

compromise even its memories, was like moving for a new trial on judgment day.

But at heart he was gentle and generous and strong, and to make his country greater and his countrymen more prosperous was with him a grand passion. In his life he was a great honor to the state that had honored him; to that state his death was a mighty loss.

A Great Home Appeal For Help

BY the breaking of the Hatchtown dam a great present calamity has fallen upon a class of citizens who could ill afford it, and the effects will continue for a full year. Not only are their homes swept away and flocks and fields desolated, but their food for a year to come has been swept away. Their planted crops are destroyed, and with that is also gone the water needed to produce a crop. It is a case that calls for all the help that a generous people can possibly extend and beyond that all the help that the state can supply. The state authorities in considering the matter should keep in mind that the people will endorse any appropriation made and the legislature will ratify whatever work of relief they may perform. There will be suffering for want of food and clothes unless relief can be immediate and the thought should be, "those people are now the wards of the state and must not be permitted to suffer."

THE University of Nevada, indeed the whole state, is bereft by the death of Dr. Stubbs who for the past fourteen years has been the president and directing force of the Nevada university. He was eminent as a scholar and educator, and a most honored citizen of our sister state and it is a mighty sorrow to the whole people that he has been called.

Hot Wax for Rheumatism

DR. Barthe de Sandford, a Paris physician, in a communication to the Academy of Medicine, in Paris, claims wonderful curative properties for certain diseases, like rheumatism, lumbago and gout, by emersion in hot paraffin wax. It is explained that in medical parlance, wax means hard paraffin of the consistency of beeswax, while soft paraffin is vaseline and liquid paraffin is oil. Dr. de Sanford has been working his belief many years and has, himself, taken a bath in paraffin wax at a temperature of 120 degrees, and declares that it was pleasant and that he came out of it refreshed and exhilarated.

Old Comstockers will be disposed to accept the assertions of the French physician, for it was a legend much credited that if a sufferer from rheumatism would take a bath daily for a few days in the air of the lower Comstock level, he would be cured for those lower levels are flooded with air that runs from 125 degrees up.

In this connection it is interesting to read that another Parisian physician reports that upon a hint received from American practitioners he injected a few drops of adrenaline into the trachea of asthmatic patients with surprising success, even desperate cases found immediate relief, this was succeeded by natural sleep and without a subsequent recurrence of difficulty in breathing.

Dr. Burgeois is the great French specialist on asthma and bronchial diseases.

When man was given dominion over the earth and its elements, that dominion included the diseases that afflicted poor humanity. The conquest over these goes rapidly on.

Gentleman (engaging butler)—Are you married? Applicant—No, sir. I was thrown against a barbed-wire fence and got my face scratched.—Boston Globe.

Old Masters—Garrison, Phillips and Sumner

By C. C. G.

THOSE three men, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips and Charles Sumner can only be estimated by a stranger by the impression they fixed upon the public mind and the memory that impression gives them. We believe that Garrison if not the honestest in his convictions was the least selfish of the three.

He was a sincere fanatic. With him a wrong, as he estimated it was an absolute wrong for which nothing but extirpation was due. With him slavery was the crowning wrong of the age, the unforgivable offense against justice, the unanswerable indictment of civilization itself. That innocent people had property rights in slaves that under the laws and usages of a century it had become inextricably interwoven with the business and social systems of half our country was nothing to him, and his answer to the claim that it all the time had received the sanction of our laws, was, "so much the worse, tear down the system, trample upon the unrighteous law; and if necessary wreck the republic at which the world scoffs when it is called a land of liberty!" So his pen was eloquent in denunciation, his lips were tipped with fire.

That there was anything unjust in his demand he could not conceive; that there was ought of the Pharisee in his nature seemed impossible to him to believe; that there was underlying what he believed was his highest thoughts, a narrow provincialism, which narrowed his patriotism to but a section of native land would, had he been told the truth, seemed utterly unjust.

So he lived and worked. He first appeared above the surface as a champion of total abstinence; then, as he expanded in fanaticism, he took up the cause of the slave, and for thirty years waged a constant warfare against slavery. He was attacked by mobs, imprisoned, well-nigh impoverished and often his life was in grave danger, but all these opposing forces but intensified his zeal. Unconsciously he but played, a role in the curtain-raiser which preceded the incoming mighty tragedy of 1861-65.

Personally, he was gentle and charitable and winsome. He was born in 1804 and died in 1871; but as he himself said his work was finished in 1865.

Of much the same type was Wendell Phillips, but in the latter was a cynical strain, which often made him vindictive in his denunciations and not infrequently unfair in his argument. Then he was perhaps the very foremost orator in his age and he could kindle his audiences into a frenzy or melt them to tears at will.

So fierce was he in his anti-slavery zeal, that he wanted the constitution torn to shreds, and though trained to the law refused to practice under our government or to vote. He expatriated himself and for years was "a man without a country."

He, too, was an unconscious instrument that the Fates raised up to prepare the country for the bloody culmination which was to be.

Those who knew him will bear testimony to his gracious ways in private life and to the all encompassing enchantment of his eloquence, and also to masterful abilities that made him a man of a million. He was born in 1811 and died in 1884.

Charles Sumner was the contemporary of Garrison and Phillips, born in 1811, died in 1874. Like the others he had all the polish of the schools, he was a finer orator than Garrison, but not the equal of Phillips. We think he was better loved in Boston than either of the others,

especially after the assault made upon him in the senate chamber by Brooks, but he has left the impression on the world that he lacked some of the higher attributes of the other two. He was brilliant as an orator and a writer, but, at least in his later years, a mean and envious disposition often took possession of him. He seemed to love to clip the wings of newly elected senators. He tried that on Senator Matt Carpenter of Wisconsin with the result that Carpenter stopped in his argument and for fifteen minutes lashed Sumner with such invective as the senate had never heard before. There was a natural antipathy between him and President Grant which made Sumner seek every opportunity to oppose him. We suspect that his secret thought was that he should have been elected instead of Grant to the presidency; that he never realized, as did Garrison, that, with the elimination of slavery his work was finished. He lived alone until he was an old man, then made an unhappy marriage and all his later years was soured and disappointed.

He, too, was filled with a narrow provincialism to the last. He could never forget that he was Boston born and Harvard bred, and doubtless believed he was showing a most democratic nature when he met his fellow senators as equals.

He naturally gravitated to that company of malcontents, including Schurty, Geo. Wm. Curtis and the rest who betrayed the Republican party and justified their betrayal on the ground of their superior purity, but the peace that wraps the tomb on the highlands above the Hudson around is undisturbed by what they all did in life.

FOR A DANCE

By Edgar Lee Masters.

There is in the dance
The joy of children on a May day lawn.
The fragments of old dreams and dead romance.
Come to us from the dancers who are gone.

What strains of ancient blood
Move quicker to the music's passionate beat?
I see the gulls fly over a shadowy flood
And Munster fields of barley and of wheat.

And I see sunny France;
And the vine's tendrils quivering to the light,
And faces, faces, yearning for the dance
With wistful eyes that look on our delight.

They live through us again
And we through them, who wish for lips and eyes
Wherewith to feel, not fancy the old pain
Passed with reluctance through the centuries.

To us, who in the maze
Of dancing and hushed music woven afresh
Amid the shifting mirrors of hours and days
Know not our spirit, neither know our fish;

Nor what ourselves have been,
Through the long way that brought us to the dance,
I see a little green by Camolin
And odorous orchards blooming in Provence.

Two listen to the roar
Of waves moon-smitten, where no steps intrude.
Who knows what lips were kissed at Laracor?
Or who it was that walked through Burnham wood?

Reedy's Mirror.

Wife—I wonder if Mr. Van Dusen hasn't seen better days? Husband—Oh, yes; Van Dusen wasn't always married, I don't think.—Chicago Record-Herald.