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THE EVENING GUARD.

THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

HOW LONDON FIRST LEARNED THAT IT HAD ENDED.

Story of the Reporter Who Got the "Scrap" and Who Then Induced Bismarck to Allow Him to Send the News Over His Private Wire.

During the Franco-German war, from Oct. 18, 1870, to March 1, 1871, I was attached to the headquarters of the crown prince, who occupied an unassuming little villa called Les Ambroses, in an outskirt of Versailles, his august father residing throughout the investment and siege of Paris in the prefecture of the wilhem "royal burg." and Count Bismarck, with his staff of counselors and secretaries, in a detached house of the Rue de Provence. I often met the chancellor out of doors, walking or riding, during that long and bitter winter, but sedulously refrained from soliciting audiences, being well aware that the visits of a war correspondent, who had everything to ask and nothing to tell, could not possibly be welcome to so desperately overworked a statesman as Bismarck.

By what means I need not explain in this place, I had been made acquainted with the precise terms of the capitulation of Paris at an early hour of the morning after the conclusion of the armistice, and had, moreover, good reason to believe that the conditions of the surrender had not been communicated to any other correspondent of an English or even a German newspaper at headquarters. Having obtained the supremely important item of news, what was I to do with it? Unless it could be forthwith transmitted to The Daily Telegraph office by telegraph, my chances of forestalling my fellow correspondents would be annihilated, and there was no wire at my disposal—or, for that matter, at that of any foreign journalist—within the vast radius of the lines of investment.

The situation appeared an utterly hopeless one, until suddenly the happiest of "happy thoughts" flashed through my mind. Perhaps the all-powerful chancellor, newly created a prince of the young German empire, would authorize the transmission to London of my dispatch over his own official wire, by means of which he was "in rapport" with every European capital except beleaguered Paris. There was no time to lose. Before 8 a. m. I had taken down the articles of capitulation from the files of my informant, within half an hour I had copied them out, "large, bold and handsome," on two pages of foolscap and had made myself presentable.

At 9 o'clock I presented myself at the street door of the house in the Rue de Provence and sent up my card to Councillor Lothar Bucher, with a penciled request that he would allow me to speak to him in private. Almost immediately he came down to the waiting room on the ground floor, into which I had been shown, and asked me what he could do for me. "Can you procure me a five minutes' audience of the prince?" I replied. "I don't know," was the rejoinder, "but I'll try. The chancellor is extremely busy, but perhaps he'll see you if you can assure me that the matter is really urgent." I declared that for me it could not possibly be more so, whereupon Bucher left me—I confess, in a fever of anxiety—and was absent for about a quarter of an hour, at the expiration of which he reappeared and beckoned to me to follow him up stairs.

In an ex-boudoir on the first floor converted into a sort of office, I found the chancellor awaiting me. After the briefest of greetings he said, "Pray, tell me what you want in the fewest possible words, for I have not a moment to lose." I produced my dispatch, handed it to him and asked him if it was substantially correct.

After looking through it he answered: "Yes, it is. I don't know how you got your information, and I don't intend to ask, but these are the terms on which Paris surrenders. What then?" When I besought his permission to forward the message over his wire, he laughed rather grimly, saying, "You must be mad to ask such a thing!"

I urged upon him that the tension of public feeling in England with respect to the fate of Paris was very painful—many people's sympathy being temporarily averted from Germany by harrowing accounts of the sufferings undergone by the population of the French capital. "That tension would be considerably relieved, sir," I replied, "by the knowledge that the siege of Paris is come to an end and that the victors have accorded merciful terms to the vanquished." Prince Bismarck held out against my importunity for about a couple of minutes, but he yielded at last, only stipulating that I should efface my name at the end of the dispatch.

"On no account can I allow you to sign a message sent over my wire. If your people in London do not believe it to be authentic when it reaches them, that is their affair. But it must go unsigned or not at all." It did go unsigned; it was accepted as authentic, and its publication that very afternoon in a special edition of The Daily Telegraph proved to be one of the greatest journalistic coups effected by any London newspaper during the Franco-German war.—London Telegraph.

Bagpipe Music.
A Glasgow paper thus analyzes the music of the bagpipe: "Big flies on window, 75 per cent; cats on midnight tiles, 11 1/2 per cent; voices of infant puppies, 6 per cent; grunting hungry pigs in the morning, 5 1/2 per cent; steam whistles, 3 per cent; chant of cricket, 2 per cent."

In Japan a very useful accomplishment taught children is the use of both hands in writing and other work; hence there are no right or left handed people, as a rule, but both hands are used indifferently.

Notes.
All outstanding City Warrants registered prior to Nov. 9, 1897, will be paid on presentation at my office on or before Dec. 20th, 1898. Interest will cease after that date.
Dated Dec 18, 1898.
Geo F. CRAW,
City Treasurer.

GEN. SHAFTER'S LESSON.

Was on This Question That He Learned to Decide For Himself.

Here is a story that the Cleveland leader professes about General Shafter. It centers about his salient trait of being pugnacious, just as all current and well-invented anecdotes of "Fighting Bob" Evans revolve around some inebriated bit of profanity. But the story runs thus, as the general is made to tell it:

"Once, when I was a boy at school—I wasn't more than 10 or 11 years old at the time—our teacher called up the class in mental arithmetic and began putting questions, beginning with the pupil at the head of the row and going down toward the foot, until some one could give the correct answer. I stood somewhere near the middle, and next below me was a boy whose name was three years older and considerably ahead of me in the various studies that we had."

"How much are 13 and 9 and 8?" the teacher asked.
"While one after another of the boys and girls ahead of me guessed and failed to get it right I figured out what I thought the answer ought to be. The question had almost got to me when I heard the big boy just below me whispering, apparently to himself, but loud enough for me to hear, '29, 29, 29.'"

"Finally the pupil above me failed to answer correctly, and then it was my turn."

"Well, Willie," said the teacher, "let's see if you know the answer. Come, now, be prompt."

"I cocked my head up proudly on one side, cast a triumphant look at those who had fallen down on the problem and said, 'That everybody in the schoolroom could hear me: 'Twenty-nine!'"

"Next. How many are 13 and 9 and 8?"

"Aw!" said the big boy below me, with a look of supreme contempt at the rest of us, "30!"

"That was what I had figured it to be myself, and when the teacher said 'correct' I wanted to fight."

"I didn't assault him, but I made up my mind right there and then to depend on my own judgment in the future, and ever since then when I have had anything to do and had figured out what I considered the best way to do it I have gone ahead, remembering, when people criticised or tried to throw me off the track, how that big boy made a fool of me in the mental arithmetic class."

SETTLED THE BORE.

An Abrupt Termination to a Restaurant Conversation.

Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, when on his first visit to this country several years ago, was taking a chop and a glass of ale in a Washington restaurant one afternoon, and a man around town who is somewhat noted for his forwardness, not to say his freshness, was dining in the same room, and he recognized the English parliamentarian. He walked over to Chamberlain's table, and, quite uninvited, took the opposite seat. Within the space of five minutes he was telling Chamberlain what a third rate outfit he considered England to be. The man's talk, needless to say, was in very rank taste. Chamberlain adjusted his monocle firmly and looked at the obtrusive chap amusedly.

"Now, we'll take England in the matter of great men," said Chamberlain's uninvited table mate. "Where does England end in the matter of great men nowadays, anyhow? England has got Gladstone, of course, but he was born about 119 years ago, and he's a back number. I'll just ask you, Mr. Chamberlain, a fair question. What really great man, what noted character, has England produced, say, within the past 50 years? Answer me that, sir!"

"With pleasure," said Chamberlain, permitting his monocle to fall into his lap and taking his hat and cane from the rack. "Great man, no. Noted character, Jack the Ripper. I bid you good afternoon."—Washington Post.

Domestic Repetee.
She had put on her hat and gloves and was moving toward the door, when he looked up from his newspaper and asked:

"Where are you going?"

"A husband with good sense never asks his wife where she is going."

"But I suppose a woman with good sense has the right to ask her husband where he is going?"

"A woman with good sense never does anything of the kind, because if she has good sense she never marries, so she has no husband. Ta, ta!"

And it never dawned on her that she had called herself an idiot.—Pearson's Weekly.

His Envious Lot.
Mr. Pitt—Since your friend Blinkins married Miss Bonds he has been leading the life of a dog.
Mr. Penn—I'm sorry for him.
"I'm not."
"Don't you sympathize with him?"
"Not at all. He has nothing to do but eat, sleep and amuse himself. It's the life of a pet pug dog he leads."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Once Too Often.
"What's all this excitement about?"
"Nothing worth mentioning. Man got knocked down."
"Accident?"
"Not exactly. One of these men who always catch hold of you and push you out of their way when you happen to meet them at a crowded corner grabbed the wrong man just now. That's all."—Chicago Tribune.

The Suspicious Mother.
Admire a baby and the mother always looks pleased. Admire her dog and she glares at you. Maybe the reason for this is that she is quite sure you do not wish to steal the baby, but isn't altogether certain regarding your attentions where the dog is concerned.—Exchange.

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2. Returning:

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Leaves Corvallis, 11:40 a m
Arrive Albany, 12:25 p m

For Detroit:

Leaves Corvallis, 7:00 a m
Leaves Albany, 8:35 a m
Arrive Detroit, 12:20 p m

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Leaves Detroit, 12:40 p m
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Arrive Corvallis, 6:55 p m

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