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THE COSSACK MOTHER'S LULLABY.

Sleep, my baby, sleep, my darling,
Balmshki Balo.
Calm the moonlight on thy cradle,
Balmshki Balo.
I will chant thee ancient ballads,
Tales of long ago,
While thou sleepest. Close thine eyelids,
Balmshki Balo.

On the rocks the Terek rushes,
Turbid, wild and free;
On its banks the cruel foeman
Whets his knife for thee.
But thy father is a warrior—
Fear not thou the foe.
He will guard thee: sleep, my little one,
Balmshki Balo.

Knowest thou not the time is coming
Thou shalt see the sword—
Sitting proudly in thy stirrups,
Ride, a warlike lord!
Gold embroidered saddle housings
I myself will sew.
Sleep, my darling, sleep, my own one,
Balmshki Balo.

Thou shalt be a famous hero,
And the Cossack's pride;
I will come to see thee mounted
Boldly forth to ride.
All night I will spend in weeping
When I see thee go.
Sleep, my baby, sleep, my angel,
Balmshki Balo.

I shall wear myself with waiting,
Watching still for thee,
All day long in prayer that Heaven
Merciful will be.
I will wonder if thou'rt faltering,
Or if thou liest low.
Sleep, while yet no care thou knowest,
Balmshki Balo.

Thou shalt take a holy image
Ere thou leavest me,
When thou prayest to God, my darling,
Set it before thee;
And before the deadly battle
Let thy memory go.
Once to me, to me, thy mother,
Balmshki Balo.

—Longman's Magazine.

THOMPSON OF OURS.

Up there between Quetta and Candahar it gets very cold in January—a nasty, biting, blistering cold that nips the liver and shortens the temper; that comes whistling round your mud hut with a north-west wind from off the snows, and cracks the shivered skin off your like old parchment.

The colonel blew on his fingers, howled for fresh wood to be piled upon the fire and fell to the contemplation of his thumb, which was frost bitten. Before him upon the table lay the leathern sheets of foolscap known as the "Annual Confidential Reports." Some of these were already filled in, some blank as yet. Each was headed by the name of an officer, and fringed by the impertinent personal riddles set yearly for commandants to answer.

Now, even when forced to look from the point of view of disapproval upon any one of his "boys" this honorable, kindly English gentleman held the system of confidential disparagement in horror. But really this morning, what with the cold, and the maggots in the rice which had put him off his breakfast, and the extraordinary delay in the mail letters, he felt inclined to damn every man jack of them, himself included. With a roaring blizzard searching your bones, and a suspicion of fever in your blood, and nothing decent to eat, you don't feel like certifying that every soul under your command is remarkable for all qualities that go to make saints and sinners.

Anyhow, the colonel did not feel like it. He began turning over the sheets with that sickly, languid feeling of revolt with which monotony in its unpleasant forms is apt to inspire one after long years of patient grind. He hated these grim skeleton sketches in black and white. It was always the same thing—the same weary struggle to combine strict truth with fair words; to put "Yes" where it ought to be "No," and "No," where it ought to be "Yes." For were they indeed—all these youths—zealous in well doing, all talented, all tactful, all of equable temper? Had they every one of them been endowed from their cradles with unnatural sagacity and aptitude for command? Were they, in short, ready made generals from the moment they entered the service. Alas, no! The colonel's eye wandered to his crippled thumb again and then back to the sheets under his other hand, and presently fell upon a certain name heading one of them. Whereupon he cursed the authorities in his heart for a pack of fools and sighed. It was Thompson—Lieutenant William Thompson—known by the name of "Billy."

The colonel took it in his hand and sighed again. There was not one, or hardly one, of those out and dried questions that could be answered gracefully yet conscientiously as regarded this young man. "I could describe him in three words," groaned the colonel; "harum scurum young devil."

Then, for he liked the lad, he began to wonder how on earth he was to fill up that report. He was a keen soldier himself, and, if the truth be told, had a partiality for the type so pitifully described in those three words. He would rather have such with him in the field than some others for whom perchance more could be said on paper. Of such he knew was the kingdom of heroes.

The ghosts of many haunting tragedies came crowding into the old soldier's mind as he sat fingering that infernal photograph of them, with "Yes" and "No" in the most unbecoming places, he retelling still perhaps in the adjutant general's office!

He got up shivering and kicked the logs into a blaze, then returned with stern determination to the study of the vexing questions in hand. What could he say for Billy Thompson? The lad had the temper of a bull terrier, the tact and judgment of a Newfoundland puppy and about as much ability and acquirement as the average schoolboy. The thought of Billy Thompson as ornamented with the complete list of "Confidential Report" virtues was nothing less than grotesque.

He glanced down the list. Why, that very morning he had spent a bad half

THE CAPITAL JOURNAL.

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OUR SATURDAY NIGHT.

What can engage your attention this Saturday night? What is important enough to take your mind off the desire to rest? You will agree there is not a subject worthy the effort, unless it be how to get rest. Come to think about it, the hot weather is not what worries us most. It is the necessity of having to work this hot weather. Few of us would object to the weather if we could only use it as a loading spell. If the decree went out that whenever the mercury touched a certain point, all hands should cease to labor and all the weary be at rest, we presume we would join the majority and pray for a great many hot spells to come. What a season of gaiety they would introduce instead of depression as now. We might get to liking hot spells so as to prefer them hereafter. As the farmers in haying time "back east" say, more rain, more rest, so we would arrive at the now sophism, more heat, more rest.

Should we not regard our whole life more as a spell of rest, with the time for labor as periods of exercise in the sense that the athlete takes exercise? Should not all our labors be the discipline of development, and would it not be nobler to regard work in that light rather than as a kind of treadmill punishment to be dreaded. No person should look forward to a brighter day, when, as with the athlete, enough races shall have been won; enough prizes contested for, and gladly welcome the all-wished-for retirement upon laurels. That would be real rest with honor. Of course, there are ambitious persons who would be willing to enter upon rest at once and forever without any special development or any victories gained by honorable contention or labor. Such are tramps or poets, be their condition high or low.

Rest, as ordinarily sought, is a myth, most unattainable of all desired realizations. Sweetest rest comes only after greatest labor. The child that plays harder all day than you or I work, sinks into sweetest sleep on the hardest floor. The rest we too often seek is rather deprecious idleness that only yields discontent. It is hard work to rest unless you have earned it. Nature resents the idea of taking what does not belong to her. She is not a thief. The loafer can no more rest than the man without appetite can feed. Work is the condition of rest. It is the only terms upon which you can gain rest. It is the discipline of contentment and the only pauses for a troubled spirit. We may hold, or be possessed of some other theory upon this subject, but it does not alter the fact or the result of the fact. But it is too warm to go into metaphysics. We are all going to take our rest tomorrow, if we have earned it. Be sure, you will not get it otherwise. But how to rest? Where to rest? When to rest? What is rest? The question in all its branches is not conducive to rest and we will let it rest.

Before we rest let us consider one proposition: Do we get any more rest in any way than by being alone? It may be regarded as a maxim of the art of resting that more than one person is not conducive to rest or recreation in the true sense of the word. Lovers will agree to this readily enough, but we would make its applications broader; (not but that all persons should be lovers in some form or other, of something or someone or ruling passion, or his life is nothing). More than one person is an excitement, a disturbance, an audience a riot, demanding a degree of tension under which no rest is possible, but which constantly consumes nerve tissue as the doctors say. The one person who may be restful to you tomorrow, to associate with may, be away. Take none other if you expect any rest. There is one congenial person, if any society is required, in whose presence and associations rest will be possible. It may be some young person, it may be your grandmother. If you feel the need of any one at all seek this person. Four or six or ten never yet got any real rest together, at seashore or in the mountains. Over two persons cannot read in each other's presence and tell in ten minutes after what they were reading about. See? That is all. We leave you to get what rest you can with yourself and your duties and a Sunday before you.

DECLARED POLICY.

It is probable that some of the republicans who voted for the free coinage last winter would hesitate before voting, in face of the declared policy of the party, to pass a bill over the president's veto. This, and the absolute impossibility of success, would probably reduce the free coinage vote far below the figures given above.—Oregonian.

The Oregonian is arguing that at the next session the Republican senate would go back on its free silver coinage record. It assumes that President Harrison would veto a bill for the free coinage of silver. Its assumption is as violent as its conclusion. It is not certain that the President would veto or that the senate would retreat. It is not certain that a Democratic congress will pass a free coinage bill. But the Oregonian speaks of "the declared policy of the party," meaning the Republican party and its attitude on the free coinage of silver policy. When it became the declared policy of the Republican party to oppose free coinage of silver is not stated. It is not a matter of record that it has ever declared for any such policy. At most, the Oregonian can show a disagreement between two Republican branches of congress on the question of free coinage of silver and hardly that. Free coinage never was got to a square vote among the Republicans of the lower house. By connivance of a speaker and chairman of the committee on Rules, the question never got before the house and so no vote was taken on free coinage. The house cannot be said to have declared against free coinage because it never got to express itself at all on the proposition. The president nor the rank and file of Republicanism have declared against free silver. In Oregon and many other states they have declared in favor of free coinage. James G. Blaine is known to be an enthusiastic free silver man. The principal objection to Mr. Dolph is the fact that in the United States senate he has not represented Oregon nor Pacific coast Republicanism in its declared policy for free coinage of silver. The Oregonian will find it more difficult to substantiate its assertion than to make it. There is no such declared policy except among the politicians of Wall Street. No doubt newspapers that wish to serve that interest can do so to the best advantage by representing it as the declared policy of the Republican party to be opposed to free coinage of silver. But that does not alter the fact. The Oregonian could more easily prove the Democratic party guilty of declaring itself on that line.

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MISCELLANY.

AMERICAN JOURNALISTS.

NEW YORK, Aug. 29.—M. T. Magee & Co., of 70 Wall street, were informed yesterday that President Diaz, of Mexico, had ordered a Young American writer on the Two Republics to leave the country because he had criticized some act of the president. Efforts were also in progress to learn the identity of another American journalist who recently sent from the Mexican capital an article exposing the methods of the administration. According to Magee & Co.'s advices, a number of Mexican newspaper men are in jail for daring to point out mistakes made by President Diaz. The administration newspapers are advocating the expulsion of several American correspondents who do not praise President Diaz's management of Mexico's affairs.

LIVE CATTLE FOR CANADA.

OTTAWA, Ontario, Aug. 29.—On the final passage of the livestock bill through the senate, Abbott, the premier, referred to the proposed permission to capitalists to import United States live cattle in bond for slaughter in Canada, and assured the senate that the utmost precautions would need to be adopted. If it was found that the admission of United States cattle into Canada endangered the Canadian cattle trade with Great Britain, the Canadian government would cancel the privilege at once.

MEDIATION DESIRED.

LONDON, Aug. 29.—It is stated upon apparently good authority that Lord Salisbury has been requested to intervene in the Chilian dispute. It is believed both sides are anxious for England's mediation. It is stated that the reported victory of Balneada at Valparaiso does not alter this feeling, as the insurgents are in a position to prolong the war in spite of the defeat.

THE EDITORS.

ASTORIA, Aug. 29.—The Oregon editors have received a royal reception from the citizens of Astoria. On the arrival of the steamer R. R. Thompson yesterday, the editors were met by a committee consisting of Senator Welch, I. W. Case, S. S. Gordan, G. Wingate, E. A. Taylor, and George Hibbert, and were escorted to the Odd Fellows' hall, where they were assigned to their respective homes during their sojourn in the city. The association met in the chamber of commerce at 10 o'clock with eighty members in attendance. After roll call several new members were admitted and the minutes of the previous meeting read. The president's annual address was a comprehensive review of the work during the last year, and contained many pertinent and practical suggestions. The morning proceedings were enlivened by a lively spat between President Samuel and Leo Peterson, over the admission of C. W. Hodson. The matter was referred to a special committee. Mr. Nichols made a report of his visit to the national convention, and explained why Portland failed to get the convention. The failure of a certain letter of Mr. Nichols, together with the red tape formula in the Northern Pacific office, was the principal cause. The Portland exposition management got a raking for its shabby treatment of the newspapers this year. Superintendent Mitchell's circular letter to the editors was made the subject of infinite jest and ridicule.

Yesterday afternoon was devoted to the reading of papers and a discussion on the subjects treated as follows: "History of Oregon Journalism," A. Noltnier; "The Moral Responsibility of the Press," Lucy A. Mallory; "Personal and Impersonal Journalism," J. F. Halloran; "Business Management of a Newspaper," E. Hofer; "Acceptance and Abuse of Power," J. L. Mitchell. Last evening there was a public reception and a musicale at the Odd Fellows' hall. Addresses were delivered by Captain George H. Moffet, proprietor Evening Telegram, and O. P. Mason, proprietor Northwest Farmer, with short speeches by several editors.

RIOTS IN RUSSIA.

ST. PETERSBURG, Aug. 28.—Details of the rioting at Vitebrsk, capital of the government of that name,