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A SCENE AT PORT ARTHUR.

Remarkable Incidents Connected with Stoessel's Departure.

I went to Cherashi Station, and I think almost every one did, with a feeling of sympathy for the Russians; for, so great had been the downfall and so complete the humiliation of the Russians that common humanity could not but feel disposed to sympathize with individuals, even if one's feelings against the nation remained the same. But, after watching the crowd of generals, colonels, and lesser magnates arrayed in costumes more fit for a ball than the finale of a tragedy, and watching how lightly they felt their position, and seeing the contemptuous manner in which they received the assistance so readily accorded them by their adversary, all sympathy at once evaporated, and a feeling that the judgment fallen upon them was perfectly just took its place.

Naturally, one's feelings remained the same toward the women and children huddling together on the few seats, and looking for the most part miserable. There were not many officers' wives present, but many maids and the wives of some of the cvilians and non-commissioned officers. One poor woman had three children to look after, one only a few months old; they were crying and too much for her to manage; but no helping hand was held out to her by the crowd of officers whose privations she had so bravely borne. They laughed and they talked, they brushed by her and took not the slightest notice. Then it was that the Russian soldier showed his superiority as a gentleman to his officer, as he has so often done as a soldier in the field. One dirty, ill-kempt man, a humble peasant, perhaps unable to read, went up and took one of the children in his arms and kept him until the train moved off. This is only one little incident, but there were many more like it in this truly miserable scene.

General Stossel had not yet arrived. Oh! no, he would come when all others had assembled and receive, as he hoped, the benefit of an ovation. I suppose "les adieux de Fontainbleau" was in his mind on this morning, and he hoped to figure in a scene which would go down to history. If this was in his mind, the result was a miserable failure. In the distance a cloud of dust marked the arrival of the General, riding his Arab gray for the last time and followed by his chief of staff, Colonel (now Major General) Reiss—for promotion had come his way in spite of the commonly expressed opinion of his abilities. When the little cavalcade drew near it was seen that Mme. Stossel was in the first carriage, having with her the five adopted children whose fathers were killed during the siege. This excellent lady got out of the carriage and drove her little charges before her in much the same manner as a shepherd does his flock. Then the great man himself dismounted slowly and deliberately, his staff following suit, and they moved with slow steps and bent heads up the incline toward the platform. Here stood the officers and generals to receive him. As he advanced he slowly saluted each acquaintance in turn, and they returned the salute in a respectful but none too cordial manner. The General, therefore, hastened his steps and entered the waiting-room, where his wife had already preceded him. Here they were entertained by Major General Ijichi, who had arrived to bid farewell to the General on behalf of General Nogi. The two stood outside, surrounded by a group of persons, and conversation was carried on. Major General Ijichi seemed the vanquished and Stoessel the victorious host, if one judged the scene from the gestticulations of the principal actors.

Then the train was pushed into the station and the doors opened. Mme. Stoessel, still shepherding her adopted flock, moved forward through the crowd and entered the saloon carriage. Then Stoessel shook hands with Ijichi and turned to bid farewell to many of his officers who would come on by a later train, and whom he would not see before his arrival in Russia. Then he turned toward the saloon carriage, and was making his way there, when he caught sight of a little group of soldiers, rough, unkept and ragged, but still soldiers of the Czar. He turned toward them and offered his hand to one. Now should have taken place one of those moving scenes which occur but once in a century, and which live forever. If the soldiers had only rehearsed their part, or if their feelings had been aroused by the personality before them to the proper degree of enthusiasm, they would have hurled themselves at the feet of their beloved General and kissed them, and then would have torn his coat to pieces, each man securing a souvenir. But alas! nothing of the sort occurred, the poor soldiers possessing not the slightest regard for their General, and, totally unaccustomed to be shaken by the hand, they merely gazed on his friendly advances with a look of mingled awe and stupidity. Stoessel turned on his heel and entered the train.

Then occurred a scene which those who witnessed it will never forget and will ever remember with shame and disgust. Even third-class carriages are scarce on the Dalny-Port Arthur line; one has to be content to make the journey in open trucks; but on this occasion there was a saloon, for Stoessel, with a few carriages for the women and children. Directly the General and his wife had entered the train one expected to see the women and children led forward and assisted into the remaining vacant seats; but no, the crowd of generals and officers pushed forward and entered the carriages, pushing past the women and children without paying the slightest regard for them. Soon every single carriage was packed with these gentlemen, and the women and children were left on the platform sitting on their luggage. The indignation of every foreigner present, and every Japanese, was instantly aroused by this last exhibition of callousness and brutality. "They treat their women like so many beasts," was the comment of one. Some of the station officials and Japanese officers intervened and assisted the helpless ones into the most empty of the open trucks, which were already nearly full from the officers' servants, who, taking the cue from their masters, were not going to wait for the women and children to be seated first. Some of the women found seats in the trucks, intermingled with the dirty, common soldiers and the luggage of the officers in the closed carriages. One beautiful widow whose husband had been killed in the siege, whose very appearance one would have thought might have aroused a spark of dormant gallantry in the breast of one of the Czar's chosen warriors, was left wandering about, and would have missed the train, had not General Nogi's aide de camp, Captain Matsuada, cleared out some of the soldiers and found room for her in a truck.

Then, with a last whistle, the train slowly moved off, carrying with it the true cause of Russia's downfall in the Far East and leaving seated on the platform, to await for hours the arrival of the next train, the majority of the women and children. It was a miserable scene, and dissipated the last remaining feeling of regret for the misfortunes of the garrison. —London Times.

It is said that three million song birds are killed each year for the purpose of adorning women's hats with their plumage.

A REMARKABLE INCIDENT.

How Blue Jays Once Saved the Author's Life.

Blue jays never go south, but stay north during the coldest winters. It is said they live to be a hundred years old. Very few people have ever seen their nests or young. They can sing a dozen different tunes. I never kill them, for they once saved my life. I had been lost in the woods for two days. Night was coming, and it began to snow. I built a bough camp, and while cutting wood cut a hollow stub. When I split it open I found four blue jays and about a bushel of bread and meat. I built a fire and ate about a peck of the provisions. The jays did not go away, but came up to the fire and appeared to enjoy the heat. My feet were cold, and I commenced to dance to warm them. Then the birds sang the prettiest jig tune I ever heard. The storm lasted twenty-four hours. When it was over I climbed a tall pine, but I came down mad as a wet hen. I had discovered the lumber camp about fifteen rods distant. —Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

WOODEN SHOES IN AMERICA.

In Great Demand among the Dutch in and around Louisville.

The very mention of the idea that wooden shoes are worn in and around Louisville seems a bit preposterous to the modern citizenship of this section, but they must be worn hereabouts — for they are shipped here.

Two hundred pairs of these unique specimens of footwear passed through the Louisville port yesterday. They came directly from Rotterdam, consigned to a local firm. The Hollanders are famous for making and wearing wooden shoes and never lose their desire for wearing them, even when they come to this country.

Scattered around in this section there is a pretty good sprinkle of these oldtime Dutch, and they must have their wooden shoes. The shoes received will be disposed of to these foreign-born Dutch.

The shoes are not only unique in their make, but are extremely light. They are worn mostly during the winter and in extreme wet weather. They are made of one piece of wood and there is no such thing as leak in them. There has been but slight change in their make for centuries. —The Louisville Courier-Journal.

In no Hurry for Salary.

That there is a man on the government payroll who draws his salary but once every two years and has followed that rule ever since he has been on the payroll will doubtless appeal to most people as utterly incredible, but it is a fact. There is such a man, although it is said that there is only one official entitled to that distinction.

Representative E. Stevens Henry of Connecticut, when congress adjourns on March 4, will receive $10,000 from the United States treasurer, the sum representing his salary for the Fifty-eighth congress. Since his election to the Fifty-fourth congress Mr. Henry has never drawn his salary save in $10,000 lumps. He doesn't need the money, and then in adopting this rule he has achieved distinction in a unique line that has never been sought or received by any other government official.—Ex.

Mark Twain and Whistler.

A friend of Mark Twain's tells of an amusing incident in connection with the first meeting between the humorist and the late James McNeill Whistler the artist.

The friend having facetiously warned Clemens that the painter was a confirmed joker, Mark solemnly averred that he would get the better of Whistler should the latter attempt "any funny business." Furthermore, Twain determined to anticipate Whistler, if possible.

So, when the two had been introduced, which event took place in Whistler's studio, Clemens, assuming an air of hopeless stupidity, approached a just-completed painting, and said:

"Not at all bad, Mr. Whistler, not at all bad. Only," he added, reflectively, with a motion as if to rub out a cloud effect, "if I were you I'd do away with that cloud."

"Great heavens, sir!" exclaimed Whistler, almost beside himself. "Do be careful not to touch that; the paint is not yet dry!"

"Oh, I don't mind that," responded Twain with an air of perfect nonchalance; "I am wearing gloves, you see."

ADVICE TO PARENTS.

The Great Influence of a Good Example upon Children.

To have your child truthful, be truthful.

To have him temperate, be temperate in all things.

To have him kind to others, be yourself kind to others.

Prescribe healthful amusements and so far as you can take part in them.

Prove to him by your life that a good name is to be chosen before great riches.

Teach him that riches are not to be despised, but should never be got by doing harm to others; that when acquired should be treated as a trust, not as a hoard.

To have him honest, present to him in yourself a living example of honesty. The chief part of a child's knowledge comes through observation. Acts mean more to him than speech.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"MY SON BILL."

Familiarity with the Consul Permitted under the Circumstances.

The captain of a second-class cruiser, which has lately returned to Davenport from the North American station to pay off, tells an amusing story against himself. The ship touched at one of the French islands in the West Indies, and the captain went ashore in due course to return the visit of the British consul. On his arrival, says the North Mail, he beheld one of the senior petty officers of his ship, to whom he had granted eight hours' leave, sprawling in a luxurious chair on the veranda, puffing at a big Havana. The captain curtly asked him what he was doing there The sailor, between puffs of his big cigar, blandly retorted he was the there on a visit to Bill. "And who the duce is Bill?" snapped the skipper. "Why, the consul here—him as I allow you've come to pay your respects to." "How dare you speak with such familiarity of one of his Majesty's consuls?" thundered the captain. "Oh, Bill's all right," explained the petty officer, complacently. "He's my son." And as the captain fell back breathless with indignation and incredulity, the consul himself came in and exclaimed: "Ah, captain, I'm glad my old man was here to receive you!"—St. James Gazette.

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