

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 Solovieff, wearing the uniform of an official, passed the guards one day, and again the czar was fired upon. Alexander ran for the palace. Solovieff 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 Michailovna.

Among those who were watching on behalf of the terrorists was a beautiful girl—a countess, too—named Petrovskaya. 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 Wacław 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 Porski, 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 Was the Same Man.

A prominent merchant of Sheffield recently accosted a gentleman on the street with:

"Good morning, Mr. Johnson. How is coal today?"

"Well," responded the other, "I am not much acquainted with the coal market, but I can ascertain the price if it will accommodate you."

"I beg pardon," laughed the merchant. "I really thought you were Mr. Johnson, the coal dealer. You certainly resemble him."

A few days later the merchant entered a tram car and, seating himself beside a gentleman, exclaimed heartily:

"Well, Mr. Johnson, I'm glad to recognize you today. I made a laughable mistake one day last week. I mistook another man for you and, addressing him very familiarly, asked how coal was. He looked amused and replied that he did not know much about coal, but would inquire if it would accommodate me. Then I looked at him and saw that he was a perfect stranger. It really was laughable, Mr. Johnson, but he looked so much like you."

"Yes," responded the gentleman, looking more amused, "and I am that same party again."

The merchant recognizes no more coal dealers.—London Tit-Bits.

A Rare Autograph.

"What is the most expensive autograph you ever sold?" inquired the reporter.

"That of Thomas Lynch, Jr.," answered the dealer. The reporter looked perfectly blank. "Never heard of him," he confessed.

"Well, he was a signer of the Declaration of Independence. He signed it as proxy for his father, who was ill at the time. Soon after he went to sea and was never heard of again. Now, autographs of Declaration signers are much sought by collectors. None approach in rarity those of Thomas Lynch, Jr. In fact, so far as I know, there is only one in existence. This is affixed to an autograph letter addressed by Lynch to George Washington, which leads to additional value. It was owned at one time by Jared Sparks, president of Harvard college. Subsequently it passed to Thomas Addis Emmet, from whom I bought it for the sum of \$4,000. I sold it to Augustin Daly, who was a keen autograph collector, for \$4,500. Later Emmet repented of letting the autograph go from his possession and secured it from Daly for \$5,250, presenting it afterward to the Lenox library, New York, where it is now."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Origin of "Boz."

The origin of "Boz" is known to most readers interested in Dickens. A younger brother of the novelist was known in the family circle as Moses, in facetious allusion to one of the characters in the "Vicar of Wakefield," and this being pronounced in fun through the nose became "Bos" and so "Boz," which Dickens adopted as his early pen name. "Boz," he once wrote, "was a very familiar household word to me long before I was an author, and so I came to adopt it."

Before the real name of "Boz" became well known somebody invented and circulated the following smart epigram:

Who the Dickens "Boz" could be
Puzzled many a curious elf
Till time unveiled the mystery
And "Boz" appeared as Dickens' self.
Hood wrote punningly, but ungrammatically:

Aren't that 'ere "Boz" a tiptop fellow?
Lots write well, but he writes Weller.
—London Globe.

Thanked His Stars.

When the French revolution broke out a number of scientists lost their lives, but Lalande, the astronomer, only paid the more attention to the skies and its constellations. When he found, after the reign of terror, that he had escaped the fury of the mob he exclaimed gratefully, "I may thank my stars for it." Would any apparent jest possess more genuine truth?

Allison tells how during Napoleon's Egyptian campaign no sooner were the nameless observed at a distance than the word was given, "Form square; artillery to the angles; asses and savans to the center." The command afforded no little merriment to the soldiers even at such an exciting moment and made them call the asses denisavans.

Located.
Diogenes, lantern in hand, entered the village drug store. "Say, have you anything that will cure a cold?" he asked.

"No, sir, I have not," answered the pill compiler.

"Give me your hand," exclaimed Diogenes, dropping his lantern. "I have at last found an honest man."

A Wayside Philosopher.
"How'd you like to be a senator?" inquired the first wanderer.

"I'd like it first rate," responded the second wayfarer. "Still, a hobo's life has got its good points. He ain't got no constituents to kick about his inactivity."—Kansas City Journal.

Good Tree, Poor Crop.
"I suppose you know of my family tree?" said Baron Pucash.

"Yep," answered Mr. Cumroff. "It may have been a good tree, all right, but it looks to me as if the crop was a failure."—Washington Star.

Credulous.
Blotbs—The girl to marry is the girl who believes in love in a cottage.
Slobbs—Yes, if a girl believes that, you could stuff her with any old thing.—Philadelphia Record.

Be sure to put your feet in the right place, then stand firm.—Lincoln.

STEALING IN STORES.

The Ingenuity That Is Shown by the Woman Thief.

TRICKS OF THE SHOPLIFTER.

The Satchel 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 sentinels 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 pell-mell 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.

Very Misleading.

Battersby came across this interesting item in the household department: "If men would answer their wives kindly and courteously when asked for money it is undoubtedly true that the amount requested would not be half as much as it would be if the husband's reply was surly and antagonistic."

Battersby read this item over twice to make sure he grasped its meaning, and just then his wife entered the room.

"George," she said, "I want some money."

Battersby smiled affably. "Yes, my dear," he pleasantly remarked, "and how much do you want?"

Mrs. Battersby stared at him in amazement. "I said I wanted some money."

"This time she spoke with much distinctness. "And I asked you how much you wanted," Battersby merrily reminded her.

"Fifty dollars," she snapped. Battersby almost faintly. He had imagined she was after \$5 and that his genial tone would cut the amount to \$2.50.

But he handed over the fifty without further ado—and then tore the misleading item into infinitesimal fragments.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Panthers as Household Pets.

"A British official in an out of the way Persian district invited me to stay at his house for a night," narrates a globe trotter. "I was comfortably settled upon a sofa just before dinner when my rest was suddenly disturbed by a loud bang at the sitting room door, which, flying open, admitted two enormous animals, which I at first took for dogs."

"Both of them made at once for my sofa, and while the larger one curled comfortably round my feet and composed itself to sleep, the smaller one seated itself on the floor and commenced licking my face and hands, an operation which had I dared I should strongly have resented."

"But those white, gleaming teeth and flashing green eyes filled me with something akin to terror. To my relief, my host entered at this juncture."

"Making friends with the panthers, I see," he remarked pleasantly. "They are nice, companionable beasts."

"That may have been true at the time. The fact remains, however, that three months afterward one of them devoured a native child."—London Telegraph.

Nature Sometimes Makes Mummies.

Natural mummification, the changing of the human body into a dried condition without artificial treatment, is an extremely rare phenomenon. In a case reported by Hon. S. Wolfsohn of British Honduras, a middle aged cooly who disappeared between January and March, 1907, was found more than a year afterward, on May 6, 1908, in a corrugated iron hut as a perfectly preserved mummy. The hut, in a somewhat isolated spot at Silon, was raised on blocks four or five feet above the ground and had a door and three shutters, one shutter being open, while one had fallen out. The body was clothed in a cotton undershirt, dark jersey and duck trousers, two pieces of rope around the neck proving self strangulation. The desiccation seemed to have been favored by a combination of conditions, the season having been extraordinarily dry and the small iron house excessively hot, though well ventilated, while the body was thin and attenuated as a result of mental disorder.

Turn About.

A young English student late one cold and wintry night found the door of his college locked against him. The young man outside argued with the doorkeeper inside, cajoled and entreated, but to no avail. Eventually he slipped half a sovereign under the door and was admitted. It was a financial deal wisely thought out on strict business lines. Once inside, he informed the janitor (falsely) that, unfortunately, after taking the half sovereign out of his purse he had dropped the purse itself on the doorstep. The attendant went out to secure it, but once on the chilly, wet doorstep the door was slammed. Then the deal was repeated, for the shivering money was not allowed into his warm abode until he had slipped the half sovereign back again.

Thoroughly Prepared.

At a religious service in Scotland the late Lord Kelvin noticed a youngster accompanying his grandparents and sitting wise as a young owl through the sermon.

At the close of the service Lord Kelvin congratulated the grandfather upon the excellence of the young man's behavior.

"Och, aye," returned the veteran. "Dunnan's weel threatened afore he gangs in."

Beauty and Brains.

This slab of soil they call Kansas has more prosperity, health and happiness, more sweet girls and sweeter mothers-in-law and more gimlet faced, flail handled, mushroom footed men who make up in brains what they lack in looks than any other place on top of earth. Mizpah!—Hutchinson (Kan.) Gazette.

Of Course.
"New York is a big city."
"And if everybody lived in New York that registers from New York New York would be twice as big."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Trust not too much in an enchanting face.—Virgil.

ROAD IN GOOD CONDITION

B. E. Gowdy Returns Home Well Satisfied, and Says Many Other Ranchers Are Coming

B. E. Gowdy, the Silver Lake rancher, who has been in the city for the past week purchasing supplies, left for home Friday morning. In discussing the time saved in coming to this city to buy supplies, the condition of the roads and prices, Mr. Gowdy said:

"So far as I am personally concerned, I am satisfied to trade in Klamath Falls, and there are many people in and around Silver Lake of the same opinion. The Bargain Week proposition was a good one, only more time should have been given the people of our section. That is, those living so far away should have more than a week in which to take advantage of the reduction in prices. While I was fortunate enough to get in in time, those who are going to follow me will not be so lucky."

"The work that has been done on the roads in the northern part of this county has been a wonderful help, and the county court is deserving of praise for the manner in which the work has been done. Of course, portions of it will have to be straightened out before the big teams can begin to haul from here, but that can be done next year without any very great outlay."

"The round trip from Silver Lake to Shaniko takes twenty-two days, over the worse road I ever saw. To Medford it takes eighteen days. Under ordinary conditions the round trip can be made to this city in eleven days, and under favorable conditions in ten days. That is a big item in favor of this city, and one that is bringing many buyers here this fall."

"When it comes to prices I can do better in Medford, but very little better than I can do here. I realize that there is a difference in the freight rates as soon as the merchandise leaves the main line, and I also realize that there is a considerable difference in the time consumed in coming to Klamath Falls and going to Medford, and when this is taken into consideration then the prices charged here have a great deal the best of it."

"The development in our section of the state has been very great during the past year, and the trade from there is something that it will pay the business men of Klamath Falls to go after. Only those who are thoroughly familiar with the change that has taken place would believe that hundreds of new settlers have come in in the last year, and the next twelve months will see even greater immigration."

Mrs. Barfield, H. H. Hoyt and W. L. Purdy of Merrill registered at the Lakeside Saturday.

COURTHOUSE NEXT YEAR

Believed Better Results and Better Prices Can Be Secured by Postponing Operations.

What is the reason for the delay in commencing work on the foundation for the new courthouse?

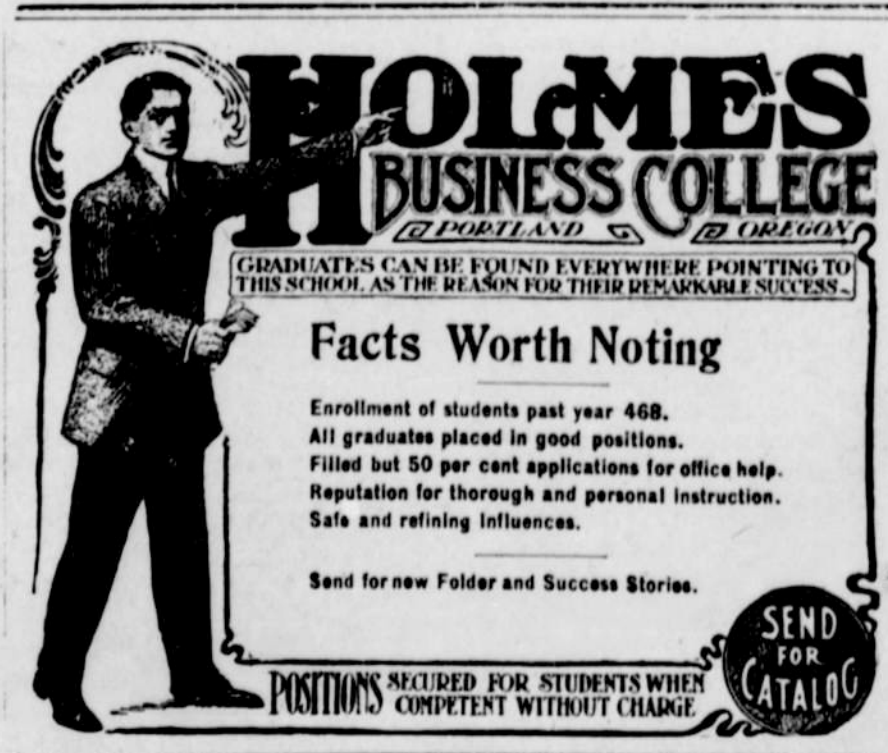
That is a question that has been asked lately and with more frequency as the season for doing this work draws to a close. County Judge Grif fith, on whose shoulders seem to rest the responsibility for the plans for the new official home of the county, and to whom the people look for the carrying out of the program of construction, was asked this question by a Herald representative yesterday. In reply he said:

"There is nothing mysterious connected with the delay in the laying of the foundation for the new courthouse. That is a question that the county court has gone into very thoroughly. The levy for the courthouse produced about \$14,000, and that money is now on hand. Originally it was proposed to lay the foundation this year, but when we looked into the matter it was decided that we had better not construct it this year for business reasons."

"We can't raise sufficient funds next year to complete the work. It would be too heavy a burden for the taxpayers to pay. We believe, however, that the levy next year will, with the funds now on hand, be sufficient to lay the foundation and complete the walls and the roof next year. We further believe that it would be a mistake to lay the foundation this year and leave it a prey to the elements. Everyone knows that the storms of winter play havoc, unless considerable care is taken to protect the foundation walls. This protection would be an expense entirely wasted, since nothing would be gained by having the work done now and left standing there to await the superstructure. We propose to complete all of our plans during the winter, so that when spring comes we can then go ahead and complete the external portions of the building at once."

"It has been a matter of doubt with the court whether we could get as satisfactory a bid by stringing out the work in this matter. It would shut out many substantial contractors, who would not care to undertake a piecemeal job. However, under the plans decided upon a contractor will be able to go ahead with all of the stone and concrete work at once, leaving the interior to be done later or to be finished by others."

Guy Merrill, the Merrill stock and dairy man, was in the city Saturday. The county clerk issued a marriage license to Floyd H. Brandenburg and Helen Zumwalt Saturday afternoon.



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