

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

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WORE A SUIT OF MAIL.

The Peculiar Personality of a California Woman of Property.

The story of the achievements of Maria Bensley has become familiar through the recent attempts at settlement of the Bensley estate. The story of the woman's personality is more remarkable. As one evidence of her peculiarities it may be cited that she wore a coat of mail.

The woman was the wife of John Bensley, once a financial power in San Francisco. When he failed and fled, after hiding his property to escape his creditors, she remained to fight them and proved herself a diplomat. After several transfers she got hold of the Bensley property, in turn disposing of it to a fictitious woman, from whom she had no trouble in securing a power of attorney. "Mrs. de Tarento" she called this fictitious woman, and needless to say, when Mrs. Bensley desired to dispose of any property, Mrs. de Tarento never dissented.

While Bensley was away his wife found herself in many trying situations, and when she became a widow her peace of mind was still disturbed by the importunities of creditors and their recourse to the law. Mrs. Bensley traced her pedigree back to noble families that never existed, and her pride was based on titles that were never bestowed. She had few confidants, and the enemies her husband had acquired readily transferred their attention to her. She was worried and looked it. She grew thin and feeble, but lost no whit of her pluck.

One day Mrs. Bensley was dining at the Pleasanton when a message was brought to her. She read it, gasped and fainted. As she fell from her chair she struck the floor with a clang. People who raised the attenuated form wondered at its weight. When medical attention was called, the mystery was explained. Inclosing the woman's body was a coat of mail, steel linked and bullet proof. In her contentions and her scheming to keep creditors from getting their dues she had learned to fear violence. It is believed that until death Mrs. Bensley wore her armor. When stricken with heart disease, she was still in the midst of a legal fight, still maintaining her friends and had as much reason as ever to believe herself in danger of violence.—San Francisco Letter.

SECRETARY'S PORTRAITS.

The United Art Gallery in the Department of State at Washington.

The department of state at Washington has now an art gallery, limited to a certain class of paintings, of which there is no superior collection in the world. This collection has been recently hung with much good taste in one of the rooms devoted to the reception of the diplomatic corps when any of its members call to see the secretary.

The collection embraces the oil portraits of every secretary of state, beginning with Thomas Jefferson, down to and including Thomas F. Bayard. Some of the likenesses are said to be most excellent, and a few are thought by experts to be wretchedly poor. Mr. Bayard's is one of the latter, although the government paid a handsome sum to the artist for her work. All these portraits were on exhibition at the World's fair at Chicago and have recently been received at the state department. Where they are now hung visitors can readily see them without the formality of red tape or the granting of authority by any of the functionaries of the department. The collection is a most valuable one and will soon be increased by portraits of Mr. Blaine, Secretary Foster and later of Secretary Gresham. A striking fact in the collection was the number of secretaries who preferred to wear no hirsute adornments. John C. Calhoun was the only one prior to Secretary Blaine who wore whiskers.—Baltimore Sun.

Europe's Suffering Poor.

The suffering among the London poor this winter is not so great as was expected, says a correspondent. It has been about an average winter for the unemployed. There has been only about a week of severe weather, which fact has greatly mitigated suffering. London is now rejoicing in pleasant skies and springlike air, influences under which the grass has been always green, and shrubs are now putting out their leaves, and trees are beginning to bud.

A very different story comes from eastern Europe. In districts in Russia the winter is so severe that wolves are annually fierce. The other day at Saratoff a peasant woman walking near the village was surrounded and devoured by a pack of nine wolves. Another peasant going to market was torn by a pack of wolves and set to shreds. Nothing was left of man and horse but a few bones and tufts of hair.

His Name.

The mania for giving a large number of Christian names to one and the same person is particularly prevalent in Italy. An Italian gentleman named Campagna, who has just been naturalized a Frenchman, has given some little trouble to the French foreign office clerks in registering his full designation. Here it is: Vincendo Salvatore Maria Genaro Francesco-Sales Rocco-De-Asasi Francesco de Paolo Rocca Michele Crocifisso Eudimio Pasquale Giovan Giuseppe Geltrude Carlo Guatana Alfonso Ciro Andrea Luigi Gioran Alberto Antonio-di-Para Antonio-Gerardo Campagna.—London News.

Annexation at Boston.

The Massachusetts legislature is moving in the direction of a "greater Boston." It is proposed to annex to the Hub all towns and cities within 10 miles of Boston and all the seashore from Marblehead to Hull. The consolidation will give Boston a large area and greater population and will benefit the other places by giving them improvements which they could not otherwise afford.—Detroit Free Press.

John Herschel could remember every figure of the long and abstruse mathematical calculations made in his astronomical work. He often made a long calculation, then called his amanuensis and dictated the whole from memory.

A HARDWORKED DIPLOMAT.

Minister Guzman of Nicaragua, His Career and His American Wife.

One of the hardest worked diplomats in Washington is Dr. Horatio Guzman, Nicaragua's minister to the United States, who was so conspicuous in the recent vexatious controversy between Great Britain and his country. He comes of one of the foremost families of Nicaragua, and his father has been president of the republic twice, once minister to England and several times a member of the Nicaraguan senate and house. Dr. Guzman seems to have inherited his father's ability and is one of Nicaragua's most conspicuous men at the present time. When a young man, he studied medicine in Paris and Philadelphia, and while a resident of the Quaker City met Miss May Ewing, a charming American girl. They were married 13 years ago and went to Nicaragua to live.

After four years of life in the little republic Dr. Guzman's talents and influence led to his securing the appointment of minister to the United States, and for nine years he has ably represented his country at Washington. When the revolution of 1893 occurred in Nicaragua, Dr. Guzman resigned and returned home, but so highly was he esteemed by Nicaraguans, regardless of party, that he had hardly been in the country 24 hours before the new government commissioned him to return to his post in Washington.

Dr. Guzman holds high place among the learned men of his country and is a hard student as well as a brainy diplomatist. One of the great ambitions of his life is to secure the inauguration of unobstructed effort toward the completion of the great canal across the isthmus through Nicaraguan territory while he is minister to the United States. He believes the canal will be of incalculable benefit to Nicaragua and the United States, and he has been unremitting in his labors to further the project.

Mrs. Guzman is as devoted to Nicaragua as she is to her native country and declares that as a native of one American republic and the adopted daughter of another she may truly call herself a "double American." She is a large, fine looking woman with blond hair, blue eyes and a fair complexion, the exact opposite of her dark, strikingly handsome husband, who is an excellent example of the Spanish type of manly comeliness. Philadelphia's daughters seem to be particularly fascinating to the diplomats of our sister republics, for Mrs. Romero, wife of the Mexican minister, is also a Quaker City lady.

HE SAVED ANDY JOHNSON.

Ross Left the Printer's Case For the Senate and Then Resumed Typetting.

A great many men have gone from the printer's case to the United States senate, but very few leave the United States senate and go back to the case. Major Edmund G. Ross is one of the few. He is an

odd political character and has seen more ups and downs in life than most men. He has repeatedly sunk into obscurity and as often flashed into prominence again, but the most notable incident of his checkered career occurred in 1858, when he cast the "not guilty" vote that saved President Andrew Johnson from impeachment by congress.

Ross was born in Ohio 69 years ago and learned the printer's trade. He was of a loving disposition and at the age of 30 joined the Free Soil movement in Kansas. The proslavery men had destroyed several papers which espoused abolitionist doctrines, but not at all daunted, Ross and his brother William started the Kansas Tribune and later founded the first paper published in Topeka. In 1859 he was a member of the convention that framed the Kansas constitution, and when the war began he enlisted as a private in the Federal army. He was mustered out a major at the close of the strife and again took up the printer's "stick." In 1866 Senator Lane of Kansas committed suicide, and Governor Crawford promptly appointed Ross his successor in the United States senate. When Lane's term expired a year later, Ross was elected senator by the legislature.

During the impeachment proceedings that followed President Johnson's dismissal from office of Edwin M. Stanton, secretary of war, Ross was the cynosure of all eyes for the reason that he was the only man whose vote was in doubt. Ross hated Senator Ben Wade and feared that the impeachment of Johnson would place Wade in the presidential chair. Kansas clamored for the conviction of Johnson, but Ross voted for acquittal.

Kansas went wild with rage. Ross' odd notions burst him in office, the newspapers called him everything that is dared in print, and one constituent telegraphed, "Probably the rope with which Judas Iscariot hanged himself is lost, but the pistol with which Jim Lane committed suicide is at your service."

Ross remained in the senate until his term expired and then started "Ross' Paper at Coffeyville, Kan. He has since edited various papers and worked at the case in Kansas and New Mexico. When Mr. Cleveland was first inaugurated, Ross was earning \$10 a week sticking type on an Albuquerque paper. He at once left for Washington and was appointed governor of New Mexico. He is now writing a book on the impeachment of President Johnson.

Chicago Wine Comes Cheap.

Customer—A table d'hote dinner, including a bottle of good wine, for 75 cents? Yes, that's cheap enough, but I don't care for any wine, and I can't afford it. How much will it be without the wine?

Waiter—I'll do what's right with you, boss. You can have the dinner without the wine for 70 cents, sah.—Chicago Tribune.

A Close Resemblance.

"There are some points about your writings that much resemble Shakespeare," said the editor.

"Do you think so?" cried the delighted author, who had brought his contribution in with his own hand.

"Yes," the editor continued, "you employ almost the same punctuation marks."—Rockland Tribune.

STORY OF A WILL.

"I do wish the postman would come."

Said Marion Cross Harfield, namesake of a maid ago, worth about \$100,000, and who her will had given directions that a certain sum of this money was to be used by Mr. Harfield for the benefit of his family until her death. Marion was 18 years of age.

On the anniversary of that eighteenth birthday Marion was to receive a letter from her own lawyer, which would state how the money was to be disposed of after that time.

The morning had arrived, and Marion's excitement about the letter was intense. The postman came at last, and Mr. Harfield handed to his daughter the longed for missive.

"Oh, dear, it's the queerest letter," said Marion, handing it to her father. "Please read it, papa. I can't understand it yet."

Mr. Harfield commenced: "Years ago I was to have been married to a man whom I thought all truth and honor. I need not tell you the whole story. It is sufficient to tell you that he did not marry me. He would not marry me, and that was the reason I die unmarried. I would save you, my child, from a fate like mine. Therefore I bequeath to you the interest of my money so long as you remain unmarried."

"If at the age of 40 you are resigned to spinsterhood, the whole principle and interest is at your disposal."

"What would you be married at 40? And what's the use of all that money at that age?" exclaimed Marion.

"Should you, however, meet one for whom you can give up this money, on the wedding day read the other letter which my lawyer will forward you, which will tell you how I wish my money disposed of."

"But, papa, and all of you, no outsiders be told about the conditions on which I receive my money. We are going to enjoy life with it."

And "enjoy life" she did, and pretty Marion Harfield was one of the most sought after young ladies in the place.

It soon began to be noticed that wherever Marion Harfield was there, or very good son, was Cecil Lynes, the son of a neighboring baronet, to be found.

The day came when Cecil could no longer refrain from telling his love. And Marion? Well, who could blame her?

"Oh, Cecil, I said I'd live and die an old maid; but, my dear, I love you—and can't."

"And how soon can I have my wife?" questioned Cecil some half hour afterward.

"Oh, Cecil, I forgot. Perhaps you won't marry when I tell you about my money."

"My darling! What do I care for your money? But what will your father say?"

"Oh, papa will sanction anything that is for my happiness," shyly answered Marion.

And so the engagement was agreed to. The wedding was arranged to take place early in January, and Mr. Bliss, the lawyer, was written to. He graciously accepted the invitation sent him to be present at the ceremony and promised to bring the faithful letter with him.

The wedding and breakfast were over. The last guest had departed.

THREE KINDS OF COURTSHIP.

A Long Branch Chaperon on the Antique, Ephemeral and Progressive.

"You see," said the chaperon of a quartet of lively girls at Long Branch, "there are now three kinds of courting—the antique, the progressive and the ephemeral. Odd, isn't it, where the heart is concerned? Both the antique and the ephemeral kind are found among the old girls and boys and the debutantes, while the progressive sort is confined mostly to those who have been in society a half dozen seasons or less. The antique is the kind which has for its password one life, one love. The ephemeral lends itself to the fancy of the hour without further reflection. The progressive is one with which we have to deal in answering the query, 'Where are the old favorites, and why are the younger set so popular?'"

"It is most natural that the matured bachelor and the rosebud should enjoy each other's society. This is ephemeral, no responsibility, no care, but the rosebud has a decided advantage over her courtly gallant, for, while she is becoming skillful in the use of Cupid's weapons, he is losing time and ground, and some day will awaken to the truth that he is growing old, bald and ridiculous. What does the young girl see in her old escort? Mostly attention, which is very flattering to her in her first season. She is lonely. The women of his set have disappeared somewhere, and he is willing to buy candy, kiss lap dogs, do anything to be entertained and entertained. In this capacity the bachelor is a most useful member of society. He has even been known to walk about with grandmothers and to carry the married sister's baby and luggage to the train."

"Progressive courtships curiously. When a young woman begins to entertain serious thoughts of her future, whether in choosing a profession, a business or a husband, she rises above driftwood and marks a tree that will shelter her. Her time, also, is a consideration. She cannot waste years dallying with an old leech, a perennial.

"These perennials are, many of them, good souls, nice escorts, but not up to date enough for ideal husbands. So the marriageable women, those who can preside with dignity over neat homes—the belles, in short, of past seasons—leave the ranks and form a new class.

"When a young lady becomes indifferent to parties, like distant friends, protracted visits, and can't be located, keep a sharp lookout among the marriage notes. The out of town men secure most of the home prizes. The only chance for home bachelors is to go out of town, too, where they are not known as overlanders."

"Suppose, however, that they cannot give up the old favorites; suppose that there is a great tug-of-war at the heart when they think of losing them. In such cases, if the men value their happiness and wish to wager on their chances, they must become specialists in love and ply their skill increasingly as the summer season approaches.

"Good-bye, sweet heart, said idly will be detected by no one more quickly than the young lady herself, and the chance will be greatly in favor of that London, Philadelphia or Baltimore man."—Philadelphia Times.

The First Parish Priest.

It is to be remembered that, as in the apostolic age the work of converting the world started from the great towns, so was this emphatically the case in Gaul. How early or how late the practice became general of calling the country cure the parish and the episcopal see the diocese I have never been able to discover. As early as the fourth century we find mentions of country churches with lands belonging to them, and in the next century the numbers of these foundations so much increased that Sidonius (A. D. 430-488) mentions a visitation he made of the rural churches in his diocese (Auvergne), and we notice that by this time such settlements are sometimes called parishes and sometimes dioceses.

Later on Gregory of Tours (A. D. 530-590) more often calls the country cures dioceses and the episcopal see the parochia. But, call them what you will, we are fairly well instructed as to the manner in which the country parishes (as we call them now) rose up in Gaul, and I have a suspicion that what we call parishes in this country are not so much the same as the parishes of olden times.

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Swedish Matchmaking.

A description is given of the Swedish method of manufacturing matches, which has at least the merit of simplicity in the manipulation of the wood stock. The timber is cut into blocks about 15 inches long and placed in a turning lathe. With one revolution a slice of veneer is peeled off the thickness required for the match sticks, while at the same time eight small knives cut the slice into seven pieces, like ribbons, and of the length required for the sticks. These ribbons are then broken into lengths of six to ten feet, and the defective pieces are removed and the ribbons are then fed through a machine which cuts them into pieces like a straw cutter, these then passing through an automatically arranged machine with cutters which slice off as many pieces the thickness required for a match as there are cutters, one machine turning out from 3,000,000 to 10,000,000 matches a day.

The data given of this manufacture shows that Sweden and Norway have long been among the largest match producing countries of the world, their exports amounting to about 20,000,000 pounds of matches per annum, while in Germany the number of matches made is about 300, with an annual yield of about 70,000,000 matches, and in Austria there are some 100 factories, with a corresponding large output.—New York Sun.

The Skeata, Soets, Gleggs.

There are many examples of surnames which denote physical or mental strength in the persons who first bore them. Striking instances are: Skrat, the old English skel, skilt; Skell, the old English skell; old Norse Sniall, swift, strong; Marvell, meaning prodigy; Swift, Sharp, Quick; Magin, probably from the old Norse maginn, strong; or Glegg, which represents the old Norse glogger, scotch gleg, meaning quick, clever, and cunning in the Lansdowne dialect as glegg. In South Yorkshire they say that a quick witted man is "as glegg as a wumble."

It is sharp as a gimlet. Every one of these surnames—and there are more of the same kind—denotes the mental or physical good qualities of an ancestor.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Spell the Same Both Ways.

I have collected the following palindromes during the last three years and herewith present them to the curious to ponder over: Adda, Anna, bad, bib, bob, bob, civic, dad, deed, defied, dived, dewed, did, doed, dofed, doved, eye, gag, gig, gag, pop, madam, Maram, noon, noon, Otto, papp, peep, pip, pup, redder, refer, repaper, repaper, rotator, sees, selles, sexes, shabs, six, sizs, semes, stellet, tat, tenet, tit, tot, tut, waw and wleaw.—St. Louis Republic.

THE HUMOR OF IT.

She was dressing very carefully and exquisitely for the Havertons' dance, and yet with a certain nervous abstraction. Now and then she would stand still, lost in imagination, then she would set her teeth and dress frantically for a spell. Clearly it was not easy to renounce a scene of reproach and scorn and to put in judicious hairpins simultaneously. But she realized that a perfect confidence in her own appearance might materially influence her courage when the moment for the scene came, and that the moment should come tonight and at the Havertons' dance she was fully and desperately determined.

Surely if ever a man deserved punishment at the hands of woman that man was Ashby Eldon. He had behaved unforgettably. She had met him for the first time at Nice in the early part of this winter. She was there on mere pleasure and had given her to understand that he had fled from a hot-house atmosphere of tiresome adulation in London to breathe his soul in pure sunshine. He had talked culture and personal idealities in perfect proportion. He had been charming, had worn striped linen, a pointed beard and a smile of fascinating fatigue; he had deluged her with expensive flowers. At first these flowers had come with a mere card. A little later the card was often inclosed in a sealed envelope and covered with some suggestive little quotation from the French or German poets.

Still later the flowers had come without a word, bearing their own message, and when he wrote a spray or two in her dress he would perhaps steady his eyes on hers for a moment, hold her hand the fraction of a second too long for mere conversation, or tell her in a thousand wordless ways that she was a charming woman in his eyes, and that he knew she knew it. And never a hint or sign of his engagement to that Miss Trevors! It was incomprehensible—unspeakable!

If he had not mentioned by chance that Lady Haverton was his aunt, if he had not mentioned by chance that he had not taken enormous trouble to cultivate Lady Haverton and lead her talk on to Ashby Eldon, she might have dwelled in her fool's paradise to the day of his wedding announcement.

Well, the days of woman's "silent sufferings" were over now, thank heaven! She had been reading a striking article on this theme in some magazine only last week. A woman who had a man's pre-arranged was his equal, his rival, and tonight she would prove it. She would speak her mind honestly, grandly, without flinching. She foresaw every detail of the interview. He would be standing in the doorway of the ballroom when she arrived. She would pass him by. He would speak to her, and she would raise her eyebrows in calm surprise, answering in icy terms. But he should write his name on her programme, and when his dance came around she would ask to sit it out. Silently she would lead the way to an empty room—the little boudoir at the back of the conservatory. And then—

How she would tear him with her weapons of scorn and disgust. She would make him feel like a cur.

The hottest words seemed insufficient punishment when she thought what suffering he might have caused her! It was the merest chance that she had not lost her heart to him—the merest chance. Why did she face in the glass a witch as he had said? She would talk again and say it loud. It was the purest piece of luck that she had not fallen in love with Ashby Eldon. He had done his best. He was a brute. Yes, he was. She didn't care. He was.

How hideous red eyelids could make one look! They took all the poetry out of white cheeks. Why had she been the fool to choose her first love tonight? And what would it matter if she wore green balm? Hateful world!

It was packed at the Havertons'. Eleven o'clock and he was not there. She paced a great deal. Half past 11 and he was not there. She sat out a great deal. She was getting too tired to smile. She must go home now.

"Good night, Lady Haverton—a delightful evening!" Yes, she was feeling a little tired. Good night once more and out on to the staircase.

Merciful powers! There he came—slowly, possessed in the old way. Quick! What was she going to say at the very first—oh, what?

"Miss Fearnall an unexpected pleasure!" A wave seemed to wash over her brain. She took his proffered hand, and her eyes fell for one second. Then she looked up with a brilliant society smile. Her old resolutions lay about her in ruins. A completely different set of emotions had taken possession of her—unconsciously, unquestioningly.

"Ah, you are back in the vortex, Mr. Eldon—the dear old vortex?" "Yes!" A faint suspicion of awkwardness spoiled his usually perfect manner. "Yes, I am just de retour. How kind of people to let me see this little soiree at this time of the year—when there is positively no other way of getting warm!"

"And I am ungrateful enough to be running away now. There is so much going on down town—Isn't there?" "But you will give me a few words before you go? Come down stairs and let us drink to the memory of dear old Nice! And—and I have news."

"Your engagement and I was forgetting my congratulations," he took breath. "How unparadiseable of me, but really so many of my friends have taken the fatal step just lately I'm getting quite confused. Is your fiancée here?"

"No, unfortunately."

"Ah, no matter. I am sure. Well, it leaves me something to look forward to. Good night, Mr. Eldon, and bien des choses for your future happiness. There's my chaperon. I must fly."

She waved a frivolous hand. There was a look of surprised disappointment on his cheek as he turned to go. And yet he gave another deep sigh of relief as he turned into the ball-room.

"Wonderful luck! But somehow I thought she'd take it differently," said he to himself.

And she drove home. Only when she got to her own room and remembered just what she had meant to say and just what she had said did she see the humor of it, and thereupon she cried—Black and White.

CHECKED IN HIS MAD CAREER.

Lieutenant Harden, Soldier of Fortune, Drives Up to a Prison Cell.

One of the bright and shining lights of San Francisco is at present illuminating the interior of a cell in the prison of that city, says the New York Sun. His name is Francis Leo G. Harden, his station is soldier of fortune, formerly a lieutenant in her majesty Queen Victoria's colonial naval reserve, and his fortune is his good sword, a supply of gorgeous uniform and enough means to live on. He burst upon that city with such a flood of tales of his own adventures by sea and land that he soon became known as F. L. Goshal-nighly Harden'.

According to his own account, or rather the average of his many accounts, he had served as a cadet in the British naval reserve and had become a lieutenant in New Zealand. While his ship was cruising along the South American coast in 1890 revolution broke out in the Argentine Republic, and Lieutenant Harden, resigning his commission, accepted a lieutenantcy in the insurgent army.

Jack the Giant Killer was a Quaker compared to Lieutenant Harden as he conducted himself in that campaign. Whenever his sword flashed there were terror and retreat on the part of the enemy, and when at last the war was over the decrease in the Argentine population was largely due to the bright blade of the soldier of fortune.

In September, 1890, he returned to England, where he received a medal, not now on exhibition, for saving seven persons from drowning. Various versions of this wonderful feat are extant in San Francisco, but the most popular is that the lieutenant swam out to the place where a boat had sunk in a frightful storm, set two of the drowning persons on his back, seized one in his teeth, clutched one in each hand, grappled two more, using his toes to hold them up, and swam ashore with them, propelling himself by a danse du ventre movement of the abdominal muscles.

After this little feat he went to Chile, cast his lot with the insurgents, taking a prominent part in the battles of Iquique, Pisagua, Huara, Antofagasta, Taltal and Copiapo, so prominent, in fact, that the insurgent leaders became jealous of him, and this, combined with the fact that the wife of a prominent general had fallen madly in love with him, brought matters to a crisis. Harden was accused of treason and had to fly. Twice he returned to console the heartbroken wife of the general, and twice he barely escaped with his life.

His next active service was in Honolulu, where he got together half a dozen natives and hatched up what was termed by courtesy a revolution, for which he was run out of the country. Fiji and Samoa were then honored by visits from him, but it seems that rumors of his inflammatory character had preceded him, for he was invited to depart, and he departed, breathing threats of slaughter and revenge. Some day he is going back there with a shipload of dynamite to blow those islands into nothingness. Back he went to Honolulu and staid there three days. Then the government sped the parting guest with many hints of dungeons dark and execution by military court, whereupon the doctory lieutenant took ship for San Francisco.

Miss Carlotta Rosa Cahosa is an Indian girl from Mexico, whose parents, being wealthy, brought her on to San Francisco to attend the Midwinter fair. They came early, and shortly after their arrival Miss Cahosa, who is 19 years old, very pretty and of an impulsive temperament, became acquainted with John Kalini, a full-blooded Hawaiian, who has been and is now her young affections, and to all appearances had succeeded when Lieutenant Harden made his appearance on the scene. Gold lace, the clanking sword and the tale of hairbreadth 'scapes by flood and field from the heart of the Indian maid away from her dusky admirer, and she turned to meet Lieutenant Harden, who had just on day, smote him upon the forehead, would probably have been impaled upon the soldier's sword but for the interference of bystanders.

"We will meet again!" shouted the warrior. "I challenge you. I will cut your heart in pieces!"

This "mince meat" was willing—but not appeal to Kalini. He was willing—but not to fight, used. Nothing but blood, Harden declared, could wipe out the insult, but he was finally prevailed upon to consider nose blood as satisfactory in the eraser line as Harden's blood, and the two rivals met in a quiet room with no gloves and no rules to hinder them. In the sixth round Kalini received a terrific kick in the stomach, and threw up the sponge, to put it mildly. Then the lieutenant disappeared from public view, as did Miss Cahosa. He deserted his old haunts, and it was long before his friends found out that he was living very quietly at 518 Howard street, where Miss Cahosa was also living very quietly, too—so quietly indeed that her parents didn't know anything about it.

While there Miss Cahosa made the acquaintance of an agreeable young fellow broad named Paterson, to whom she introduced Lieutenant Harden. The two men became quite intimate, and it is probable that Harden knew before the police did that Paterson was a professional burglar named Sullivan. About a week ago Sullivan was caught in the extreme nose and profession, his dwelling place was discovered and Harden and Miss Cahosa were arrested. The detectives are now trying to find out from them something about Butler Sullivan, but both declare that they know nothing.

Presented With a Throne. King Behanzin's throne has just arrived in Paris, a present to the city from the victorious General Dods, and has been placed in the Trocadero museum. It is a curious block of wood, carved with rude reliefs representing the king and his court.—Paris Journal.

Convinced. Patron—Wun Lung, is it true that many of the Japanese have become Christians? Chinese Laundryman—Me sabe thatee so. See how they fight!—New York Weekly.

Armour Met the Emergency. Philip D. Armour is a man of vast resources. A few months ago an attempt was made by a grain corner to squeeze him. His own granaries were full, and the combination of space in him have a square inch of space in his elevators. Armour had 30,000 bushels of wheat to place in his buildings, to which to do it. He sent for it in 48 cars, and he had it, and in 48 days the largest and finest grain elevator in Chicago had been erected and the grain stored in it.—Chicago Correspondent.

HE WAS MISERABLE.

"But, Grace, you will forgive me, will you? Tell me you didn't mean what you said just now."

"I don't think anything you could say would make me matter better," she said coldly, and without another glance at him she went up the stairs.

And the cause of all this was a little accident that had happened the night before—a mere trifling accident, which seemed to Harry, but which was making it very different from the boy and girl acquaintances of former times.

But the day before our story opens Harry had given Grace on the campus and at parting said: "Don't go out tonight. I'm coming to try those songs."

And the girl had nodded, with the laughing words: "Well, don't forget. I'll never forgive you if you do."

The evening came, but no Harry. Grace had given up another engagement for the sake of trying the songs with him, but the hours wore away, and he did not come.

The next morning one of the small boats at the house where Grace boarded, who had joined the race, sweet name of Tommy, came down to breakfast overflowing with the news of the night before.

"You oughter to be with the boys down to Ipsal last night. Tore up all his friends in town. That King fellow was there, too, with a grin at Grace. 'I saw him, and he didn't have a good time, though!'"

"So he cures more for some fun with a lot of powder than for a long time," said Grace, and in the girl's face beamed good for the unfortunate and a perfect one, which at once ensued Harry King never received it, and so he knew nothing of the one line note contained.

Come up tonight. The weeks went on, and December had come. The snow had fallen heavily for several days, and Tommy rushed in one afternoon