FOR TIRED MOTHERS

"I feel very thankful for what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for me. I have taken three bottles and the medicine has done great change. I was all Run Down from trouble and overwork, and had other complaints common to my sex at my age, 46 years. Now since taking Hood Sarsaparilla I am much stronger and am gaining in flesh. I would advise all overworked, tired, weak mothers to take Hood's Sarsaparilla to build them up." Mrs. G. W. Wamsoon, Beverly, Neb. Remember,

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Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently, on the liver and bowels. 25c.

One of the most popular magazines receives an average of 9,000 articles a year from writers. About 400 articles only can be used. The others are rejected.

MIDNIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS.

Departing Audience of Broadway Theater Photographed. New Development of the Wonderful Art of Photography.

Mr. Rockwood, the well-known Photographer, has rendered and successfully carried out a new departure in his art which promises to be delightful of all genuine photographic conditions. As public pictures can now be made at midnight as in the blaze of the noonday sun, a photograph of the audience of the Broadway Theatre was recently taken between 11 and 12 o'clock at night, after the conclusion of the play. The means for accomplishing this result is a new pyrotechnic composition which Mr. Rockwood has just introduced. The possibilities of the method are astonishing. A picture form the wings of the preceding day and night are now in view. Mr. Rockwood proposes to this same years ago and now sees his dreams accomplished. He says: "The success of this Art is sure to sell for the young man, about town to be just the thing for a Christmas gift, when your girl instead of some other fellow's sweetheart."

"Professor, should you advise me to make a post or a publicity of my poem? A post paper's cheaper than a mirror."

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THE GREAT KIDNEY, LIVER AND BLADDER CURE.

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Lumbago, pain in loins or back, brick dust in urine, frequent calls, irritation, inflammation, gravel, ulceration or catarrh of the bladder.

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Biliousness, headache, indigestion or gout.

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PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WORST COUGHS. CURES A COLD IN ONE DAY. CURES CATARRH. CURES CONSUMPTION. 25 CTS.

THE BOY AND HIS BOOKS.

Building a castle fine.
With terrace, tower, and wall,
And turrets that so brightly shine
Above the shadowy hall.
But ah! it stays, fair, past all cure,
For, ah! the base is insecure!

Foundations must be firm
For castles built of air
They will stand the longest term
When built on terra dent.
Such character, my boy, will stand,
And grow, amid life's wrecks, more grand.

—Harper's Young People.

Isora's Bridal Vow.

BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

CHAPTER VII—CONTINUED.

She gazed out upon the quick flying fields and lanes with a dull, heavy pain throbbing and aching at her heart. By and by she drew her veil over her face and leaned back in her own corner. Sir Laurence chose to lounge back when she was sleeping and beguiled the journey by talking to her father in a low voice. He seemed anxious—eager—at times, but she had no curiosity left, and did not even wish to hear what they were saying.

The train was whistling and screaming into the Waterloo station at last, and Sir Laurence helping her out signaled the best looking of the private fly-off attendance, and placed her therein.

"Drive to the Spread Eagle," she heard him say to the man as he closed the door. And then, she jolting and rumbling awhile over those London streets which were by no means pave with gold like the streets of her childish dreams, they turned into a dingy old court yard littered with straw and surrounded by high walls and dingy rooms from which opened bed room doors on every side. A clumsily carved wooden bridge crossed the courtyard in mid-air, connecting either side of the gallery with the other. A yawning waiter, in a white apron, bearing a breakfast tray, was just crossing the bridge, and halted to look down upon them.

"Number three, Sir Laurence? All ready, Sir Laurence, and a bright fire burning. Breakfast, Sir Laurence? For three, Sir Laurence? in ten minutes it shall be served, I'll go and see about it myself, Sir Laurence!"

"Do, if you please. Rose, my love, sit down here by the fire. The day is chilly, and you are looking pale."

Rose did not answer. She stood beside the window, gazing out upon the throng of business men who were hurrying to and fro and up and down Gracechurch street.

The entrance of the waiter with the breakfast tray, called her to the table. She ate nothing, to the dismay of Sir Laurence, who tried in vain to tempt her with dainty, of which each-one she had never dreamed before.

The waiter entered and announced a carriage at the door, and Rose, rising, drew her shawl about her head to her father, and let him lead her down the stairs.

"Good-by, my girl," he whispered, as they were alone; "life will be one of the best of husbands, and you will be far happier than you think for, when it is once over."

The church to which the carriage drove was one of those dark, gloomy city edifices half hidden by frowning building and offices, and to Rose it seemed enough that a funeral should be performed, but where youth and love and beauty are strangely out of place.

Rose looked about her at the dim shrouded galleries and the frown of altar, with a feeling of relief. The inexpressible dreariness of the whole scene harmonized with her feelings.

Sir Laurence glanced around the dreary old church with an impatient shrug of his shoulders, then walked toward the altar and waited for his bride. He grasped her hand with nervous force, as he slid the plain gold ring upon it, and clasped her in his arms with a fond, triumphant glance, when the last words of the solemn rite were spoken.

"Miss Rose! mine forever now!" he whispered, and she, although she shrank from him with all her heart and soul, could not deny the truth of his exultant words.

Leaning on his arm she was walking down the center aisle, when, raising her eyes toward the organ loft, she saw a pale, set face looking down upon Rose and Jamie's dead face, with the pallid lips and golden hair.

Jamie's face if ever she had known and loved its look in life.

"Look there! Oh, father look at him! He is cursing the marriage, and me, and you!" she gasped with a glance of horror, and then her voice and strength failed together and she sank fainting at her husband's feet.

When she opened her eyes again she saw not Jamie's face but her husband's bending over her as pale and stern as the other—the dead one—had been. She moaned feebly and put out her hand.

"Father!"

"Here I am, child," said John Allwyne, bending over her. "You gave us a great fright just now, my dear. But you are better—the color is coming back to your lips and cheek. Sir Laurence thinks we had better go."

"Where am I?" asked Rose faintly.

"In the vestry, my dear. And we are all waiting on you to sign the register before we go away."

"Father, I saw him," she said solemnly.

"Saw who?"

"Jamie!"

John Allwyne changed color visibly and began to fidget about.

"Nonsense, my child."

"Father, I did see him. He looked down from the gallery to me—such a sad, stern look."

"Lady Gray, do you feel well enough to sign your name now?" asked Sir Laurence in a dry, hard tone.

Rose shuddered as she heard her new title for the first time. Yet the very sound of the name recalled all that went with it, and reminded her that she had now no right to shed a tear or sorrow for the dead, however much in the depths of her own heart she might continue to feel.

"It was but a dream—a vision," she murmured to herself, and rising from the bench on which they had laid her, she went quietly up to Sir Laurence and signed the register in the place he pointed out.

"Thank you, my love," he said, gently. "And now, if you are fully recovered, we will go back to the hotel. My housekeeper came up to town by this same train and waited, and will await you at the hotel. She will purchase everything necessary as a splendid evening toilet; and to-night, my dearest, I will take you to the opera, and give you one small glimpse of the great world, which will be your world as well as mine, as soon as we return from our quiet oriental honeymoon tour.

CHAPTER VIII

It was night in London—the clock of St. Mary Danes had tolled 11—a cold, dark, rainy night in the middle of November, that month of fog and gloom and wretchedness which is said to be so unusually fatal to the sickly disposed Englishman who cut their throats with dull razors, or hang themselves from their bed posts, and otherwise dispose themselves during its depressing reign.

A lonely, melancholy night to be wandering abroad through that blank and dreary street, with its grim, dark houses standing silently up against the darkened sky. And yet one foot passenger came suddenly round from Farringdon into Fleet street, and began to pace up and down there, as if walking in the darkness and rain were two of the most agreeable things on earth to him.

A tall and slender youth, apparently not more than 14 years of age, with a certain air of grace and refinement about his very look and motion that seemed strangely out of keeping with his present position, and with the shabby jacket and corduroy trousers which he manifestly outgrown.

His carriage was almost princely; his step light and free, and the hands and wrists that protruded from the short and worn jacket sleeves were delicate and fair, quite unlike the wrists and hands one generally sees in such a boy as this seemed to be. His dark brown hair curled abundantly from under his shabby cap; his eyes were large, blue and well opened; his features were regular and thoroughly aristocratic in their moldings, his complexion fair and rosy, though a little touched just now by the too keen breath blowing from the east. Altogether a fine, gallant lad, whom any gentleman might have been proud to call his boy. He was he doing there so late at night, and in the chill beating of that pitless storm?

A quick walk grew more slow at length. He gazed around him for a few moments with an uncertain air, then leaned against the massive side of Temple bar, and looked up at the frowning arch above his head.

"Now why couldn't they let a fellow go into that comical little square to sight and spend the night, if the rain is over?" he mused aloud. "No hope of that, I suppose; and no one there, either, unless it is the ghost of getting one, and nothing to look forward to except—Hollow."

He gave a startled jump backward as he spoke, and stood bending down and peering intently into the ground by the dim light of the gas lamp above his head.

"Why, what the—I declared something when I swung my foot out like that. I certainly heard—"

It came again as he spoke, but louder and more plaintive, it was a genuine, unmistakable baby's cry. The next moment he had a little bundle in his arms and was trying to hush the sobbing child. He was an awkward nurse, but at the same time a tender one, and in a few moments the baby ceased crying, and looked up at him with its largest, bluest pair of eyes, he had ever seen.

"Now if this isn't a shame and an awful shame! I have been in London is the wickedest place on earth, but this beats all! You poor little thing! I'm sure going to take it here to night myself, but I will never do to let you stay here and die with cold and hunger. Some of these respectable people should be just turn out of their beds and take you in, if I can make noise enough to make them."

He looked up and down the long street. Not a lighted window was visible, not a sound was to be heard except the washing of the river and the rolling of the tide. The policeman had gone to the farthest corner of his beat. There was no one to care for the deserted infant but himself.

"I'll adopt you little one, here on the spot," he said aloud. "I'll find something to do that will enable me to keep us both, and if any wicked person has left you here in the hope of killing you by exposure, why it will be a great pity that you should be slightly disappointed, that's all."

He said those words with his face turned toward the dark arches of Temple bar, where a pair of eyes lurking there who wished or who had planned harm to the infant, they made no answer to, but he thought he heard a heavy sigh breathed beside him, as he turned away he could almost have sworn that a slight footstep passed under the side arch, and out toward the Strand side of the bar. He took a step forward in his turn, still holding the child.

He saw, though indistinctly, two dark female figures, by the drapery, stealing away through the gloom.

"Stop!" he cried in a loud voice. "Whoever you are I command you to stop and take this child with you."

There was no answer. The dark figures glided away silently and rapidly. He had followed them, though somewhat incommoded by the unusual burden in his arms. So closely had he gained upon them, as they cleared the bar, that he heard the frightened sobbing of one of the women while the other was urging her, in low, eager tones to keep up her courage, and trust in the certainty of making their escape.

"I hear you! I know you. I shall not forget your voice," he cried loudly eagerly. And stretching out his hand he almost laid hold upon the cloak of the hindmost one, when it was suddenly snatched from his grasp, while the two figures darted swiftly down a side street, and another carriage that was evidently waiting for them there.

It was only a common cab. He saw that, even in his haste, for it was dear light lamp posts, and he was distinctly visible. But the driver had been properly tutored and evidently understood the urgency of the case in point, for he was off sooner saw the figure of our hero following than he cried out, briskly, sprang to his box, and rattled away at a rapid pace.

As the cab flashed by a head was thrust from the window; a pale, beautiful face, haggard and worn, but lit up by immense dark eyes, gazed out for an instant—only an instant—and not at him, but at the child.

"Are you mad?" he heard some one cry out harshly, and then the face disappeared, the cab turned the corner of the street, and he was again left alone with the infant beginning to whimper once more, and to cling freshingly to his neck.

"There's more in all this than you and I can understand, baby," he said, gently, "but never mind, never mind. I'll take care of you some how; one of these days it will all come out right. I'll not forget that face, it is certain, and if it is in London I'll see it again. "There, there, well get out of the rain, baby, as say rate. One house is as good as another for us, if they will only take us in. Here's an eating house and a tailor's shop all in one, and a light in the bedroom above, too. And that's a lucky sign, baby, and we will pull this bell and see what fate will send us."

He suited the action to the word, and then waited the result, holding his shabby jacket over the child to shelter it from the driving rain.

His pursuit of the mysterious figures had led him some distance from Temple Bar on the Strand side, and the house before which he now stood was one of those eating rooms which seemed to flourish with such decided success in that locality.

There was a great rattling of bolts, bars and chains inside, then the door opened, and showed a tall, stout, good-looking dame of about of fifty, or thereabouts, clad in a striped, short gown and stuff petticoat, with a bright red handkerchief tied, gipsy fashion, over her abundant black hair.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Cat's Breath.

A recently published story criticises the notion that a cat sucks away a child's breath. This, it declares the Brooklyn Standard-Union, is merely an expression erroneous in its form of a physiological fact.

Babies do sometimes lose their breath, intended by nature to act as an anaesthetic on their prey. If a person carces to experiment by inhaling, for instance, a cat's breath, he can easily realize the truth of this statement. Carefully watch a cat playing with a baby for a few minutes. You will discover that the mouse does not suffer, but is rather stupefied, as if by chloroform. Livingstone relates how when he was attacked by a lion and his arm broken, the crunching of the broken arm gave him no pain, so benumbed were his senses by the lion's breath. A cat seeks too child, its soft bed and the warmth of its body, and lies down on the chest of the infant. Its slight impedes respiration, and its breath anaesthetizes the child and death follows. This circumstance has actually occurred, and medical records carefully prove it.—The Evangelist.

Woolen Food.

"Did you ever hear of wool being used for food?" inquired Amion L. Vanderpuise of Pittsburg, who has traveled rather extensively through Siberia a few years ago and found that among the natives along the Northern coast wool in a certain form is a most common and constant article of diet. The natives eat it because they like it. Even when it is kept perfectly fresh it forms a part of the evening meal, as many cleanly stripped arch logs near every hut testify. These people know by experience that the fact of their eating wood arouses the sympathy of strangers, and shrewdly use it to excite pity and obtain gifts of tea and tobacco. They also buy of thick layers immediately under the bark of the log, and chopping it fine, mix it with snow. It is then boiled in a kettle. Sometimes a little fish, fish oil, or butter is mixed with it.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Anything to Lease.

Sharp-Nosed Woman—Seems to me your people's all too high priced.

Wall-Paper Dealer—This is the entire line of samples of the biggest factory in America, madam, and I guarantee the paper to be as low as any in the market.

"Haven't you got something cheaper?"

"Surely you don't want anything cheaper than six cents a double roll?"

"Is that the cheapest you've got?"

"It is."

"I wish you had something for about four cents."

(Yelling through the speaking tube, "Harry, send up a roll of butcher's wrapping paper. I'm here on my soul! My throat's dry.")

Another Crank.

Mr. Farrow—There was a fellow at the board of trade last night with the dearest ideas anybody ever heard of.

Mrs.—What was the meeting about?

"To devise ways and means to prevent the stranger from propose?"

"The foolishest thing! You'd never guess. He got up and said, says he, 'The best way to bounce a town,' says he, 'is to make it fit olive in.'"

A Wave of Reform.

Little Johnny—I won't be kept after school for whispering to Tom Jones, any more. Mother—I'm glad of that. Yes'm, Tommy sat behind me, and I had to turn my head to whisper to him, and the teacher got sore on me. I did won't do it any more, I hope. Nonie, I've got a wave of reform in me.

Mrs. Keener—I don't know about that. It seems to me if one of them had to go I'd a little rather it was Tom than you. Harder on his pants than Tommy is.

Took Him by Surprise.

Dick—Cholly's down with nervous prostration. He read a cablegram from the people on which they had laid her, she went quietly up to Sir Laurence and signed the register in the place he pointed out.

"Thank you, my love," he said, gently. "And now, if you are fully recovered, we will go back to the hotel. My housekeeper came up to town by this same train and waited, and will await you at the hotel. She will purchase everything necessary as a splendid evening toilet; and to-night, my dearest, I will take you to the opera, and give you one small glimpse of the great world, which will be your world as well as mine, as soon as we return from our quiet oriental honeymoon tour.

CHAPTER VIII

It was night in London—the clock

JAPANESE VICTORIOUS.

They Continue to Defeat the Chinese at Every Point of Meeting.

Yokohama: Advices received from the front show that there has been heavy fighting in the country just north of Port Arthur. The dispatches received are brief. It appears that Marshal Oyama divided his forces. While one division landed on the east coast of the peninsula north of Talienwan, another division effected a landing near Kinchow and proceeded to Kinchow and then joined the main body. The Japanese encountered the Chinese warships and the transports reached Kayenko and disembarked troops, guns, horses and munitions in safety. Kinchow, which is a walled town, and which was believed to be held by a large garrison, was immediately attacked. The outer defenses were carried after a few hours' fighting, and the Japanese were soon masters of the place. In the meantime the Japanese fleet which had convoyed the transports opened a heavy fire on Kaiko-ven (Kayenko). Covered by the fire from the ships the land force attacked and captured Taliewan in a brilliant fashion. The dispatch states that the losses were heavy. They also mention that all important has been engagement occurred, but give no details.

Field Marshal Yamagata's army continues its victorious march. His official dispatch says the detachment under Gen. Tatsumi has occupied Fung Wang-cheng, a fort which ranks the Japanese next to Moukden. The principal portion of the Chinese army fled from Fung Wang-cheng in great disorder in the direction of Haichen and Takusan. The Chinese inhabitants who have been plundered by the Chinese soldiers welcomed the Japanese army.

The Japanese captures to the present are: 1,000 cannons, 1,500 small, 20,000 rounds of artillery ammunition, 7,500,000 rounds for small arms and a quantity of other military material.

London: A dispatch from Tien Tsin says: that Fung Wang Ching was captured by the Chinese. The city of the road to Moukden has collapsed. Gen. Sung, with the remnant of his army, is in the Mathenling Pass, between Fung Wang Ching and Liaoyang. Winter has set in. Snow has fallen in Manchuria.

War Between Mexico and Guatemala.

The republic of Mexico recently laid claim to the possession of a considerable tract of land on the Guatemalan border which was claimed as the territory of Guatemala. Neither government would relinquish their claim and their relations became severely strained and now it seems that belligerent measures are being started. The following dispatch from the City of Mexico to Miguel Torruco is the owner of a large timber tract near the Guatemalan frontier, quite recently the authorities of Petén, Guatemala, arrested and took away six Mexican subjects who were employed by Torruco. The Guatemalans have occupied both sides of the stream Agua Azul and have established a custom house. There is an invasion of Mexican territory, too. Lorenzo Gardia, whose troops occupied Ocosingo, has defied Juan Vera Cruz, the frontier by turd Mexican men-of-war, has landed and is proceeding to Ocosingo, Chiapas. The state of Tabasco is arming its military. Unless the Guatemalans get back to their own land before the 20th of November, the hostilities will begin at once.

Rain Water Poisoned by a Painted Roof.

Mrs. James Dunlap, of Evergreen, O., died, and her three sisters and father, Joseph Dellitle, are not expected to live from the effects of poisoning poisoned rainwater. The roof of their house had been painted with white lead.

THE MARKETS.

Toledo.

Wheat No 2 spot	85 a 1/2	85 a 1/2
No 2 December	51 a 1/2	52 a 1/2
No 2 May	50 a 1/2	51 a 1/2
Oats No 2 white	35 a 1/2	34
Buffalo—Live Stock.		
Cattle Mixed shipments	3 00	4 30
Sheep	3 00	3 60
Lambs	3 00	5 50
Hogs choice weights	4 70	4 90
Common and mixed	4 70	4 90
Cleveland.		
Cattle Best	4 50	5 30
Other grades	3 00	4 25
Hogs	4 25	4 50
Wheat No 2 red	54	55
Corn No 2	57	58
Oats No 2 white	34	35
Pittsburg.		
Cattle	4 40	5 55
Hogs	4 75	4 90
Sheep and lambs	4 75	5 75
Wheat No 2 red	54	55
Corn No 2	58	58
Oats No 2 white	35	35
Cincinnati.		
Cattle Good to prime	4 00	4 35
Lower grades	2 00	3 90
Hogs	4 50	4 90
Sheep and lambs	3 00	4 50
Wheat No 2 red	55	56
Corn No 2 mixed	54 a 1/2	55
Oats No 2 mixed	34 a 1/2	35
New York.		
Cattle Steers	4 25	5 40
Bulls	2 50	3 50
Hogs—Good choice	4 90	5 00
Sheep	3 00	4 00
Wheat No 2 red	59 a 1/2	59
Corn No 2	61 a 1/2	61 a 1/2
Oats No 2 white	36 a 1/2	36
Chicago.		
Cattle—Best steers	4 75	5 50
Common	3 00	4 50
Sheep	3 50	4 25
Lambs	4 50	5 75
Hogs	4 25	4 62
Wheat No 2 red	57	58
Corn No 2	52 a 1/2	53
Oats No 2 white	34 a 1/2	35
Mess Pork per bbl	11 85	12 15
Lard per cwt	6 50	6 65
Detroit.		
Cattle—Good to choice	3 25	3 75
Lower grades	2 50	3 00
Hogs	4 45	4 60
Sheep	3 00	4 00
Lambs	2 00	5 00
Wheat No 2 red	57	58
No 2 white	57	58
Corn No 2 mixed	53	53
Oats No 2 white	34 a 1/2	35
Rye No 2	65	66
Beans Cash	1 80	1 80
Potatoes per bu	45	50
Butter Dairy	17	18
Creamery	25	26
Eggs Fresh	16	18
Live Poultry—Chickens	6	7
Fowls	6	7
Ducks	8	9
Turkeys	8	9

WEEKLY REVIEW OF TRADE.

NEW YORK—Dun's weekly trade review says: In some trades the season is too far advanced for great activity, and in others the supposed effects of the rating binder have not been felt. But in a large list the volume of production is well maintained, and in one or two branches increased, large as the monetary difficulties disturb that productive activity. In the iron and steel trade it appears that during the week in manufactured products there has been a volume of business transacted on the whole smaller than last year, and much smaller than in 1902, but there has been with western receipts only a third and experts about one-half of last year's. Yet pig iron stocks are a shade lower, with land about the same, but with pig iron higher than in November, and it looks as if strength in coke and pig iron will cause a further decline. The principal force is of course the enormous accumulation of stocks, although pig iron stocks are naturally be inclined not to sell at current prices, with a degression of cotton and wool and the partial loss of the corn crop, must be looked upon as indicating a decrease in general distribution of products. Waiting for reductions in tariffs increases the little manufactures and concessions in price have been made to stimulate business. Wheat, flour and corn is generally dull, without indications of improvement. It is seen the fall and winter demand is disappointing, though still fairly large, for woolens, yet the expected unprecedented orders do not appear and great uncertainty prevails as to coming goods. Manufactured products are disposed to produce in advance of the tariff change, if they can see a buyer for it for current needs, and at the west it is complained that wool goes begging at prices below the parity of similar wool abroad on the second hand market. During the week there have been 249 in the United States, against 236 last year, and 30 in Canada, against 28 last year.

NEW YORK—Bradstreets review says: There is a little further improvement in business circles aside from the settlement of the Chicago labor difficulty, and while effects of which is expected to be the stocking of certain cotton fabrics and an increased demand for cotton printers to order for the fall. Cotton goods are in better shape for the north and south, and the north results in further cuts in prices for cotton fabrics and an increased demand for iron and steel, which is 12½ lower respectively, notwithstanding the recent firmness of the former at Pittsburg. Cotton has gone off another 1-16. This results in a reduction in the number of orders. The rapidity of shipments is unusually large, and the net gain of 4,338,000 lb within four months, is a very large one, and the exports in part, it may be, larger than from July 1 to October 1, which is the period of the year when the surplus is usually forced to market. Wheat has been in the habit of increasing from July 1 to 31 during the last five years, and the increase of 1,000,000 bu in the week is not so large as

THE CZAR IS DEAD.

ALEXANDER III SUCCUMBS TO HIS DISEASE.

His Last Moments Were Peaceful—Great Duke Nicholas to Succeed Him—The Reign of Alexander III One of Peace and Quiet—Other News of Interest.

The angel of death, in the shadow of whose pinions Alexander III, the autocrat of all the Russias, lay for days, finally descended, and the soul of the man who had in his hands the lives and destinies of millions upon millions of men was borne away. Calmly and peacefully as a sleeping babe he who by his slightest word or gesture could plunge into a war, the horrors of which would defy description, fell into the dreamless sleep of death. Ever since, for two days before the end when the doctors informed the czar that there was no hope for recovery, his majesty composedly waited for the end, attending the necessary state and family affairs with the utmost calmness of consciousness and freedom from pain.

The morning of the great ruler's death was ushered in with storm and wind and heavy clouds, and the weather much colder. As the day advanced the weakness increased so rapidly that the czar himself, still conscious, recognized that he could live only a few hours. He expressed a desire to receive the sacrament, which was administered to him by Court Chaplain Yanyshev and Fr. Ivanov, the presence of the whole family. The czar then conversed long and earnestly with Father Ivan, concluding by asking his family to again gather around him. He spoke to each member separately and in a low tone, particularly to the czarina. He blessed all his children present. The scene was one of deep pathos. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon the line his majesty was sitting up in an arm chair. After taking leave of his family he grew drowsy and his speech and his voice became so indistinct that it was scarcely audible. About noon a convulsive fit of coughing was followed by a slight rally. Thence until the end the czar remained quiet, seemingly free from pain. At 2:15 o'clock he heaved a deep sigh and breathed his last in the arms of the empress, who had been broken down with the weight of her grief. The doctors fear the results of reaction upon her already exhausted system.

When all was over the czarewitch and the other imperial relatives took a last farewell of their father in a close, the members of the palace guard were marshaled in the square in front of the palace closely for the ceremony of swearing allegiance to the new czar. They were the first to take the oath. The grand duke Michael led the way to swear allegiance and they were followed in the order of precedence by the grand dukes, the court officials, military officers and civil officials.

Alexander III was born March 10, 1845, and married the daughter of the king of Denmark in 1866. He succeeded to the throne on the 13th of assassination, he shut himself up in his palace at Gatchina, where he lived for nine years until 1881 and was celebrated with extraordinary ceremonies on his accession. During the reign of this emperor Russia established her position as a great power in the consolidation of her dominion. As regards Europe the reign of Alexander III was more remarkable that of his father with all evident tendency to peace. The czar's personal attempts by the revolutionary party on the life of the czar and his family, and an invincible but impassable barrier has been maintained between the autocracy and the people. The barrier accurate knowledge of Alexander the Third's character and of his intimate knowledge concerning his empire and the world at large has been the main feature of his reign.

The czar was a man of great strength and he was very fond of exercise, which he used to subdue by chopping logs, digging ditches and the like. Among his subjects he was greatly beloved and in fact he was known as the peasant czar. A characteristic of his was not deep sympathy, but the fact that his advisers knew that the sympathy existed in the people prevented him from doing for them as he might have done, if he had felt it, which was conceded and was greatly devoted to his family, and it was due to this that he never had free access to him was the only one who enjoyed the confidence of the czar. The feelings of amazement, horror and disgust that are reflected in Europe generally, and in most of the more enlightened nations of the west, and the expectation that the political changes must take resulted for good long ago, had it been to be thought, the premature death of Alexander by his old, tried, M. Pobedonostzeff, who is known as the most conservative of the conservatives. In his personal character Alexander III was a man of the medieval spirit and the present situation in Russia is not unlike that of the time of the to the procurators influence that the crusade against the Jews was due.

Be Thankful for Such as ye Have.

President Cleveland has issued the annual Thanksgiving proclamation. He says: "The American people should be grateful for their blessings and praise to the Supreme Ruler of the Universe who has watched over them with kindness and bestowed the varying gifts year that has passed; they should do so with humility and faith supplicate the Father of Mercies for continued blessings according to their needs and they should by deeds of charity seek the favor of the giver of every good and perfect gift. Therefore, I, Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, do hereby appoint and set apart Thursday, the 29th day of November, as a day of thanksgiving and prayer to be kept and observed by all the people of the land."

Wrecked the Train to Rob the Dead.

Wholesale murder and express robbery were the objects that inspired the plot to wreck the Cincinnati Minneapolis Boston limited near Heafford Junc tion, Wis., on the night of Oct. 7. In that wreck Engineer Cottrill was instantly killed and Engineer James Dutch was seriously injured. The train was wrecked by the bridge at Hazelton, about 20 years old. His companion is Frank Williams. Both deny the charge against them. Williams mostly maintains that he knows nothing of the wrecking. Hazelton says they sawed the supports and braces of the high trestle and then waited for the wreck of the disaster. The train was running slowly, however, and only the engine was wrecked.

Two Children Murdered in the Woods.

Dispatches from Paulding, O., report the horrible murder of a boy and girl and his sister, aged 12, the children of Samuel Wood, a prosperous farmer. The children went away from the house early in the morning dark searching parties were sent out and the two bodies were found in a brush heap in a gulley. The boy's throat was cut from ear to ear, the girl was decapitated and disembowled. The murder was done with an ax. At attempt had been made to burn the brush heap, but it was too wet. The theory is the little girl was outraged, and the double murder committed to hide the crime.

Sensational Horseshipping Episode.

Mrs. Harvey Lonsdale, wife of a prominent merchant of West Alexandria, O., lashed the wife of Dr. Gregg with a pawhide and then shipped Gregg's three sons beat their father (Campbell) into insensibility and held off any assistance to rescue him. Mrs. Gregg is a party to a divorce suit brought by Mrs. Campbell against her husband. Dr. Gregg has also brought suit against Campbell, asking for $10,000 damages for the alienation of his wife's affections.

Two Firemen and One Engineer Killed.

Express train No. 7 on the D., L. & W. railroad, running 40 miles an hour, dashed into a freight train standing on an open switch at Forester, Pa., at 1 a. m. The freight engineer was instantly killed and his fireman died soon after. The express fireman was also instantly killed, but no passengers were injured.

The county seat war in Berrien county has been decided by the state supreme court in favor of St. Joseph. The decision makes valid the previous proceedings for the removal of the seat

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SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

The most unique Sunday school in the world is on the line of the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis railroad. It is held on a freight train. The regular lesson is used, and all the questions and answers are given by wire.

Enoch Pratt of Baltimore, who is in vigorous health at eighty-six and the active head of several large corporations, wanted to give Baltimore a library, and so has spent $1,500,000 without troubling his heirs with the business.

David McCoy, who resides near Redlands, is probably the oldest voter in California. Mr. McCoy is 101 years of age and has lived under the administration of every president elected in the United States, from Washington to Cleveland inclusive.

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