

RUSSIA AND ROYALTY

A Shadow That Darkens the Path of the Czars.

THE FEAR OF ASSASSINATION

Plots That Were Woven Around Alexander II. and the Bomb That Shattered His Body—An Infernal Machine That Failed to Kill Alexander III.

The shadow that falls across the path of the czars may extend the world round. Wherever the ruler of all the Russias may happen to be, there the shadow of fear lies.

Once in Paris, once in the palace gardens, Alexander II. was fired at. Again in the Winter Palace square one Solorioff, wearing the uniform of an official, passed the guards one day, and again the czar was fired upon. Alexander ran for the palace. Solorioff followed him and fired three times. The czar ran in zigzags, however, and so escaped. Not long afterward two mines were laid to blow up the imperial train. One did not explode, but the second wrecked the train. Once more the czar escaped. Watching eyes had saved him, their owners having persuaded the ruler to take another train.

Later Alexander II. owed his life to the fact that he came late to a function at the palace. A bomb blew clean out a large portion of the imperial residence, but the czar was not present. But of all the attempts on the lives of Russia's rulers two stand out most clearly for their amazing ingenuity. One tells the story of a little unpretentious shop in Malaja Sadovaja street. Kobozoff, then unknown to the police, took the shop and set out to impress the police, who were always making sudden inspections of premises along the thoroughfares through which Alexander II. passed, that he was nothing but a provision dealer. Nearly every one in that street was a paid spy, but Kobozoff joked with his customers, pleased his purveyors and was most affable and apparently harmless.

The dealer inspired confidence, and his custom increased gradually. No wonder, for most of the parcels that his customers were carrying away by day contained nothing but earth—earth that during the night hours had been scraped by the man and his wife from beneath the street! It was by such ingenious method that a tunnel was hollowed and cleared under the thoroughfare and a mine laid beneath the way the czar often passed, an innocent couch upon which the housewife slept covering the entry to the tunnel.

Yet all the work was useless. On the day the scheme was to be carried out the czar upset all the arrangements by going off to lunch with the Grand Duchess Catherine Michaelovna. Among those who were watching on behalf of the terrorists was a beautiful girl—a countess, too—named Perovskaya. It was she who, seeing the altered arrangements, gave warning. The czar would return to the palace another way. Along this route four men carrying bombs were stationed. One threw his. Men and horses were killed all around, but the czar stepped from his coach unscathed. A second man holding a bomb came forward and threw it. "This time the effect was awful," says Waclaw Gasiorowski, who describes the incident in his book, "Tragic Russia." "The czar fell as if cut by a scythe. His legs were shattered to pieces." So died the czar who had escaped as by a miracle many times.

Alexander III. followed, and there were attempts upon his life. The fourth was one of the most sensational in the entire list of nihilist plots.

On a bright autumn day the imperial train traveled at full speed on the track well guarded by soldiers. It was toward noon. The imperial family were in the dining car, where lunch was about to be served. The cook and his help were making the last preparations for it when an assistant was taken ill. The court physician attended the man and, having stated that he had fever, with symptoms of some inexplicable ailment, decided that the man could not remain in the imperial train, and he was left at the next station. The train moved forward toward Berlin, traveling at the speed of eighty kilometers an hour. Then the electrical bell notified the cook that the imperial family were ready for luncheon. A few seconds after the bell sounded a terrific noise was heard, and a violent explosion changed in the twinkling of an eye the luxurious imperial train into a heap of broken iron, of wrecked cars, of mutilated corpses, enveloped in smoke and made all the more harrowing by the moaning and cries for help of the wounded. Yet the czar escaped! The dining room car that the nihilists had intended should be a grave for the czar, his family and his suit saved him, for although its roof and floor were wrecked its sides were preserved. They inclined toward the center, propped each other like two cards and remained in that position, protecting those who were there from being crushed.

The cook who had been put off the train had worked the whole thing. He had placed an infernal machine in a cone of sugar and had faked his illness, thus getting clear away.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mercy turns her back to the unmerciful.—Quarles.

He Dodged Cold Mutton

Green, the English historian, one day asked a friend which of all the inventions of their day had done the most for the people as a whole. His friend guessed this and that, but the answer was:

"Beyond doubt, sixpenny photographs." A reply involving quite as great an absurdity as that was made by Cecil Rhodes in answer to a lady who, seeking to draw him out, suggested that he owed his phenomenal rise to the impetus of noble sentiments.

"Madam," returned Mr. Rhodes, "I owe my fortune simply and solely to cold mutton." "Cold mutton?" gasped the lady. "Oh, Mr. Rhodes, what do you mean?" "When I was young," continued the South African millionaire, "I was so dosed with cold mutton and I hated it so cordially that I resolved to grow rich in order to put it on one side for the rest of my life. Yes, madam, cold mutton was at the root of my success. Noble sentiments had nothing to do with it."

Preparing For a "Dewel." One of the most remarkable documents that have ever come under our observation, says a law journal, is to be found in the case of ex parte Scoggin, 6 Tex. App. 546. Mr. Scoggin was under indictment for the murder of one William Gerrard, and an extract from a memorandum book in defendant's handwriting and found near the body ran as follows:

Johnson Co., Tex., Jan. 21, 1875. As it may be the last pending that I may ever do on earth. May heaven bless me and the man that I am going to fire, for we have been traveling to gather some time and have fell out a bought the sum of \$25 and have agreed to fight a dewel this beautiful night of our lord, and as one of us has to die May heaven bless us, as this is the last half hour on earth with one of us, heaven Preserve me now and forever. Written by Jesse Scoggin, Bored and rased in Tx. Sined by William J. Bored, Bored in Illinois.

Mr. Scoggin's piety apparently brought victory to him in the "dewel," for his adversary when found appeared to have been struck behind the ear by a thirteen-inch shell.

A Substitute. The young lawyer, having been nominated for the office of county attorney, thought to surprise an eccentric genius of the name of Si who was working as a hired man on the young lawyer's father's farm.

"Well, Si, what do you think?" the young man began. "Sometimes one thing, Loney, an' sometimes 'nother."

"But, Si, they have nominated me for county attorney?" "They might 'a' done worse, Loney. Howsomever, don't holler till you're out of the woods."

The young attorney was duly elected and on his next visit to the farm announced the fact unctuously to Si, who was at the wood pile, saw in hand. "Well, Si, I am elected by a large majority. What do you think of that?"

"Well, Loney, down in our parts, where I was raised, when we wanted a stopper an' hadn't any cork we generally took a corncob."—Exchange.

Practicing on Wooden Legs. Of the five cases in the accident ward that were pronounced cured at the same time three remained in the hospital more than a week after the other two had gone home. "They had to stay," said an interne, "to get used to their wooden legs. It takes some time to learn to manage them, and most men who will have to peg along with them for the rest of their natural lives stay in the hospital several days after they get well to practice stumping around on their new legs. Of course they can learn outside, but the man who has just acquired a wooden leg feels so awkward and is so likely to fall down and break the other leg or an arm or maybe his neck that we prefer to keep him here so he can take his first lessons under our supervision."—New York Press.

Thousand Islands. The Lake of the Thousand Islands is forty miles long and varies from four to seven miles in width. It is both a continuation of Lake Ontario and the beginning of the St. Lawrence river. The Thousand Islands are really about 1,700 in number, big and little. Many of them are favorite summer resorts, with hotels and boarding houses of rich Americans and Canadians. The voyage through them is picturesque, and many of the islands are illuminated at night.

Who Voted? Benjamin Franklin once discussed the property qualification for voting in Pennsylvania. A man owned a donkey of sufficient value to enable him to vote, but before the next election the donkey died, and the man's vote was refused. "Now," asked Franklin, "who voted at the previous election, the man or the donkey?"

A Tribute. Walter—They do say ye're a great hand at a Welsh rabbit, sir. The Clubman—They do, eh? The Walter—Yis, sir. OI heard wan man say ye made wan that was worth all the trouble it giv him aftner ne ate it.

More in His Line. "Do you think I will make a player?" asked a sluggish applicant for football. "You may make a chess player," said the coach. "You are slow enough in moving."

The morose man takes both narrow and selfish views of life and the world. He is either envious of the happiness of others or denies its existence.—Simmons

STEALING IN STORES.

The Ingenuity That Is Shown by the Woman Thief.

TRICKS OF THE SHOPLIFTER.

The Catcher With a False Bottom and the Slit in the Dress Near the Belt. Some Schemes Successful Because of Their Very Simplicity.

As numerous as they are ingenious are the tricks of the modern shoplifters, declare store detectives. It keeps the detectives busy to "get on" to the devices of the men and women who live by their wits in stealing from stores. For tricks that are cunning few classes of criminals, it is said, approach them.

The method of stealing by using the satchel with a false bottom is one of the cleverest of the tricks.

Well disguised, the shoplifter enters a store. Her eyes run over the counters. She perceives the object she wants—usually something small and valuable, sometimes a purse a customer has left lying on the counter.

Over the object the shoplifter places her satchel. Pretending to delve into the satchel to extract a purse or handkerchief, the thief lifts a false bottom in the bag, reaches under it, draws inside the desired article, adjusts the false bottom, closes the satchel and walks away.

"But this is only one of many clever ruses employed," declared a detective the other day. "The women especially are ingenious. Their dress, of course, helps them."

"One of the methods of stealing is for the shoplifter to have a slit in her dress near the belt. As she stands near the counter she can deftly seize the article desired, be it a piece of lace or costly fabric or a bit of jewelry, and slip it into the skirt. The folds of the skirt are voluminous and conceal the thing stolen."

"Some tricks are successful because of their simplicity. A fashionably dressed woman may walk into the clothing department, look over coat suits, pick up one, fold it neatly up, place it under her coat and walk away.

"If she is detected she will indignantly declare that she bought the suit some time before and that she has brought it back to be altered."

"Or a woman, her hands glittering with rings and dressed in the latest style, may walk into the store some winter day. She wears only a rich coat of dark fabric.

"In the coat department she will ask to see some fur lined coats. Oh, she is very particular and tries on one after another. Other customers come up, and the saleslady gets busy with them while madam is trying to suit herself.

"While the saleslady is turned she puts on one of the richest sable trimmed coats, turns on her heel and walks away. Perhaps the salesgirl may not notice the loss until there is an account of stock.

"Each month from fifty to sixty arrests are made in the average large department store. The detectives must be extremely careful, for a false charge would precipitate a suit for damages, which would mean many thousands.

"Certain departments hold special lures for shoplifters. The jewelry department is invariably guarded. When the furs come in we have sleuths who keep their eyes open for the woman who likes to take a fur to the window to examine it, then running for the door; the woman with the false skirt and the woman who puts a fur on and audaciously walks away."

Although the sales departments and the detective departments work together, there exists between them a spirit of justifiable rivalry. If a detective perceives some one getting away with goods it casts discredit on the person behind the counter from which the goods were stolen. Therefore the sales folk keep an alert watch for shoplifters.

One might imagine that goods are dumped pellmell on the counters of the big stores. As a matter of fact, the efficient saleslady will have everything so arranged that she will notice the disappearance of an article almost immediately.

If a saleswoman suspects a person she immediately notifies the head detective. If it is a woman, a woman detective is usually put on the job. It is said store managers usually find women more efficient than men.

Few arrests are ever made in the stores, as an arrest gives only undesirable publicity. The detective usually follows suspected persons from the store and arrests him or her outside.

It is said that arrests for shoplifting in New York exceed 3,000 a year. In that city a full description of all shoplifters caught are sent to the Retail Dry Goods association, which in turn distributes the information to the various members.

Only by concerted action and with highly organized staffs of detectives can the stores cope with the ingenious shoplifters.

The detective system of the big stores, however, is now so perfect that it is dangerous to attempt shoplifting. Even the cleverest shoplifter faces a long jail term in the pursuit of her nefarious work.

More than that, if a shoplifter for any reason should escape paying the penalty of crime in one city she may not be so fortunate in another. Descriptions of all suspected persons are sent out broadcast, and arrest in another city may mean a jail term, even though the thief may have escaped punishment previously.—Philadelphia North American.

Good Looking Brides Wanted.

Shortly after an angry looking couple flounced out of the chapel the pastor of an uptown church presented a perplexed countenance before the busy sexton.

"As you know," said he, "I am new in this parish and new in the city. Perhaps there are a few things I ought to know. Why, for instance, do so many people who never attend service in this church wish to be married here?"

"Because our church," said the sexton, "has the name of turning out the youngest and handsomest brides in New York. Our reputation for good works is dwarfed by our reputation for beautiful brides. To say that a woman is married here is equivalent to saying that she is a 'good looker.' We are not supposed to deal in brides of any other description."

"No wonder," groaned the pastor, "that that plain looking woman went away in a huff. I earnestly advised her to be married in her own parish."

—New York Globe.

Wonders of a Japanese Hamlet.

Perhaps the most astonishing presentation of "Hamlet" ever seen on any stage was a Japanese version given by native actors at Kobe. The Kobe Herald describes it as "a wonderful mixture of the beautiful and the grotesque. With an Ophelia sometimes in graceful kimono and sometimes in western evening costume and a king who at one time appears in the picturesque costume of a Japanese nobleman and at others dons a silk hat and a swallowtail coat, the effect is so kaleidoscopic that a spectator has the sensation of being perpetually transferred from one phase of civilization to another. The climax is reached in Hamlet himself, who in the earlier scenes wears the uniform of a student of the imperial university, in the third act makes his appearance on a bicycle, clad in a bright blue cycling suit and striped stockings, and at the finish is seen in conventional evening dress with a flower in his buttonhole."

The Sixteenth Century Carver.

At the formal banquet of the sixteenth century the man who carved the meat was bound with the red tape of precedent. When carving for distinguished guests he had to remember that certain parts of the birds or meat must be set aside. In carving for his lord and lady he was expected to exercise great discretion in the size of the pieces he sent round, "for ladies will be soon angry and their thoughts soon changed, and some lords are soon pleased and some not, as they be of complexion." He was expected to have the rules both of the kitchen and the peerage at his knife's end. A pike, for instance, must be dished up whole for a lord and in slices for commoner folk. The rank of his diners, too, determined whether a pig was to be served up whole, sliced, plain or with gold leaf or whether new bread or bread three days old should be eaten.

A Hungry Rabbit.

"I do not think I was ever so nonplused in my life," said a conjurer, "as once when performing my card and rabbit trick. I ask a member of the audience to tear a card into small pieces and give them all to me except one. Later in the trick I produce a rabbit from a box, and tied round its neck is a card with a piece missing. It is then found that the piece which the member of the audience holds exactly fits and completes the second card. On this particular occasion I allowed the rabbit to remain in the box too long and when I produced him found that he had chewed the card round his neck to bits. Needless to say, the laughter when the audience grasped the trick the animal had played on me was loud and long."

As Walter Saw It.

Walter, aged seven, is a wise son who knows not only his own father, but his own mother likewise.

"Now, Walter," said the teacher, "if your father could do a piece of work in one hour and your mother could also do it in one hour, how long would it take both of them to do it together?"

"Three hours!" replied the scholar without hesitation.

"Wrong!" said the teacher. "How do you make that?"

"Three hours," repeated Walter stolidly, "counting the time they'd waste arguing about how it should be done."

—London Scraps.

All Marriages Are Love Marriages.

"Was it a love marriage, do you think?" "Certainly. All marriages are love marriages."

"Isn't that rather a sweeping statement?" "Not at all. There is a love of adventure, you know; love of luxury, love of advertising and various other kinds of love. There is no need of going into details when one speaks of a love marriage."—Chicago Post.

As to Luck.

"I wonder if anybody's as unlucky as I am," grumbled the first pessimist. "I never have any luck at all."

"Huh!" snorted the other. "You're lucky. It's better to never have any luck at all than to be always having bad luck like me."—Philadelphia Press.

The Average.

"Pa, what's an average man?" "One who thinks his employer's business would be run a good deal better if he could have more to say in the matter himself."

The owl may not be as wise as he looks, but he is wise enough not to try to work both the night and day shifts.—Acheson Globe.

ARRESTED FOR GAMBLING

Police Raid Catches Innocent Solo Players—Complainant Lights Out for Lakeview

Tongues were wagging Monday telling the news of the arrest of a number of business men charged with gambling and a great deal of other circumstantial detail. But investigation sifted the thing down to the point where there was nothing to the story. Saturday night three men, A. J. Hamilton, Frank Buban and one named Seeman, were engaged in a quiet little game in the Capital. This is the only part of the story on which all agree. Hamilton claims that he lost something over \$4, and complained to the police in order to get even; Seeman and Buban allege that he tried to hold them up for \$20, threatening that if they did not pay him he would "sneak." The money was not paid and Hamilton went to the police.

The police went to the place and arrested everyone engaged in card playing, including several who were engaged in a game of solo. Seeman and Buban were held and the rest turned loose.

Hamilton, who had engaged passage on the Lakeview stage, decided that he had better get out, and accordingly did so. He was apprehended at Bonanza and brought back as a witness, being confined in the city jail for safe keeping. The case came up before Justice of the Peace Miller at 2 o'clock, the county being represented by District Attorney Kuykendall.

The three men were bound over to await the action of the grand jury. Bail was fixed at \$50 cash or \$250 surety, in default of which they were confined in the city jail.

C. F. Betz of Medford is visiting in the city and seeing how much better Klamath Falls is than the chief city of the Rogue river valley.

Judge and Mrs. George Noland left Monday in their auto for Lakeview, where the Judge goes to hold a special and regular term of court. The regular term convenes next Monday.

LECTURE SUBJECTS

The great inspirational lectures on travel and the larger life will be delivered at the high school auditorium on the evenings of Thursday, Friday and Saturday by Dr. Search. The first of the series, "Vesuvius and Sunny Italy," is a superbly illustrated lecture. Over 100 beautiful colored views will be shown. Nothing in scenic photography and exquisite coloring finer in the world. Every view is the work of an Italian artist.

On Friday evening the lecture subject is "Of All the World the City of Greatest Interest." It is a world survey of exceeding value. What is the most interesting city? The lecturer attempts to decide the case and is undertaking a hard question. His, however, is the judgment of a traveler who has seen the world. You may travel with him.

On Saturday evening he will take his audience to "Glorious Cultural Florence." This is a lecture of great beauty and literary inspiration. Florence is the city of flowers and Tuscan beauty. It is the Lily of the Arno. No other city ever produced or contained such a galaxy of great men. This lecture makes a fitting climax of the series. Any lecture is well worth an admission fee of 50 cents. The teachers have guaranteed the lecturer a certain sum, and decided that to make the admission for the three only 50 cents, believing that a large number of people will want to hear the lectures, and that enough will attend to make the teachers safe. They expect at least 250 tickets to be sold. If this lecture is attended as they anticipate, they will attempt to arrange for a lecture course.

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Snap Soap, 100 bars for	3.50
Coffee, per pound	18c to .40
Tea, per pound	10c to .50
Star Tobacco, per plug	.45
Horseshoe Tobacco, per plug	.45
Spear Head Tobacco, per plug	.45
Rice, per pound	8c, 10c and .11
Beans, per pound	.6c and .07
Colombia Oat Flakes, piece to china-waer in, each package	.35
Violet Oats, package	.15
Violet Pancake Flour	.15
Roll'd Oats, in bulk, 10 pounds for	1.00
Dried Prunes, 20 pounds for	1.00
Sugar, per sack	6.75

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