

## EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL, - Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

### THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

He is Now in America Enjoying Himself and Looking for a Wife.

Charles Spencer, as he modestly wrote his name on the register of the Waldorf hotel in New York a few days ago, is the Duke of Marlborough, Earl of Sunderland, Baron Spencer of Worm Leighton, Baron Churchill of Sandridge, Prince of the Holy Roman Empire and Prince of Mendelheim in Suedia. He is now in this country on a 13 months' tour around the world, and incidentally to witness the international yacht race. It is intimated also that he has "come a-wooing," the loudstone which attracts him being Miss Constance Vanderbilt, daughter of Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, to whom it was prematurely reported a year ago that he was affianced. The young duke is now 24, and is the ninth in the line of the great Marlboroughs, the hero of Blenheim, and succeeded to the title three years ago on the death of



THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

his father, the late Charles Richard Spencer-Churchill, eighth duke of Marlborough. He has a mother and step-mother, both alive and well. His mother, before her marriage, was Lady Jane Hamilton, daughter of the Duke of Abercorn. She was divorced several years ago from the duke, who subsequently married Mrs. Lily Priece Hamersley, the widow of a New York millionaire. Upon the death of the Duke of Marlborough there arose a rather nice question of precedent as to which should be the dowager duchess, his divorced wife or his widow. But this was amicably settled by the latter marrying Lord William Bessborough, and gracefully withdrawing from Blenheim, the Marlborough country house, leaving therein, however, about \$1,000,000 worth of "furniture and fixtures," which had been bought with the Hamersley money in rejuvenating the famous old castle. In the language of Keir Hardie, who came over from England on the same ship with him, young Marlborough is "a pretty decent duke as dukes go." He is tall, well proportioned and good looking, quiet, unassuming, intelligent and studious. Following the footsteps of his famous uncle, Lord Randolph Churchill, he has entered political life, making his debut at the recent opening of parliament, when in a creditable address he responded on behalf of the house of lords to the queen's speech.

### NOT HIS AMERICAN GIRL.

Artist Gibson's Fiancee is Beautiful, but Is Not His Artistic Ideal.

Miss Irene Langhorne, whose engagement to the artist, Charles Dana Gibson, was lately announced, is an ideal type of American young womanhood—fair in feature, bright in intellect and winsome in manner, though she is no wise resembles the Gibsonian type of "the American girl" with which the world has become familiar through the artist's pictures.

Miss Langhorne is a native of Virginia—one of the F. V. V.'s—and inherited all the graces and gifts that come to the women of the upper ten of the Old Dominion. She was born in the aristocratic city of Richmond and reared in an atmosphere of wealth, refinement and culture. She is of medium height, with dark hair, expressive eyes,



MISS IRENE LANGHORNE.

regular features, an exquisitely molded figure and the pleasing manners of a southern gentlewoman. Hers is not all outward beauty. She is decidedly clever, charmingly original and highly accomplished.

When she made her debut in New York society a year or two ago, she was accorded the unusual distinction of being asked to dance with the leader of the cotillon at the famous Patience hall, a social laurel that had never before been worn by any other than a New York girl. The late Ward McAllister followed the cotillon with a dinner in her honor, which established her triumph among New York's "smart set." At the naval parade at Hampton Roads in 1894 Miss Langhorne was the bright particular star of the bevy of beauties that entertained the foreign naval officers when the warships of all the ports of the world were gathered there. Miss Langhorne has also been prominent in the social life of Philadelphia and Washington as well as Richmond and New York.

Borax is one of the most useful substances known for softening water. Many of the preparations sold for this purpose are simply made of borax, but this simple article to be bought at any drugstore is quite as efficacious.

### A MAIDEN'S LIPS.

One day when Mother Nature Was in a pleasant mood She called about her Youth and Health And others of her brood. "My children, we have fashioned, With all the arts we know, The rose and all the fairest flowers That in our garden grow. "But I'm not satisfied, dears, I have within my heart The image of a fairer flower, That calls for all our art. Your skill and aid I need, dears, Yours, Joy and Melody, And Beauty, Youth and Sunshine too. Come, now, and tell me, dears, Long time they toiled, Dame Nature And all her offspring too. Their hearts and souls were in their task, And fast the flower grew, Now Nature's fingers molded, Now laughter smoothed and curved And brightened up some little spot Her keen eyes had observed. And Health and Youth and Sunshine Their tribute duly paid Till Mistress Beauty took her turn, And then the flower was made! "There's not so sweet a girl as Nature, "A flower the like has sips. We'll name it!" And the flower Was called a maiden's lips. —Boston Traveller.

### SHE WAS PRETTY.

I had stated my intention of going to see Miss Kitty clearly enough, but in doing so I had no very fixed idea as to what I should do when I did see her, and in fact I was entirely unprepared for the whole situation. I determined to retire to my hammock and think over matters in general. As I lay there, swinging lightly over the water, and with the distant sound of the weir lulling my senses pleasantly, it is not to be wondered at that I fell into dreamy reverie. Old half forgotten recollections came thronging upon me; of little fawn haired Kitty, whom I used to torment and laughingly ask to be my little wife, nearly a dozen years ago, when she was a little child of 10; of her father, my old friend John Dobson, who used to say in his sober business way, "And so she shall be, Mildenhall, if I can help you, and you care to have her when she is grown up," of that quaint touching scene in poor Dobson's will by which he had done all that lay in his power to help me.

And I, engrossed in turning over money in the city, had clean forgotten all about her! I was aroused by the sound of voices and looked round. There, in the very identical place where Mr. Bob Tyncker had done his extremely futile fishing in the morning, he and Kitty were sitting and talking.

"And so the old fellow—and a queer old fellow he is, too," Mr. Bob was saying, "will be round at the house this very afternoon to see about claiming your hand."

"Oh, Bob!" said Kitty, trembling. "I say, Kitty," said Bob mischievously, "suppose he really wants to stick to his old idea of making you his little wife, eh? What shall you do then?"

"Oh, Bob, don't," said poor Kitty. "He has been such a lumbago to me lately that—that there is a danger of a young lady shedding tears at the very mention of his name." I thought to myself grimly, for Kitty did not seem to be able to complete the sentence herself.

"Never mind, Kitty," said poor Bob, hugging her tenderly. "I am a brute to have suggested such an idea. If he doesn't refuse to have you, why, you will just have to refuse him, you know, and that will bring the whole matter to the usual way of doing things, from a young lady point of view, you see."

"So it will," said Kitty, brightening up once more; "but, Bob, then the \$25,000 will have to go to the Methodist chapel, and that is just the very thing that has been making me so terribly savage."

"Let him be," said Bob stoutly. "It won't hurt us after today; you will be free then, you see, and marry whoever you like. And we have plenty to set up housekeeping on between us, without the beastly money—let him be angry if he likes."

"And so he is, sir," shouted Mr. Dobson suddenly, poking his head over the top of the bank. "So he is! It would make a saint savage to be set at defiance in this way. I begin to think—" "Stop!" I called out, rising hastily in my hammock.

Spish! Somebody had fallen into the water.

Me, by Jove, and so I began striking out lustily on all sides, with hands, feet, fingers, elbows—I cannot exactly call myself a swimmer—and getting my boots above water more frequently than my head, I am afraid, till I was suddenly grasped by the collar firmly.

"Keep cool," said my young friend Bob Tyncker authoritatively—for he it was—nimbly swimming on his back with two legs and one arm, and drawing me after him with the other. "Keep cool; I've got you all right!"

"Cool it is!" I thought to myself, my spirits reviving as I felt myself towed along—right across the river! For Bob, it seems, like a retriever—he certainly swam as well as one—would not condescend to lay me anywhere but at the very feet of his mistress.

"There at last! hurra!" An overwhelming rush of water across my face cut short my self congratulation; I was fairly under, in fact. And the remarkably unpleasant thought flashed upon me that I was driving down under the dipping bush. But a spasmodic jerk from Tyncker brought me to the top once more, and as I gasped for breath I heard his voice: "Shift for yourself—catch hold of the bush—I'm going!"

I caught the branches as high up as possible and got a glance behind me. Tyncker was not only going—he was gone, diving down under the bush, having sacrificed himself to keep me from a like fate.

I saw his face disappearing beneath the water; I heard the despairing cry of Kitty from the bank, and letting go my own hold with one hand I thrust down and caught the poor fellow's collar and turned a remarkably wild eye to the on-lookers.

The old gentleman was helplessly shouting and running to and fro, but I saw his niece rapidly unknitting from her waist that heavy scarf of gold which she had worn all day. Then, like a flash of fire in the sunlight, one end leaped out at me. Well thrown! The embroidered fringe fell across the branches and over my wrist. Quick as thought I had quitted my useless clench

on the yielding twigs, and with a convulsive leap in the water had got a double turn of the scarf about my wrist. Of course I went under, but with a mind fully made up upon two points—that nothing but death should tear me from my hold upon that scarf—of course not—and that if ever I was to be pulled out alive Tyncker should come too.

I don't know how long I held my breath—an age, I fancy, and then a rush of fire swept across my vision. I was gone—it struck me forcibly—a burning, exhilarating sensation in my throat, and the sound of a voice speaking, as it seemed, many miles away.

The voice drew close to me at a bound, and opening my eyes I saw some one stooping over me, brandy flask in hand and an expression of horror on his face. That expression instantly vanished as he caught my gaze.

"This one is all right, Kitty; he is coming round fast. Here, take the flask and give Tyncker some more brandy! Cheer up; he will be all right in a minute."

Some suspicious sounds in my immediate neighborhood caused me to turn my head feebly in the direction whence they were proceeding, and then I knew everything.

Of course! We had been in the river and had been pulled out again! For there, on his back, even as I lay on mine, lay Mr. Bob Tyncker, and on her knees beside him, bending low over his face, was Miss Kitty Dobson. And the golden scarf—sadly changed for the worse—lay midway between us.

One glance was sufficient to assure me that Mr. Bob Tyncker was nearly as far advanced on the road to recovery as I was myself, and that Miss Kitty held a most exalted opinion of his late exploit. They made a pretty picture.

But the old gentleman's face grew cloudy as he looked at it. He leaned over me in irritated silence, brandy flask in hand, and I thought it was time to speak.

"How are you, Dobson?" I said, with a faint smile. "I am afraid you don't recognize me in this draggled condition, but—"

"Why, so it is!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "It's Mildenhall! Why, how do you come to be down here? I say," he continued in a sort of stage whisper, and with a troubled look at the others, "I am very glad you have come. I'm half afraid, as it is, you are too late."

"Too late for what?" I asked, trying to sit up and presently succeeding.

"Why, that!" he whispered testily, and nodding his head in a disturbed way in the direction of the young people. "Man, don't you recollect that you were to have the first say in that sort of thing?"

"So I was," I rejoined, "and I will speak to Kitty at once."

"Good!" said Mr. Dobson, looking much relieved at my alacrity and calling the young lady. "Come here, Kitty; this gentleman here wants to speak to you. Mr. Mildenhall, Kitty," he explained grimly.

It was a very limp hand that I managed to get hold of and shake as heartily as I could.

"You see that I have lost no time in coming down to see you, Kitty," I said, holding her hand the while, and thinking it best to plunge at once in medias res. "You reach the age of 20 today, don't you?"

"Yes," said poor Kitty faintly, and trying feebly to get her hand away, but I still held on. "There is something in a certain will which concerns you and me. I want to talk to you about it."

"Yes?" whispered poor Miss Kitty, still more faintly and with another feeble and futile attempt to draw her hand from mine. "Would not some other time—when you are dry?"

"No, my dear," I said. "I would rather do it now. You are a very pretty girl and a very brave and clever one, and you have just saved my life with your scarf, as I realize very plainly, so that you will always hold a very dear place in my heart."

"And so I came to the conclusion"—I couldn't help pausing a moment to enjoy her consternation—"that I will have nothing more to do with you or your hand, however earnestly you may offer it to me"—letting it go last.

I reject you entirely and hand you over to that young villain—whom I hope to call my friend for the rest of my life—Mr. Bob Tyncker."—Temple Bar.

### BOTH FOUND WIVES.

A Double Wedding Which the Preacher Celebrated by "Setting 'Em Up."

A Mr. Godwin of Camilla and S. A. Davis of Pelham, Ga., both towns being in the same county, were last week visiting John Burgess of Bowen, in Powell county, this state. Mr. Godwin married a sister of the wife of Mr. Burgess, but she died a few years since, and on Thursday of last week he remarked to his host that he wouldn't mind marrying again if he could get someone to suit him. Mr. Burgess replied that he knew a lady in the town who would suit him, and Godwin said he would go and see her. Friday morning he sprang up and some went over to see the lady, who during the day consented to change her name to Godwin. Returning to the home of Mr. Burgess, he informed him of his success, when Mr. Davis, being thus encouraged and feeling lonely under the circumstances, concluded that he also would like to marry. Miss Burgess, ever ready to accommodate his visitors, told him that he could find him a helpmate also, at the same time stating her name and where she could be found.

Saturday Mr. Davis repaired to the residence of the lady named, and after some commonplace talk and an explanation of his mission she, too, agreed to wed a Georgian. Preparations were made for the event, and on Monday night the two couples were duly installed into the matrimonial harness. The bridegrooms, being much elated at their matrimonial success, set 'em up to the crowd to the extent of a gallon of red liquor each, and quite a jollification was held. On Tuesday morning the preacher was paid his fee for the double service, and he, too, set 'em up to the crowd for a drink all round to the barroom.—Hazel Green (Ky.) Herald.

### Labouchere as a Radical.

The difference between me and some other Radicals is that I am practical, and they are not, while between me and certain others the difference is that I say openly what I think, and that they, like the monkeys, keep their thoughts to themselves or have one series of utterances for public and another for private consumption.—London Truth.

### THE PRETENDER OUT OF IT.

The Duke of Orleans Abandons His Campaign For the French Throne.

It is announced that the Duke of Orleans, pretender to the throne of France, recognizing the futility of fighting the republic, has decided to abandon the royalist propaganda, close the payment of subsidies to royalist newspapers and close the Paris offices of the royalist committee. There is little to gratify the innate love of mankind for deeds of dauntless gallantry in this exiled and wandering prince renouncing a destroyed throne, which he could but feebly hope to recover, but it is perhaps of more than passing interest, as it removes the last royalist obstruction, however futile, which the past has left in the pathway of the third French republic.



DUKE OF ORLEANS.

Louis Philippe, Duc d'Orleans, is a son of the late Comte de Paris and a great-grandson of Louis Philippe, the King Bourgeois, from whom by virtue of descent he based his claim to the French throne. He was born at York House, Twickenham, England, in 1869. His mother was Princess Marie Isabella, daughter of the Duc de Montpensier. Born in exile, he was the heir to a political inheritance of a purely platonic nature. Without knowledge or experience in politics, without standing in the high French aristocracy, which could not forget or forgive his bourgeois origin, without moral or material support from the rich bourgeois who constituted the stronghold of his great grandfather, King Louis Philippe, and unknown to the masses of French people, except possibly for two incidents, which were not creditable to him, the young pretender was ill equipped in his hopeless task of re-establishing the Orleansian dynasty in the face of the growing popularity and stability of the republic. He wisely therefore throws up the royal sponge.

The first of the two incidents referred to occurred when he attained his majority in 1890. In flagrant violation of the law expelling his family from France, he went to Paris and made a silly attempt to force his service in the army. The next was his scandalous peregrinations in the various capitals of Europe in the wake of the exotic prima donna Mme. Melba, whom he attended in the disguise of her valet, and his subsequent appearance as correspondent in a divorce suit brought by the diva's husband. The Comte de Paris, father of the duke, served for a time during the rebellion on General McClellan's staff and later wrote one of the ablest and most comprehensive commentaries that have ever been published on the American civil war.

### WICKED LIU PING CHANG.

The Corrupt Chinese Viceroy Said to Be Responsible For Missionary Massacres.

Liu Ping Chang, who is regarded as measurably responsible for the late massacre of Christian missionaries in China, and who is said to have been commissioned by the Chinese government to investigate and "whitewash" himself, was the viceroy of the province of Szechuen, in which the principal outrages were perpetrated.

Though Liu Ping Chang has long been prominent in Chinese politics and governmental circles, it is only within a few months that he has become famous, or rather infamous, outside of China. He belongs to a distinguished family of central China, and is one of the richest and ablest but most unscrupulous politicians in the realm. He has held a number of great state positions, in every one of which he was distinguished for corruption, rapacity and avarice. It is said that he early displayed his genius for corruption by bribing the school examiners to give him a much higher rating than that to which he was entitled. He is a man of quite unusual education.

No man need try to follow him in his wanderings through the woods, for he desires to be alone to observe and meditate, and one might as well try to follow an untamed animal.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A BIG EXODUS.

The Scheme of "Peg" Williams of Georgia to Lead 100,000 Negroes to Mexico.

The redoubtable "Peg" Williams of Atlanta, he of the negro exodus fame, has created a small sized sensation in Texas and Mexico by announcing that he would export 100,000 negroes from the southern states to Mexico during this winter. The above information was conveyed to Atlanta last night in a press dispatch, dated at San Antonio, Tex., which also stated that "Peg" had signed a contract on Saturday to furnish a wealthy planting company in Matamoras, Mexico, 300 laborers, to be obtained from Georgia.

"Peg" Williams is one of the best known railroad men in Georgia, and he has been instrumental in the exportation of more worthy and worthless negroes from this state than any other half dozen men in it. He is known, and intimately, by every prospective darky exodus in the borders of the state, from the Blue Ridge to Liberty, and to say aught against "Peg" in the hearing of any one of them is to lay yourself liable to trouble.

Did "Peg" mean what he has been telling the people out in Texas? Will he really relieve the south of 100,000 members of its population within a few months, and if so, how will he do it? Will he colonize and march them to the land of the greaser, or will he send them in specials prepaid all the way through?

"Peg" Williams is known as a hustler, and when he undertakes to do a thing he generally succeeds. If there are 100,000 negroes in the south who want to go to Mexico that have the necessary cash, "Peg" Williams is the man who can carry them. He is resourceful, and if they have the money he can provide transportation for that number and many more.—Atlanta Constitution.

Cent Pieces in the South.

A year or so ago, when the average Savannahian found himself in possession of a copper cent, he felt tempted to flip the little coin into the gutter as a nuisance. Cents were unpopular. Nobody wanted them. Even the newsboys and the bootblacks disdained to waste time in waiting for a cent in change. But things are different now. The little copper coin is quite a figure in the city's circulation, and it is as much respected as the more pretentious nickel. Hardly a person fishes up a handful of change in which there is not a plentiful sprinkling of bronze coin. The reduced street car fares and the odd cent prices in some of the leading stores have brought about the change, and it is probably a good thing. People have come to understand the value of a cent better than they ever did before.—Savannah News.

An Odd Law suit.

Mme. Wagner has just won one of the oddest of lawsuits. At Baltimore last year, as a piece of pleasantry on the anniversary of the birth of her son Siegfried, she composed some verses and tied them to the neck of her five pet dogs. These verses got into the possession of a Baltimore newspaper, and were published, provoking much amusement, particularly when the lines were reprinted in the French newspapers. Mme. Wagner's only remedy was to sue for breach of copyright. The courts assessed the damages at \$5.

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The difference between me and some other Radicals is that I am practical, and they are not, while between me and certain others the difference is that I say openly what I think, and that they, like the monkeys, keep their thoughts to themselves or have one series of utterances for public and another for private consumption.—London Truth.

### WILL VISIT THE MOON.

An Eccentric Kentuckian Who Spends Most of His Time in Tree Tops.

The name of Judge Fenley is familiar to every man, woman and child living in and about Russellville, Ky.

The judge is a hoary headed man of perhaps 60 years, yet he is daily preparing to start on a journey to the moon. His home is everywhere, yet the solitude of the woods is his favorite abiding place. It is reported that he once lived in a large hollow tree, and from a platform which he built in the topmost branches he often stood for hours and gazed at the planets.

A short distance from the little city of Russellville might be seen an old brick wall, which the judge built as a receptacle for the large boilers he intends using in the construction of his flying machines. The lack of means is his only impediment, but he goes on day in and day out, never showing the least sign of discouragement.

The airship is not the judge's only hope of reaching the moon. As soon as he can raise sufficient means he will build a large cannon, and into that cannon he is to put a smaller one and continue placing cannon in cannon until they have reached one that will hold a man comfortably.

In firing these cannons the judge is going to use dynamite, and they are to be touched off by means of electricity.

Judge Fenley says if he fails to reach the moon by means of his airship he will beyond doubt go up by means of the cannons. He is to place himself in the smallest cannon and fire them in succession.

"By that means," says the old man, "I can reach the moon in 10 or 12 days, traveling at the rate of 10,000 miles an hour and allowing for a variation of the course. When I get beyond the gravitation of this earth, I will be attracted to the other planet by gravitation."

He has written a history of Russellville, which he sells on the streets when he is in town. This history is said by some to be very good and wonderfully accurate. Most any day he can be seen walking briskly through the streets, with an armful of his books, stopping all whom he meets and trying to sell them one.

"I have become accustomed to being in high places," says the old man, "and I can now stand on any limb that will bear my weight and look down without the least feeling of fear or dizziness."

He gets old boards and carries them to the tallest trees he can find. He then carries them up one by one and constructs a rude platform. In this elevated station he spends most of his time.

He takes great delight in standing on the very edge of the platforms and in climbing to the most dangerous places he can find. Few boys can equal him in climbing, and his agility is remarkable for one of his years.

Upon being asked how he expected to breathe when he leaves the earth and launches into space he replied:

"Oh, there will be no trouble about that. I will take plenty of 'mashed down' air along with me. Of course I will have to make calculations as to how much I will consume on my voyage and make plenty allowance for errors in distance."

It is reported that he was once a lawyer of good standing, but whether or not this is true is not known, as his life is a mystery.

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### SUNRISE IN CHICAGO.

A Poet's Description of the Charity Ball at the Auditorium.

The charity ball in Chicago is brilliant, not merely as a fashionable and an eleemosynary occasion. It is endeared to all lovers of poetical description and romantic poetry. Mr. Sylvanus F. Bill, the poet of the Auditorium, emerges once a year from that too strictly preserved retirement in which he has long been engaged in writing a poetical directory of Cook county and fills The Inter Ocean with the splendor of pagentry and the honey of music. The Chicago charity ball of 1895 was held at the Auditorium on last Thursday night, and Mr. Bill described it with his usual wealth of adjective and luxuriance of passion. His exordium was full of might and magnificence:

Like a grim, impenetrable fortress of mediæval times the Auditorium looked before the moon swung out like a silver lamp in the night sky and cast around the gray tower and an outer wall the soft, transforming tints of its woven beams. Far out over the frozen waters of the lake the deep windows from under their arched brows of fluted stone, as the great monument of Chicago's power flung out a challenge to the eastern world. High in the air the tower, like a mighty forerunner, was pressed upon the changing pulse of the breeze, while the quick voice of the telegraph reported the condition of the weather to the listening town.

Clouds hung like a frown upon the building's granite brow, but its heart was filled with melody and beating with human sympathy and kindness. The charity ball was on! And as the music swirled on through the great arches, twinkling with the lights that jeweled the roof and fluttering like bright plumed birds among the boxes of ivory and gold, the feet of the minute armies advancing and retreating fell into rhyme, young voices into sweeter cadences, the scroll on the face of the bending sky melted in laughter, and as the hours with golden feet slipped by "Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven Blossomed the beautiful stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels."

Mr. Bill, too, swirled in music through the great arches, twinkled and fluttered and advanced in cadence. We seem to see his eyes glittering beneath fluted eyebrows and his pencil pressed like a mighty forerunner upon the paper that throbs with the quick coming thoughts. As he whirls like a strain through the south tunnel we hear with him "the words of the poet architect" of the building:

The utterance of life is a song. The symphony of nature.

The jewels flash, the laces glitter. The great procession comes:

Stately dowagers in velvet gowns, with white hair piled high under diamond tiaras, and debutantes with disheveled drooping soft locks brushed back from untamed brows and a rose tucked over one pretty ear; Youth and Age, meeting and courtesying, and when the solid lines broke up and swept in small detachments into the graceful convolutions of the dance it was like the shattering of a rainbow or the sudden separating of a mosaic, whose parts, fitting into an exquisite and harmonious whole, were yet complete as single jewels. Palm-tree leaves from the bayonets of the south, palms from the islands of the Indies, were knotted with the orange colored taffeta cloth of the orient, but it was not the tropical foliage to suggest the beauties of Araby. Dark eyes and midnight tresses were there, and girls as fair as the peri who stood at the gates of paradise.

The Hon. N. K. Fairbank goes by with simple but beautiful side whiskers, such as Cupid or a young angel would be glad to have for wings. Peris of paradise and Nalads of the lakeside pass by in bright rinks and to stately measures. Supper is had, and now comes the inevitable end, thinking where the Hon. Sylvanus F. Bill is splashed as to his tender nose with drops of vague regret:

The lights in the windows of the town pale into the day; the dancers of the night sink into sleep; the brilliancy and charm of the charity ball are a dream of the past, and "In frost-bordered garments the hushed earth is swaying. Out in the firmament's cradle of blue, And now are the daughters of Music essaying For the God-child, Creation, a slumber song new."

The poem has been written, and the proof has been read, but the first flushes of the dawn illuminate the positive lineaments of Sylvanus F. Bill as he sits by the great rose window in the eighth story of The Inter Ocean building. The pajamas of blue and gold glitter in the first smiles of morn. The ivory slippers on the poetic feet in the casement are touched with a tender glow. The tired elevator boy is softened. The newsboys point with reverence to the window where Sylvanus F. Bill is dreaming, his godlike waste of brow. It is sunrise in Chicago!—New York Sun.

### SASSIETY SURPRISED.

This Time by Mrs. William Astor's Determination to Move to Paris.

Although I believe that Mrs. William Astor has the use of the residence 350 Fifth avenue for life, she must have turned it over to her son, Jack Astor, for in the spring it will be pulled down to make way for the grand new Jack Astor hotel.

Mrs. William Astor has taken a long lease of an apartment on the Avenue des Champs Elysees, where her daughter, Mrs. Coleman Drayton, may reside with her. The demolition of the Astor mansion and the expatriation of the lady who so long and so charmingly presided over its hospitalities are a remarkable outcome of the very remarkable series of events that have been happening in New York society.

If ever a woman did seem to belong to New York and to have made her name and position inseparable from New York, that woman was certainly Mrs. William Astor.