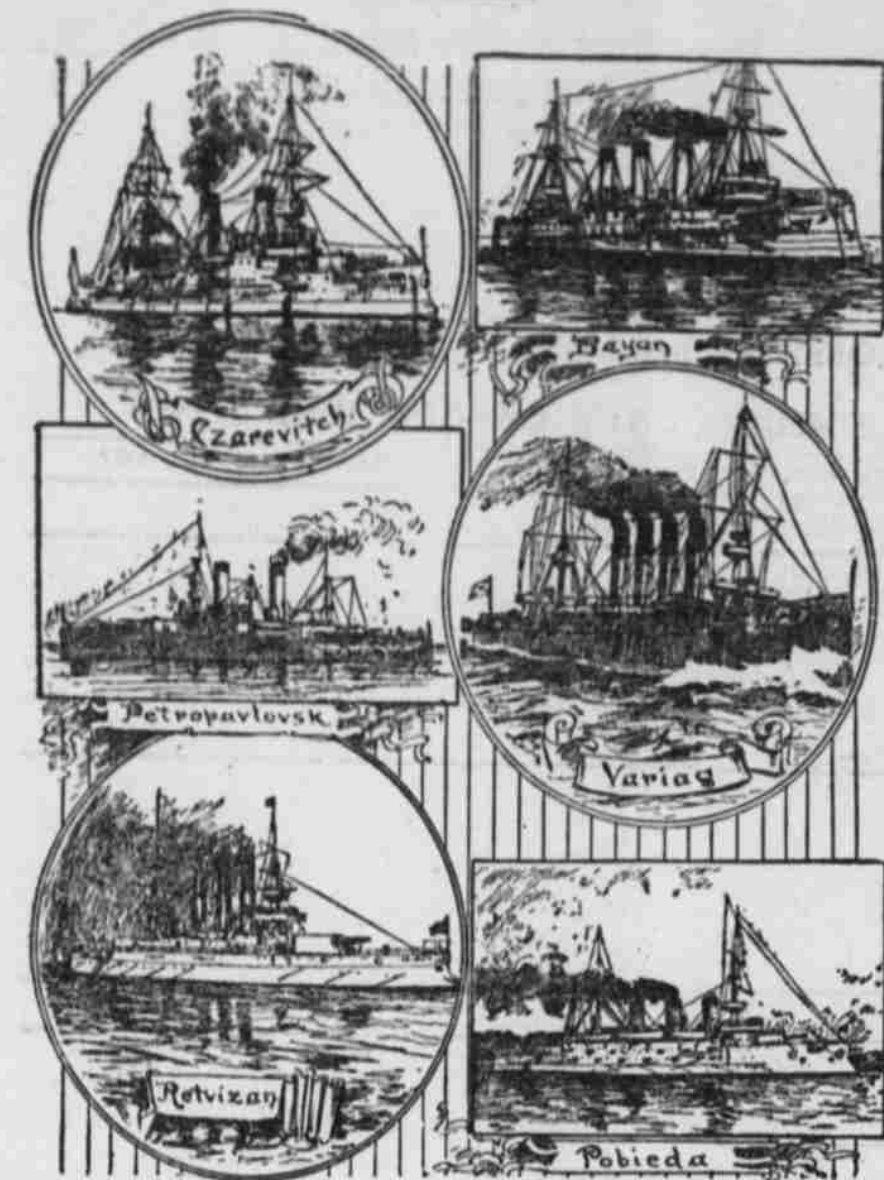


RUSSIAN WAR VESSELS WHICH HAVE BEEN DESTROYED OR DAMAGED



WANTS TO BE CZAR.

Uncle of Nicholas Credited with Ambitions and Treasonable Designs.

Grand Duke Vladimir, uncle of the present czar, has always been credited with ambitious designs upon the Russian throne. The relations between him and the late Alexander III, his brother, were not cordial and it is asserted that on two occasions Vladimir was involved in revolutionary movements which aimed to place the latter on the throne. During the last weeks of Alexander's life, while the Emperor lay dying at Livadia, in the Crimea, military precautions were taken, says a writer in *Munsey's Magazine*, to prevent Vladimir from seizing the throne. From the dying czar General Moussine-Pouchkine, commanding the Seventh and Eighth Army Corps, received instructions how to act in the event of Vladimir attempting to seize the reins of power.

A few days before the end, the dying czar telegraphed for his brother.



GRAND DUKE VLADIMIR.

In-law, the Prince of Wales, whom he knew to be a man of excellent counsel, and a useful friend to have on the spot at a critical moment. The prince, although he had seen comparatively little of Alexander since the latter's accession to the Russian throne, left London within a few hours of receiving the summons and traveled straight across Europe by special train, without stopping anywhere, until he reached Livadia. He arrived a few hours too late to see Alexander alive, but was in time to assist in the proclamation of the Czarevitch Nicholas as Emperor of Russia. The Prince of Wales, now King Edward, remained with his nephew for nearly two months, acting as the young czar's supporter and mentor—indeed, one might almost say as a second father. He did not return to England until he had seen Nicholas safely married and firmly established on the throne.

Neither Nicholas nor his mother has ever forgotten their debt of gratitude to King Edward. It was this memory that caused the Emperor to keep Russia from harassing England during the South African war. As soon as it became evident that the Boer attack had placed the British forces in a position of serious embarrassment, the aggressive element in Russian military and official circles was eager to take advantage of the opportunity. The Muscovite press, too, was clamorous in its bitterness; but the czar was steadfast in his opposition to any suggestion of unfriendly action. He rebuked his minister of foreign affairs, the late Count Muraviev, for his endeavor to organize a coalition against Great Britain, so bitterly that the statesman committed suicide a few hours after a stormy interview with his sovereign.

This attitude of Vladimir is interesting now in view of the present war and the naval disasters which have so greatly shocked and surprised the Russian people. Should Russia be defeated in the struggle and be forced to conclude a peace offensive to popular pride, there is no telling what internal

disturbance might occur. In the event of such disorders Vladimir might have the ambition of his life granted.

ONE WOMAN'S DEVOTION.

Texas Wife's Loyalty to Her Dead Husband's Memory.

An Indianapolis young woman whose winters are spent in Texas, where her father has thousands of cattle and acres of grass to feed them on, always brings North her fund of interesting stories from the Lone Star State.

"The greatest case of woman's devotion to the memory of a dead husband I know of," said she, "is to be found on a big ranch in the foothills of the Sierra Madre Mountains. She is a sweet-faced English woman who is living a life of sacrifice away from her friends because her husband lies buried in that country. Captain Follett and wife came to Texas from England and settled on a big ranch. The captain was successful and made money. His wife, a refined and cultured woman, endured the early privations because she was with her husband and because he was doing well. After years of hard work, when they had gathered about them great droves of cattle and had built themselves a luxurious home, the husband was taken suddenly ill and died. His wife, instead of having him buried in a cemetery, had him laid in the ground in the yard in front of their home. The little mound that marks his resting place is still there. Friends came to the assistance of the wife and gave her advice and all the assistance that generous Texans can give.

"At length she settled down to living again absolutely alone and unprotected. She keeps no help on the ranch, as none is needed except when it is necessary to brand her cattle or when they are taken to market. On these occasions she calls in the neighbors. But she has no one living in the house with her, and prefers to be alone with her dead—lying there in the yard. Her home is furnished luxuriously. She has a piano and her library and her magazines. People visiting her home could scarcely believe from the interior that they were in the very heart of the cattle country, far from civilization. She plays the piano exquisitely, and all of the best class of music finds its way into her ranch house. People passing that way late at night are often astonished to hear the sound of a piano played by expert hands coming from the house."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Put Them Off the Scent.

As the immaculate young woman and the tired but happy-looking young man entered the Pullman, followed by a grinning porter, the other passengers became "wise" in a moment. The stout drummer leaned over to the man behind him and remarked:

"Bride and groom; 100 to 1."

Every one turned to view the newcomers, who had deposited themselves vis-a-vis in No. 4. As if unconscious of any scrutiny, the young man said in a high nasal voice:

"Well, do as you like about it; either increase the margin or let it go! You didn't follow my advice in the first place, but if you want to pull out you'd better take it now."

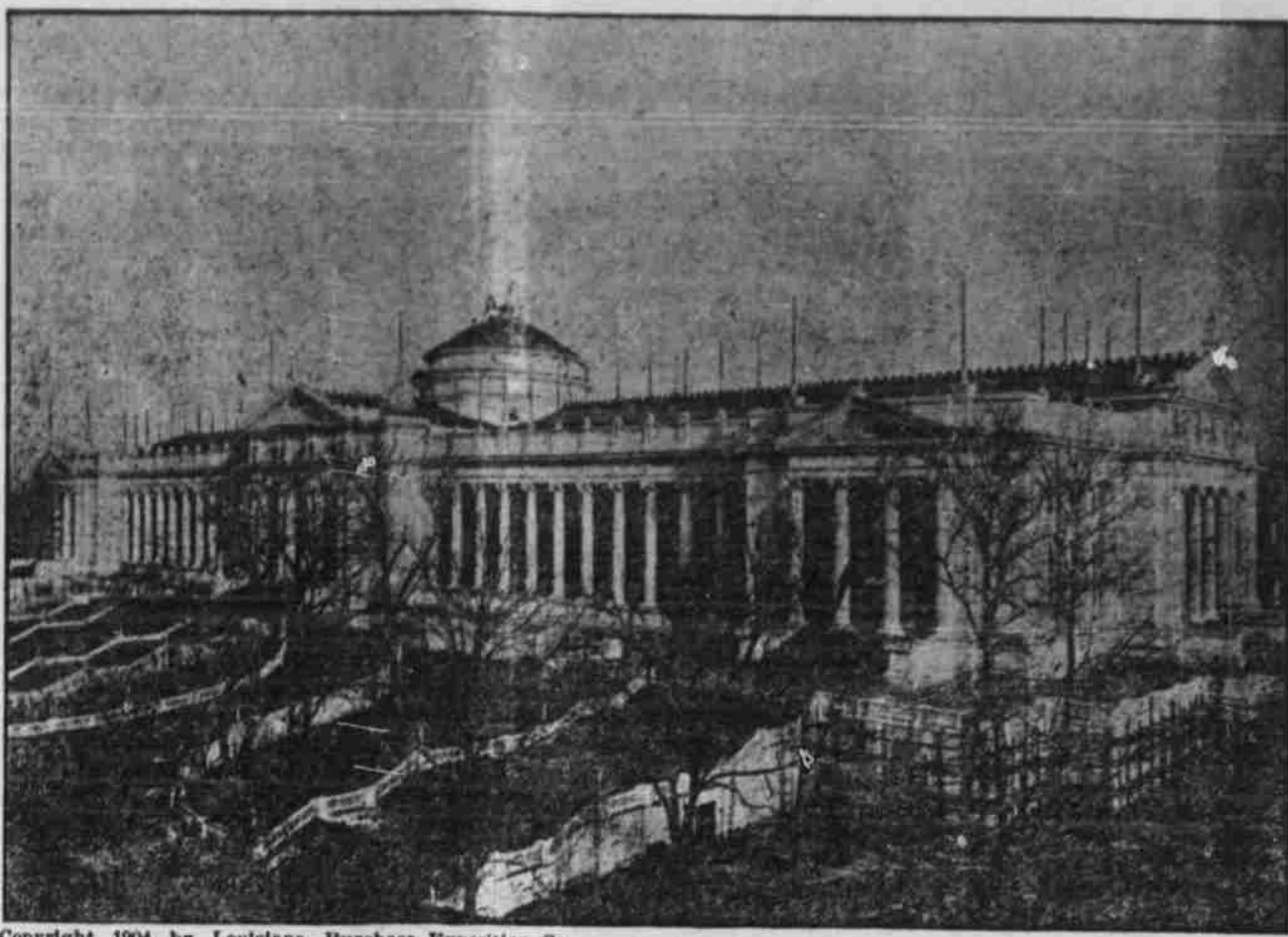
"Oh, I know," the woman replied. "What's the use of going all over it again?"

"Hub!" said the stout man's companion. "Guess you lose. Been playing the market. Not much bride and groom talk about that."

The rest of the passengers sniffed and then turned their backs on the new couple. Whereat the young man smiled at the young woman and they softly joined hands as he whispered:

"Millicent, my dear, my shoes are full of rice."—*New York Press*.

GREAT GOVERNMENT BUILDING AT THE ST. LOUIS FAIR.



—Copyright 1904 by Louisiana Purchase Exposition Co.

The United States Government Building at the St. Louis World's Fair is the largest exposition structure ever erected by Uncle Sam. It is 764 feet long and has a width of 250 feet. It is distinguished among the other exhibition structures by the durability of its construction. Huge girders of steel support the superstructure, leaving an interior abso-

lutely free from pillars. The display from the National Museum and the Smithsonian Institution is unrivaled. The original treaty between France and the United States, by which the Louisiana Territory was transferred to this country, is exhibited by the State Department.

THE OLD, SWEET FIELDS.

Yonder, where the valley lies—
Where the rivers rush,
"Welcome!" sings the mockin'bird,
"Howdy!" pipes the thrush.
And to the host o' them we say,
"We've come to spend a holiday!"

Sure, that bird's sweet singing
Sounds familiar still;
Valley-voices bringing
Echoes from the hill!
That voice—we heard it far away—
Sweet calling to a child at play.

And there are wild, sweet joys there,
Where barefoot fellows roam—
Just as of old, the boys there
They drive the cattle home.
And some, one near the battle-bars
Looks winsome 'neath the twilight stars!

O loved, remembered places!
I greet you once again;
Recalling in strange faces
Youth's passion and its pain!
But, more than all, its joy—that seems
An echo in an old man's dreams!
—*Atlanta Constitution*.

BETWEEN ACTS.

ANNIE WHEATLEY strolled to the window and gazed idly out. This was strictly in accordance with the instructions conveyed in the little blue-covered book of typewriting, which read:

"And I will explain it all to you. (Gertrude walks to window R and gazes idly out.)"

Considering that this was the 217th time she had done this, the view from the window had lost somewhat of its novelty. She knew exactly what she would see there. At her right would be a huge electric calcium pouring its green rays upon her white dress. It had been decided that green would be better than blue. The moon had been green ever since the night when the stage manager had arrived at this decision.

There were also a couple of stage braces holding up the scenery, and sometimes a couple of stage hands in very dirty sleeves lent animation to the view.

Though the men were absent and Annie was able to give her whole attention to the floor, on which some one had chalked, "I love you," in a clear print.

She wondered idly who might have done this. Some stage hand, probably considering it a good joke. Surely no one would make such an open confession and expect to be taken seriously.

She was still wondering when she heard the cue, which was her signal to turn with a cry of horror to perceive Lady Gwendolin prostrate upon the floor, struck down by Hugh de Maltreviers, who in private life was a most unvillain-like villain.

After that it was a busy time until the fall of the curtain, when she had to run for the dressing-room for a change to the third-act costume. She gave the chalk marks no further thought until the following evening.

There, again, were the eloquent words neatly chalked for her inspection. She was the only one required to use the window. She could not suppose that the message was meant for any one else.

Gradually the legend began to annoy her. Every evening the same words appeared, only to disappear before it came time to make the change for the next act.

She complained to the stage manager, but that official could offer no practical suggestion. He was certain it was none of the stage boys, and that was all the satisfaction she could obtain.

The matter both annoyed and interested her. It takes but little to make talk in a company, and she wisely held her peace; but she kept a sharp eye out in the hope of discovering the offender.

She even made a practice of running

to the window the moment the curtain fell in the hope of discovering the writer erasing the lines, but by that time the marks had been obscured and she could only wait for time to unravel the mystery.

On the 250th performance Agnes Carleton celebrated the event by introducing a new gown. In place of the white satin, which was beginning to show the marks of wear and tear, she appeared in a handsome black satin, which caused every woman in the audience a pang of jealousy and incidentally got her several newspaper items.

As usual, Annie stood by the window wondering who her unknown admirer might be. Lady Gwendolin gave her customary shriek and Annie turned with a scream of terror to behold the villain's wicked work.

To-night she supplemented her stage horror with a cry more natural. Lady Gwendolin fell with her face toward the audience, that they might marvel at the play of her facial expression as she slowly died from the effects of Maltreviers' cruel blow. There on the back of the black satin were the marks of a man's fingers clearly outlined in white.

In a flash it all came to her. Hugh Cameron, who played Maltreviers, was the only person who left the stage. He made his exit from the very window cut of which she had been looking. All of the other characters were supposed to enter from the castle on the opposite side of the stage.

It was an easy matter to chalk the legend while she was having her scene with Miss Carleton. Then when he fled from the consequence of his murderous assault he could rub out the chalk marks.

Only the black satin dress had been out of his calculations. When he had grappled with Lady Gwendolin, the chalk from his imperfectly cleaned fingers had left their mark. On the old white dress they had not been noticeable.

All through the last act the incident kept running through her head. She liked Cameron very much, better than anyone else in the company. He had been so kind to her in many ways, so deferential, she could not believe that he had sought to insult her. She could not even imagine him doing such a thing even for a joke. He was not that sort of a man.

It hurt her to think that he had a hand in his joke. Just as the curtain fell at the close of the act she turned to Cameron.

"I should like to speak to you after you have changed," she said simply. He bowed, but it was with no easy heart that he awaited her coming on the dark stage.

She broached the subject directly. "Mr. Cameron," she demanded, "why do you annoy me by chalking such absurd sentiments underneath the window in the second act?"

"How do you know?" he countered. "You left chalk marks on Miss Carleton's black dress this evening," she explained. "Now I want to know why you played such an absurd prank."

He colored like a guilty schoolboy. "Believe me," he said, earnestly, "it was no prank. I meant it, every word. One night I stood by the window. The stage hands were all busy with a card game at the rear and I knew no one would see it before I came off after the murder. I picked a piece of chalk off the call board and wrote the words. You see, while I play villain on the stage I am anything but a bold man off. Just as I was going to sign them I heard the cue that brought you to the window and I had just time to whisk round the corner. I have been trying every night since then to get the courage to sign my name, but if it hadn't been for the blessed dress I never should have done so. I mean it, every word of it, Miss Wheatley. Won't you believe me?"

By special request Miss Carleton will wear her black dress at the wedding.

Carved Furniture.

To dust carved furniture there is nothing better than a painter's brush.

DRESS WITH MUCH TASTE.

British House of Commons Is the Best Garbed Body in the World.

Taking it all round the House of Commons is the best-dressed assembly in the world. It has an air of good breeding, of men accustomed to drawing-rooms and good society. The general deportment comes up to a fairly high average. You see honorable members wearing their hats in the house and the sight offends, but that is not a point of manners, but a custom with a picturesque history at the back of it. You sometimes, too, see honorable members asleep and you often hear unmannerly interruptions from the Irish and tory benches. On the other hand, you never see an English M. P., as I have often seen an American Congressman, enjoying the luxury of a "dry smoke" and relieving himself by profuse spitting.

The House, too, is much more punctilious than Congress on the small points of order. Whenever a member violates them he is instantly hauled up, not merely by the speaker, but by his fellow members, to many of whom it is part of the spice of life to pounce upon offenders. As for the oratorical standard of the House it is difficult to speak with precision. The late Emperor of Austria used to say that she saw more good and more bad riding in the English shires than anywhere else in the world. Much the same sort of criticism might be passed on parliamentary eloquence. Some of it is exceedingly good, better, I think, than anything one is likely to hear in Congress, but much of it is atrocious. On the whole, in this, as in many other spheres of Anglo-American comparative, I should be inclined to say that while the House of Commons best is better than the Congressional best, the House of Commons average is below the Congressional average.—*Harper's Weekly*.

She Gets Cigars.

A nice looking woman walked into one of the stores of the tobacco octopus the other night and asked to see some of the store's best cigars. The clerk handed out a dozen boxes in a jiffy.

While the new patron was taking a dry whiff of each fifteen men lined up along the counter to make various purchases. They might just as well have been wooden Indians as far as the one clerk was concerned. But just about the time the entire line began to display a nervous desire to get away, the fair one selected a 12-cent cigar with a bright band, and asked the customer next in line if he didn't think it was a good one.

"I've been smoking thirty years and couldn't have selected a better one myself," he replied gallantly.

"Then will you please wrap this one up?" she said, tendering the clerk a \$20 bill.

It took the clerk five minutes to change the bill, and then he tripped on an empty cigar box and dropped all the coin. It was finally handed to the purchaser. When she had her hand on the door knob she thought of the coupons. She turned back.

"Don't you give trading stamps with cigars?" she asked sweetly, whereupon the clerk thrust a quarter's worth of coupons into her hand.

"It does beat all how dead easy a lady can paralyze a cigar store," said one of the men in line when he finally got the package of tobacco for which he had waited twenty minutes.—*Chicago Inter Ocean*.

Case of Very Bad Luck.

"Did you ever ask your husband not to bet on the races?"

"Once," answered Mrs. Torkins.

"Didn't it do any good?"

"I should say it didn't. That was the only day he ever got a tip on a horse that actually won."—*Washington Star*.

Eye to Eye.

A person with good sight can see another person's eyes at a distance of eighty yards.

The iceman and the coalman both swear by the thermometer.

FORGOT THE LAWYER'S FEE.

There was an auction sale in a Virginia town, and one after another the widow's few possessions fell beneath the hammer. Among the people present was Henry A. Wise, a former Governor of Virginia, whose kind heart made him the friend of all who knew him. The *Advocate* and *Guardian* describes the auction:

Presently the auctioneer took up a large bowl which happened to be full of sugar, and the poor woman, anxious to have its contents, hastened into the next room to find something in which to put it.

Just as she returned the auctioneer cried, "Sold!" and the purchaser insisted that the sugar was his. The widow pleaded for the little that meant much to her, but the buyer was obdurate. The protests of the crowd were so strong that he finally turned to Mr. Wise and said:

"Mr. Wise, you are a lawyer. Am I right or not? If you say I am not, I will give back the sugar. If you say I am entitled to keep it, I'll keep it."

"My friend," replied Mr. Wise, in his gentlest tone, "you put a delicate and unpleasant responsibility on me. Hadn't you better decide the matter for yourself?"

"No," replied the fellow, curtly. "I know what your opinion is going to be, and I want you to give it so that this whole crowd can hear it."

"Then," said Wise, "I advise you that the sugar is yours. The widow cannot take it from you. She has no redress."

"Aha!" cried the man, turning to the spectators. "What did I tell you?"

"Stop!" continued Wise. "I've advised you at your own request, as I can prove by these people. It remains for me to tell you that my fee for the advice is five dollars, and I shall be obliged if you will pay it at once."

The man turned scarlet, but produced a five-dollar bill and handed it to Mr. Wise. The crowd yelled its approval, but suddenly became silent as Mr. Wise walked up to the widow and said, "This money is mine; I have earned it. Take it and buy more sugar."

A GENTLE ANARCHIST.

John Turner, the English Anarchist, Now in This Country.

Most people class social reformers among the freaks in personal appearance. Long hair, red neckties, disorderly clothing, shaggy beards and irregular meals are supposed to mark anarchists in particular.

John Turner, the English tradesunion leader and anarchist, now in this country, is not sensational. Neither in his looks nor in his

speech does he answer to common notions of an anarchist. So mildly has he spoken as to be almost suspicious. But when he is seen face to face, the mildness is found to be unassuming; it is temperamental. He has blue eyes, smiling and quizzical; a humorous mouth, close cut fair beard and hair, and a general well-groomed appearance.

Soon after his release on bail from the cage on Ellis Island in which Mr. Turner spent the early months of his visit to this country he was the guest of honor at a meeting in Boston. One of the speakers, Lloyd Garrison, remarked jocosely:

"I begin to understand why the American government considers Mr. Turner a very dangerous character. The calm and studious manner in which he presents his views might well give cause for alarm because of his moderation, and thus may well be convincing to other calm and studious minds."

Speaking of his arrest, Turner said: "It is pathetic to think that a great people like the Americans, with the sweep and breadth of their great land, and their varied peoples, cosmopolitan or native, should become petty. It is peculiar when the reformer, the dreamer, who has in mind the ideal state of society a hundred years in advance of ours, is classed among criminals and degenerates. Why, historically, America is indebted to anarchical ideas for its very independence. You had anarchy here during the whole heroic period, 1776 to 1787, the first eleven years of your existence as a free country."

Cost of Electricity.

The census office estimates that electricity has entered into the life of this country to the extent of \$7 worth per year for each man, woman and child of the population. Of this \$3 worth is supplied by the electric traction companies, \$1.50 worth by the electric light concerns and 75 cents worth by the telephone companies. The telegraph also takes about 50 cents a year from each of the 75,000,000 people, while the rest of the \$7 is charged off to electric fire alarms, signals and general supplies.

Education in Germany.

Germans seem to be more eager for collegiate education than the people of other countries. In Germany one man in 213 goes to a university. In Scotland, one in 520, in the United States one in 2,000, and in England one in 5,000.

Finger Nails.

The nails of two fingers never grow with the same degree of rapidity. The nail of the middle finger grows with the greatest rapidity and that of the thumb the least.