EUGENE CITY GUARD.

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EUGENE CITY.....OREGON

The timid man is alarmed before the danger, the coward during it, and the brave man after it.

It is the inevitable end of guilt that it places its own punishment on a chance which is sure to occur.

The compliments and ceremonies of our breeding should recall, however remotely, the grandeur of our destiny.

It is an inevitable law that a man can not be happy unless he lives for something higher than his own happiness.

There is this remarkable difference between matter and mind, that he that doubts the existence of mind, by doubting proves it.

The true way to gain influence over our fellow-men is to have charity towards them. A kind act never stops paying rich dividends.

A young woman in Warren, Pa., found a purse containing $800, returned it to the owner and received a reward of $1,000. She must have been a very pretty girl.

The advertiser must know his goods, all about them, and be filled up and overflowing with the enthusiasm for them that begets success. The other thing that he must know is his customers.

The most precious of all possessions is power over ourselves—power to withstand trial, to bear suffering, to front danger; power over pleasure and pain; power to follow our convictions, however resisted by menace and scorn; the power of calm reliance in scenes of darkness and storm.

An advertisement that is reasonable, plausible; that reads smoothly, that starts some place and arrives somewhere, one point following another, until a definite conclusion is arrived at, that is put into type that folks can see, and then printed in a paper that sensible people with money to spend are likely to read—that kind of advertising is going to get results.

Health is the one thing needful; therefore no pains, expense, self-denial, or restraint to which we submit for the sake of it is too great. Whether it requires us to relinquish lucrative situations, to abstain from favorite indulgences, to control intemperate passions, or undergo tedious regimens—whatever difficulties it lays us under, a man who pursues his happiness rationally and resolutely will be content to submit.

It would be a great advantage to the farmers and the millers of the United States if the wheat-flour habit could be introduced into China, Japan and other countries of the East. While flour is the largest item of export at present, with the exception of kerosene oil, it is used only by foreigners. The natives stick to rice. The exports of flour to China, including the British colony of Hong Kong, average about 600,000 barrels a year, valued at $2,000,000. The exports to Japan are about 75,000 barrels, valued at $200,000.

The effect is a strange one on some persons when for the first time they look at their hands and arms in the light of the Roentgen rays. Many persons have been in the habit of regarding a skeleton with something of terror. They unconsciously associate it with thoughts of the sheeted dead, ghosts and the dissecting table. When, therefore, it is brought home to them for the first time that they themselves, alive and well, carry around with them skeletons similar in every respect to the ghastly things they have seen in pictures and medical colleges, the sensation is somewhat overwhelming. Some almost faint, while others turn pale and escape as soon as possible from the unpleasant truth.

The Rev. Renard D. Worth, a Baptist preacher of New York, has been granted a divorce in Oklahoma. It appears his wife objected to his leaving home on Sundays to preach, and even "spoiled his Sunday coat and filled his Sunday shoes with water." These are somewhat novel reasons for divorce, but they are also novel methods of annoyance for a woman to employ. It is evident that Mr. Worth, being a preacher, was forced to preach, and it is also evident that he could not preach with satisfactory results in a spoiled Sunday coat and with his shoes full of water. It is a unique matrimonial complication and Mr. Worth must be commended for his resolute stand against permitting a wet blanket to be thrown over his religion.

The latest praise of the bicycle cracks it up as a conservator of domestic felicity. Wives and husbands, notably those who have reached the early forties and beyond, have found a bond of companionship in the bicycle that is as strong as it is oftentimes unconscious. The advent of children and the encroachment of business cares slowly force a man and wife apart to a greater or less extent, till, after twenty years of matrimony, if not infrequently happens that, without any jar or conscious estrangement, the two are spending most of their time in separate pursuits. Into this breach (says a writer in the New York Times) the wheel has slipped with a magnetic power. A common enthusiasm for the steel steed brings them together in interest, their daily spins in company make them amusement sharers, and the silver wedding anniversary is likely to stretch on to the golden one, if they are spared to see it, with their lives happily welded.

There will be no invasion of the United States by the products of cheap Japanese labor during the present generation. There is no question that Japan is destined to be one of the great workshops of the world, but her manufactured products are not suitable for the refined taste of the American people, and aside from his silks and the result of her art industries she can offer them very little that they want. She will, however, sooner or later deprive our cotton mills of the markets they have been enjoying in Asia. But Great Britain, Germany and the other continental countries of Europe will suffer more severely than we. China, Korea, India, Australia and the East Indies will absorb all the merchandise that Japan can manufacture for the next quarter of a century, and furnish her natural market. We will continue to take her raw and manufactured silk goods and her tea, and if our manufacturers will enter into the trade with zeal and enterprise they may be able to furnish a vast amount of the raw materials which she will need.

Amid all the mutations of the present time, the coming and going of men, the appearance and disappearance of fads, the changes of fashions, and the evolution of all earthly affairs, there is one passion which remains persistent and unchanged—that strange fascination which draws men to risk unknown dangers and almost certain death in their madness to explore the arctic regions and if possible find the north pole, which, when found, will be destitute of any practical value to the rest of the world. The annual migration has already begun in the sailing of the yacht Windward from England for Franz Josef Land to rescue the Jackson-Harmsworth expedition, which left England in 1894 and which has not been heard from since May, 1895. As at that time the expedition had reached 81½ degrees north it is within the probabilities to assume that next June another expedition may be dispatched to rescue the Windward party. Andree, the Swedish engineer, will start by balloon from the Spitzbergen archipelago next month and expects to reach the pole in forty-three hours, though he carries compressed gas sufficient for a month and four months provisions. It is safe to say if Andree makes his start it will not be necessary to send a rescuing expedition after him. Neither he nor his balloon will probably ever be heard of again, nor will the world ever be likely to know what strange sights these mad air sailors may have seen. About the same time Andree sets flight Lieut. Peary will start for Cape York in quest of a big meteorite he found there last year. As his right, title, and possession have been challenged by another party, who claims this useless chunk of aerial conglomerate upon the ground of prior discovery, and who is also going for it, the only interest pertaining to this particular business concerns the question who will get to the meteorite first and capture it. The only remaining arctic navigator this year is Nansen, but in what part of that mysterious, awful solitude he is now sojourning no one knows. It may be there is no longer any Nansen, or, if there be, that the Norwegians may have to go hunting for him as the English are now hunting for Jackson. The principal value of the arctic regions seems to be to provide opportunities for explorers to get lost and for other explorers to go hunting for them. But still the mad chase for the north pole goes on, and probably on it will go forever.

New York's Food Supply.

"If the city of New York and the neighboring district," writes John Gilmer Speed in the Ladies' Home Journal, "were to besieged or in some other way entirely cut off from the outside world, and therefore deprived of the food supplies which in normal times come in daily in great quantities, how long would it be before the pinch of hunger would be felt? That is a very hard question to answer, for the reason that there are such inequalities of purchasing capacity in New York society that some go hungry in times of greatest prosperity for lack of means, while the great majority eat more than is good for them. Undoubtedly the number of those who always go hungry would be increased after two or three days of a siege, and then day by day this number would increase until the public authorities would feel compelled to take possession of the food supplies and distribute them among the people. With the exception of milk and some other things the supply of meat, poultry, hardy vegetables and fruits would last for two months at the present rate of consumption. If all the supplies were taken charge of at the beginning of a siege—and this could easily be done—the food within New York could be made to last for four months at least. The siege of Paris lasted only four months. Before two months had passed, high and low, rich and poor, had learned what hunger was. And, as is well known, the French are the most thrifty and economical people in the world. In the arrangement and disposition of food the Parisians are specially distinguished. But the food supply in New York could be made to last as long as the Paris siege lasted, and the people would still be comfortable."

Beginning to Feel at Home.

According to the Washington Post, Congressman Cannon had a trying experience in learning to ride a bicycle.

When he had been at the work for some time, a friend asked him how he was getting along.

"Oh," said Cannon, "I am making progress."

"Is that so?" said his friend.

"Yes," resumed the Congressman, gravely, "I can spit now, and pretty soon I expect to be able to raise my hat."

The Walls of Jerasalem.

A newspaper published in Jerusalem, printed in the Hebrew language, states that Dr. Bliss, supervisor of the Palestine exploration fund, has lately discovered, near Mount Zion, the exact course of the city walls of Jerusalem built before and during the Roman era; also a number of vases and mosaics of high and historical value.

Pneumatic Talker.

Ella—Why do you always go riding with young Mr. Blowitz? He's an incessant talker.

Frankie—That's the very reason. He's so full of wind I don't have to carry a pump.—Cleveland Plaindealer.

A New Find.

A discovery of platinum is reported to have been made near Corlobolin, New South Wales. Some 1,200 ounces of the metal had ben obtained by last advices, containing 75 per cent. of platinum.

THE WRATH OF CUPID.

When Venus roamed Olympia's height,
In radiant, heavenly beauty,
And sought to set all things right
By arts of love and duty,
She found her Cupid weeping sore,
His bow and arrows broken,
And thus did she his griefs deplore,
And legends told in token:

"I sought to win a blonded maid—
She fled and went to voting;
A ballot on my bow she laid,
Her virgin scorn denoting.
I begged her kisses—she cried 'Nay,'
And said I was a bear if
I joined not in the license fray,
And fought not 'gainst the tariff.

"Again I found a lovely lass,
She was a platform preacher;
A gentler creed I dreamed, alas!
That I could eftsoons teach her.
She gave me Spencer, Huxley, Strauss,
I found no way to fault her,
With texts she did my transports douse,
My bow broke on her altar.

"When next I sleged a maiden's heart,
And wooed her toward compliance,
She nipped the point from off my dart,
Because she'd studied science.
And when I sang an amorous lay
Of Venus and Apollo,
She turned on me a Roentgen ray
And said my heart was hollow.

"At last I met a cycling girl,
In bloomers she was riding—
The chemic art made gold each curl;
Her native beauty hiding.
She had no use for ardent ways,
She pitied not my torture,
But said she might Love's ante raise
If I'd become a scorcher."

Then Venus fair embraced the lad,
And bade him calm his sorrow,
Nor worry o'er each earth-maid's fad,
But hope success to-morrow.
"Dear child," she said, "you must not cry,
These fads thy work ne'er covers;
For bloomers never reach too high
To hide the hearts of lovers."
—Life.

SMUGGLER'S LAST RUN

On the wild promontory of Portland, a little to the west of the famous "Bill," a rude stone dwelling was dovetailed into a chasm that broke the scarp of the cliff some thirty feet below the brink.

Ingress and egress on the landward side could only be had through a trap-door on the roof; but, as much of the traffic to that house came from the sea, there was also a door in the side flush with the cliff-face, from which anyone stepping would have fallen sheer on to the rocks below. This difficulty, however, was obviated by the dropping of a rope ladder when occasion required.

The almost impregnable citadel formed the lair of Steve Kern, the most daring of all smugglers who, 100 years ago, burrowed and nested in the "Island."

Every revenue cutter and preventive man, from the Start to Dover, knew Steve for a smuggler; but it was his proud boast that not one of them had been able to catch him in the act of running a cargo or disposing of his goods, and to this he owed his immunity.

On a November evening in 1804 the large kitchen, used also as the general living room of the queer roost, was occupied by three persons—an elderly woman, a dark, well-dressed, youngish man of rather foreign apearance, and a beautiful girl of 18.

The elderly dame was Mrs. Kern, the girl was her daughter Margery, and the man was Pierre Roublot, the French brandy merchant of Fecamp, whose extensive dealings with Kern necessitated frequent visits to this side of the water. At least this was the Frenchman's explanation, though old Kern had long suspected that Margery's bright eyes formed the real attraction.

The brandy merchant had arrived in Kern's lugger the night before for a three days' stay, and he had just taken the opportunity of the smuggler's temporary absence, and of Mrs. Kern's deafness, to make the girl a formal proposal of marriage.

But Margery shrank away from the hand that sought hers. I am sorry, M. Roublot, but I cannot listen to you," she replied, speaking in very good French, which she had learned from her mother. Mrs. Kern had been a Breiagne peasant girl.

"And why not?" persisted Roublot, a scowl darkening his swarthy face. "I am rich. I am not old or ill-looking, and I——"

"Spare me a catalogue of your virtues," said Margery. "You may be all that and much more, but the reason why I cannot wed you is that I do not love you. Besides——" and the girl paused and blushed.

"Ah-ha! with your 'besides,' which you hesitate to define," cried the angry lover. "Come, let me finish your sentence for you. It is that you love the young sailor who assists your father—his mate, Dick Langston—is it not so?"

But before Margery could utter the retort that rose to her lips, an interruption occurred that relieved her from the necessity for reply. From far down at the foot of the rope ladder a pistol shot rang out, followed by another in quick succession, and immediately afterward, evidently startled by the sound, a tall young fellow came running into the kitchen from one of the rock-hewn side chambers, where smuggled goods were stored.

"What was that? Where is Cap'n Kern?" he asked.

"Oh, Dick," cried Margery, "something has happened to father, I fear."

Dick Langston seized a pistol from a well-filled rack and ran to the door, through which the moon was visible sailing over the heaving sea. But before he reached the ladder, the face of one ascending appeared over the door sill, and the master of the house sprang nimbly into the room—a miracle of activity despite his gigantic frame and 60 years.

"It's all right; there's no call to frighten yourselves," he said, as the women clustered round him. "I blazed off my pistols to try if the powder was wet. Here, Margery; just roll this keg into the storeroom with the rest."

As son as Margery was out of hearing Kern drew the two men aside and said:

"That was a narrow shave; I've never been so near took before. I had to bite as well as bark to save myself. There's a man dead below."

"Were there more than one?" asked Dick Langston.

"No, there was only one. It was that new Scotch preventive from Fortune's Well—Sandy McIntyre his name is. He must have crept along the rocks under the cliffs at low water and hidden himself."

"Ah, mon Dieu! But you are unhurt, my friend?" exclaimed Roublot.

"Yes; he missed me by a hair's breadth, but he was sighting me with a second pistol, so I let him have a chunk of lead from mine and he rolled over, as dead as a rabbit, into a pool. If he's let bide htere the tide will like as not wash him right into Waymouth Bay. Go down, Dick, my lad, and roll some rocks atop of him."

The young man disappeared into the black gulf below. No sooner was he gone than Kern filled himself a stiff nobbler of brandy and drank it at a gulp.

"That's better," he said. "I wouldn't ever do for my mate to see as I was a bit shook by this. You may believe it or not as you like, M. Roublot, but for all folks do say of me, this is the first time as I've took a man's life."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Frenchman. "Why, your reputation on both sides the channel is of the most bloodthirsty."

A faint smile fluttered over the old smuggler's rugged countenance. "I took care it should be," he said. "But it was, as you call it, all reputation—worked up for my own safety. I should not have done it now, but that the sneak would have shot me else."

"You surprise me, mon ami," replied Roublot, thoughtfully. "But come, let us change the subject. I have laid bare my heart to mademoiselle, your daughter, and she rejects my love. She has the soft feeling, I am sure, for Dick Langston, your mate."

Kern frowned, as though ill-pleased, but his brow quickly cleared.

"I own I am sorry. I had hoped Margery would have fancied you, seeing as it would have suited our dealings together. But if she won't, I tell you plain, it ain't Steve Kern's way to force a maid. And, after all, Dick is a very proper lad."

A moment later Dick Langston returned from his uncongenial task, the rope ladder was drawn up for the night and Steve Kern's household sat down to a bountiful supper, secure against all assault.

That night when Pierre Roublot retired to his rock-walled guest chamber it was not to sleep.

"I will have my revenge yet," he muttered, "and a revenge that shall strike all three. Strange, too, that the very moment when there arose the need of a weapon, Kern himself should have placed so good a one in my hand by slaying the preventive. With such, ready forged, there cannot be long to wait for an opportunity."

Six months passed away, and Kern's lugger, the Petrel, which in the interval had had many successful trips, lay moored alongside the quay at Fecamp, waiting for her cargo of brandy and silks. Despite the fact that war was raging betwen France and England, Kern and his merry men were on the best of terms with the natives.

Since the night when he killed the preventive man at the foot of the ladder he had assumed a more than usually ferocious bearing, and the moment's weakness he had shown in the presence of Roublot was his last. He may have been suspected of having a hand in Sandy McIntyre's disappearance, but if so, in the absence of proof, no one dared to tax him with it.

In other respects, the only change that Time's flight had brought was to Dick Langston and Margery, who were married, some three months after the episode first related, with Kern's full approval.

But while Dick and his father-in-law are lounging on the deck of the Petrel, talking of their home in the cliff, we must turn our steps to Roublot's dingy office in one of the by-streets running at right angles to the water side.

On this particular morning he was busy on the invoices of the goods about to be shipped on the Petrel, when his clerk announced that an officer of the naval administration from Havre desired to see him on an urgent affair.

"You have transactions with English smugglers, monsieur, we are informed? Yes; well, we of the administration are in need of one such—very courageous he must be and discreet—to perform a secret mission. Know you of a man whom you could introduce to us?"

"Is it permitted to inquire what would be demanded of him?" asked Roublot, cautiously.

"But certainly, on this side of the channel, at least, there is no need for secrecy," replied the officer. "It is like this: Those accursed English have so blockaded our coasts that such of our cruisers as are not penned up in port are unable to venture in to renew their stores and ammunition. The Celestine frigate is in the channel short of powder. It is for the purpose of supplying her that we want an English smuggler, whom, as well as yourself, we shall treat with the utmost liberality."

"You forget, monsieur le capitaine, that, even in the breast of a smuggler, the fire of patriotism may burn," he said.

"Is that so? I had thought they were all rogues and vagabonds," replied the office, looking crestfallen.

"Not to that extent—at any rate, none whom I know," said Roublot. "However," he went on, speaking eagerly, "let not that discourage you, monsieur. I will undertake to get your powder conveyed to the frigate if you will send it to my cellars. To be frank with you, I have a smuggler in port who is completely under my thumb. I can have him hanged in England for a crime there committed, and as good as witnessed by me. Where is the Celestine to be found?"

"Her captain sent word that he would run into the west bay of the isle of Portland every dark night for a week," said the officer, in high glee at the success of his errand.

As soon as the officer departed to see about the delivery of the powder, Roublot threw himself back in his chair and laughed softly to himself.

"This is the chance I have been waiting for, for I have them both," he chuckled. "I will force Kern to take the powder to the frigate under threat of exposure for the murder, and then, in an anonymous letter, I will denounce him and Langston to the English Government for the treason—Kern himself also for the murder of the preventive."

So it was that when late that afternoon the heavy wagon bringing the Petrel's cargo lumbered on to the quay, Roublot accompanied it, and proposed that he should like to run over for a change of air and also to pay his respects to "the so charming Mme. Langston."

Roublot made himself so especially sociable that by the time the party came on deck the cargo was all stowed, and Kern gave orders for immediate departure.

By sundown on the following day the huge mass of Portland loomed up on the horizon, and Kern began to congratulate himself on yet another successful run. The old smuggler stood at the tiller, his grim features relaxed into a placid content as his keen eyes failed to discover any sign of a revenue cutter, and he greeted Roublot, who had just come up from below, with a friendly nod.

"Cargo's as good as landed," he said. "I shall keep her a point away to weather the Bill, and then run in to look for the signal. They always burn a red flare from the kitchen door if the coast's clear."

"I know, my friend; I have traveled with you before," replied the Frenchman, "but I should not trouble about the signal to-night. It is not to your perch among the rocks that the cargo is consigned this time."

"I don't take your meaning."

"Well, I will do my best to enlighten you," replied Roublot. "I am before all things a patriot, my friend, and I have practiced upon you a trifling deception. Those kegs do not contain brandy, but gunpowder, which we are to convey to a French frigate now waiting in sore need of it in the West Bay.

"When you round the Bill, instead of running in close under your interesting domicile, you will stand on until we meet the frigate."

"I've cheated the King—God bless him—for nigh onto fifty years, and made too good a living out of him to go and round on him like that. I'll see you somewhere before I do such a thing, you dirty French dog."

"Not so fast, friend Kern," said Roublot, with a sneer. "Unfortunately, you are not in a position to indulge in the freedom of choice. If you refuse to oblige me in this matter I shall denounce you for the murder of the preventive man, and the King whom you serve so faithfully will most assuredly hang you."

At that moment the lugger rounded the Bill, and high up in the cliff a red glow shone out. Kern knew that it was the signal from his own door bidding him welcome home in safety. His hand went to the knife, but he plucked it out and threw it into the sea.

"Cold-blooded murder I've no mind to, and that would be the only way out of it," he said with a sigh. "Very well, monsieur, I will do your bidding."

"Here are the 1,000 francs, then," said Roublot, handing him a packet of notes. "Be kind enough to sign this; I will hold the tiller," and he proffered pen, ink horn and a paper, which by the light of the binnacle lamp Kern saw was a form of receipt specifying the service rendered. But he signed it without comment and resumed the tiller.

As they shot past the house in the cliff a large ship loomed up a quarter of a mile away against the lingering glow in the western sky.

"That will be the frigate," said Kern, calmly. "Here, Dick, and you two others, come aft here a minute," he called. "Yonder is a French man-o'-war. M. Roublot and me are going to put some powder aboard her. I haven't got a choice in the matter, but that's no reason why you lads should turn traitor. Into the boat with you all, and pull for the ladder."

But as the three smugglers, sullen and half dazed, having obeyed their old chief mechanically, pushed off from the lugger, he called out in gentle tones: "My love to the missis, Dick, and to little Margery. I may be some time in France."

Guided by the red eye shining steadily above, the boat made for the base of the cliff, and as the men plied the oars they strained their eyes on the shadowy forms of the two vessels now rapidly approaching each other.

Dick saw the lugger run alongside the frigate. Perhaps ten seconds elapsed, and then a great sheet of fire leaped leewardward, a deafening roar followed and a blot of mist—the mist of drifting smoke—covered the scene.

When the last wreath had rolled away the pink flush on the skyline was perfectly clear; the frigate and the lugger were so many fragments of wood. Smuggler Kern had been one too many for his enemy—and those of his country—after all.—Answers.

Railroad Construction.

For eight years the mileage of annual railway construction in the United States has been steadily decreasing. From nearly 13,000 miles of track laid in the wonderful year of 1887 the totals have gone down by thousands and hundreds, until 1895 touched the lowest round for twenty years by adding only 1,803 miles to our railway system. But this does not mean that the demand for railways is nearly supplied and that construction will continue to decrease. On the contrary, there is room, and will be need for additions far greater than the entire present mileage of the country. We have now something over 181,000 miles of road. To equal Great Britain in its ratio of railway mileage to square miles we should have a total of 492,000 miles; to equal the abundant supply of Illinois we must have 552,000 miles, while if Massachusetts, with its mile of railway to every four square miles of territory, be the standard, the United States will eventually boast of 772,000 miles of lines.

That there is much railway building yet to be done the records prove beyond a doubt. When it will be done depends upon conditions yet to be developed. A considerable amount of work is already under way. During the first three months of this year 253 miles of track were laid on twenty lines, and including these our books already show sixty lines on which it seems reasonably certain that 1,750 miles of track will have been laid by the end of 1896, with a possibility of much more. It all depends on the times, not on the question of finding room or demand for more railroads.—Railway Age.

Produced by One Grain.

Tea wheat, a variety years ago much esteemed in this country, is said to have been grown from a single grain found in a box of tea brought from China.

Sympathy for a woman is all right, but there is something wrong when people have sympathy for a man.

CHINA AND JAPAN.

The Treaty of Peace Negotiated at Shimonoseki.

Gen. Foster, who accompanied Li Hung Chang on his mission to negotiate peace with Japan, in the capacity of confidential adviser to the Emperor of China, contributes a characteristic sketch of the Chinese Viceroy to the Century. Concerning the treaty of Shimonoseki, Mr. Foster says:

While he thus bore the most important trust ever committed to him by the Emperor, it was by no means a task to his liking. He was by nature high-spirited, and his military and political success had made him haughty and imperious. He was proud of his country, of its past history, and of its institutions. He partook of the national feeling of contempt for the Japanese, and he felt keenly the humiliation which the war had inflicted upon his people. He knew the mission to which he had been assigned would make him unpopular, and expose him to fresh indignities from his partisan enemies. He felt that he was taking his life in his hand when he should place himself on Japanese soil, and he so expressed himself to the incredulous foreign diplomats at Peking; but he dared not shrink from the duty which his sovereign had imposed upon him.

Seldom has a public man, under such trying circumstances, borne himself with such true heroism and patriotic devotion. A high-spirited and proud man, he went to the land of the despised but triumphant enemy to sue for peace; and yet he never failed to maintain his accustomed demeanor or his country's dignity. And it is due to the Japanese plenipotentiaries who were designated to receive and treat with him at Shimonoseki, to state that they exhibited toward him the highest marks of respect, and during the entire negotiations allowed no word to escape from their lips, and nothing to occur, which might be considered personally offensive to their distinguished guest. He had the good fortune to conduct negotiations with two compeers, men of marked ability, and worthy representatives of their Government and race. Marquis Ito, the Prime Minister, is a typical member of the progressive party, educated in Europe, and trained in modern political science and methods of Government, but an ardent and patriotic Japanese. He had a valuable colleague in Count Mutsu, Minister of Foreign Affairs, who had been long in his country's service at home and abroad. Marquis Ito, ten years before, had been sent by his Government to Tientsin to arrange with the Viceroy Li a settlement of Corean affairs; and the same subject brought the Viceroy to Japan, but under changed conditions for the negotiators.

The defeated party always negotiates at a disadvantage, and the Viceroy did not fail to appreciate the situation; but the judgment of the impartial observer is that he came out of it with as much credit as was possible, and it is quite certain that he obtained better terms for his country than any other Chinese official could have secured. This was due in part to the personal consideration shown him by the Japanese negotiators, but mainly to his own diplomatic experience and his thorough knowledge of his own Government.

Japan was robbed of a large measure of her triumph by the interposition of the European powers, and it has been stated that the Viceroy consented in the treaty to the cession of the Liaotung Peninsula only because of his knowledge that these powers would compel its return to China. But this is not a fair statement of the facts. Neither the Viceroy nor his Government had received any information from Russia or other power, before the treaty was signed, as to its action on the subject; but he had been a close student of European politics for many years, and his action was based upon convictions born of that study. He neither reads nor speaks any foreign language, but he has secretaries charged with the duty of keeping him informed of current events, and has had much intercourse with diplomats and other intelligent foreigners, and he well knew that Russia, if no other nation, would not allow the domination of Corea by Japan, or its permanent lodgment on the continent so near to Peking and Russia's own possessions; and he was willing to make the Liaotung cession in order to escape other harsh terms.

But the Viceroy's statesmanship and strength of character were most conspicuous in his conduct after the treaty was signed and he had returned to China. He sent urgent telegraphic representations to the Emperor and to the Foreign Office, calling for prompt ratification and exchange of the treaty in spite of the foreign influence and the national clamor. His personal enemies were actively exerting themselves against the treaty, led by Viceroy Chang Chi-tung, who had written the highly laudatory address on the occasion of his birthday celebration, and who to that end was fomenting the rebellion in Formosa, and supplying the rebels with arms from the Imperial arsenal at Shanghai. It greatly redounds to the credit of the young Emperor that in such a grave crisis he followed the advice of his venerable counselor, and ratified the treaty.

A Street-Car Comedy.

Even the worm will turn, says a New York Herald reporter, who believes in preserving one's originality. The remark was drawn forth by something he had just seen in a Madison avenue car, into which entered a middle-aged and sickly-looking man. At a first glance the car seemed to be already full, but the anxious gaze of the newcomer detected the fact that a certain youngish lady was really occupying space enough for three passengers, or, as the reporter puts it, "had pre-empted a 15-cent reservation."

The pale gentleman stepped in front of her and waited, but she did not move. The reporter says that "her thoughts were full of Easter." At all events, she made no sign of surrendering any part of her "reservation."

Her next neighbor, however, was more considerate, or less deeply absorbed, and by means of a little crowding in the other direction, cleared space enough so that the man could sit down "on a pinch," to borrow once more the reporter's language.

Still the youngish lady with the inflated sleeves kept her place, and the gentleman wearied of his narrow quarters. Just then a woman who "had the breadth of the Liberty statue" [illegible] the car, market-basket in hand.

The gentleman might be in [illegible] health, but his heart was elsewhere; rose at once, and with gracious [illegible] motioned the market-woman to the place. She accepted the favor, the gentleman retired to the platform, other passengers looking alternately him and at the young lady who [illegible] he had just left.

That elegantly dressed person [illegible] are to accept the reporter's view the affair, turned red, white and [illegible] beside biting her lips, looking [illegible] and performing several other [illegible] tle less wonderful.

Then she signalled a stop, and left the car chose who were [illegible] the platform "heard a [illegible] like the word 'brute.'"

A POET AND HIS TOYS

Eugene Field Bought Toys Beautiful for His Little Friends.

All boys and girls who [illegible] Eugene Field's "Love Songs of Childhood," and his "With Trumpet and Drum," find that these [illegible] introduce them to much [illegible] ing in home life. It is as [illegible] down a dark alley they [illegible] Suddenly a little light [illegible] through a keyhole. In a [illegible] find themselves in a room full [illegible] shine and happy little children [illegible] magical room, furnished by [illegible] Field's imagination, Santa Claus, [illegible] good Fairy Godmothers, Fairyland, [illegible] the Land of Nod are real persons [illegible] places. Like Edmund Spenser [illegible] Walter Scott, Eugene Field lives [illegible] atmosphere of enchantment, and [illegible] than half believed in witches and [illegible] goblins. Odd as it may seem, [illegible] of his life he was afraid to enter a [illegible] room alone, and disliked being [illegible] alone. Under ordinary circumstances [illegible] rarely did he enjoy being left [illegible] self.

To the day of his death he [illegible] heart and impulses of a boy [illegible] animals, gorgeous colors, perfumes, [illegible] those mechanical toys which [illegible] and go with a clickety noise [illegible] a child loves them. His home [illegible] small toy shop, the toys being [illegible] kinds and descriptions, but he [illegible] mechanical toys the best. Every [illegible] urday morning Eugene Field [illegible] home laden with toys—not [illegible] own babies, Roswell and Rose, [illegible] a number of child friends [illegible] Buena Park, Chicago. For [illegible] he bought dolls by the dozen, [illegible] little boy Roswell, whom he [illegible] "Posey," had more elephants than [illegible] ever shot by African travelers, [illegible] ly before he died, Mr. Field [illegible] big brown bear for Posey. Every [illegible] any one called upon him it [illegible] difference who it was) the elephant [illegible] the big brown bear were [illegible] away they would go, their [illegible] ding back and forth as if [illegible] alive.—St. Nicholas.

She Could Not Strike a Match.

"You are charged with riding [illegible] public highway after dark [illegible] lighted lamp," said the magistrate [illegible] sternly. "Have you anything [illegible] your defense?"

"If—if you please, your honor," [illegible] plied the fair bicyclist, trembling [illegible] "my—my lamp was out."

"That is what they all say," said [illegible] Honor, satirically. "Did you not know [illegible] your lamp was out?"

"Yes, sir," admitted the [illegible] with downcast eyes.

"Then I can see no excuse for you," said the court.

Still he wished to be lenient [illegible] could.

"Had you no match?" he asked [illegible] kindly.

"Y-es, your Honor," she stammered. "I had a m-m-match."

"In that case I shall have to [illegible] you to——"

"O, please don't, Mr. Judge," [illegible] the girl. "I can explain."

"Go on," said the court, encouragingly.

"It is true, your Honor, that I had a match," she pleaded, with [illegible] cheeks, "but——"

The magistrate was all attention.

"It was the first time I had ever worn bloomers——"

There was a look of compassion [illegible] the judicial face now.

"And I did not know how to strike [illegible] —Boston Post.

Men Should Wear Corsets.

"A Male Wearer of Corsets," [illegible] open letter to the London Times, defends the practice which [illegible] ture indicates. He ascribes the [illegible] dice against the practice to the [illegible] following reasons: "1. Because it is [illegible] exceptional for men to wear [illegible] 2. Because there is a prevalent [illegible] that it is effeminate for them to [illegible] 3. Because they are considered [illegible] ous to health." With regard to [illegible] of these reasons, he declares [illegible] practice is steadily on the increase, [illegible] pecially among army officers. [illegible] firm of corset-makers alone, [illegible] has made in the past year nearly [illegible] 900 pairs of corsets—not mere bodices, [illegible] real stays, strongly boned, steels [illegible] laced—for men's use. As to the [illegible] reason, he thinks that "there is [illegible] nothing effeminate in a man using [illegible] means in his power to preserve [illegible] ure." He would follow the [illegible] an, however, in using very short [illegible] loose corsets for cycling, rowing [illegible] riding. To the third reason, he [illegible] reply that "no conscientious [illegible] will be found who can affirm that [illegible] has known of any ill health being [illegible] ed by corsets worn as they are at the present time by the majority of [illegible] viz., firmly, but not too tightly [illegible]

Remains to Be Seen.

First Fair One—So Fred and [illegible] proposed to her. Which was the [illegible] one?

Second Fair One—I don't know. Fred married her.—Harlem Life.

His Forte.

Measley—What has become of [illegible] Stuttigan, who stammered so?

Brisco—He's giving dialect readings. [illegible] Making a big hit.—Philadelphia North American.

A Mercy.

The giraffe has a tongue eighteen inches long. What a mercy it is that the gentlemen giraffes that the giraffes do not understand how to use it.—Commercial Advertiser.

You men whose wives' [illegible] doesn't suit you: did you ever try [illegible] ping the cook?