

THE JOURNAL

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THE WEATHER.

Official forecasts for to-day indicate that it will be fair and cool.

Lieutenant-Governor Saxton has followed the example of Warner Miller, and one of his legs dangles over the side of the Platt ambulance.

As Governor Matthews is neither coming nor going on the financial question, there is grave danger that he will not be able to arrive at a conclusion.

Mr. Platt complains that the opposition has promised all the offices in sight. The trouble with Mr. Platt is there are no offices in sight for him to promise.

Russell Sage, having carefully considered the matter, has arrived at the conclusion that McKinley can be utilized as a shield to ward off the free silver bomb throwers.

Every subject of the Czar who is able to attend the coronation will get a fifteen-cent mug "gratis" and pay fifty cents in taxes for it. If this be a Hibernicism, make the most of it.

Perhaps, after all, a man who says he would not be a party to a verdict which would compel the hanging of a woman has some higher motive than a mere desire to escape jury duty.

The public is being regaled with those old stories of how the foreigners fear McKinley. The foreigners are not near so apprehensive on account of the Ohio man as the local bosses are.

Proctor, of Vermont, is out to review denunciations of the national boss only. The Vermont Senator's ire against the State boss he naturally loves as he loves himself.

Now that all of the St. Louis delegates have been elected, the opponents of the Ohio candidate hope to gain something while the "sorting" process is in progress, but Mark Hanna is somewhat of a "sorter" himself.

President Cleveland's interest in the advancement of the cause of international arbitration is doubtless sincere. But he must surely understand that a good first step to that end would be to remove with the sword people like Weyler who make arbitration an impossibility.

OUR ATTITUDE TOWARD CUBA.

The advent of the rainy season in Cuba, with its concomitants of yellow fever and smallpox epidemic among the Spanish soldiery, finds Captain-General Weyler in virtually the same, certainly no better, position or condition with respect to the rebellion than he has been at any time during three months past.

Meanwhile the insurgents are better armed, better located, better supplied and better situated in every way than they have been at any time. That is more than they expected—as much as they could have hoped.

Daily the conclusion comes by natural process of deduction to observing minds, and is forced upon those swathed in pro-Spanish prejudices, that the insurgents are bound to win in the end, and that the day of their ultimate triumph will not be much longer deferred.

And then what?

The European monarchies, or such of them as have colonial possessions, have viewed with jealousy and alarm the attitude of friendliness which the people of the United States have maintained toward the native Cubans who are battling for liberty and autonomous government. Doubtless the European statesmen are wondering and speculating as to the ultimate intentions of this Government toward Cuba when she has finally gained her independence. The question in their minds doubtless is:

"Will the United States annex Cuba, or will it not?"

Certainly the United States will be asked, more or less informally at first, to annex Cuba, when Gomez, Maceo and the rest of the brave patriots have wrested from Spain the independence of their island, and secured from other Governments an acknowledgment of their autonomy. The United States was asked to annex the Hawaiian Islands, and the Cuban people are practically in the same position, or will be in practically the same position when they have thrown off the yoke of Spain, and were the people of the Pacific Islands

when they had overthrown their burdensome home monarchy.

But the United States, if the Journal has interpreted popular sentiment aright, does not want to annex Cuba. It is unnecessary to reiterate the reasons why annexation does not find general favor here, for they are patent. The people of the United States hope, wish and pray that the Cubans may gain their independence. Most of the people of the United States stand ready to help them in their struggle to what-ever extent they may be able to do so.

But it is not with the idea of ultimately making Cuba a Territory or a State—of receiving her into the Federal Union. The people of the United States—and the Government which represents them—believe that the entire Western Continent and the contiguous islands should be governed by their own citizens. They think, furthermore, that the republican form of government is the purest, most rational, most natural and most moral form of government. They do not believe in the colonial or dependency scheme. They have had bitter experience of it themselves. And so they stand ready to accord the Cubans such assistance and support—moral or material—as in their power lies toward gaining their independence, but with no idea of ultimately annexing the island, nor yet of dictating its tariff or political policy. That, we believe, is the present attitude of most Americans toward Cuba.

The United States does not purpose fomenting rebellions or demanding the independence of Canada, British Guiana or other colonial possessions still held on this continent by European monarchies. But whenever the people of any of these colonial dependencies become dissatisfied with their lot, and of their own accord strike a blow for freedom and independence, they may rely with all confidence on the entire sympathy and very considerable material support of the people of this Republic.

THE WORTH OF A DOLLAR.

After all, it is not at all amazing that the Democrats of the State of Illinois should have fallen to fighting among themselves on the issue, more or less vital, of the currency. The one faction declares that the Democratic party can only achieve success by pronouncing for what the somewhat flamboyant Mr. Bryan, of Nebraska, describes as the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 without awaiting the action of any other nation on earth. The other faction clings to the principles elucidated by the present National Administration, beginning with Mr. Grover Cleveland and proceeding down as far as the celebrated M. Eckels.

The fact of the matter is that out in the West men regard this currency question in a fashion not at all harmonious with the views of the average Eastern man. They think out there that honest money not only means money which is valuable to-day, but money which is no more valuable to-day than it was ten years ago. A good many of these folk borrowed money a decade or so since, and are now paying it back, and a good many of them are wise enough to see that the dime and the dollar which they return now have vastly more purchasing value than the dime and the dollar they borrowed originally.

Facts such as these are things which it would be well for the Eastern man, who is himself a lender rather than a borrower, to keep in mind. There is too much inclination on the part of the people resident in the money-lending section of the country to dismiss with a sneer the demand of the debtor States for a very material amendment of the monetary system, to the end that the dollar paid to-day may not be worth more than the dollar borrowed yesterday. It is easy to preach about the "honest" dollar, and it is very easy to make of the phrase a fetish which shall bring to the support of the principle therein expressed the entire community of money lenders. But the really honest dollar is the dollar which is neither better nor worse to-day than it was a year ago. No man who has studied the effect of the single gold standard in our monetary system can be blind to the fact that the dollar as established under that system increases in value daily. It is not an honest dollar; it cannot be an honest dollar, and while it is entirely possible that immediate insistence on the coinage of silver at 16 to 1 may be not only unwise, but unsafe, yet it is even more certain that some qualification of the gold standard is absolutely necessary if prosperity and the value of a man's labor or the produce of a farm shall be kept at its honest value.

COLORED MEN'S RIGHTS.

State laws providing for separate cars for colored persons have been declared unconstitutional by the United States Supreme Court. The case was one which came from Louisiana on appeal against the decision of the State courts in favor of the East Louisiana Railway for compelling colored persons to ride in "Jim crow" cars provided especially for their use. The road lies wholly within Louisiana, hence there was no question involving the Interstate Commerce law broached in the case. The court decided simply that the local road can regulate its local traffic, in the matter of separating the

Some Pointed Printers From Chicago.

Chicago, May 19.—Silver Democrats are lining up for the fight of their lives. Harry, who came last week, with palm out stretched and expectant for contributions did not receive, was not the only Democrat of large function who was here. The others did not make so much noise, nor did they get frosted, as did the curly haired executive officer from Pennsylvania. The others came here representing various free silver political interests, and parted after a consultation of much profit. If the developments of the next few weeks do not make an absolute change of programme necessary, the silver men have invented a political fly in the machine whereby to soar to considerable heights. They figure on the nomination of their candidate by the Democrats. The man himself has not yet been chosen. This necessary preliminary step will be taken the day before the Democratic Convention at a caucus of all delegates selected from silver States.

At this Chicago conference Senator Jones, of Arkansas, was represented. Governor Altgeld and Secretary of State Buck Hinrichsen may be regarded as personifying the Illinois desire for Morrison's candidacy, and Colonel Joe Rieley, of Callaway County, Mo., stood for that good grey prophet of finance Blaine.

A BLOW TO THE BICYCLE.

An extremely ill-bred and thoughtless scotcher, recklessly aided by an ice cart, caused a bicycle accident the other day in Harlem which resulted in a sprained ankle, and an anxious public waits breathlessly for news of the results of the wheelwoman's injuries. No ordinary rider was the unfortunate lady thus ruthlessly run down, and no every-day ankle was thereby placed in jeopardy. Nor, incidentally, was the woman's "bike" of the common variety. Like the hair, the beauty and the voice of its owner, the machine is reported to have been of pure gold! Though there was no need for this elaboration of refinement, still the sordid metropolitan mind is impressed by the announcement. It is on a par with the occasional statements regarding the Queen's table service of precious metal, the diamond coat buttons of the late Shah, and the pearl cocktail of Her Majesty of Sheba, not to mention other tales suggestive of fabulous wealth.

Yet all these pale beside the awful thought of a possible disfigurement of the pride, the joy, the hope of a large proportion of our citizens and those in outlying States and Territories, young and old, adolescent and bald, gentlemen of the front rows—the shapely, substantial under support of the airy, fairy Lillian, so recently put in evidence before an appreciative though long waiting public. Is it possible, after all these years of anxiety and speculation on one side, coy hesitation and final surrender on the other, that the ruthless, vandal act of a stupid wheelman is to deprive us of the felicity of contemplation? Is the shapely member once more to be draped, to be swathed with bandages and encased in splints, instead of gossamer silks, or dainty threads and laces, more fitting covering for so refined an article?

The thought is too painful to dwell upon, though it brings up again with terrific force a realizing sense of the mutability of all things human. The flower fades; the ungrateful gazelle takes herself off and, metaphorically, turns up her toes, while hopes now, as in Tom Moore's time, have a miserable habit of decaying. There we can stand with complacency, or bear even with fortitude, for the flower may be replaced, and the possession of a pet deer is, after all, a fugitive, if not a questionable, delight. When, however, it reduces itself to a matter of depriving us, even temporarily, of the trim, the shapely gartered support of the Little Duke, we must solemnly protest.

Useful in many ways, pleasurable undoubtedly, and a boon to the world, the "bike" has received a severe blow if serious consequences ensue by reason of this last accident. If after this an indignant populace rises en masse and forms a Tack Trust, or a Broken Glass Syndicate, for the proper paving of Central Park and other highways, let no one cavil. The spectacle of the lovely, but helpless diva, with her golden wheel a-hanging on her back, is a sight to make us stop and ask if the price we have paid for the latest craze is worth the while.

The chief topic of debate, if not the most important subject for consideration, of the Baptist Association, which is now in session at Asbury Park, N. J., is the union of the Northern and Southern divisions. The separation, which was the result of the civil war, has lasted for thirty odd years, after all other enmities and separations, except those of religious bodies, have been forgotten or forgiven. There is no bitterness and no bad spirit to continue this separation, and it is probable that measures will be adopted at this meeting to unite the two bodies. There is no doubt that the work of the Church could be done much more efficiently and economically by one set of officers than under two sets. In addition to that, the moral effect of the united Church would be greater.

Random Notes from the German Capitol.

Berlin, May 8.—Every once in a while some poor devil of a deserter is brought back to Berlin after a year or two in the French Foreign Legion, stationed in Algeria, where absconding German soldiers invariably enlist, unless they succeed in reaching America. When visiting the casemates of the Fortress Spandau yesterday, where military prisoners are kept at work, I made the acquaintance of a young fellow who had exchanged Prussian for French discipline, and vice versa.

"I have been beaten and starved and exposed to fever and sun," he said, "I have been the most terrible punishment which French cavalrymen in Africa are occasionally subjected to, namely, the Mazerolle ride. I was present, though, when a Parisian named Cheymol was murdered in that manner last Fall, and then decided that I would either run away or die in the attempt, for no one is safe from the brutality of his superiors in the Foreign Legion, where every officer does as he pleases with the men under him."

The Municipal Board of Statistics furnishes the following figures of last year's births: Total number of births, 498,497, among 1,820,000 inhabitants; 6,799 of the babies were born of wedlock, the majority of the mothers being servant girls. Fifteen mothers, who are not wives, were under fifteen years of age. Ten thousand eight hundred and ninety-three wives became mothers for the first time during the year. 7 of these being under the age of sixteen, while 42 were not yet seventeen years old. One seven-year-old mother, married to a printer, became a mother for the third time. To a twenty-two-year-old wife her sixth child was born; to a twenty-five-year-old wife her ninth. Three women confessed to the ripe old age of twenty-nine years became mothers for the twelfth time; a woman of thirty bore her fourteenth child; a woman of thirty-two her fifteenth. 31 families were blessed by addition No. 10, 32 by addition No. 17, 5 by addition No. 18, 1 by addition No. 19, and 1 by addition No. 20. Two women of the ages of forty-three and forty-four years, respectively, became mothers for the twenty-second time. It is also interesting to note that a woman of fifty-one gave birth to her eighth, and another of fifty-two to her ninth child.

Table with 2 columns: State, Currency, Silver, Gold. Lists various states and their preferences for currency.

Lambs and Their Gambols.

There are selfish people in the world, and some of them live in Thirty-first street, as is indicated by the circumstance that a petition has been numerous signed by householders thereabouts, whereby the law is invoked to interfere with the innocent pleasures of the Lambs, whose fold is established in that thoroughfare, between Broadway and Fifth avenue. The Lambs is an organization of gentlemen, connected with the stage, its personnel being principally composed of actors, with a few playwrights, managers and ordinary citizens as an audience. Dramatic critics and journalists are not eligible to membership, by reason of the superstitious and unreasoning terror in which actors pass their lives, for fear that their names will get into the newspapers.

It is the habit of the Lambs to indulge themselves on an occasional Monday morning during the year in what they call a "gambol," the participants assembling on Sunday evening, though, owing to religious scruples on the part of the leading members of the organization, the function does not begin until after midnight. Although no public notice is given on the occasion of these gambols, that part of the metropolis bounded by Third and Seventh avenues and Twenty-ninth and Thirty-fourth streets is generally aware of the fact when one is in progress.

On the morning of Monday, the 11th inst., the Lambs gambolled with an unusual degree of gaiety and abandon and the thoughtful residents of the vicinity of the fold, instead of rejoicing in the movement of their neighbors, sent delegations, clad in red and black robes, to register over pajamas and bath robes, to question them to moderate their transports. The hilariousness of the Lambs being discernible throughout the vicinage. A gentleman who conducts a boarding-house opposite the club house was not satisfied with the explanation of the shepherd: "You must remember that the day does not begin with us until midnight," and sent a policeman to mitigate the glee of the Lambs, and afterward another, both representatives of the majesty of the law disappearing in the same manner as the gendarmes of the Pine Axtelle who went in to suppress the merriment on the occasion of the Christmas party of the trols Angliques who loved Trilly.

It was not until after daybreak that the Lambs finally dispersed, and the one who had been gayer was loaded into a cab, for, as Longfellow wrote on a dissimilar occasion: There is no flock, however watched and tended, But one dead Lamb is there— And the neighborhood resumed its primeval quiet. Thus it comes about that the Board of Governors of the club has been summoned to appear in court and show cause why the Lambs should not hereafter gambol elsewhere.

This raises the question of the right to quiet and the lawful hour of sleep. Some folk finish their day's toil at 5 p. m. They frolic and are merry until midnight, and would sleep till 9. Others, like the Lambs, dismiss carking care at midnight. Are they not entitled to a few hours of innocent merriment? If they can't play pool and sing songs at 3 a. m., when they are awake and leisurely, why shall other men be allowed to drive carts or grind hardy-gurdys at 11 a. m. when the Lambs are sound asleep? The question before the court is a serious one. It is, in brief: "Has the man who works by day and sleeps at night rights superior to those of the man who works by night and sleeps by day?"

Typical Elderly Women of New York City.

There has been a discussion recently as to the right of old people to take their pleasures, except at second hand. The ideal grandfather and grandmother sit in easy chairs and bask in the reflected radiance of their grandchildren's happiness; or, they may find pleasure in reminiscence inspired by the sight of the joys of youth. Any part in the caperings of the young, or active pursuit in their own behalf, is regarded as unbecoming by people of aesthetic turn of mind. This view prevails over a large extent of country.

At the same time the finest, ripest fruit of a great city is its elderly women. Physically they attract the eye. Their cheeks are as red as plums beneath the early snows. Their figures are luxuriant without loss of symmetry. There is a modishness of dress which seems to record rather than follow the fashions. As they trip their way over the street they disclose well shod feet and shapely ankles. In walking they neither waddle nor totter. They have acquired and they retain carriage. They ignore the immunity which their years allow, and are as well set up as when they were school girls. This exterior, alert knowing reflects their mental and social equipment. The higher education is a later-day phrase. Life has given them their mental discipline, and years of experience have packed away in the choicest nook of knowledge. With what ever occupies the public mind they are conversant.

They dip into the reviews and magazines, take their own newspapers, and read all the new novels, having read the old. They can quote from Macaulay and understand pertinent references to Fielding as well as to John Oliver Hobbes. They may not know much about psychology, but they have a deal of knowledge about human nature, and the difference is not wide.

There is a breadth of view, an easy discernment in judgment, and a liberal sense of humor in these elderly women that incline them to the society of men, and of men younger than themselves. Their countenances have become a trifling and unconscious of joints, and want to compare notes and swap remedies for rheumatism and gout; or they affect juvenility, for which the old ladies despise them. The younger men bring them club stories and jokes of a superior sort. They ask their opinions about affairs of the heart, social and business matters. Privately the young men regard them as "good stuff" and take them out to dinners of the choicest ordering, for the young men know that the elderly women know.

Women younger than themselves elderly women regard as still in the broad and butter period. They are sympathetic over the misdeeds of servants and listen to the ailments of the children, but they yawn stealthily behind jeweled fingers. At the social rivalries, jealousies and pretensions of the younger women they smile, and dismiss such confidences with a few discreet words. They like youth about them, and encourage young girls, for whom they have words of wisdom.

New diversions suitable to the years of elderly women are a feature of the time. There is a white-haired grandmother who has just come home from a botanical tour with a group of professors, students and like-minded women. She has red in her cheeks—glad, also on her nose. She is vivacious with adventure, and she, who a generation ago would be darning her grandchildren's stockings and wiping her spectacles, has spruce young collegians trooping in afternoons to ask for tea, and recognizes her guests through a daintily raised long-nette instead of through spees.

Occasionally there is an elderly woman whom age cannot wither nor custom stale. Stevenson has represented such a one in Mrs. Henry Luxmore, the owner of "the superfluous house" in "The Dynamite" and "The Samses's adventures with that sprightly person. And there is Grandmother Altkin, of Brooklyn, who not long ago entered into her dloping granddaughter's schemes like a twin. It was grandmother who provided the garments and goggles, and grandmother who supported the tottering steps of the girl to the station, and then returned home to silently chuckle over the consternation she had caused.

But the elderly women of to-day are not the accomplished women of the world they are with loss of heart. When the evil days come and they find it difficult to go daily on their knees, they get good-headed nannies, which they use like a marshal's baton or a fairy wand. The pink ribbons in their caps are not signals of distress. By and by you will find them at Hot Springs, Lakewood, in Florida, where they hold court on sofas. Their toes are hidden under lace frills and pinked out footcases, lest they advertise for sympathy and check the cheerful conversation they like to hear flowing about them.

Brave veterans! They have their wounds and scars, but they make these no affair of the world.

Letters from the People.

To Change His Religion. Editor Journal: I am a Catholic, and being desirous of becoming a member of the Episcopal Church, write you for information how a Catholic may apply to the rectory. JOHN MORGAN. New York, May 14. Apply to the rector of the nearest Episcopal church.

Question of Citizenship. Editor Journal: Dear Sir—An alien resides in this country but has not been naturalized. He is a native-born American. They have no children. Does this make him a citizen? I. H. D. New York, May 18.

No, though if the wife were an alien she would have become a citizen by marriage to a citizen.

Prescriptions for Liquor on Sunday. Editor Journal: Dear Sir—Is there no provision in the new liquor law whereby you can get whiskey for medicinal purposes prescribed by a physician? I had a prescription refused by several druggists, and these druggists have pronounced the physician's prescriptions for medicinal purposes. J. H. BROWN. New York, May 10.

The Raines law expressly provides that a regularly licensed pharmacist may sell liquor on Sunday upon a physician's prescription, provided the physician has not the pharmacist licensed as a member of the corporation, association or partnership selling such liquor, or in his or their employ.

Bicyclists and Road Rules. Editor Journal: Dear Sir—A law should be made and enforced compelling all vehicles and cyclists to hold the right hand side of the road. If a cyclist desires to pass the wagon in front let him ring his bell and this will be a signal to the driver to turn to the right, allowing the cyclist to pass on the left. At all curves and turning of corners horses should be held back by the reins and drivers who are bound to happen under such circumstances to day and night should be that men and not boys should be employed as drivers. A. G. H. S. New York, May 8.

Brief Pen Sketches of Our Rulers.

Washington, May 19.—This is Mr. Eddy, of Minnesota. You will note that he holds a cigar as they do on the Bowery; that is, he clamps it with what wretches call an underhold. Mr. Eddy is completed as he listens to one of Speaker Reed's many rulings. Some men started the claim that Mr. Eddy was the first white child born in captivity. This is not true. He was, however, born in Minnesota, which is at least as bad. Speaking of Mr. Eddy's birth, that celebrated event took place in 1856. Such excitement as it created, however, was entirely local. At the age of four, Mr. Eddy escaped from Minnesota into Iowa. Later he was recovered and returned to his original reservation. He plunged into the simple life about him and rose to his opportunities like a black bass to a fly. He became what is called a "crusier" for the Northern Pacific road, and wandered amid the murdering plumes, selecting its and bridge timber at great distances from the busy world's ignoble strife that no one would notice the railroad company when it stealthily scooped it in. Mr. Eddy tired one day of his railway-inspired pluminings among the sighing plumes. The groves were God's first temples, but that no one with Mr. Eddy, and they soon palled upon him. There was no society among the plumes, and what Mr. Eddy longed for was human society. Then he, like Griswold, of Pennsylvania, taught school. It is wonderful how many Republicans have taught school. More wonderful still, when one reflects on the number of Republicans who ought to go to school, but we will let that pass. While Mr. Eddy was teaching school he began to inflate with the gas of coming greatness. He ballooned along from the schoolhouse to the clerkship of the district court, and then to be the stenographer of the circuit court, and at last, bursting all control, he soared into the present Congress. Since then Mr. Eddy has been quite busy casting overboard sandbags and ballast to keep himself at his present elevation. Here we leave him, reporting to those who say he will do no good that at least, he'll do no harm.

Now we have that renowned Populist of South Carolina, the turgid Talbert. This statesman is a Populist and looks the part. Talbert has decidedly a third party profile. The r t i s t s caricature Talbert just at that oratorical crisis when he is before a shouldered in House that he still believes in negro slavery; still holds that the South was right in 1860, and with it all that he, Talbert, defies all personal recriminations. He belongs to the old South, as was "befo" the wah, sah," and he wants that important proposition distinctly understood. This is a great picture; what one might term an artistic triumph. In the far background one sees Speaker Reed smiling over the Eastern effort to make McKinley declare himself on Finance. The strongly marked features which rise just in front of Reed belong to Dingley, of Maine, who is much disconcerted by the mediocrity of Talbert's views. Then there are the faces of two elderly gentlemen of the House whom Talbert has frightened. Just before Talbert was elected to Congress he was superintendent of the South Carolina Penitentiary, an experience which was of manifest advantage to him, as any one will admit who will come down to the capital and make Talbert's acquaintance. There has been a talk of a "reform" in private life. He abounds as a farmer, of that front porch school which sits in the shade and reads an agricultural paper while the hired man wrestles with the weeds. While Talbert served in the Confederate army he was very careful and conservative about the battles he went into, and was never regarded as a menace to a free people until he came to the House. When at home Talbert does great work of a church and Sunday school sort; and it is said that good judges that Talbert, when feeling right, can come as near stampeding old Satan as any man. Talbert comes up for re-election next Fall. If he were running anywhere save in South Carolina he would be beaten. As it is, however, A. H. L.

He Feels the Shock.

"It that poor man on the corner totally blind!" "Yes; but you ought to see him stare when a bloomer girl goes by on a wheel." —Chicago Record.

The Allison Boom.

The Allison boom dates anybody to come into Iowa and put it out.

An Impression.

A wind-swept sky. The waste of mountains stretching to the west. The sea, low moaning in a strange unrest—A seagull's cry.

Washed by the tide.

The rocks lie silent in the waning light; The foam breaks in long strips of hungry white; Dissatisfied.

Disappointed.

Above, around, Thunderous calm of drought that kills and sears; Silence, in travail, waiting birth of tears— No conclusion sound.

Only the life.

Of some small insect life within the land; The lapping of the waves upon the sand, The croak of a croaker's whirr.

Upon the hill.

The gorse seems thirsting for the rain; afar, Low poised on the horizon, one star— Shine, hoody still.

