consisted
of six blue robes, one scarlet doli, five
robes which we made out of our large
United States flag, the purchase of
such horses and provisions as it will be
in our power to obtain—a scant depen-
dence, indeed, for such a journey as is
before us.

An Ode to Time.

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

(Copyright, 1906, by W. B. Hearst.)

Ho! Sportman! Time, whose chargers
fleet
The moments, madly driven,
Beat in the dust beneath their feet.
Sweet hours, whose golden reins are given;
Turn, turn aside those reckless steeds—
Oh! do not urge them my way;
There's nothing that Time wants or
needs
In this contented by-way.

You have down-trodden in your race
So much that proves your power;
Why not avoid my humble place—
Why rob me of my dawn?

With your vast collars, cavern deep,
Packed tier on tier with treasures,
You would not miss them should I keep
My little store of pleasures.

As one who frightened, flying flings
Her riches down at random,
Your course is paved with precious
things.

Life is before your tandem.
The warrior's fame, the conqueror's
crown,
Great creeds for ages cherished
Beneath your chariot wheels were
shewn.

And, crushed to earth, they perished.
Although to just and generous deeds
Your heart is not a stranger,
I have the feeling that you need
To guard his wealth from danger.
And though a most heroic light
Off on your pathway lingers,
I'd have my treasures, if I might,
From contact with your fingers.

You are the loyal friend of Truth.
Go seek her, make her stronger,
And leave the remnant of my youth
To rot in little things.

There's work enough for you before
Eternity shall wed you;
Why stoop to steal my simple store—
Why make me shun and dread you?

You do not need my joys, I say.
Home, love and friends united;
I beg you turn and go the way
Where wrong waits to be righted.
Or pause, a moment, at least,
I'll listen (not too near you).
For oh! no matter how you smile,
I fear you, Time, I fear you!

A Long Record.

From St. Christopher (W. L.) Advertiser.

The St. Christopher Advertiser and
West work. It is the oldest news-
paper in the West Indies. At the
end of this month it will have reached the
one hundred and twenty-third year of
its existence. It has been published
almost unbrokenly this long period of
time. Its history is as interesting as
it is unusual. In this period of very
nearly a century and a quarter it has
been conducted by the same family,
the family of the name of the paper,
through the hands of the Cables, in
direct line of ancestry, and printed on
the same spot for more than a century.