

THE BACKLOG'S SONG OF SUMMER.

There's a sweet, enthralling magic
Lurking in the glowing fire,
Soft enchantment in it flickers,
And the song of hidden lyre
From the gnarled log's rugged surface
Sounds in faintest, fitful tone,
Oft a mirth is in its ringing,
Oft it has a saddened moan.

Gentle voices of the woodland
Echoes in its music weird,
Melodies from great tree monarchs
Standing in their strength unseared.
Only those who sit and listen
By the restful hearthfire's gleam
Hear the songs that lead the fancy
Spellbound in a happy dream.

All the carols of the summer
Murmur from the forest's sheen
Where the backlog learned its singing,
Swaying with the boughs of green.
There it heard the songs from heaven,
Heard the south wind whisper low
Midst the scenes that seem to linger
Sunflecked in the embers glow.

With the fitting flames and shadows
Visions come and disappear;
Fair, loved faces of the missed ones
In the twilight hover near.
Fondest hopes long since abandoned
Come again with fresh, new life—
Far away in wintry tempest
Lies the world of care and strife.

—MARY FRENCH MORTON.

AGAINST THE PAPER TRUST.

The Centennial state of Colorado, from which spring many of the fountains of national legislation, is conspicuous at present by reason of its Newspaper association, which has camped upon the trail of the paper trust and proposes to have that combination's scalp. If the newspapers of other states shall consult their own interests by joining hands with the Colorado journals in their crusade, a militant force will be established which will aid greatly in accomplishing the desired result.

The Colorado association has passed a resolution demanding of congress the repeal of the duty on wood pulp, whereby the hand of the trusts' extortion is at present heavy upon every newspaper in the land. A recent sharp and arbitrary advance in prices of paper all along the line has precipitated the inevitable conflict. If the paper trust injures the big city dailies, its extortions literally grind the face of the poor publishers of country newspapers, who, buying in comparatively small quantities, are constrained to pay prices which are positively ruinous.

If the duty on wood pulp were removed, the resulting competition would bring the trust to terms. Therefore it is the duty of every newspaper in the country, great and small, to join in the movement of self-protection begun by the pioneers of Colorado.—Omaha Daily News, Feb. 1, 1900.

A NOTEWORTHY PRECEDENT.

"In Charlemagne's time," says Montesquieu in his "Spirit of Laws," "the nobles were obliged, under great penal-

ties, to repair to the general meeting in case of any wars whatsoever; they admitted of no excuses, and if the court exempted any one he was liable himself to be punished. But the treaty of the three brothers (sons of Charlemagne) made a restriction upon this head which rescued the nobility, as it were, out of the king's hand," [the people of the United States need just such rescue out of the hands of militarism], "except where the war was defensive."

This treaty relates to another concluded five years before between the two brothers, Charles the Bold and Lewis, King of Germany, by which these princes release their vassals from serving them in war, "in case they should attempt hostilities against each other.

"The death of a hundred thousand French, at the battle of Fontenay, made the rest of the nobility imagine that, by the private quarrels of their kings, their whole body would be exterminated, and that the ambition and jealousy of those princes would end in the destruction of all the best families in the kingdom. A law was therefore passed, that the nobility should not be obliged to serve in war, unless it was to defend the state against foreign invasion. This law obtained for several ages."

A BRILLIANT ORATION.

Senator Beveridge's speech on the Philippines was described in the dispatches from Washington as a "brilliant oration." The Congressional Record containing it has now been received, and the accuracy of the description is made evident. The speech is indeed one of the most scintillating that illumines any page of the Record since its publication began, and to the coruscations of glittering generalities adds the flashing of dazzling details.

"I have a nugget of pure gold," said the senator, "picked up in its present form on the banks of a Philippine creek. I have gold dust washed out by the crude processes of careless natives from the sands of a Philippine stream. Both indicate great deposits at the source from which they come." That is a sample of the senator's argument. To him a nugget is proof positive of immense riches, and some gold dust from the sands of a stream confirmation sure that there are millions in it. Had the senator found on his travels one bone of the vertebra of a megalosaurian he would have returned to swear the woods are full of them.

His argument concerning the commercial probabilities of the islands is a shining specimen of his style. It runs thus: "Spain's export and import trade with the islands, undeveloped, was \$11,534,731 annually. Our trade with the islands developed will be \$125,000,000 annually, for who believes that we cannot do ten times as well as Spain?"

Who, indeed? Some of us believe that we can do a hundred times better than Spain, and on that basis might estimate a Philippine trade ten times bigger than the senator estimates. Such commercial calculations are dead easy; all you have to do is to take a grain of gold dust and prophesy a gold mine.

Another gem of brilliant ray occurs in the senator's prediction of the future of the islands and of Manila. "Consider," he says, "their imperial dimensions. Luzon is larger and richer than New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois or Ohio. Mindanao is larger and richer than all New England, exclusive of Maine. Manila as a port of call and exchange will in the time of men now living far surpass Liverpool." That prophecy sparkles like an aurora borealis, and yet, as human life goes, most men would consider it a promise of a very desirable longevity if they were assured of living until Manila surpasses Liverpool.

Even of good things there can be a surfeit, and therefore it will not be advisable to reproduce here all of the senator's arguments of excelling brightness. One more, however, may be admitted. By way of confirming his glowing hopes of our imperialism in the Philippines he tells what has been done by the British, and says: "On the bare and burning rock of Hongkong our constructing race has builded one of the noblest cities of all the world, and made the harbor it commands the focus of the commerce of the East. And the glory of that achievement illumines with a rarer splendor than that of Waterloo the flag that floats above it, for from Hongkong's heights civilization is irradiating all the Orient. If this be imperialism the final end will be the empire of the Son of man."

Beyond that flight no eloquence can go. A grain of gold dust may be undoubted evidence of exhaustless gold mines, Manila may in our time surpass Liverpool, and Luzon today may surpass the state of New York, but there is not even a grain of evidence in Hongkong imperialism to show signs of the coming empire of the Son of man. It is clear that when he reached that point in his speech the senator was dazzled by his own glow and went it blind.—San Francisco Call, Jan. 20, 1900.

ABSENT-MINDED DOCTOR.

Sir William MacCormac, the president of the Royal College of Surgeons, is an indefatigable worker, and often, to save time when studying in his laboratory, has a light luncheon served there. Once his assistants heard him sigh heavily, and looking up saw the doctor glaring at two glass receptacles on his table. "What is the matter, doctor?" asked one of the youngsters. "Nothing in particular," was the reply, "only I am uncertain whether I drank the beef tea or that compound I am working on."