

Eugene City Guard.

L. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

Oh, Havana! What an odor! Connecticut is raising in its name!

It seems to be a peculiarity of French criminal trials that the conviction precedes the prosecution.

A Denver saloon-keeper offers a printed war song with each drink. The song probably is enough to drive anyone to drink.

When the ocean is not big enough to accommodate our new navy any longer without crowding, we will buy another ocean, that's all.

That Hamburg astronomer who claims to have discovered a second moon must have used an unusually large glass—a "schooner," perhaps.

Recent statistics prove that the consumption of whisky throughout the West is steadily decreasing. That shows what became of the air ship.

American bicycles have become so popular in Germany that German manufacturers are hunting for methods to keep Americans out of the market.

We are constantly told that "Spain has great pride." It is fortunate that she has. She doesn't seem to be over-estimating with anything else, except it is diabolism.

The modern folding bed and the sensational newspaper correspondents are both employed for lying purposes, but the shuttles end right there. The bed shuts up occasionally.

A poet in the London Spectator has excited the derision of the English speaking world by remarking "I try to remember the future." Yet how many people have suffered disaster by carelessness in the matter of futures.

An Eastern advertiser prints a picture of a campaign rooster over an advertisement, saying: "This is the hen that laid the eggs that we sell for 25 cents a dozen." That advertiser should be arrested for a fraudulent use of the male.

Special dispatches from Cadiz, Ky., announce that Miss Beatrice Cunningham of that place has recently published a novel, the sale of which she is now accelerating by giving a kiss with each book. She probably will do a fine male order business.

Oscar Wilde is undeniably a wit, even though he may be wicked. "How are English prisoners treated?" some one asked him after his own release. "Why," he responded, "England treats her prisoners so badly that she does not deserve to have any."

There is a bad state of affairs in Cleveland, Ohio. The Plain Dealer reports a man as saying: "My cigar last night cost me a dollar." "How so?" queried his friend. "I smoked it at home, and my wife was sure the gas was leaking and telephoned for a plumber."

A bachelor philosopher remarks that "no man ever wants to kiss a girl after he has once seen her hold a nickel the conductor has given her for change between her teeth, while she gets her purse open," and he further intimates that such a girl is only fit to kiss a pug dog. Of course bachelors are not always responsible critics.

A little girl in a New York school screamed at the sight of a mouse. The children became pale-stricken and rushed screaming out of the room, the teachers ordered a fire drill, a fire alarm was rung in, distracted parents fought to enter the building and save their children from the supposed flames. And all for one small mouse. Rash is the man that dares to laugh at the feminine fear of a mouse!

A watchmaker who brought suit for divorce a year ago has been arrested at the instigation of his wife thirty-five times since then, and has spent the major portion of his time in jail awaiting trial on some frivolous charge or other trumped up by the woman. The poor watchmaker is quite run down, and wants this sort of prosecution wound up at once.

One can easily see why Englishmen wish success to plans for the liberation of Cuba. Their losses through the devastation of the island are only less grievous than our own. Scores of cotton and tobacco estates are owned or mortgaged in England, and almost all the money invested in the insular railways came from London. It is with English capital that public works were undertaken in a number of Cuban cities between 1878 and 1894. No interest or dividend will be forthcoming on any of these securities until peace has been restored in the island.

It is somewhat remarkable, when one considers the matter, that the line of fleets of the navy have never asked themselves what they would do some day, with ships to command and no engineers competent to manage the motive power. They are men upon which heavy responsibility rests, day and night, in peace or war, and there have been many instances of mental and physical breaking down. There are captains, commanders and lieutenants enough for the new ships, but no engineers, and competent engineers can not be secured offhand.

Not since the opening of the century has the earth been so far filled with stern threat and preparation for armed conflict, and it is where the commercial spirit runs highest that the talk of war is loudest. The armaments of the great commercial powers have never been so large either relatively or absolutely as to-day, but this is not enough, and to England's special call for \$120,000,000 for more war ships, France echoes \$100,000,000, Russia \$70,000,000, Germany quite as much, and the United States anywhere from \$50,000,000 up in special regular army and navy bills.

Ex-United States Senator B. K. Bruce is dead. Next to Fred Douglass he was the most conspicuous representa-

tive of the colored race in America. He served one term as Senator from Mississippi. Was born a slave in Virginia in 1841. The tutor of his master's son taught him to read. After the war he became a student at Oberlin and finally settled as a planter in Mississippi. He was county superintendent of education, sheriff and held various State offices before he was elected to the United States Senate. He was Register of the Treasury under Garfield and was reappointed by McKinley to that office.

Nothing can be more grateful to the American people than the complete unanimity of the testimony borne by all who have visited Havana to the fidelity and efficiency displayed by Consul General Lee in the discharge of his delicate and responsible duties. Among the last to offer his testimony on the subject is Senator Gallinger of New Hampshire, who said in a speech in the Senate: "General Lee is deserving of the highest possible praise for the manner in which he carries himself in Havana. Cool and fearless in the midst of difficulties and dangers, he never loses sight of the fact that he is an American citizen; nor is he unmindful of the tremendous responsibilities and duties of his position."

With the return of the cycling season when century runs by organized clubs are of daily occurrence, the question of permitting women to take part in these long-distance trips is again discussed. It is maintained that century runs have become athletic competitions, such as require the utmost physical endurance on the part of the riders, and that constitutionally a woman is not sufficiently strong for such a fatiguing test. Distinguished medical authorities pronounce the task of covering so great a distance as a hundred miles in a day a wheel exceedingly harmful, on account of the prolonged nervous and physical strain involved, for which women rarely possess the requisite physique, and for other reasons that physicians only can properly appreciate. There are few organized runs of a hundred miles in which some of the participants do not fail to complete the century. This being true of men, it is by so much the more evident that women should refrain from the practice. Aside from the injurious physical results that attend century riding by women, the question presents another view even more important, that of the propriety of women engaging in such runs. The example of women attending the ordinary open century run, in which the proportion of the participants is rarely less than fifty men to one woman, who rides generally without escort from early morning to late night, in the common rack, is not calculated to elevate cycling, particularly among women. Rather it has a tendency to degrade the sport. The necessary or usual incidents attending century runs are not conducive to the cultivation of feminine graces and should receive the stamp of disapproval by the cycling public. Resolutions condemning the practice are being considered by bicycle organizations. If women lack the good sense and good taste to determine this matter for themselves, the men should determine it for them.

A case has just been decided in England that is of interest in this country, for the circumstances are very like those that have frequently occurred in the United States, but which have not reached the courts. The case was based upon the charge of manslaughter in a game of football. The game was being played under the association football rules, which were designed specially to limit the hazard in playing the game in question. It was claimed that the defendant, contrary to the rules of the game, charged the deceased from behind and threw him violently forward against the knees of another player, from which he received injuries that caused his death. The judge held that "the rules of the game were of little consequence, for no association could override the law in such a manner, nor could it make lawful and innocent that which was dangerous. The law of the land declares that it is unlawful to do that which is likely to cause the death of another, and liability cannot be avoided by the enactment of rules reducing the danger, and the prisoner was held for manslaughter. The judge said: "But, on the other hand, if a man is playing according to the rules and practice of the game, and is not going beyond it, it may be reasonable to infer that he is not acting in a manner which he knows will be likely to produce death." In the heat of playing the game men forget, in the desire to win, to observe the rules that have been adopted in order to reduce the risk to a minimum and do things that result fatally to their opponents. Football has become established as one of the most popular of all our American sports, but however it may be hedged about with rules it is a dangerous game, a fact that is too well attested to admit of dispute. The English case was brought to put a stop to the lawlessness of the game as it has been played at Rugby, and it is probable that it will be ample to inspire some respect for the lives and limbs of men engaged in the spirited contests.

Mark Twain and a Lyceum Manager. Before we left the ante-room he particularly requested me not to introduce him to the audience, and I told him (for he called it "a whim of his") that this little whim of his should be respected. When we reached the stage I began, after a while, to feel not a little nervous for fear that he would never introduce himself. But he at last arose and taking a seat-circular awoke to the left, and then proceeding to the front, opened something like this: "Ladies and gentlemen: I—have—lectured—many—years—and—in—many—towns—large—and—small. I have traveled—north—south—east—and—west. I—have—met—many—great—men; very—great—men. But—I—have—never—yet—in—all—my—travels—met—the—president—of—a—country—yet—any—man—who—could—introduce—me—to—an—audience—with—that—distinguished—consideration—which—my—merits—deserve."

After this deliverance the house, which had stared at me for several minutes with vexed impatience for not "pressing the button," was convulsed at my expense, and gave him unremitting attention to the end—Harper's Magazine.

A petty politician always wants to be taken seriously.

ONCE IN A WHILE. Once in a while the sun shines out, And the aching skies are a perfect blue; Once in a while 'mid clouds of doubt, Faith's fairest stars come peeping through; Our paths lead down by the meadows fair, Where the sweetest blossoms nod and smile, And we lay aside our crops of care, Once in a while.

Once in a while within our own We feel the hand of a steadfast friend; Once in a while we feel the tone Of love, with the heart's own voice to blend; And the dearest of all our dreams come true, And on life's way is a golden smile, Each thirsting flower is kissed with dew, Once in a while.

Once in a while in the desert sand We find a spot of the fairest green; Once in a while from where we stand The hills of Paradise are seen, And a better joy in our hearts we hold, A joy that the world cannot defile; We trade earth's dross for the purest gold, Once in a while.

A QUEEN IN RAGS.

"HOUPLA!" Crack went the circus master's whip as the girl's flying figure went through the last tin-covered circle, higher even than the preceding ones, and alighted safely in the saddle amid rounds of rough applause.

One solitary figure occupied the "dross" seats—a tall, dark man, with bronzed face and keen eyes, and to this one upper-class patron was the cream of the entertainment directed. As the girl rode round before her exit she made the usual feint of blowing a kiss to the stranger, but the circus master's jealous eye noted that a deep flush dyed her forehead. He also noted that the same solitary figure was there for the third night in succession—there alone—and that as soon as "Queen Camilla" left the ring he got up, collected stick, hat and gloves and departed.

"He's a fish out o' water," muttered the man to himself. "What's he doin' here, I wonder? If he's got an eye upon Camilla he'll soon find as how others 'as got an eye upon him."

And that night, after a frugal but somewhat noisy supper the ringmaster sought out a fat, elderly woman, always strongly redolent of gin, but who, in spite of that and other little delinquencies, was called by courtesy the wardrobe mistress. The manager—for in Leo Salterne's circus the manager, owner, director and ringmaster were rolled in one—came upon this lady as she was folding away Camilla's glittering robes.

"Look here!" he began roughly. "Have you heard anything about the gent that's been hangin' around?" "Course I have!" muttered the woman sulkily. "Who 'asn't? He's the new square, just come home from Australia."

"An' what's he doin' here?" "Come to see Salterne's circus, I suppose," she replied—"leastways, he says 'is money like the rest.'"

There was silence, save for the tinkling of baubles as she folded the costumes. Then the man seized her by the arm. "You ain't been spittin'?" he hissed. "If you have, Meg Hudson, it'll be the worse for you!"

"I've think I want to get rid of the girl? I've think I don't know that the show would soon go to the dogs if I wasn't for Queen Cam? I've think I don't know that she keeps things goin' both before and behind scenes? Why, there isn't one o' the whole company 'at what loves her, and"—with a scowling glance—"hates you."

"Well, it's a dangerous neighborhood, anyway," said the man, shifting uneasily beneath the glance, "an' it's time we was movin' on."

"Ay! As long as the Hall stood empty, and no one knew where to look for a heir—"

"Hold your tongue for a croaking old fool!" cried the manager angrily, glancing round at the thin wooden partition. "Who knows who might hear ye, ye old bird o' the night! Anyway, we'll be movin' on. We can't afford to throw away money, but there's worse might happen if we stayed." And, slamming the door, he went.

At least old Meg thought he had gone, and she muttered to herself: "No, an' ye can't afford to be found out neither, my fine master."

thought, the girl raised her head and looked straight at Ronald King. She was pale that night, there were dark rings round her brilliant eyes, and as she met his glance gravely and steadily for one moment she slowly shook her head. It seemed to him there was supplication in her glance. What did she mean?

Then the buckle was secured, the whip cracked again, and the round began.

Houpla! She seemed to skim through the air more lightly than ever that night, though her face was rigid, and it was with difficulty that she summoned a smile to her lips. She trotted round amid even louder applause than usual; but her little artificial salute—that sham stage kiss—was lacking that night. Perhaps Queen Cam had forgotten.

At the entrance she was met by Meg Hudson. "Come away, my lamie!" said the old woman, folding the girl in her arms as she slipped from her saddle. "I've got a nice bowl o' milk for your supper, then ye can go straight to your bed. You shall have no more harsh words to-night—no, nor any other night—from that old tartar, if I can help it."

A flaming placard on the boardings next day announced a specially attractive program for the last night at Braxton. But before night came the circus tent was struck, the caravans were packed, and the traveling company had fled in sudden panic.

Old Meg had been ailing for two or three days. No amount of warm gin had succeeded in banishing the shivering which took possession of her, and that morning she was seriously ill, and no doctor was needed to pronounce the terrible word "smallpox." Old Meg was left deserted in the small caravan where she lay. The wardrobe, fortunately, were not in the same caravan, and Leo Salterne's circus company took a rapid flight to the nearest town.

Queen Cam had begged hard to stay behind, but the manager wouldn't hear of it; so, weeping and reluctant, she took her place. She would be required for the parade, and besides, if she got smallpox and lost her beauty her career would be ended. An old woman more or less didn't matter, and secretly the manager rejoiced that a sure and certain means was at hand of silencing Meg's tongue forever. She was the only one who knew the dreaded secret.

It was eighteen years now since Jack Forrest, the handsome young riding master, had run away with the only daughter of the squire of Braxton. The squire had never noticed his daughter since, and when Jack broke his neck over a gigantic hurdle in view of a crowd the shock killed his young wife, who left behind her in old Meg's charge a few valuable jewels, her marriage lines and a tiny baby girl. Old Meg had stuck to those treasures fiercely through thick and thin, but the secret would die with her. Camilla's identity would remain unknown and the manager would take possession of the girl soul and body.

There was a hue and cry in the camp next morning, for the queen was missing. Her rough bed had not been slept in, but all her tawdry robes and finery were there. She must have gone away in the veriest rags. Of course they knew where she had gone, for Cam knew no such thing as fear, and the manager swore loudly that some one must go at once and fetch her. But there was the smallpox—that was a greater terror than the manager's wrath.

Ronald King went home, haunted by the supplication of those beautiful eyes. He hurried over an important engagement next day to go to the last performance, but reached the place only to find that the Arabs had folded their tents and silently slipped away. One solitary caravan alone marked the spot, and, lighting a cigarette, he stroiled up to where it stood.

The sound of moaning came from within, and, after knocking vainly, he opened the door. A miserable sight met his eyes. An old woman—ill, dying, lying on a rough straw pallet—turned a haggard face to the intruder. Ronald had seen sickness before. Out in the bush any one helped a dying comrade, and soon he had moistened the parched lips, arranged a pillow under the aching head, lighted the swinging lamp, and sat down in the miserable hovel; while with eager hands the woman gave a packet into his keeping, and told him a story which seemed to the young man only the ravings of delirium. It was vain to seek a doctor then; the nearest one was miles away, in the morning he should come.

Presently the moaning ceased, and the old woman slept. Then Ronald slipped quietly out, with a strange thankfulness at heart that it was not the beautiful Queen Camilla who had fallen a victim to this terrible scourge.

With morning light he was back again, but paused on the rickety steps of the caravan at the sight that met his eyes; and in that moment his heart went out from his keeping.

Seated on the floor in Cinderella garb of brown rags the woman's head in her lap, was the girl he loved. What matter that she was a circus rider—a girl of the people—that she was shorn of her pomp and glitter? Though she were the very scum of the earth, he loved her. She was his queen—a queen in rags!

One glance told him old Meg was dead, and gently he relieved the girl of her burden. "You must come with me," he said, looking into her beautiful eyes. "You can do no more for her. She is dead."

"She was the only friend I had. Oh, what shall I do without her?" sobbed Cam. "I have no home. It is all a strange, dark mystery; I do not even know my own name!" Then it flashed across Ronald that those papers—that rambling talk—had not been delirium after all!

SIR HENRY BESSEMER,

Whose Inventive Genius Ranked Him with the World's Greatest Men. Sir Henry Bessemer, whose death occurred in England not long since, will forever be known to fame as the inventor of the process for converting cast iron into steel without the use of fuel. But, even had he never made that great discovery, which makes possible an annual saving to the world of \$200,000,000, he would be ranked among the world's greatest men because of his other inventions.

Sir Henry was born in Hertfordshire, England, in 1813. His father was a mechanical genius and invented many useful contrivances, with which he built up a fortune. The son inherited all his father's genius and even added to his heritage. His first invention was a stamp for the cancellation of letters, which is in use in every post-office and which has saved millions of dollars to many governments. He received no monetary compensation for his discovery, but the British government conferred upon him the rank of knight. Some of his other inventions were a machine to produce figured velvet, a machine to make type, the apparatus used to make bronze powder, a centrifugal pump and a plate glass polishing machine.

It was thirty years ago that his fertile brain gave birth to its greatest invention. While seeking for a new gun metal he made the discovery that car-



bon could be removed from cast iron by simply forcing a current of air through the molten mass. It took some years to develop his discovery, but the result is written in the history of every industry in which steel is used. Once that the liquid metal is poured into the converter and the air blast turned on, no fuel is needed. As the oxygen comes in contact with the carbon and silicon, combustion is produced and the metal is kept in a molten condition until all impurities are consumed. The product is pure steel that can be bent and twisted, cold, and used for any purpose to which steel can be put. Were it not for Sir Henry's invention it is probable that there would be no steel rails in the world to-day.

BICYCLE YACHT.

Wheelmen Can Scorch Without Once Touching the Pedals. L. E. Hudson of Ellensburg, N. Y., has invented a bicycle sail with which he can scorch, without once touching the pedals, faster than any racer living. His sail was a spruce mast about ten feet high, fastened to the wheel about four inches back of the handle bars by means of two bolts and a cleat. The sail itself is made of heavy cotton cloth, with a light boom at the bottom, to which a strong cord is attached and passed through a light pulley block at the rear of the saddle post, and thence through a second pulley attached to the center of the handle bars. This enables the wheelman-sailor to manage his sail without interfering with the steering of the wheel. Mr. Hudson tells the Philadelphia Times that he had a hard time learning to operate the sail, but when once it was mastered

he fell against the agony of the rack. How he survived can only be explained by his marvelous fortune and iron constitution. The torture concluded, he was bade to leave the country at once, and it goes without saying that he did not tarry.

When Mr. Landon left for Thibet he was in the best of health, the picture above on the left showing him to be both youthful and handsome. The picture on the right was taken after his return. It shows a man seemingly aged and a physical wreck. Of the twenty-two scars of wounds he bears, many are on his face.

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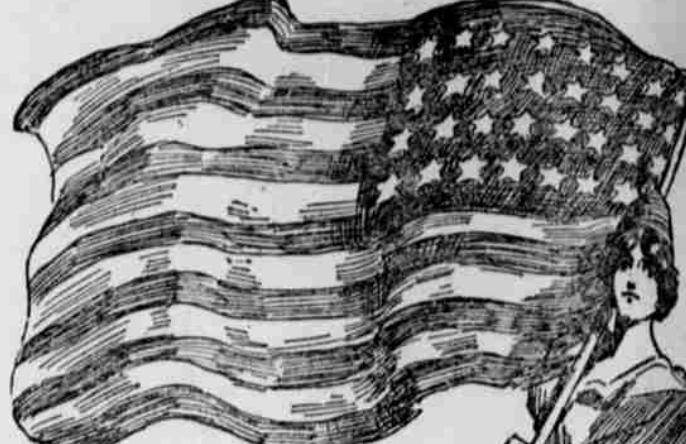
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THE STAR-SPANLED BANNER.



O SAY, can you see by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming— Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight, O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming!

And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there; O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes, What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep, As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream; 'Tis the star-spangled banner! O, long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore: "Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion, A home and a country they'd leave us no more?" Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution. No refuge could save the hireling and slave From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave; And the star-spangled banner in triumph O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

O, thus be it ever, freemen shall stand Between their lov'd homes and the war's desolation!

Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n rescued land Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation. Then conquer we must, for our cause is just, And this be our motto: "In God is our trust." And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

ous lot of telephones on hand. The he laughed as heartily as any one who tried to hire "Oily" to go on the road.—Detroit Free Press.

LOCKED IN A SULPHUR ROOM. Imprisoned for Four Hours a Man Dies of His Injuries. Edgar Allen Poe's description of the sufferings of a person under the effects of slow suffocation has been related to some extent by an incident which has just been inquired into at the Los Angeles City coroner's court. A blanket salesman named Pickard, employed by a firm of manufacturers, had been locked into a sulphur room, and when the stoves in the belief that he might leave by another door, which was usually open.

No sooner had he done so than he remembered that this door had been locked on the outside earlier in the day by his own order. The man who had locked him in was deaf, and had gone on disregarding his knocks and cries as he was thereupon overcome by pain. He could easily have extinguished the sulphur stoves, and might have remained in the room without danger if he had, but such was the state of

mind that instead of doing so he spent his time in endeavoring to attract attention. The sulphur fumes soon filled the place, but even then it did not occur to him that he could put out the stoves by means of one of the blankets in the room. He next tried to reach an aperture above the door by means of a rope and a plank, but it was only a few inches wide, and he was unable to do so. He was covered on the outside by a strip of wood.

Then he became quite exhausted, and fell against one of the doors, which he resisted his utmost strength. This was his last effort. He was as near enough coming in beneath the sill to keep him alive and conscious, and in that plight, expecting death to cling to life, he lay for four hours in the end his whereabouts was discovered by his son and a watchman.

Pickard could see the flicker of the watchman's lamp under the door, and knocking with the little strength remaining to him, was released. He died, however, eleven days later, as a result of sulphur poisoning.

It is related that after being released from his terrible imprisonment he remembered he had not lighted the stoves in the other bleaching houses, and actually went into each of them and completed his day's work.—London Mail.

idea of eternity. A Salvation Army preacher, in one of his talks, exclaimed to his hearers: "Eternity! why, don't you know the meaning of that word?" Nor I, either, hardly. It is for ever and ever, and for six everlastings a-top of that. You might place a row of figures from one to sunset, and cipher them all up, and it wouldn't begin to tell how many ages long eternity is. Why, my friends, after millions and trillions of years had rolled away in eternity, it would be a hundred thousand years to breakfast time."

It has been our luck through life to find that those who would defend us when we are assailed, never have any warships. Never say pants; speak of them as pantalones, or panatlettes.



LANDOR BEFORE AND AFTER HIS VISIT TO THIBET.

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