

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

I. L. CAMPBELL, - Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

LIFE IN YOKOHAMA.

Curious Sights in the City—Native Character and Customs.

In visiting Japan from this country the direct course is to cross the continent to San Francisco, whence a three weeks' voyage will land the traveler in the commercial capital of Yokohama. When Commodore Perry opened this port in 1854 with a fleet of the American navy, it was scarcely more than a fishing village, but it has now a population of 180,000, with well built streets of dwelling houses, the thoroughfares broad, clean and all macadamized. The town extends along the level shore, but is backed by a half moon of low, wooded hills, known as the Bluffs, upon which are the villas of the foreign residents, built after the European and American styles. A deep, broad canal surrounds the city, passing by the large warehouses and connected with the bay at each end, being crossed by several handsome and substantial bridges. From the Bluffs there is a charming and extended view. In the west, seventy miles away, the white, cloud like cone of Fujiyama, the one volcanic mountain of Japan, can be clearly discerned, while all about the visitor lie the attractive villas, beautiful gardens and groves of ornamental trees belonging to the foreign settlers.

In looking about Yokohama, everything strikes us as curious; every new sight is a revelation, while in all directions tangible representations of the strange pictures we have seen upon fans, Satsuma and lacquered ware are presented to view. One is struck by the partial nudity of men, women and children, the extremely simple architecture of the dwelling houses, the peculiar vegetation, the extraordinary salutations between the common people who meet each other upon the streets, the trading bazars and the queer, toylike articles which fill their shops, children flying kites in the shape of hideous yellow monsters—each subject becomes a fresh study. Men propelling vehicles, like horses between the shafts, and trotting off at a six mile pony gait, is a singular sight to a stranger. So are the naked coolies, working by fours, bearing heavy loads or hogheads swung from their shoulders upon stout poles, while they sleep upon the floors, which are at all times as clean as newly laid table cloth. Here and there upon the roadside moss grown shrubs bearing sacred emblems are observed, before which women, but rarely men, are seen bending. The principal religions of Japan are Shinto and Buddhism, subdivided into many sects. The Shinto is mainly a form of hero worship, successful warriors being canonized as martyrs are in the Roman Catholic church. Buddhism is another form of idolatry, borrowed originally from the Chinese. As we travel inland, places are pointed out to us where populous cities once stood, but where no ruins mark the spot. A dead and buried city in Europe or Asia leaves no mark but almost indistinguishable remains to mark where great communities once built temples and monuments, and where they lived and thrived, like those historic examples of mutability, Memphis, Paestum or Delhi, but it is not so in Japan. When it is remembered of what ephemeral material the natives build their dwellings, namely, of light bamboo frames and paper, their utter disappearance ceases to surprise us. It is a curious fact that this people, contemporary with Greece and Rome at their zenith, who have only ruined cities of wood and temples of lacquer, have outlived the classic nations whose half ruined monuments form our choicest models. The Hellenic and Latin races have passed away, but Japan still remains, without a dynastic change and with an inviolate continuity.

In journeying inland, we are struck with many peculiarities showing how entirely opposite to our own methods are many of theirs. At the post stations the horses are placed in stalls with their heads to the passageway, and their tails show in place of their heads. Instead of iron shoes, the Japanese pony is shod with closely braided rice straw. Carpenters draw the plane toward them, instead of pushing it from them. It is the same in using a saw, the teeth being set accordingly. The tailor sews from him, not toward his body, and holds his thread with his toes. The women ride astride, like the Hawaiians. Manufacturing of various sorts is carried on to a large extent. We have evidence enough of this in the variety and quantity of native articles which are imported thence into this country. Yet the use of mechanical contrivances for the purpose of production is little known. Hand work is nearly the only process employed. The mode of husking rice which is common will illustrate this, being performed as follows: The grain is placed in a sort of mortar, into which a pestle falls, it being attached to a horizontal bar of wood supported in the middle by a fulcrum. On the end opposite to the pestle a man takes his position, and by stepping on and off the end of the bar, raises and lets fall the rice. Machinery is introduced from the West, but is still in its infancy. Husband (who hadn't thought of that) Well—er—my dear, the bird was very high up, you know, and perhaps the fall killed it.—Life.

Pickles, Sour and Sweet.
An observant gentleman tells The Groceryman of this city, that the northern girls eat sour pickles as though they loved them, while a southern belle rejected them made into sweet pickles, and will not eat the tiny, sharp little pickles our northerners solike. "Sweets to the sweet," however, is the motto of both; for The Record will wager a sour ball to a kiss where the girls in Dixie love caramels as well as do the girls that bloom with the roses on the northern side of Mason and Dixon's line.—Philadelphia Record.

Male and Female Employees.
A dry goods man, who keeps careful record from year to year of the punctuality and grade of service rendered by his 1,600 employees, says that the best women are more faithful than the best men, but that the average record of the men is much above that of the women.—New York Cor. Globe-Democrat.

A Plausible Explanation.
Wife—You say you shot this duck yourself, John? I can find no marks on it.
Husband (who hadn't thought of that) Well—er—my dear, the bird was very high up, you know, and perhaps the fall killed it.—Life.

Horse Flesh in Paris.
The inspector of butcheries at Paris has just published a report on the sale of horse flesh in the French capital. It appears the consumption of this meat, in a more or less concealed form, has increased to an extraordinary extent.—New Journal.

Remedy for seasickness.
Your breath and contract your muscles is the remedy for seasickness suggested by an English physician, E. P. Thurston, who speaks of it.—Boston Budget.

Experience of the world.
I had I never knew a rogue's honor.—Junius.

IN THE REGULAR ARMY

Recruits Earn as Much Money as Men at Any Manual Labor.

"It is a mistake to think that men who enlist in the United States army are not paid as well as citizens in the ordinary walks of life," said a veteran who has served under Uncle Sam for nearly a score of years. "I think they are better paid. If I didn't I wouldn't be in the army today."
When asked to give a few details the old warrior replied:
"Take the place of a private. When he enlists it is for five years. The first two years he gets \$13 a month. The third year he gets \$14, the fourth year \$15, and when his term expires he is receiving \$16. Now, if he re-enlists within thirty days his wages will be increased \$2 a month, making a private's pay, after he has been in the army five years, \$18 a month, or \$216 a year. That amount, however, is clear profit. Everything in the line of clothes and rations that is necessary the government furnishes."
"Now," asked the old soldier, "where is the man who works for \$2 a day who is better off than a private in Uncle Sam's police force?"
The question seemed difficult and the reporter gave it up.
"That's not all, though," resumed the military man, who evidently was proud of his vocation. "If a man after enlistment and assignment to a post is found out to be skilful at any trade, so much the better; he can make it pay. If he is a shoemaker he can find plenty of employment and compensation. If he is a barber he can always find subjects for his razor. If he is a tailor he can reap a harvest. Tailors are usually in demand, and consequently in luck. In the last post in the west at which I was stationed the regimental tailor—an enlisted private—had practically nothing else to do but work at his trade, except, perhaps, occasionally do guard duty. What do you think he saved during his five years' service?"
The newspaper man couldn't guess.
"Between \$4,500 and \$5,000," was the reply. "Of course this man was careful in his habits; he didn't drink and he didn't play poker. But his case may be cited to show what a man can accumulate while serving his country in the modest capacity of an army private."
"What are the highest wages paid by the government to an enlisted soldier?" was asked.
"The hospital steward is the highest paid man in the regiment. He gets \$45 a month—\$450 a year and all his expenses paid. A corporal gets \$2 more than a private, or \$15 a month for the first two years and \$1 more each subsequent year, with \$20 for his second enlistment. A sergeant gets \$2 more than a corporal, and in five years receives \$1,020."

"Have you found that most of the men in the army are foreigners?" inquired the reporter.
"That is often stated," was the answer, "but it is not the truth. My experience, which has been quite extensive, has shown me that native Americans form the majority of our men. There are, of course, many Irishmen and Germans who enlist, but they are in the minority."
"Who make the best soldiers?"
"Well, probably the Germans make the best soldiers on post duty. They are usually well up in the manual. On a campaign—say out west against the Indians—where we have to make long marches over sandy or rocky country with our accoutrements on our backs, fifty rounds of ammunition in our belts, the sun pouring down its heat from above, with no water except the few pints in our canteens—in marches where we have to do thirty and thirty-five miles a day under such disagreeable circumstances—the German is apt to flag. He can't stand it as well as the tough, hardy, native American. The American makes the best all-around soldier. He's hard to beat."

"Are there many desertions?"
"The proportion of desertions is quite small in this country. The service is voluntary, and the discipline is not unnecessarily severe. Besides, it is hard for a man to desert without being recaptured. Very frequently deserters surrender themselves. After a few months of freedom they discover that, after all, soldiering compares favorably with manual labor as a private citizen."
"How about soldiers marrying?"
"The government doesn't want married men. An enlisted man must get permission from the commanding officer of his company before he can become a Benedict. At military posts there are generally one or two men in a company, sometimes more, who are married. If their wives do the laundry work of the company they are paid for it. Otherwise a married soldier gets no more rations than if he were a single man."—Baltimore Herald.

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AUBREY'S GREAT RIDE.

Remarkable Journey on Horseback Across the Western Plains.

Among the deeds of early life in the west the famous ride of F. X. Aubrey from the plaza of Santa Fe to the physical square of Independence, Mo., as a public achievement stands without an equal. Indeed it is doubtful if the history of the world can present a parallel to that great ride of 800 miles through a country overrun with hostile Indians, a large part of the distance being through sandy deserts and leading across rivers, mountain ranges and prairies, with only the sky for a covering and the earth as a resting place.

An old resident of this city who used to know Aubrey very well, in conversation recently said:
"When I first met Aubrey about 1848, he was a young man of 35 the perfect picture of health and strength. Short, rather heavy set, weighing about 160 pounds, and had an honest, open countenance, and was one of the rising men of the plains. He was a French Canadian, came to St. Louis in 1840 and very soon afterward engaged in business as a Santa Fe trader making trips to Santa Fe from Independence, Mo., and spending the larger part of his time in the saddle. He was a noted horseman, and spared neither man nor beast when on a journey. Everything he did was done with a rush."
Aubrey made two rides alone from Santa Fe to Independence. The first was on a wagon of \$1,000 that he could cover the distance in eight days. He succeeded in reaching his destination three hours before the expiration of the time. He killed several horses in the ride, and it is said that the death of one horse on the way obliged him to walk twenty-five miles to Council Grove, carrying his saddle on his back, before he found another. He was the lion of the day at St. Louis and Independence after that ride. There were many powerful men and many good riders in those times, but not one of them dared to attempt to beat Aubrey's record. He determined to beat it himself, and on a second wagon he left Santa Fe in 1854 and gave the severest test of human endurance I have ever known.

"I was on my way to Santa Fe (it was thirty-seven years ago) with a train of twenty-five wagons filled with merchandise, and knew nothing of his design. When we were at the Rabbit Ears, about 100 miles from the old Spanish city, we saw a man approaching in a sweeping gallop, mounted on a yellow mare and leading another. As he came nearer mistaking us for Indians, he whirled and retreated fifty or sixty yards, and then took a second look. Our wagons came to a standstill, and he put spurs to his steed, he dashed past, merely nodding his head as he did so. It was a great surprise to me for Aubrey to treat a friend in that style, but when I reached Santa Fe I understood it. Every man who was so precious. It was the supreme effort of his life. Night and day he rushed on. Six horses dropped dead as he rode them."

"His own beautiful mare, Nellie, the one he was riding as he passed our party and one of the finest pieces of horse flesh I ever saw, quivered and fell in the agonies of death at the end of the first 150 miles. Several splendid horses had been sent ahead, and stationed at different points on the trail. No man could keep up with Aubrey. He would have sacrificed every horse in the west, if necessary to the accomplishment of his design. It was not money he was after, but fame. He had laid a wager that the trip would be made in six days."
"At the end of five days and thirteen hours, exhausted and fainting, he was taken from a horse that was trembling from head to foot, and covered with sweat and foam, at the southwest corner of the present square of Independence. He sank into a stupor, from which he was not aroused for forty-eight hours."—Kansas City News.

Wholesale Trade in Fireworks.
The center of the wholesale trade in fireworks in New York city is about Park place. Here the progress of the art may be noted; how it has risen from the humble Chinese firecracker, still and always the staple of the trade, up through various grades of giant crackers, torpedoes, Roman candles, pin wheels, flying serpents, rockets, fountains, geraniums, mines, star showers, carousels, fire flowers and floating animals and monstrosities, up to the triumph of pyrotechnic ingenuity and extravagance—those great pieces, representing cataracts, portraits, medals, allegorical personages, etc., from ten to 300 feet long, and from ten to fifty feet high, and costing each from \$100 to \$1,000, warranted to illuminate the darkest night for miles around, dazzle the eyes of any number of beholders and consume more money in five minutes than any other contrivance known to man.—New York Tribune.

The World's Cotton Yield.
Though known from prehistoric times, the use of cotton for cloth did not become general until after the first successful American cotton from the fiber in 1790. In 1791 the world's yield was 400,000,000 pounds, and that of the United States 2,000,000 pounds. Since then the American development of the industry has been stupendous, the present production of the United States being six times as great as that of the whole world a century ago, and its home consumption being equal to the world's product fifty years ago. It has been calculated that, with the appliances of 1790, the manufacture of the world's cotton in 1826 would have occupied about 50,000,000 people, while it would require 400,000,000 persons at the present time.—Arkansas Traveler.

A Literary Curiosity.
A bookseller at Lyons named Roux is issuing a literary curiosity. It is a volume entirely of silk, to be published in twenty-five parts, of which fifteen have already appeared, at the price of \$2 per number. The text is woven in the silk. As each number consists of only two leaves, the whole volume, containing the Roman Catholic mass and a number of prayers, will have only fifty leaves, round the Gothic text of which every leaf has a specially designed medieval border. Both text and border are woven in black silk on a white surface, and the effect is said to be "very artistic."—Chicago Herald.

Composition of Railway Dust.
The railway companies are gradually getting rid of the thing known as "the deadly car stove." Now let them receive passengers of railway dust. They have no contrivance which actually does that now. Do you know what the railway dust which torments you so is composed of? Under a good glass it is shown to be composed of a large proportion of fragments of iron of a magnetic character, looking like old nails; of fused particles of burned iron, like clinkers covered with spikes and daggers with long tails; bits of glass and coal and angular pieces of metal.—Pioneer Press.

More than a million men are employed by the various railway lines in the United States.

Paris has adopted the American gauge system.

THE KICKING KICKER.

The Boycott That Didn't Work—Is Life Worth Living?

The following extracts are made from the last issue of The Kicker pretty much as we pleased since the first number was issued has given mortal offense to certain people in this neighborhood. We have been kicked, licked, pounded, threatened, shot at and bluffed right along, and have grown fat on it.
"We came to stay."
"Fact is, we've got to. We haven't anything to go on."
"Having tried all other measures to make us go, and having failed ignominiously in each instance, it was determined to boycott us in a social way. We have been chucked in the social way of the very cream of society since our advent. In fact, we have been most of the cream."
"It was decided a few days ago by a syndicate of the high toned that we must be socially snubbed and crushed. Accordingly Mrs. Maj. Bazoov, of Grizzly Heights, announced a recherche affair and invited everybody in the set but us. It was given out that she feared our manners would disgrace the occasion, and if they didn't our clothes would."

"We weren't saying a word. We saw the bluff and went on better. On the night of the party the sheriff made a haul of three high toned prisoners at the house of Maj. Bazoov, while half a dozen others broke for the woods. We have got one great advantage over the other creams of society. We left the east by daylight and shook hands with the sheriff as we started. We are neither a bigamist, eloper, embezzler, horse thief, jail bird or gambler. We don't want to work this lever unless some one jumps on our collar. We have reduced tony society over half since we came here by giving the sheriff pointers. We can run the other half out of town in a week. Mrs. Maj. Bazoov has called to beg our pardon and express her deep regret with herself. We have forgiven her, knowing it will not happen again. As for Judge Caboots, who inspired the boycott and set the crushing machine at work, we bear him no animosity. We will simply remark that he is a bigamist, incendiary, embezzler, forger, perjurer and highway robber, and we have dispatched Pinkerton to come and get him."

"Our amiable and gentlemanly sheriff entered our office day before yesterday in his usual urbane manner and announced that he must serve papers on us. It was a notice of a breach of promise suit against us by the widow Clixby, who alleges that we have been torturing with her heart strings, and that it will take \$5,000 of our cash to settle her thoughts back in the old channel."
"It is another move on the part of our enemies to down us."
"We first met the widow Clixby twenty-eight days ago in Carter's grocery. She asked our opinion of herrings, and we asked her of soap. She invited us to call at the house and see some poetry she had written on the rise and fall of the mastodon. We complied. We called there three or four times afterwards, but only as a friend. On one occasion the widow showed us a clipping from an eastern paper to the effect that it was better for a man who had passed the age of 33 to marry a widow, if he was to marry, but we didn't bite."
"We know our gait. If the widow Clixby can prove to the world that we have toyed with her affections we'll cheerfully go to jail. We are not on the toy. The widow will find us no jack rabbit, and the enemies who have encouraged this new move may hear something drop before the trial is over."

"Wednesday evening as we put on our Mother Hubbard and sat down by the open window to get a breath of air before retiring, a sadness suddenly stole over us and in a few minutes we found tears in our eyes. The query came to us over and over again: 'Is life worth living?' and as we thought of the old homestead, the days of boyhood—the many graves—the changes of thirty years—the fountains of the deep were broken up and we wept."
"Such moods do a man good. They bring him nearer heaven's gate. We don't know whether they come from a disordered liver or the near presence of a guardian angel, but we always feel a heap better afterwards. We no longer feel a spirit of revenge. We have no grudges. We feel charity for all."
"And as the bright beams of the harvest moon steal into our office window and throw a flood of silver light upon the dead ads on the imposing stone—as the south wind comes sighing around the corner of Jackass hill and whispers to us the story of household graves—as the whip-poor-will wakes from his sweet sleep in the rear of Stevens'—the reputable dance house to call to us to press onward and upward and be not discouraged, we take down the theodolite, wipe the falling tears away, and seek our couch with the determination to secure a pass from here to Omaha and return or make it so hot for the railroads that they will have to keep every tire wet all the year 'round."—Detroit Free Press.

An Old Time London Clipper.
One of the old time London clipper ton ships, the Mikado, is now lying in the Erie basin. She was run into in the most stupid and unaccountable manner by the big Philadelphia tug-boat Rattler, and considerably damaged on the port side, and is being repaired at the Rattler's expense. The Mikado is a handsome type of a line of vessels that have passed away. She is what is known as a composite ship—that is, the frames are iron, with teak planking fastened with copper bolts.

These clippers were specially built for the tea trade, and many a cargo the Mikado has discharged in New York. The figurehead is the mikado, a saber in hand. On each side of the bow is the Chinese dragon. Each side of the after cabin doors is decorated with carved figures of this emblem. The rig of the Mikado has been altered to a bark, as it requires less hands to man the vessel. The cabin is very handsome, the panels being painted with Chinese and Japanese scenes. The master, Capt. W. Bunn; and his two boys live aboard.

Capt. Bunn has quite a museum of curiosities—petrified jellyfish, boats made from the breastbone of the albatross, collections of dried flowers and leaves, including some from Pitcairn Island. The Mikado has been for years in the Chilean trade, and was once caught in an attack made by the Peruvian fleet when the latter attempted to cut out the vessels of the Chileans. Capt. Bunn has made ten trips around Cape Horn in the Mikado.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The sugar mite (acarus sacchari) is estimated to number 100,000 per pound in most unrefined sugars. It causes the "grocer's" itch of those handling the raw sugar.

Twenty inches is said to be the narrowest gauge of railroad doing regular business in the United States.

More than a million men are employed by the various railway lines in the United States.

Paris has adopted the American gauge system.

THE DIAMOND-BUTTON

FROM THE DIARY OF A LAWYER AND THE NOTE BOOK OF A REPORTER.

By BAROLAY NORTH.

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CHAPTER I.

"MURDER! MURDER!"



THE place was Union square, the time, an hour after midnight.

Three men, leaving three different points on the square, met a little north of the monument of Washington. One of them left the corner of Fifteenth street and Fourth avenue, and walked in the direction of Fourteenth street and Broadway; another left the corner of Fourteenth street and Broadway, and walked in the direction of Fifteenth street and Fourth avenue. These two met closely, having walked on the same line in opposite directions. The third left the corner of Fourteenth street and Fourth avenue and walked in the direction of the park, on a line with the monument.

When the other two met, the third had only reached as far as the iron railing which insures the father of his country the uninterrupted enjoyment of that ride upon which he set out some thirty or forty years ago; he had loitered along with the air of one who had no purpose in his walk, smoking with leisurely puffs.

The other two walked briskly. But the third, having the shorter distance to go, was near enough to see the man who had come from Fifteenth street and Fourth avenue stop, catch him by the arm and peer sharply in his face, and heard these words:

"It is you, is it? Then take this." At the same moment, the man at the railing saw a glittering flash in the night, an uplifted arm brought down swiftly, heard a blow—a groan, saw a body falling to the ground, and a man quickly disappear into the park.

Dazed by the rapid action of this tragedy, enacted almost at his very feet, he clung to the iron railing and shouted: "Murder! Murder!"

The square, which but a moment before seemed to have no occupants but the three, was quickly thronged. There were hotels and drinking saloons on two sides, cabmen sleeping on their boxes and tramps, plenty, in the park, for it was a summer's night in August. These produced a crowd, while a policeman came running from Fourteenth street.

"Who did this?" demanded the officer, casting a glance at the fallen man. No one answered. He examined the body. "The man is dead," he exclaimed. He lifted the arm of the victim. "Heavens! The knife is still sticking in him. Did any one see this?"

"Yes, I did," said the man who had first shouted "murder." Then he told what he had seen. "Stand here till I can take your name and address," said the policeman, "but I must have help."

He rapped several times on the pavement with his long night club; the signal was promptly answered from different quarters; among others who came was the coroner.

After he had heard all that could be told him he dispatched an officer for the coroner. Then he asked the name of him who had given the alarm.

"Albert Wessing," was the reply. "Well, Mr. Wessing, I suppose you will not like it, but you will have to go with me to the station house. Don't leave. You are a valuable witness—the only one who saw the deed committed."

Before the valuable witness could reply two things occurred. From each side a man forced his way to the spot where lay the body. One, who came from the Fourth avenue side, had a loose coat thrown over his night shirt; his bare feet were thrust into slippers, and his suspenders were gathered around the waistband of his trousers like a belt; he had evidently dressed with great haste. As he came forward he said: "No, not the only witness, for I saw the blow."

"Where were you?" sharply queried the sergeant. "Looking out of the window of my room," replied the newcomer, pointing to the Union Square hotel. "I was prepared for bed, but I threw on some clothes and came down."

Then, perceiving that the sergeant scrutinized him, he added: "Have no fear concerning me, sergeant; I am well known in the city. I am a practicing lawyer; my name is Henry Holbrook; I have lived a long time at that hotel. The night clerk will vouch for me."

"Yes," said the man beside him, "he gave the alarm in the hotel as he came rushing down stairs."
This satisfied the sergeant, for he recognized in the man the night clerk of the hotel.
"But why have you not searched the park for the murderer?" asked Holbrook. "He ran in the direction of Seventeenth street and Broadway. I followed him until he was lost to my eyes in the trees. As he ran he threw a coat."

gent, grasping the arm of the newcomer as he straightened up. The policeman who had come first at the cry of murder recognized the speaker. Sliding up to the superior officer he said: "He's all right, sergeant; I know him; head barkeeper over here on the corner—Borton house."

Then, moved by the recollection of sundry sly imbibations, he added: "A perfect gentleman." "Who is Mr. Templeton? What do you know about him?" "Oh!" said the sergeant. "Who is Mr. Templeton? What do you know about him?" "Not very much," replied the barkeeper. "Comes into our place pretty often. Usually stops in on his way uptown of an afternoon. Sometimes comes in at night, but not often. He was in our place half an hour ago."

"Had he been drinking?" "Not much in our place." "Was he intoxicated?" "Oh no, he never gets drunk. Very careful drinker. There were some friends with him. They all went out to get her."

"Was there any quarreling among them?" "No, very friendly and jolly." "Still it might have been one of them who knifed him." "No," said Holbrook, "I saw this man standing on the corner of Fourteenth street and Broadway. He parted from them and came this way; the other went down Fourteenth street toward the North river. The arc lights made every thing clear to me, and there were few people in the square."

"Yes, that is so," remarked Wessing.

CHAPTER II.

THE CORONER TAKES CHARGE.

THE coroner came up at this moment and the sergeant and the officer examined the body. "Death was instantaneous," he said; "the knife passed between the ribs and pierced the heart; a powerful blow."

The two policemen who had gone into the park returned. They brought with them a pair of trousers, a coat and a hat; they had been found at different places, but on a line with the supposed flight of the murderer; first the coat, then the trousers and lastly the hat—tossed on one side or the other, on the grass.

The coroner closely examined them and then handed them to the sergeant. There was nothing whatever in the pockets. They were of cheap quality, such as you see in front of Chatham street clothing stores on wire frames, marked six, eight and ten dollars the suit.

Apparently they had never been worn before, for the creases, which come from being folded in piles on the counters were still in them. "Worn for the purpose of being thrown off," commented the sergeant. "Where is the vest?" "We didn't find any." "Look again."

The two officers moved off to obey the order. "Has the body been searched?" asked the coroner. "No." "Then search it."

Little was revealed. A handkerchief, a pair of kid gloves, a card case filled with cards, bearing the name of "James Holroyd Templeton," a receipted tailor's bill, a wallet containing memoranda, descriptions of real estate in various parts of the city, a gold toothpick, ninety-one dollars in bills, less than a dollar in silver change, a gold watch and chain, a few cigars.

These articles were placed in the handkerchief, tied up, and given to the coroner. "The body may be removed, sergeant," said the coroner. "Have the clothes taken to the station house. Have you the names and addresses of the witnesses?"

"Yes, also the names of those who were last with the deceased." "That is well." "Except the address of this man, turning to Wessing, who had never left the side of the sergeant. "I am a stranger in the city," he replied. "I live in Philadelphia; I came here for this evening."

"You came last night." "Yes, since this is the morning, a new day." "Where are you stopping?" Wessing hesitated.

"The truth is, sergeant," said Wessing, "I have not taken lodgings yet. My wife is over there at that hotel, pointing to Fourteenth street. 'I was about to take a turn in the park, smoke my cigar and then go back to take a room.'"

"Um. Well, I will accommodate you with lodgings for the rest of the night." "Why," said Holbrook, "he saw no more than I did." "That may be," replied the sergeant, grimly, "but he may know more than you do. At all events, he must give a better account of himself than he has yet done."

"That made Wessing smile. "That I will do, but I prefer doing it at the station house rather than in this crowd." "Well, let us go."

"I will go, too," said Holbrook, who was strongly attracted by Wessing. "As you please," rejoined the sergeant, then turning to an officer he said: "Watch the body; I will send a litter to you as soon as I can."

Arriving at the station house, after all had been excluded except the coroner and Holbrook, Wessing gave a straightforward account of his coming into the city from Philadelphia the night previous, and his determination not to register himself at any hotel until after he had taken something to eat; that having eaten at an eating house on Fourteenth street and lit a cigar, he thought he would smoke it in the park and cool off before he returned to the hotel. He gave names and addresses in Philadelphia whereby his statements could be verified by the telegraph.

So expressing himself, he remarked to the sergeant: "Be careful you do not have a suit for false imprisonment on your hands." This made the sergeant uneasy. The coroner laughed, but would say nothing to relieve the officer.

"Have no fear," said Wessing, "you are only doing your duty." This complaisance secured for Wessing the captain's room for the night rather than a cell.

Holbrook having nothing to detain him, went away. When he reached the square he went over to the spot where the murder had been done. He did no purpose in giving a fascination—drew him thither.

The square was deserted again, and quiet reigned. The revelers had gone back to their haunts, the tramps to their benches in the park, the "night hawk" awaited the belated ones who might require their services. The moon shone brightly. The silence was oppressive, broken only at intervals by the snatches of drunken song in the distance and the occasional rumble of the trains on Third avenue.

Holbrook meditated on the uncertainty of life. The man Templeton was young, strong, in health, and in a moment he had been struck down and was dead. He walked the streets late at night himself at times, and the same fate might easily have been his. But this man, who was not a murderer for the purpose of robbery, in sheer wickedness thrust his knife into the lives of others.

Hardly anything does not come in our civilization. There was a motto for the act, a strong one—doubtless. The discovery of the motive would lead to the discovery of the murderer. The first discovery that the motive would doubtless be the discovery that the murderer.

As he stood something apart, under the sudden flaring of a distant electric light, at his feet. He picked up the shining object. It was a cuff button—a round, gold button with a diamond imbedded in its top.

Holbrook looked about him. The murdered man must have lain upon it. "When was that lost?" he muttered to himself. "Does it have any connection with this murder?" "Pshaw," he added, "it may have lain there all night. But stop! The great sweeping machine passed over this spot twenty minutes or less before the first met and would have swept it away."

He examined it closely. "The button belongs to a man who commands money and is particular in his dress. Good! Bar keepers and policemen do not wear diamond buttons of this kind, nor cabbies, nor tramps sleeping in the park, nor indeed many lawyers. It belonged either to the murdered man or his murderer."

He felt pleased with himself and thought he would make a shrewd detective. "Perhaps it belongs to the coroner," he said aloud. "Not probable," he added, on another thought. "A coroner awakened in the middle of the night to view a body recently killed would hardly carry himself with diamond buttons. In all events I suppose I must turn it over to the authorities. In the meantime I shall go to bed."

He put the button