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No. 1 Portland Special	11:15 A M
No. 3 Portland Flyer	2:18 A M
No. 5 Mail & Express	5:06 A M

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ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

By
MRS. FORRESTER.

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

Within a few weeks of the close of the season a very beautiful Frenchwoman came to London, and was received at once into the best society. Her story was a strange one, and one that excited a great deal of interest. She had been married at fifteen to a Russian prince, many years older than herself, and of dissolute character. At first he had loved her passionately; then, as he found it impossible to overcome her coldness and indifference, he had come to dislike and treat her with harshness. He had taken her away to Russia very young, very friendless, and intensely unhappy. There he had neglected her. She had two children—boys; and all her love seemed bound up in them. Then they died; the cold of Russia killed them, and she almost died of the grief.

The physician at St. Petersburg insisted that she should return at once to Paris. "It is the only way to save her life," he said to her husband. So after three years' weary absence, she returned to her birthplace, and there, after a time, she recovered. At the French court she was greatly admired and sought for. A young man of high rank conceived a wild passion for her. He was so handsome, so distinguished, no one believed she could resist the devotion he constantly and so openly offered her. It could scarcely be affirmed that she was utterly unmoved by his passion, but all the world said that she never gave him any undue encouragement. Still, Prince Zelikoff became jealous. One evening the princess dropped her bouquet; Monsieur de Ligny picked it up, bowed over it, and returned it to her. Prince Zelikoff chose to imagine the accident was prearranged, and that De Ligny had taken the opportunity of concealing a note among the flowers. He snatched the bouquet violently from his wife's hands. In her surprise she made some resistance; he grasped her arm and pressed the sharp-pointed diamond bracelet unintentionally into the flesh. A little jet of blood spurted forth. The enraged De Ligny beheld it, and in a moment Prince Zelikoff lay stunned and bleeding on the ground. A crowd closed round them at once; with some difficulty the angry men were separated, but, of course, only blood could wipe out such a stain. A meeting was arranged; the seconds made the customary formal attempts at a reconciliation without success.

Valerie de Zelikoff knew well enough what the end of such a quarrel must naturally be. She knew her husband's fierce, indomitable temper, and she guessed the rage that had filled De Ligny's heart at seeing her treated with violence and indignity. Her heart was torn—in very truth she cared more for the handsome accomplished man who loved her so desperately, than for her dissolute, gray-haired, indifferent husban. But her religion had taught her faithfully the duty of sacrificing everything to right.

The morning of the duel arrived, no one was on the ground but the seconds, a doctor and his assistant. The doctor stood near De Ligny. Prince Zelikoff was known as a deadly shot. One, two, three, two flashes, two reports, a wild shriek, and a fall. And yet neither of the duelists was harmed or scathed. At the moment of firing the doctor's assistant had flung himself in front of the prince, had turned up the hand which held his pistol, and received De Ligny's shot through his shoulder. De Ligny, the seconds, and the doctor rushed toward him; the prince had already raised his head, and recognized Valerie de Zelikoff, his wife. The doctor explained it. He was an old friend of the family; she had gone to him and besought him to allow her to be present at the duel, urging that she believed herself able to prevent it, and after much hesitation he had yielded. The wound was not a serious one; many a woman would have been glad to purchase the reputation for heroism that came undesired to Valerie de Zelikoff at so small a price of pain.

The action was thoroughly French, and as such intensely appreciated by all Paris. It was a crown of glory to her husband, and flattered his vanity to a degree that made him love her again as in the olden days. Great as the triumph was to Zelikoff, was the defeat to De Ligny. His amour propre could not recover from such a terrible blow; he had been prepared to risk his life to a well-known deadly shot to avenge an insult on the woman he loved, and she had received his bullet in her own tender flesh to save the husband who had so grossly wronged her. He went away until the affair had blown over, and then returned to Paris with a very young, fair wife, who had been taken from a convent to marry him. She adored him; he was cold and indifferent to her; nay, he almost hated her, when, six months later, Prince Zelikoff died of a fever, and the beautiful Valerie was left a widow at twenty-two. She passed a year in seclusion, then she again went into society, and, as has been said, came to London a few weeks before the close of the season. She was staying in the house of Lady Dora Annesly, Mr. Hastings' cousin, and her greatest friend.

Mr. Hastings saw a great deal of the beautiful Frenchwoman, and admired her exceedingly. She was not like any Frenchwoman he had met before—she did not talk much, or gesticulate, or seem to desire admiration. She was pale, large-eyed, essentially spirituelle. The chief fascination she possessed for him was the low, musical tone of her voice.

"I wish you would come more often to us, Errol," his cousin said; "we see so little of you. I am so anxious that Madame Zelikoff's visit to us should be a pleasant one, and she always seems happier, brighter, when you are there."

"You do me too much honor," Mr. Hastings said, mockingly.

"It is no empty compliment, indeed, Errol," returned Lady Dora. "I am sure she likes you much better than any one else who comes here. You ought to feel flattered; the Princess de Zelikoff's coldness and indifference to men's attention has almost become a proverb in Paris. I am surprised you do not prefer a high-bred, graceful woman of the world, to an uninformed, simple country girl like that Miss Eyre. You see I have discovered your secret."

"Some men are foolish enough to prefer innocence in women to a knowledge of the world, Dora," Mr. Hastings answered coldly.

"Some men are foolish enough for anything," retorted Lady Dora, pettishly.

CHAPTER XVI.

More than once Sir Howard Champion had met his granddaughter, Winifred Eyre, in society. He had spoken very little; and the result of his quiet scrutiny was that he felt unfeignedly pleased with her. She was graceful, natural and ladylike, and possessed a certain frankness of manner which could not fail to win for her liking and admiration.

One day he called on Lady Grace Farquhar. She and Winifred were sitting alone together in the drawing room.

"My dear," he said to Winifred, "we must not be strangers any longer. My other granddaughters are coming to stay with me in Hurstshire after the season is over, and I want Lady Grace to spare you. You will not refuse?"

"I think you would like to go, dear, would you not?" Lady Grace said, quickly.

Winifred answered a little hesitatingly in the affirmative. She would rather not have gone; but she could not bear to seem stubborn, or as if she bore malice.

The London season was over, the park deserted, the handsome carriages gone from the streets. Winifred was staying at Hurst Manor with all her cousins—Flora and Reginald Champion, and Laura and Ada Fordyce, Lady Valanton's daughters. She had met the two latter constantly in town, and been on speaking terms with them; but nothing more. The elder was rather plain, but aristocratic looking, and very proud. Ada, the younger, was pretty, good-tempered and unaffected. She took to Winifred at once, and soon became very fond of her; but her sister joined with Flora in being disdainful and cold to the farmer's daughter. There were two or three young men, friends of Reginald's, staying in the house, and Mr. Maxwell, to whom Miss Champion was now formally engaged.

"I have news for you, Laura," said Reginald one day, entering the room in which were his sisters and cousins; "indeed, news for you all. Hastings is not going to Norway in his yacht, but is coming down to the Court, and has invited several people with him, so we shall all be enlivened a little, I hope, in this dull hole. Lady Dora Annesly is to play hostess, so there is sure to be plenty of fun."

Some days after Lady Dora Annesly arrived at the Court with her husband, a young, good-tempered man, very fond of her, and not in the least inclined to be jealous.

There had been a very decided flirtation between Mr. Hastings and Lady Dora some years ago, before she was married or engaged; they sometimes revived it even now. He let her have her own wayward will in the matter of coming to stay at the Court and inviting guests and turning the old house upside down for private theatricals, and in return she was very bright and kind to him and consulted his pleasure in every possible way.

Lady Dora made all her plans and Errol carried them out. He called on Mrs. Champion, gave her some hints about the tableaus and a desire for her co-operation. She responded immediately by calling on Lady Dora, and two days afterward Dora appeared at Hurst Manor. The ladies, especially the young ones, were charmed with her, she was so bright, so fascinating.

There were a great many calls, conversations, hints, proposals and suggestions, and finally everything was arranged precisely as the mistress of the ceremonies had intended it should be. Then, of course, there were rehearsals at the Court; lunches, dinner parties, all manner of pretexts for getting the young people together to perfect their parts. Scenery and dresses came down from London. Mr. Hastings spared neither trouble nor expense, and the Court ballroom was transformed into an elegant theater. All the country round was invited; there were to be two hundred guests.

Winifred's heart beat fast for the first time she visited Hazell Court. She remembered how in the olden days that stately gray mansion into which she had never hoped to enter had been invested in her childlike dreams with all the romance which she had read of or fancied. Afterward it had been dearer still as the home of the man who had been to her a hero, a demigod. The time came to her when she had been the simple farmer's daughter, so proud, so happy to be noticed by the handsome master of Hazell Court. How her heart had sunk within her as she saw him paying court to the beautiful, aristocratic women who seemed then so far above her; and how little she had dreamed of the advent of a time when she should be a more honored, more longed-for guest than they?

Mr. Hastings came out to meet the party of ladies who had ridden over to the Court. He went up to Winifred first, and took her in his strong arms and lifted her from the saddle.

"Welcome!" he whispered; "this is a time I have often longed for."

One day she had ridden over to the Court to rehearse with Lady Dora. Mr. Hastings came in from a drive and found his cousin alone in the morning room.

"Pray, don't come in, Errol," she exclaimed; "I must not be interrupted, or Winifred will be ready first."

"Is Miss Eyre here, then?" he asked.

"Yes—in the picture gallery, I think. She said she could study her part best there."

Mr. Hastings left the room and turned his steps in the direction of the picture gallery. It was an intensely hot afternoon, and all the doors were thrown wide open. He looked into the long, uncarpeted room, and saw there a new picture in a new frame. He stood and gazed at it longer and with deeper feelings than he had ever gazed at any other picture there; it was the only one that was not his—it was the only one he cared for or desired ardently. Framed in the dark oak of the window setting was a lithe, graceful figure, half reclined, and a fair, upturned face. Errol half feared to break the spell that he stood watching. Presently impatience overcame the fascination. He went toward her, and the noise of his footsteps aroused her.

"Were you studying or thinking, Miss Eyre?" he asked.

"I hardly know, Mr. Hastings. Thinking, perhaps."

"It is too warm to study or think, either. Have you ever seen the Hazell portrait gallery?"

"Never."

"Should you like to see it?"

"I should, indeed."

"Come with me and I will show it to you. Wait a moment, though; I must get the key; I always keep that room locked."

She waited, looking out of the window into the rose garden. In a minute he returned. She followed him and heard the echo as he turned the massive key in the lock. He stood aside a moment for her to pass, and then she heard the heavy door close behind them. A feeling half of fear crept into her heart. She dared not turn; a dim consciousness of what was passing in his mind seemed to overshadow her. One by one she gazed at the portraits on the wall, at the beautiful, gracious-looking women and the stalwart men, to some of whom the present Mr. Hastings bore such a striking likeness. Presently she dropped her eyes from the wall and turned to him. She began a sentence and then paused abruptly blood-red with confusion at the intensity of his gaze. He put his hand on hers and essayed to draw her toward him, but she turned sharply away, trembling and frightened.

"My love, my darling!" he cried, in a deep, strong voice, "do not let us misunderstand each other any longer. You loved me once; you do love me still, a little, I believe. Why should there be mistrust and constraint between us?"

His words were very sweet in her ears, but the false pride that had tormented her so long would not let her be happy even now, at the crisis of her life. She drew herself away.

"You have seen the wives that all the former Hastings have chosen—some noble, all fair. I swear before heaven none of them have been loved and revered as you shall be if you will be the last of the race! O, my darling! do not let a false pride make all our lives one long bitterness."

Tears came into her eyes—large tears that gathered and brimmed over, running down the fair face and making it sad.

"I loved you once," she half sobbed—"loved you with all my heart, as I could never love again. I was only a poor, little country girl then; you were a hero and a god to me, something different from any one I had seen before, and because I was simple and ignorant, and—loving, you despised me, and you treated Miss Champion with honor and courtesy because she was a fine lady, and—and you thought I was only a farmer's daughter."

And Winifred sobbed with passionate indignation at the remembrance of her wrongs. Mr. Hastings was fairly angry. Her tears moved him to impatience.

"Will you never cease upbraiding me?" he exclaimed. "Have I not atoned to you enough? Have I not humbled myself before you as I believe in truth none of our race ever humbled himself before? Once for all, Winifred, will you take the love I offer you or do you reject me now and forever?"

"I reject you!"

He was gone even before the better impulse, surging quickly into her heart, moved her to call him back, crying:

"I did not mean it!"

She felt then she had thrown away her own life, her own happiness, and she crouched down by the window uttering great, gasping sobs of remorse and anguish.

From that time Mr. Hastings' manner to her was changed. He was courteous but in no wise different in his behavior to her than to the other ladies who visited t the Court. And when she thought he no longer cared for her, her love for him revived ten-fold and she almost broke her heart for him.

(To be continued.)

Bear Was at Home.

A woman traveling abroad narrates the following experience: She had occasion to go to the British embassy at a certain spot, which shall be nameless, to see the ambassador, who, however, proved to be away with his wife at a neighboring health resort. The visitor asked for the first secretary, who, unfortunately, was on leave in England. The woman said that second secretary would do as well, but he happened to be in attendance upon his wife, who was in a hospital. Was the third secretary there? No, he was on leave, too. The bottle washer might be in, perchance? No, he was shooting in England. The second bottle washer? He, unfortunately, was an invalid, and rarely came to the embassy. The military attache? He was on leave. The archivist? He was fishing in Scotland. The visitor had heard of two junior secretaries, whose custom it was to transact their duties in company with a pet bear. Did they happen to be in? Unfortunately, they were away playing polo. And the bear? Yes, the bear was at home. The visitor, however, did not feel equal to interviewing the bear single-handed, and left.

Not for any consideration, says a writer in the London Truth, would I reveal the name of the embassy where this incident is stated to have occurred. I may remark, however, that a bear is quite the last animal to which British interests ought to be confided at this paraticular spot.

Goes Shabby Himself.

"They say he makes little more than a bare living for himself."

"No wonder. Look at the clothes his wife has."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

EVENTS OF THE DAY

GATHERED FROM ALL PARTS OF THE TWO HEMISPHERES.

Comprehensive Review of the Important Happenings of the Past Week, Presented in Condensed Form, Most Likely to Prove Interesting to Our Many Readers.

Cardinal Gotti is gaining strength in the race to succeed Pope Leo.

Thirty thousand people viewed the remains of the late pove the second day they lay in state.

Prince Ferdinand has fled from Bulgaria and it is thought he will not return to his throne.

Indian cannibals on Tiburon island captured a party of Mexican prospectors, killed and ate them.

Tom Johnson says he does not want to be governor of Ohio but would like to succeed Hanna as senator.

Negro convicts in a Tennessee mine revolted and barricaded themselves in the mine. They will be starved out.

The famous fisherman ring has been stolen from the dead pope's hand. Consternation prevails throughout the vatican.

At a meeting of the Lewis and Clark fair directors H. W. Scott was elected president and H. W. Goode director general.

Taylor & Co. and W. L. Stow & Co., two Wall street firms, failed as a result of trying to corner certain stocks. James P. Keene lost $1,500,000 by the transaction.

The United States league of local loan and building associations is in session at Boston.

Cardinal Gibbons has formed a combination with the French cardinals against Rampolla.

Seventeen representatives of the Paulist order in the United States are in conference in New York.

James A. Mitchell, president of the Bell telephone company, of Philadelphia, since 1895, has resigned. U. N. Bethell, of New York, was elected to succeed him.

Twenty clerks on the New York Central railroad at Niagara Falls, N. Y., are accused of robbing freight. Six have been arrested, and five of these pleaded guilty.

A meeting of citizens of Staten island, N. Y., to consider measures for draining the island and thus getting rid of the misquito pest, was broken up by a swarm of misquitos.

Dennis and Lattimer, said to be two of the most expert safe blowers and bank robbers in the country, both of whom live in Chicago, escaped from jail at Waukesha, Wis., through the cleverness of three women, it is believed.

King Edward and his queen received a hearty welcome in Ireland.

Cattlemen and sheepmen of Wyoming are engaged in a fierce war.

Arcadia, a small Ohio town, has been almost entirely wiped out by fire.

Russia has withdrawn her demands on China, but is preparing for war.

Turkey has had to send more troops to Macedonia to cope with the rebels.

A plot has been discovered in Chicago to assassinate the German emperor.

Venezuelan rebels have been driven to their last retreat after a desperate battle at Soledad.

A band of rebels operating in Albay province, Philippine islands, has been routed. A large number were captured or killed.

A hailstorm which visited Chicago did great damage to property and was the indirect cause of five people being seriously injured.

Colombia finds herself in financial straits. Expenditures largely exceed receipts and necessaries of life have reached an almost prohibitory price.

Archbishop Katzer, of Milwaukee, is dead.

King Edward has started on a tour of Ireland.

The war feeling against Russia is growing in Japan.

In the destruction of a Nome hotel three people lost their lives.

A street car collided with a wagon at Kansas City, seriously injuring six people.

Governor Yates, of Illinois, has returned from a trip to Europe.

A Conner creek mine, near Huntington, has been robbed of a large amount of money and dust.

The heir to the British throne is to visit the United States and will be the guest of President Roosevelt.

A bloody battle occurred at Cindad Bolivar, in Venevuela, when that place was captured by government forces.

In an explosion at the Minnequa steel works, Pueblo, five men were burned by hot metal, two fatally.

John Lanbershim, of Los Angeles, the Harvard student who stole an automobile as a "lark," has compensated the owner and been released.

A severe wind, hail and rain storm swept over a part of Southeastern Iowa, destroying all crops in its path and leveling many buildings and trees.

A dog which bit a number of children in Milwaukee proves to have had rabies and the health board is trying to find the children in order to apply an tidotes.

ALL TO THE CHURCH.

Will of Pope Leo Bequeaths Property to Successor.

Rome, July 25.—The will of Pope Leo XIII was was opened today at the congregation of cardinals. It was the intention of the cardinals to maintain the strictest secrecy concerning its contents, but it is learned that it comprises 36 sheets in the handwriting of the late pope, except additions evidently made in his later years when the pope found considerable difficulty in writing, owing to the trembling of his hand. The earlier portions of the testament include the recommendation which the testator addressed to his executors, Cardinals Rampolla, Mocenni and Cretoni, on the best way to continue the religious impulse given to the church as well as the policy followed by the holy see during later years.

The document then enumerates all the property which Leo possessed and provides that it shall go to his successor for the benefit of the church, including even the presents, which might perhaps be considered personal rather than gifts to the pontiffs as such.

To the members of his family, the pope left a present for each to be chosen from the valuable objects in his apartments and similar gifts were bequeathed to his doctors. All the land purchased and buildings erected for institutions personally founded by Leo are put in the name of the holy see to avoid possible claims from relatives, as the pope probably remembered that some time after the death of Pius IX, the latter's nephews instituted a suit against the church, claiming 15,000 francs as their portion of the estate. The will ends by providing that his

PEOPLE SEE THE DEAD POPE.

Great Crowd at St. Peter's to Obtain Last View of Dead Pontiff.

Rome, July 23.—From sunrise today until sunset thousands of people passed before the bier of Leo XIII, lying in state in the basilica of St. Peter's. It was originally intended that this opportunity to view the body should run through three days, but tonight it is learned that the funeral may be held Friday instead of Saturday night, owing to the evidence that decomposition is setting in. This is due to today's severe heat, from which no embalming could perfectly protect the body.

The impression of those who today passed before the gates of St. Peter's to view the body was one of intense pity combined with a certain sense of horror. The body was tilted up on the catafalque in order that all might see the terribly shrunken face. An ordinary skull in a frame of gold lying in the midst of a mass of red robes could scarcely have been more typial of death.

Except at sunrise when the crush threatened a panic, all those who visited it had an opportunity of entering St. Peter's. During the day many of those who passed in stopped before the catafalque to say a quiet prayer. Hundreds of women and even some of the men carried children in their arms.

JAPAN STRIPS FOR WAR.

But Russia Will Not Yield and Pours Troops Eastward.

London, July 25.—The Daily Mail's Tokia correspondent sends rather an alarming view of the situation in the report to his paper. He says that Russia's retention of Manchuria, the increase of her fleet, the dispatch of reinforcements to Manchuria, the southward movement of the occupying army in Manchuria and the defiant conduct on the Corean frontier alarmed the Japanese, many of whom are convinced that it would be better to fight now than risk the eventual loss of Corea and the relegation of Japan to a secondary place.

He says the Japanese are accumulating stores and negotiating the purchase of ships; that a squadron is off Vladivostok, to which port Russian vessels have been sent as a precaution, and that both fleets are ready for action at any moment. He says that a perusal of the Siberian press reveals the aggressive spirit of the Russian military part; that the Russians believe they will lose prestige if they give way now, with the result that their far Eastern empire will be lost and Japanese influence will become predominant.

Will Show Big Timber.

St. Louis, July 25.—The plans for the state of Washington's pavilion were submitted today. They provide for a five story structure composed in the main of eight gigantic timbers, forming an octagonal pyramid. The height of the building will be 166 feet. Louis J. Milet, of Chicago, was today appointed chief of the department of mural and decorative painting of the world's fair. He designed and executed the golden door of the transportation building at the Chicago world's fair.

Rebels Worry Turkey.

Constanitnople July 25.—The increasing activity of the revolutionists in Macedonia and the difficulties encountered by the Turkish troops, are producing an unpleasant effect in official quarters, and apprehension in diplomatic circles, where it is believed the eixsting situation will lead to fresh demands on the part of efficacious European control. Even the Austrians and Russians now admit that the reform scheme is inadequate.

Cannot Stand Jeers.

Chicago, July 25.—Adolph Ehman, a member of the firm of Charles Ehman & Co., mantle manufacturers, angered by the jeers of a crowd of union workmen while he was acting as guard over nonunion men, shot and seriously wounded Robert Kuter, one of his tormentors, today. Ehman was arrested.

IN ETERNAL REST

POPE LEO XIII HAS PASSED TO THE GREAT BEYOND.

Earthly Career of One of World's Most Remarkable Men is Completed—He Was Over Ninety-Three Years Old and Had Been Pope a Little More Than Twenty-Five Years.

CHRONOLOGY OF POPE LEO XIII.

Born at Carpineto, March 2, 1810.
Entered college at Rome, 1824.
Matriculated at Gregorian university, 1830.
Entered college of Noble Ecclesiastics, 1832.
Appointed domestic prelate by Gregory XVII, 1837.
Order of priesthood conferred, December 16, 1837.
Apostolic delegate at Benevento, 1837-1841.
Governor of Spoleto, 1841-1843.
Papal nuncio at Brussels, 1846.
Created cardinal, December 19, 1853.
Made cardinal carmerlengo, July, 1877.
Elected pope, February 20, 1878.
Reviewed Roman Catholic hierarchy in Scotland, March 4, 1878.
Encyclical condemning communism, socialism and nihilism, December 28, 1878.
Encyclical against hersy and socialism, November 5, 1882.
Recognized unity of Italy, October 7, 1883.
Encyclical condemning liberalism, November 6, 1885.
Celebrated golden jubilee, 1887.
Celebrated grand jubilee, 1888.
Encyclical on socialism and labor, May 15, 1891.
Celebrated Episcopal jubilee, February, 1893.
Issued appeal to England for reunion of Christendom, April 14, 1894.
Celebrated sixtieth anniversary of his first mass, February 13, 1898.
Declared 1900 a year of universal jubilee, May, 1899.
Held consistory and created eleven new cardinals, June 19, 1899.
Celebrated ninetieth birthday, March 2, 1900.
Stricken with pneumonia, July 5, 1903.
Died, July 20, 1903.

Rome, July 20.—Pope Leo XIII is dead. The last flicker of life expired at 4 minutes past 4 o'clock this afternoon and the pontiff now lies at rest.

Tonight the emaciated and lifeless frame which held so brave a spirit lies on the bed in the Vatican, beside which almost all the world has prayed. The red damask coverlet rests lightly over the body, the cardinal's scarlet cape is

POPE LEO XIII.

about the shoulders, while on his head has been placed the papal hood of velvet, bordered with ermine. A white silk handkerchief is bound about his chin, and in the hands that have blessed so many thousands has been placed a crucifix. So Pope Leo will remain until tomorrow, watched by uniformed officers of the Noble Guard and rough clad Franciscan penitentiaries, who will keep a ceaseless vigil until the bural ceremonies.

Tomorrow the sacred college of cardinals will assemble for the official duty of pronouncing Pope Leo dead. After this sad function has been performed, the body will be taken to the small throneroom adjoining the death chamber, where it will be embalmed. The funeral ceremonies will extend over nine days, the body being removed to the cathedral of St. Peter's, where it will lie in state. The ultimate resting place of the dead pontiff will be in the magnificent basilica of St. John the Lateran.

Pope Leo's final moments were marked by that same serenity and devotion, and, when he was conscious, that calm intelligence, which is associated with his 25 years' pontificate. His was no easy death. An hour before he died, turning to Dr. Lapponi and his devoted valet, Pio Centra, he murmured:

"The pain I suffer is most terrible."

Yet his parting words were not of the physical anguish that he suffered, but were whispered benedictions upon the cardinals and his nephews, who knelt at the bedside and the last look of his almost sightless eyes was toward the great ivory crucifix hanging in the death chamber.

Practically all the cardinals now in Rome, kneeling at the bedside, watched the passage of his soul. Earlier in the day Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli had impressively announced the absolution in articulo mortis.

The condition of his holiness varied from agony to coma. Wishing to relieve him, Dr. Mazzoni suggested that morphine should be administered.

War Feeling Grows.

Victoria, B. C., July 22.—The steamer Indrasamaha, which arrived last night, brought news that the war feeling in Japan was stronger than ever when the steamer sailed, as a result of the alleged secret concessions made by the Chinese government to Russia. The increasing excitement of Japanese papers is also accentuated by the change of attitude of Prince Ching, who is said to have gone over completely to the Russian side.