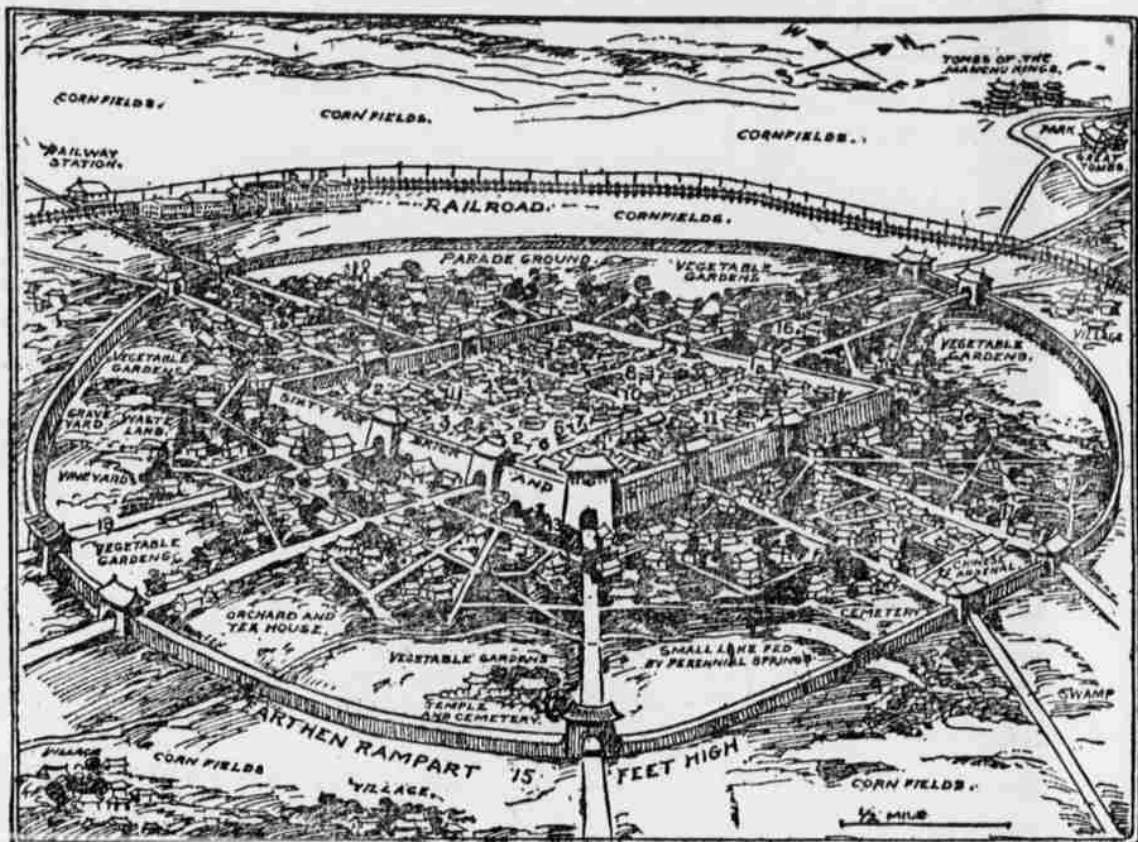


MUKDEN, WRESTED FROM THE CZAR BY OYAMA'S CONQUERING HOSTS.

With an Epitome of the Titanic Struggle Between Russia and Japan for Supremacy in the Far East.



1. Inclosure and buildings of Imperial Palace, much of it in ruins.
2. Granaries of the government of southern Manchuria.
3. City and provincial prisons.
4. Imperial Chinese postoffice.
5. Treasury of southern Manchuria.
6. Russo-Chinese bank.
7. Imperial pavilions, where receptions were once held.
8. Large drum tower.
9. Cattle market.
10. "Bring Peace" street, rich and busy shops.
11. Fruit, vegetable and meat markets.
12. Clothing market.
13. Coal, coke and lime markets.
14. Russian church and school.
15. Residence of Chinese Imperial ambassador, now used as a Russian telegraph and postoffice.
16. Banks of great Shanghai.
17. Residence of Russian diplomatic agent.
18. Road to Liao Yang.

FACTS AND FIGURES ABOUT THE WAR.

War began Feb. 8, 1904.	Number of Big Japanese war ships sunk or destroyed....	4
Principal land battles exclusive of Port Arthur.....	19	
Number of important sea fights.....	6	
Russia's loss in war vessels.....	\$90,000,000	
Japan's loss in war vessels.....	\$12,000,000	
Number of big Russian war craft sunk or destroyed.....	14	
Cost to Japan.....	\$475,000,000	
Cost to Russia.....	\$365,000,000	

Causes that Brought on the War.
Russia's refusal to recognize China's complete sovereignty over Manchuria.
Russia's refusal to recognize the full commercial rights of other nations in Manchuria.
Russia's refusal to recognize Japan's paramount interests in Korea.
Japan's dependence upon Korea for food supply and upon Manchuria for a market for her manufactured products.
Russia's efforts to close Manchuria to the commerce of all nations upon equal terms, and her encroachment on territory along the Yalu.

Principal Battles in the War.
Cheng-Ju, Korea (first land skirmish), March 28, 1904.
Yalu River (Kullencheng), May 1, 1904.
Fengwangcheng, May 7, 1904.
Kinchow, May 26, 1904.
Polandien, May 26, 1904.
Nanshan Hill, May 27, 1904.
Shuyen, June 8, 1904.
Sajunato, June 9, 1904.
Vafangow, or Telissu, June 14-16, 1904.
Motien Pass, June 28, 1904.
Kaiping, July 9, 1904.

Tatehikao, July 25, 1904.
Hatcheng, Aug. 1, 1904.
Liao Yang, Aug. 24-Sept. 4, 1904; this includes the desperate engagements at Anping, Anshan-shan and Hlatun and the final capture of Liao Yang.
Sha River, Oct. 6-13, 1904; Russians make a descent against the Japanese, but are driven back with great loss.
Lone Tree Hill, Dec. 2, 1904; Japanese suffer a severe repulse.
Raid made by Russian troops to Newchwang and Tatehikao, Jan. 9-10, 1905.
Siege guns from Port Arthur reach the Oyama forces on the Sha River, Jan. 18, 1905.
Sandepas and Hekontal, Jan. 30-Feb. 3, 1905, resulting in heavy losses to both sides.
Simmlintun, Feb. 22, 1905; Russians outflanked and driven out.
Mukden—Actual movement in the fight began Feb. 19, when General Kuroki began his northern movement against Rennenkampf's corps; Japanese enter the old Manchu capital March 10.

Losses in Big Battles.
The following shows approximately the number of troops engaged and the losses

on both sides in the principal land battles fought thus far in Manchuria:	
MUKDEN.	
Forces engaged.....	300,000
Losses.....	30,000
SHA RIVER.	
Forces engaged.....	250,000
Losses.....	35,000
LIAO YANG.	
Forces engaged.....	200,000
Losses.....	18,000
PORT ARTHUR.	
Forces engaged.....	100,000
Losses.....	47,000
YALU RIVER.	
Forces engaged.....	60,000
Losses.....	1,000
Distances at the Theater of War.	
Miles.	
Liao Yang to Mukden.....	50
Mukden to Simmlintun (west).....	37
Mukden to Tieling, or The Pass.....	37
Tieling to Kalyuen.....	30
Kalyuen to Kirin (northeast).....	175
Kalyuen to Harbin.....	275
Harbin to Vladivostok.....	400
St. Petersburg to Harbin.....	5,397
St. Petersburg to Mukden.....	5,632

AT THE DOOR.

I thought myself indeed secure,
So fast the door, so firm the lock;
But, lo! the tolling comes to lure
My parent ear with timorous knock.
My heart was stone could it withstand
The sweetness of my baby's plea,
That timorous, baby knocking and
"Please let me in, it's only me."
I threw aside the unfinished book,
Regardless of its tempting charms;
And, opening wide the door, I took
My laughing darling in my arms.
Who knows but in eternity
I, like a truant child, shall wait—
The glories of a life to be,
Beyond the Heavenly Father's gate?
And will that Heavenly Father heed
The truant's supplicating cry,
As at the outer door I plead,
"Tis I, O Father! only I!"
—Eugene Field.

NOT AN ILLUSION

WHEN Marjorie Mervin first intimated to her friends that she intended to become a hospital nurse, they one and all, with the exception of one person who proved the rule, declared to her that she was mad.
But Marjorie only smiled, and quietly went on with her preparations, aided and abetted therein by the exception, Frank Ashton, a medical student, at St. Paul's, the hospital Marjorie proposed entering. And not to a living soul did she explain the true reason for the step she was taking.
Time went on and Marjorie struggled bravely against the inclination to go home at the end of the first week, when footache and backache made life scarcely worth living, and, finally, in her fourth year, gained distinction in the shape of a gold medal and the sisterhood of a ward.
Although Frank Ashton was long since qualified he still remained at the hospital, ostensibly to specialize, but

in reality to watch over sunny-haired, brown-eyed Sister Marjorie, whom he had loved for years. Marjorie frankly told him that she liked him, but that was all.
Marjorie was taking a well-earned rest in her large sitting room one day when a nurse tapped at the door.
"Come in," said Marjorie sleepily.
The nurse entered—a pretty blue-eyed girl in neat cap and apron.
"There's a letter for you, sister, and I don't like the look of sixteen; his temperature has risen two degrees since one o'clock."
Marjorie looked at the patient, gave the nurse some directions, and returned to rest and her letter. An invitation for an At Home fell out. With it was a hasty note:
"Dearest Marjorie—Do make a special effort to come to this function. Several nice people are coming—among them Paul Burton, the poet, who was so gone on you at Lymptone. He asked after you the other day, and would like to renew acquaintanceship. Ever yours,
Bee Paget."
For a minute her heart beat to suffocation. Her memory carried her back to the year before she entered the hospital and an episode that only Bee Paget knew of, and even Bee did not know how deeply it had affected her and treated it merely as a joke.
How long ago it seemed, that summer which she had spent with Bee before her marriage! Mr. Paget was staying there, too, and his absorption in Bee threw Marjorie into the society of the only other guest, Paul Burton, the rising poet. Marjorie was young, pretty and impressionable, and Paul Burton did not neglect his opportunity of instructing Marjorie in the lesson of love, and he found her an apt pupil.
With the refinement of cruelty, Burton made Marjorie understand he was wedded to his art, and to art alone, and poor Marjorie's love was such that she thought it a noble thing, and loved him all the better for it.
And for all these years she had remained true to her ideal, though Paul had passed out of her life completely. And now there was an invitation from Bee inviting her to meet him.

How Marjorie lived through the day which intervened she never knew. Her nurses found her a trifle hard to work for, and Frank Ashton was severely snubbed more than once, which did not, however, prevent him from knocking at Marjorie's door on the eventful evening with a huge bunch of parma violets.
She blushed as Frank entered, and, murmuring thanks, fastened the violets into the belt of her gown, saying: "You are a good boy to remember my favorite flowers."
"Why, Marjorie," he said, delightfully, "you look altogether radiant. What has happened to you?"
"Don't be stupid, Frank; it's useless telling a woman who has been nursing all these years she looks radiant—its nonsense!"
"It isn't Marjorie. I've never seen you look better; and what a jolly frock."
"I'll look in and fetch you if I can, old lady," he said, as he tucked her into a hansom; for Frank Ashton knew the Pagets also.
Arrived at the Pagets', Marjorie made her way up the large staircase, and having greeted Bee, passed on into the crowded room. At the far end seated on a luxurious divan, was Paul holding a small court. When he caught sight of Marjorie he advanced to meet her.
"Marjorie," he whispered, "can it be Marjorie? Come with me away from these people. I have much to tell you."
Together they strolled into the dimly-lighted conservatory.
"Ah, Marjorie," he was beginning to say, when a high-pitched voice was heard, and a stout, plain woman, whose personal appearance bore more evidence of dollars than refinement, stood before them.
"Paul," the woman said, "I have been looking for you everywhere, as we were due at the Duchess' in ten minutes."
"All right, Clinda. Allow me"—turning to Marjorie—"to introduce my wife."
For a moment Marjorie's senses reeled. Then the long habit of self-control came to her aid. But, to her

surprise, the pain was not what she imagined it would be—disgust, rather, that the man who had talked so much about marriage of soul with soul, and of affinities, should have married the almighty dollar.

The shallowness of his nature came before her. His small affectations and conceits, unnoticed in the old days of infatuation, impressed themselves on her; and how insignificant his appearance was, compared with Frank Ashton's, for instance.
In the doorway she met Frank Ashton, who looked at her curiously. "Hello, Marjorie," he said; "you look a little pale. Can I get you anything?"
"You might get me a hansom, Frank; I'm a bit tired. Nursing and frivolity don't go well together."
Frank complied, and stepped into the cab after her, when, to his surprise, Marjorie, the calm and self-controlled, buried her face in her slip, white hands and fairly sobbed.
"Marjorie, darling," he said, as he slipped an arm around her unresisting waist and drew her sunny head on to his broad shoulder—"my precious darling, tell me what is wrong."
"Oh, Frank," she sobbed, "I had such a beautiful illusion! I loved it so! I made such a dear little shrine for it; and I've lost my poor little illusion, and it hurts—oh! it hurts!"
And then the cab drew up at the great hospital gates, and Frank took Marjorie to the ward door, and there had to leave her. The gas in the great corridor shone on her wet eyes and sunny hair.
"Good night, Frank," she said. And then the love-light or something in his brave, gray eyes touched her, and with a sudden impulse she unfastened the bunch of parma violets from her belt, and, handing them to Frank, vanished into her ward, saying: "Thank heaven, Frank, you are not an illusion!"—Forget-Me-Not.

JUDGE JOHN H. REAGAN.

Last Survivor of Cabinet of Confederacy Passes Away.

In the death of Judge John Henniger Reagan, which occurred at his home in Palestine, Texas, there passed from earth the last surviving member of the Confederate cabinet.

Judge Reagan was 80 years old and had been in ill-health for a year or more. The late Judge was the only cabinet officer captured with Jefferson Davis, and for many months he was confined in Fort Warren. He was born in Sevier County, Tenn., and, like so many American youths who have grown to famous men, as a boy he worked very hard and had little time to indulge in the gayety and sports dear to young people. Among his occupations were plowing, chopping wood, running a flatboat and bookkeeping. As a mill owner he earned money, which he devoted to his education. He went to Texas when a young man. He became a lawyer, colonel of militia, probate judge, legislator and district judge, in which latter position he was a terror to the desperate evil-doers of the frontier.

In 1856 Judge Reagan was sent to Congress, and in 1861 was elected to the State Convention, where he voted for secession and where he was elected to the Provisional Congress. He was appointed Postmaster General of the Confederacy, was reappointed to that place and was acting secretary of the treasury for a short time near the close of the war.
Judge Reagan took an active part in the reconstruction, counseling protection and rights for the negro. He was returned to the Federal Congress, serving there for ten years, and took his seat in the United States Senate in 1887. After leaving the Senate he became chairman of the State Railroad Commission of Texas, from which position he retired two years ago. At the time of his death Judge Reagan was engaged in writing his autobiography.

Why We Have One-Sided Men.
Faculties must be exercised or they will not grow. Nature is too good an economist to allow us to keep any faculty or function which we do not employ. We can have just what we use, and that will constantly increase; everything else will be gradually taken away from us. Man becomes strong and powerful and broad just in proportion to the extent and healthfulness of the activity of his faculties; and it must not be one-sided, not an exercise of one or two faculties, or one set of faculties, or the man will topple over. Balance in life comes from the healthful exercise of all the faculties. One reason why we have so many one-sided men in this country is because they pursue one idea, exercise one side of their nature, and, of course, they cannot retain their balance. This is one of the curses of specialities. They are a good thing for the race, but death to the individual who pursues his speciality at the expense of the development of the all-around man.—O. S. Marden in "Success Magazine."

Humorous

Redhorse Dan—Kin ye handle a gun, stranger? Percy Boulevarder—I don't have to. I own an auto.—Baltimore American.

Captain (showing her over the ship)—This is the quarter-deck. Lady—Then I suppose that deck down there is the fifty-cent deck.—Ex.

Mistress—If you want eggs to keep, you must lay them in a cool place. Bridget—O'll minton it to the hens at wanst, mum.—Illustrated Bits.

"You ran over that chap. Are you going to stop?" "Yes, just as soon as we reach a repair shop. I heard something break when we hit him."—Life.

Mrs. Dobbs—How is your new neighborhood? Mrs. Dibbs—Oh, just like the other one; all the rich people talk poor, and all the poor people talk rich.—Puck.

Rev. Dr. Thirdly—Don't you know, little boy, that you shouldn't fish on the Sabbath day? Tommy Toddles—I ain't a-fishin', boss; I'm jus' teachin' worms how ter swim.—Chicago Chronicle.

"I see it stated here that the Sultan wears an iron undershirt." "Say, I wish I had one like it to send to my laundry. I'd like to get even with 'em once in a while."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Hester—I hear that Bessie's engagement with Fred Simmons is broken off. Too bad, isn't it? Grace—But she's going to keep the diamond ring. Hester—Oh, I didn't hear of that.—Exchange.

Still Able to Attend to Business: "I told Uncle Simon that he was getting too old and feeble to attend to business." "Did he take it kindly?" "He threw me out of his office."—Vanity Fair.

An Inducement: Peddler—Want to buy an umbrella cheap? Frankley—No. What's the use? Everybody steals my umbrellas. Peddler—Well, this one ain't worth stealin'.—Philadelphia Ledger.

"I thought you were quite well acquainted with Brown," said Ascum. "No, indeed," replied Cholly; "I—aw—only associate with my equals, and—" "Really, you should aim higher than that."—Ex.

Dawkins—And was it very hot in India? Jawkins—Hot! Simply melting. Why, one of our fellows stayed out too long in the sun one day, and had to be laded back to his bungalow.—London Tit-Bits.

"Do you expect to send your son to college?" "Well, I haven't decided yet. In view of the hazing and the football, I'm half inclined to believe it would be more merciful to finish him up with chloroform."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Stranger—So you went to school with Rudolph Kipling, eh? I suppose you know he is now a famous writer? Uncle Fletch—Sho! Why, him an' me used their same copybook, an' I know my writin' 'd beat his'n all hollow.—Exchange.

"What is a counter-irritant?" asked Mrs. Smithers. "A counter-irritant," replied Smithers, "is a woman who makes the clerk pull down everything on the shelves for two hours, and then buys four cents' worth of hairpins."—Cleveland Press.

"Ugh!" exclaimed the exchange ticket, withdrawing as far as possible into the corner of the pocket, "you're from a pawnshop." "Suppose I am," retorted the pawn ticket, "I am the pawnshop's own redeeming feature."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Naggus—What are you going to do with the hero and heroine of that magazine story you're running now? Marry them? Bonus—Certainly. They'll be married in the last chapter. Naggus—I'm glad of it. It will serve them right!—Chicago Tribune.

Distinguished Artist—Perhaps if you came here you will get a better light on the picture. This studio is not nearly large enough. Fair Visitor (desirous to understand)—Yes, yes; I know. One can't get far enough away from your pictures!—Punch.

Employment Agent—What was the matter with your last place? Domestic—The missus was too particular. Employment Agent—In what way? Domestic—She wouldn't let me lock the baby in the foldin' bed w'en I had company.—New York Weekly.

In Good Trim.—Cityman—So you are going to plant a garden again this year. Were your vegetables last year a success? Suburbanite—Great! Why, my neighbor's hens took first prizes at all the poultry shows, and they ate practically nothing but my vegetables.—Judge.

"I must warn you, Bridget," said Mrs. Nuritch, "to see that the peas are thoroughly mashed." "Mashed, is it?" remarked the new cook in surprise. "Yes; Mr. Nuritch is so high-strung, you know, they make him nervous when they roll off his knife."—Philadelphia Press.