The Washington Times

(MORNING, EVENING, AND SUNDAY.)

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Notwithstanding the desperate efforts of a contemporary to stem the tide of success into which it has been launched, The TIMES CONTINUES TO GROW.

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The circulation of The Times for the week ending November 3 was as follows:

Monday, Oct. 28	34,160
Tuesday, Oct. 29	34,051
Wednesday, Oct. 30	34,145
Thursday, Oct. 31	33,757
Friday, Nov. 1	34,419
Saturday, Nov. 2	35,215
Sunday, Nov. 3	23,770
Total	229,517

I solemnly swear that the above is a correct statement of the daily circulation of THE WASHINGTON TIMES for the week ending November 3, 1895, and that all the copies were actually sold or mailed for a valuable consideration and delivered to bona fide purchasers or subscribers; also, that none of them were returned or remain in the office undelivered.

J. MILTON YOUNG, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 4th day of November, A. D. 1895.

ERNEST G. THOMPSON, Notary Public.

INFAMOUS LEATHER TRUST.

For some time operations of the Leather Trust have resulted in a constantly upward tendency of all kinds of footwear, and it is announced in a telegram to The Times to-day that the gigantic organization has shut down all of the 100 tanneries under its control, that not a hide will be taken from them for two months, and that at least 15,000 employes will be forced into a condition of idleness. Of course, all this is for the purpose of advancing the price of footwear to a still higher figure, just as the winter season is setting in.

The action of this monopoly is a crime for which prison bars and prison fare seems to be altogether too luxurious. The treadmill would be a too healthful exercise. Some new punishment should be invented to meet the emergency. Perhaps managers might receive their just dues down in Texas, where mobs have peculiar methods of dealing with criminals.

As Attorney-General Harmon appears to have decided it is unnecessary for him to devote further time to answering inquiries in regard to Cuban meetings, possibly he might find it entertaining both to himself and the public to give an opinion upon the antics of leather trusts. Possibly he may mention the matter in his annual report to Congress, and possibly the President may even be led to discuss such pernicious organizations.

FRENCH RADICAL TENDENCIES.

The recent overthrow of the French ministry upon a question raised by a socialist; the selection of M. Bourgeois, a radical of radicals, as the statesman most likely to be able to form a new ministry; his success in that work, and the outline given by the premier in his address of yesterday, are proof of the general tendency of French thought in the direction of broader legislation for the whole people and that the rule of the bourgeoisie, which is another name for the dominion of moneybags, is in great measure destroyed.

The policy marked out by M. Bourgeois includes a merciless inquiry into all bribery scandals; prohibition of partnerships or other interests of senators or deputies in companies having contracts with the state; preliminary examinations of accused persons in public; progressive probate tax; non-taxation of hygienic fluids; general income tax; co-operative insurance; workingmen's pensions; definite settlement of relations between church and state, and regulation of what the premier calls "international speculations" in agricultural, mineral and manufactured products.

This is a very progressive programme, and no wonder it was loudly cheered by the radicals and socialists when announced yesterday. It will meet with enthusiastic popular approval, and other administrations will watch with interest the development of the work of legislation.

TRANSFERS ELSEWHERE.

Several cities other than Washington—Philadelphia most conspicuously—are wrestling with the transfer question, and the various sides to the controversy are very bitter in their arguments and theories. The Quaker City for a time rejoiced in a system of transfers which enabled the population of the suburban Dan to travel to the antipodal suburban Beersheba for one fare.

This was right and comfortable and beautiful, and grinding corporations assumed a sort of angelic loveliness in the esteem of the simple-minded inhabitants. A day or two ago a change came over the spirit of their dreams. Transfers were suddenly abolished. An eight-cent transferable ticket was substituted. Good people stood aghast at the heartlessness of the proceeding. Indignation reached the point of desperation. The Philadelphian, unused, like his Washington cousin, to all sorts of abuses and injustice, concluded to walk. It was better to wear out shoe leather than good temper, better to irritate soles than souls, better to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous pedestrianism than to permit the domination of trusts.

This is a heroic method of treating the imposition of corporations, and Washingtonians may take a hint from it. The nearest road to the infinitesimal thing which a corporation calls its conscience is by way of the money vault.

BROOKLYN'S GAS DEAL.

Seven gas companies of the city of Brooklyn have just concluded a deal by which they will form one great trust and be under one management, that the people may be fleeced the more easily and completely. The capital represented in watered and unwatered stock is $30,000,000.

This vast aggregation of capital and consolidation of interests beautifully illustrates the failure of competition to do the ideal work which was predicted for it by the economists of obsolete systems. Each of six companies which followed the organization of the original monopoly was chartered under a hope and assurance that the cost of gas to consumers would be lessened. Each one in turn pooled issues with its predecessors as soon as it was fairly established, and now all of them are merged in one grand monopoly to fleece the people.

The palpable and irresistible argument to be drawn from this condition is that the people should no longer consent to or permit the organization of competitive systems for the corporative supply of any necessity of town or city, as all such projects sity of town or city, as all such projects are hypocritical in their professions and must fail to perform what they promise.

The only sure way to supply the people with such commodities is through municipal ownership and operation. That is the only true, the only sensible monopoly which is controlled entirely by the people and for the people, for use and not for profit, through agents who are responsible solely to the people.

CARNEGIE'S MONUMENT.

Whatever may be said of the apparent economical and humanitarian inconsistencies of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the telegraph operator of a quarter of a century ago and the multi-millionaire of to-day, that gentleman is making use of his wealth during his life as few men have done in the history of the world.

He does not erect churches for the dissemination of sectarian dogmas; nor colleges, whose teachers must wear the pet theories of their builders upon their sleeves; nor ante-mortem cemetery shafts or vaults. He erects edifices which shall be repositories for works of art in literature, in sculpture, in painting, in music, in all that is aesthetic. His libraries must contain volumes of all great authors, Buddhistic, Mohammedan, Confucian, Christian, Infidel and others; all religions, all philosophies, all sciences; novels, ancient and modern; idealistic, realistic and idiotistic; poetry from Job to Omar Khayam; from Omar to Shakespeare, and from Shakespeare to William Morris, and Verlaine and Metterlinck; economical theories, from Adam Smith to Karl Marx, and his myriad of disciples. Here the student and thinker may read and reason for himself, without suffering the dominion of the dominie or the university doctor.

These suggestions are prompted by the statement that the great Pittsburg Carnegie Library building in Schenley Park is to be dedicated this evening. Mr. Carnegie has given libraries to his native town of Dunfermline, in Scotland, and to many other Scottish towns and cities. He has given Allegheny City its finest architectural ornament in a splendid library and fine arts building. New York city is indebted to him for a music hall, and Pittsburg for the magnificent library building now about to be opened. These be monuments, indeed.

Mr. Carnegie may be blamed for permitting a person by the name of Frick to control the lives of thousands of workmen; he may well be criticised for his vacillation upon economical questions; but many sins of commission and omission may be forgiven in such as he.

If voting could be done by long distance telephone perhaps Grover would cast a ballot for the Tammany ticket.

All the indications look toward a civil uprising in Turkey, which may set every state in Europe by the ears.

The Britain-Venezuelan brawl bids fair to be a sort of Corbett-Fitzsimmons jawing match.

In case of even a little bit of a European war Spain would probably be forced to keep all her soldiers at home, and the Cubans might in that event win an almost bloodless victory.

Tewfix Pasha, the Turkish ambassador at Berlin, is not an adept at forcing the hand of the hard-headed Teuton.

A great war scare might be of advantage to the political parties everywhere which now happen to be in control of their respective administrations.

These be parlous times for the men who lease European governments.

Several eminent politicians would exchange positions to-day with almost any one who would shoulder their burden of anxiety.

Equally as Good.

The drawing teacher had been giving a lesson on the cubes and some of the pupils had mentioned boxes and various other examples of cubes. The teacher wanted still more, but for some reason no one could think of any. Finally a boy said:

"I know what's a good cube—a half a pound of butter."

"Why, that is excellent," cried the teacher. "Now, who can give me another example as good as Henry's?"

After a long time she saw a hand waving wildly in the back of the room.

"Well, Willie, what is it?"

"Why, the other half-pound of that butter," said Willie, triumphantly.—Philadelphia Times.

His One Drawback.

"Are you never seasick in crossing?"

"Never."

"How very pleasant you must find it."

"Hardly; there's always some observing tourist who has visited America for the first time bunked in my stateroom."—Chicago Record.

Provided the Bride Knows.

"Why," asked Mr. Asbury Peppers, "why is the letter 'k' like a wedding?"

No one noticed him, but he went on:

"The letter 'k' is like a wedding because it causes a change from cooing to cooking."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

ALFRED AUSTIN, LAUREATE

Remarkable Freak in the Selection of Great Britain's Official Singer.

Some Great Poets Are Passed Over and a Mere Cad of a Rhymester Chosen Tennyson's Successor.

A few weeks ago it was announced that William Ernest Henley was to be the official successor of Tennyson. Whereupon in an estimate of Henley's place in the the writings of the time this journal said: "When it comes, however, to devising a ditty for the next appendix to the Guelph family, Henley will wish to hand the text over to Alfred Austin. As sign-writer on Mount Parnassus to the royal family of England Austin has already proved himself inimitable." The sign-writer is now declared to be poet laureate.

It is time to confess, apparently, that Alfred Austin is more to the "government" than to the world; more to be a subject of friendly curiosity now than he has been the subject of friendly eyes heretofore; for, although born in 1835 and framed in book covers nearly thirty years ago, his face and his voice are alike obscure in these parts.

Like Gosse and Henley, Watson and Morris, he has had to spend a good part of his time looking after bread and butter in plain prose. Muses have known to thrive "on a little oatmeal," but the varied diet of the more comfortable and less spiritual journeyman journalist is not calculated to induce ethereal visitations.

"The most active principle in our mind," as Steele has said, "is the imagination," and the faculty the journalist is most severely cautioned to keep well in check is that principle. He must have memory; he must have power of classification; he must be quick to seize upon facts and slow to open the door to fancy.

Alfred Austin might have been something of a poet had he not been chained to journalism and the tory wagon. All toryism is spuriousness.

Sincerity implies liberty and conservatism means keep everything as it is. Everything that is is right would have choked even Tennyson, who, on occasion, forgot his paymasters and went broadening precedents—those tax titles of conservatism—and impelling nations away from dynasties into parliaments of men and federations of the world.

The reason why so few otherwise really great English poets never sang for liberty is that too many of them lived when Edmund Burke took up the French revolution and shook its gory locks in their faces. They never recovered from the shock.

Austin "studied" with Wordsworth and Tennyson. There are people who deny that Wordsworth knew nature when he met her in his walks around Rydal. Lowell says he did not know the difference between truth, which is the breath of the muse's nostril, and, in fact, which suffocates her. Tennyson liked nature—in a park, that is.

He was enamored of gardens. His Maud was "a bud," and his sublimities were posies for the most part. Thus bred, Austin has written some fair verse about nature. Acquiring from Browning the truth in the abstract that there may be great dramas that are wholly unactable, as Tennyson himself demonstrated, Austin turned this truth into a personal illusion, namely that drama, if long enough and unactable, is also great; and so he has written long dramatic commonplace, which has the merit over Browning of being easily intelligible to everybody at first reading, if it be intelligible at all.

For one may get Austin in half a dozen different volumes from the bookseller and none of them show exhaustive demand for a leaf cutter after the first score of pages.

It seems to be a passing fad to attribute the poet's power to everybody who loves nature and tries to string her on a rhyming thread or lay her out stark in blank verse. As if everybody who loves concord of sweet sound can write, if he tries, sonatas, or as if making butter patties is modest proof of a divine call to model in clay for marble or bronze. Even an epicure is not credited with the cook's genius; but as to nature and poetry the fallacy prevails. So Austin is a poet, if ruminating, like sweet-breathed cows, is making poetry about nature.

Austin's short poems contain much that shows his reading and that echoing rhythm of poetry which has been sounding in the ear of the world since first old ocean rolled and forests sang. But one seeks in vain one fresh trope, one novel glimpse. There is neither fire nor frenzy nor polish nor recess; only the fragments of others worked over—as if, instead of lapidary skill in arranging gems and wealth in having them, one should be content with taking bits of old china and setting them in mosaic, dreaming this were indeed gem having and gem arranging.

But, to be frank and to conclude, it was the following poem, perhaps never before printed in this country, that has undoubtedly led to the appointment of Austin as laureate, and that it was a strictly personal "royal" appointment will scarcely be denied after reading the verses. There is something like hollow mockery of death, awful flouting at humanity itself, in the assumed "love" talk and "mourning" when one recalls how speedily the funeral baked meats furnished coldly forth an almost unnatural wedding feast:

ALBERT VICTOR.

Duke of Clarence and Avondale, b. Jan. 8, 1864; d. Jan. 14, 1892.

* * * * * * *

But Love, the boon of lord and clown,
Love had he made his own.
Love, jeweled beyond any crown,
Loftier than any throne,
Had found a maiden fond and fair,
Who, trembling on his heart, wept her glad weakness there.

Alas for her! the graced, the good,
Forever doomed to wear
The mockery of widowhood
About her maiden hair.
Scarce had she time to reach and clasp
The gifts of Love but they were ashes in her grasp.

Oh! if she could exchange her lot,
And now were free to choose,
With one who in some whitewashed cot
Over her baby coos,
And tend the humblest hearth that burns,
To whose awaiting smile the cherished one returns.

It remained for Balzac to say that customs are the hypocrisies of nations. Has it not come to pass that the custom of making poets laureate in modern days amounts now to making hypocrites of poets?—Chicago Times-Herald.

Curious Callings.

A woman in a tenement house removes gray hairs and moles. The gray and long white hairs are sold to hairdressers for switches, as white hair is hard to get.

Tony, the garbage raker, goes over every ash barrel and garbage box he finds. He sells the paper to be made into pasteboard, corks go to the costumer who prepares them for the theatrical profession, bottles are sold and melted over again, the glassblower's art giving them new beauty. Tony makes from 25 cents to $1 a day.

Boston has an echo destroyer. A fine looking Swede goes about picking up peach stones, which he carves into charms and amulets and sells to his countrymen.

A French hairdresser and perfumer in Philadelphia does a good business selling skeletons or parts of the human form. Small bones, such as those from the ear, he does up in cotton and sells for $1 apiece. An arm or leg fully articulated brings from $3 to $5, while a whole skeleton brings from $20 to $30.

There is a man who makes a snug sum by raising spiders, which he sells to wine merchants, who train them to wind webs around new bottles, thus giving them an appearance of age.

Many men live by rat catching. One man who does this has laid by a snug sum and goes about the streets carrying a yellow bag marked with his name and profession. There are different ways of catching rats and the devotees are jealous of revealing their especial method.

Worth a Minute.

In Vienna there are women whose business it is to be "physicians' subjects." One of them hires herself out to medical men as a subject on which they may illustrate laryngology and rhinology. She receives about 3s. an hour, furnishing her own instruments. Her throat has so little sensibility that the manipulations produce no irritation.

There are two sorts of tattooing in use among the women of the Congo. One is common to all the members of the same tribe, and indicates the origin and birthplace of the subject. It is an infallible and perpetual certificate of birth and nationality. The other sort of tatooing is simply fantasy and coquetry.

Lord Lytton, the novelist, left orders that before he was buried a long needle should be run through his heart. He had taken the precaution to tell his doctor of his wish, and it was carried out.

The volcanic island of Tanna, one of the New Hebrides group, has been for many years in a constant state of eruption, emitting a column of fire by night and smoke by day, which is clearly seen at a great distance. Such is the certainty with which this flame appears that vessels in the vicinity are instructed by their sailing directions to look out for it just as they would do were it an ordinary lighthouse.

The tabernacle at Salt Lake City, the capital of Utah, is, in respect to its acoustic properties, the most remarkable place of worship in the world. It is constructed to hold 25,000 people, yet it is possible for a person standing at one end to distinctly hear the sound of a pin dropped into a hat at the other.

It is an interesting fact that in the Rhondda Valley, in South Wales, near Treorky, a jet of gas may be seen burning under the surface of a spring of water. The gas is believed to escape from the coal mines, which are so numerous in that locality, and it is a purely natural phenomenon.

Edgar Brinsmead says his London firm turn out 2,000 pianos a year; that London turns out 35,000 a year; Germany, 74,000; France, 20,000; the United States, 25,000. These figures are only approximate.

An ice locomotive was some years ago constructed for use in Russia. It is employed to haul freight between St. Petersburg and Cronstadt. The front part rests on a sledge, and the driving wheels are studded with spikes.

On his Dorsetshire estate Lord Alington has a "white farm." It is so called because every animal on it is white. There are white horses, white cows, white donkeys, white hares from Siberia, and a white pigmy bull. The dogs and the cats are white, and so are the rats and mice.

In Siberia, near Damascus, there is said to grow a humming bird plant, the flower of which bears a close resemblance to a humming bird. The breast is red, the wings are a dark green, the back yellow, the head and tale a bluish black.

Several Noted Ones.

It is a curious fact that not one of the major generals or of the brigadier generals now on the active list will succeed Gen. Miles should he live to the age of retirement, which occurs in 1903—General Brooke, who approaches nearest, arriving at the retiring age in 1902.

Mr. Gladstone, on alighting at a railroad station in England recently, was cheered by the spectators present, one of whom, an elderly, gray-haired man, advanced with extended hands to greet him. After shaking hands with him Mr. Gladstone inquired his age. "Seventy years old," was the reply. "Why, you are quite a youngster still," remarked Mr. Gladstone jocularly, amid the laughter of the bystanders.

In the privacy of his study Emperor William smokes a big china-bowled pipe of the typical German kind.

Admiral Sir Lewis Tobias Jones died at Southsea, England, the other day in his ninety-eighth year. He entered the navy in 1807, and in the following year took part in the Walcheren expedition. After the close of the French war he was present at Lord Exmouth's bombardment of Algiers, in 1816, and by the time he had reached his sixty-sixth year he had been forty-four years afloat and in active service.

Andreas Hofer, the Tyrolese patriot, is to have a colossal statue erected to his memory on the top of the Kuchelberg.

The Duchess of Albany has invented a school-room desk and seat, for which the Sanitary Institute has awarded her a gold medal at its exposition in London. It was designed some time ago, and is now used in most of the royal and imperial nurseries in England and on the continent. The invention has special reference to the effect of posture on the health of school children.

Lord Knutsford, who was recently promoted to the rank of viscount, is married to the favorite niece of the great Lord Macaulay. It was to his "Dearest Babba," as he called her, that Lord Macaulay addressed his "Lays of Ancient Rome," which he composed for her special entertainment and instruction.

When in the best of health Lord Rosebery seldom sleeps more than five hours out of the twenty-four.

Pour Les Dames.

Bret Harte was fond of describing heroines of fourteen or fifteen, Miss Wilkins writes of women of twenty, Cable has his creole beauty of eighteen, and Miss Murfree, in "Tennessee," has hers even younger.

From the time of the Elizabethans to that of Dickens and Bulwer she had progressed from the fourteen of Juliet to the eighteen of the fragile, tender sylph who smiled and fainted, loved and wept.

The English speaking world has always demanded the juvenile heroine. Art is nothing to them. The British matron is inexorable, and, although Scott meekly subscribes his heroines as eighteen or twenty, we know that they must have been near the thirties, for they are women of too complex characters to be children.

The age of the heroine has advanced only slightly to meet the change of taste with the growing centuries. In Shakespeare's day she was in the early teens.

Jane Eyre is one of the most startling examples of this rage for a young heroine. From reading the book one judges her to be a prim, precise individual of thirty, and is shocked to come across the statement that she is nineteen.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward has moved her heroines up a notch in the matter of age. Catherine was twenty-six when she married Robert Elsmere and Marcella is twenty-four.

Paul Bourget, in his "Impressions of America," announces that there is no such thing as American love. A girl in this country, he says, does not care about marriage very ardently; but at 26 or so, having enjoyed the independence of the single state at the full, she takes a partner, who finds the money in an obtrusive way, effaces himself in the domestic circle, while she represents both the ornamental and the real authority of the firm. M. Bourget is a keen and candid observer, and he acknowledges that the American married woman is a pattern of conjugal fidelity. There is no "cruelle enigme" here, no triple menage, none of the refinements of Parisian civilization.

Miss Laurence Alma Tadema, daughter of the famous artist, has issued a new book of short stories, in one of which occurs the following: The mother tells the daughter her history; she has come to her first meeting with the lover and husband to be. The daughter says: "And did he love you at once? What color was your frock?"

A native girl in Jerusalem, whether Christian, Jew or Moslem, has no happy childhood, does not in any case enter into a business life and has no aim in existence beyong marriage. Even among the first two classes the bridegroom rarely sees his wife before marriage, and brides at 12 and 14 are frequently in all stations and kinds of society. Even the Christian and Hebrew girls generally go veiled when on the streets, which is as rarely as possible.

Stoll's great sale of shoes—Ladies'—Men's—Children's, at less than wholesale cost. Don't buy shoes until you have visited this sale.

ELECTION RETURNS!!

The Times will display them on a mammoth canvas in front of The Times building to-night.

NIHILIST SPECTER AND CZAR

Old Methods of Constant Guarding Have Been Recently Re-established.

Indications of the Institution of Period of Assassination Frighten the Young Ruler.

Hardly a year has passed since the tragedy of Livadia—hardly a year since the touch of death fell upon the massive head and giant frame of Alexander III, and amid those strange scenes of mourning for the father's death and rejoicing for the son's marriage Nicholas II was proclaimed Czar of all the Russias. The last of the Alexanders was haunted to his deathbed, and to his final breath by the specter of nihilism. That specter sat at his right hand throughout every state banquet, rode before him in every grand military review, startled him repeatedly on every journey he took by sea or land, and shook him even in the recesses of the cabinet chamber, the study and his curtained bed. He lived in fear, and, weakened by fear, he sank in the prime of life into the only resting place this world had held for him.

As the court of St. Petersburg prepares to cloak its gay life for a little season and observe in silence the anniversary of its last chief's death, the signs are multiplying that the drama which ended last winter on the Crimean shore is about to be repeated; that the specter, which seemed to be laid by the sudden end of its imperial victim, is again watching on the terrace of the Peterhof, and that the race with terror, which consumed the energy of Alexander III's body and exhausted the power of his mind, must now be undertaken by his imperial son.

That the nihilist terror is abroad in Russia has not been doubted by anybody acquainted with Russian affairs in the last three months. Even the Russian newspapers, whose business it is to suppress all vital political news, have betrayed the secret.

Now it was a sudden change of the imperial plans, now the unexpected arrest of whole societies and families, now the hurried dismissal of old officials and lifelong court servants, which told of the incessant work of that omniscient political police whose sole business in Russia is to hunt down nihilists and preserve the lives of the reigning family. The appearance of of the young Czar, unguarded, in public ceased as inexplicably as it had begun.

His free coming and going at the Peterhof, greeted so joyously a few months ago as the sign of a new era in Russia, is a matter of the past. His receptions of strange delegations and visitors from remote provinces were suspended weeks ago. On the iron throne of Russia sits once more a recluse Romanoff, hidden from his people, shrinking in fright from his most devoted subjects, suspicious, nervous, terrified, unreasonable, as was his father before him.

Within the last weeks all the safeguards thrown for ten years round the person of Alexander III, but abolished by Nicholas II soon after he ascended the throne, have been recalled to use. The St. Petersburg correspondents say that the familiar faces of the old days may be seen now, as then, at every corner within a mile radius of any place where the Czar stops.

The park at the Peterhoff is patrolled by detectives disguised as foresters, stablemen, gardeners, and care-takers. The lodges along the country roads leading to the imperial residence have been opened to receive, as they did for ten years, the casual visitors who, coming from and going to the main office of the Czar's police, seldom miss the chance of casting a watchful eye on the home of the man whom they are all charged to protect from harm.

When Nicholas II, with his young bride, put on the purple and raised the scepter, the eighty Cossacks who long had guarded night and day every possible entrance to the Czar's apartments, were dismissed, and about ten soldiers of the local infantry were summoned to serve in their stead. On Monday even this trivial innovation was abandoned, and the Cossacks were called back to their former post, some of them from their retirement in the south and middle of Russia.

From 1885 to the time of his death Alexander IIII never appeared outside of his bedroom and study without a line steel suit of mail which would protect his body, back and front, between his collar bone and his loins, from the dagger of the assassin. Excepting his valet and his wife nobody had seen this suit of mail, as it was worn between his underclothes and uniform, but the Czar's unwillingness to go even to a cabinet council without it was an open secret in all the courts of Europe.

Bismarck at one time wore such a coat, as did also Stambouloff and Crispi. None of these men, however, resorted to such precaution until repeated attempts at assassination had been made. Nicholas II has waited for no such attempt. Ever since the last arrests of nihilist students in Odessa he has worn a shirt of nickel and steel, onerous as the garment must be to a man of his inferior physique and lethargic habits. Still stranger stories of his fear and caution have penetrated the walls of the imperial palace and gained credence among the people of his capital. Although no dagger has been laid on his pillow to unnerve him and no warning of death has been laid under his dinner plate to plague him, he never visits his dinner table or bed without the company of a trusted attendant. It is this attendant's business to examine very napkin and to turn every plate on the table before his majesty sits down to eat, and to unmake and make again the whole bed before his majesty retires for the night. At every door of the dining-room and bed chamber stands a Cossack guard, day and night, and from every dish that is served at the imperial table a special watcher in the court kitchen must eat a mouthful before it is served, to prevent any chance of poisoning.

The question suggested to all Europe by this sudden revival of the nihilist reign of terror in the home of the Czar is, What new plot have the police discovered, and what new fear has overtaken the young sovereign, but eight months ago so confident of his popularity and safety?

The answers have been numerous, but with one exception untrustworthy. The one exception is the mail report of abnormal nihilist activity throughout Russia and equally abnormal police activity to meet it. From St. Petersburg to Odessa and from Warsaw to Batoum the societies that have sworn their thousands to exterminate the reigning house of Romanoff, have besirred themselves to execute their one aim in political life.

The remarkable fall of the Czar from the cloud of sweetness and light, in which popular fancy at first placed him to the deepest depths of the autocratic reaction, has driven into the arms of nihilism tens of thousands who, even under Alexander III, were able to remain loyal to the crown and inimical to the revolution.

In St. Petersburg, Odessa, Kieff, Moscow and Warsaw alone, the Sons of Liberty, the chief revolutionary society in those cities, have increased their membership from 1,700 to 12,000 in the last seven months.

This has been shown by the rolls taken by the polices in their last raids in Moscow and Odessa. Proclamations demanding reform or revolution, have been posted along the highways within three miles of St. Petersburg during the last ten days.

A notice of "Death to the Tyrant" was found placarded at the main entrance to the Peterhof Palace recently. On Sunday six men and two women were arrested near the market in St. Petersburg with bombs in their baskets of vegetables. In their house, about six miles from the city, were found maps of the interior of Peterhof Palace and placards proclaiming the republic of the united Russias. The martyrdom of Nicholas II has begun.

Close Guess.

"What is the reason that the top drawer of a boarding-house bureau will never either open or shut?" asked the newly arrived guest.

"Possibly," answered her friend, "it is due to the quality of the board."—Detroit Free Press.

IF YOU LAY A WAGER

on the result of the elections to-day, let it be a $5 Derby. 'Twon't cost you but $3—for everybody admits that Saks' $3 Hats are the equals of anybody's $5.

When are you coming to look at those $10 suits? The idea of a tailor asking you $15 for an overcoat we'll better for $2.

Remember the sale of Men's Sample Shoes.

Saks and Company

Pa. Ave. and 7th St.—"Saks' Corner."

AMUSEMENNTS.

Lafayette Square OPERA HOUSE (FIRE PROOF.)
JOHN W. ALBAUGH, Manager.
Prices, 25c., 50c., 75c., $1.00, $1.50.
Matinee prices, 25c., 50c., 75c.
5 NIGHTS ONLY, BEGINNING
MONDAY, NOV. 4.
A Problem in Laughter.
THOS. Q. SEABROOKE,
in the Boiling Farcical Comedy,
A WORLD OF TROUBLE
By Harry and Edward Paulton, authors of Erminie, Niobe, etc.
Matinees Wednesday and Friday.
Next Week—Palmer Cox's "BROWNIES."

ACADEMY. CLAXTON.
Prices, 25, 50, 75, $1.00.
Wed. and Sat. Mats., 25 and 50.
KATE CLAXTON
And Her Company in the
TWO ORPHANS.
Next week—KELLAR in Magic Marvels.

Overlook Inn.

Beautifully Situated on East Washington Heights.

Coaches connect at 3:00, 4:00, 5:00, 5:30, 6:00, 6:30, 7:00, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 and 12:00 p. m. with F st. cars at 8th and E. Cap. sts. and with cable cars at 8th st. and Penna. ave. Fare round trip, 25 cents.

IN THE GERMAN FATHERLAND

Bits of Absorbing Gossip Which Escaped the Submarine Cable.

Suspension Railroad, a Highwayman's Capture and Other Bits of Things Now Talked About.

Among the technical novelties introduced here the new electric suspension railroad between Leipsic and Halle deserves mention. The system is a recent invention of Eugene Langen, of Cologne, and its distinctive feature is the suspension of the cars. The only place where this new system has so far been tested for a short time is on a special line between Cologne and Deutz, a suburb, but there it has been found eminently successful. The safeguards are of a triple kind, so that serious accidents seem virtually excluded; the worst that can befall a train is its remaining fixed, or rather like Mohammed's coffin, suspended between heaven and earth, but only for a short time. At least so it is claimed, though I confess a train of such suspended cars, moving with lightning rapidity, looks anything but reassuring or safe to a person looking on from below.

By this new system of locomotion the running time between Leipsic and Halle—two large cities with heavy passenger and freight traffic between them, 33 kilometers, or about 22 English miles apart—is to be reduced from thirty-five minutes, as at present, to fifteen or twenty minutes. The Berlin municipal authorities are very anxious to see this new line in operation, as, in the event of all the promises made being carried out it is the intention to build several electric suspension roads for intramural traffic in Berlin.

Sobczyk, the romantic highwayman in Upper Silesia, who for several years bid defiance from out the dense forests on the Austrian frontier, where he disported himself, to all the authorities, and even to the whole military power of the district, has at last been captured by the ruse of a barber named Rumfelt.

Sobczyk has just been sentenced to decapitation for the three murders committed by him—all for revenge—and his captor has been paid the 5,000 marks reward offered by the government. Rumfelt, a dandified sort of tonsorial artist, with higher aspirations, caught his man by pretending to aid him to escape to America, gave him drugged wine to drink, and when unconscious wheeled his man in a barrow to the door of the chief of police, telling the latter, with a theatrical gesture, "I've done my share; now, Mr. Chief, do yours."

The rural population around Oppels, where Sobczyk for years lorded it a la Rinaldo Rinaldini, sees in this brigand, however, a sort of victim of untoward circumstances, and enthusiastically sides with him. At the trial it was with the utmost difficulty witnesses could be induced to testify against the defendant, and Rumfelt himself feels so uncomfortable in Tworoz—the little town where the romantic tragedy occurred—that he left for parts unknown at once after receiving his blood money.

A curious suicide was that of a millionaire in Leipsic, W. Bosenberg by name. He was the largest hymnbook publisher in the world, and had always enjoyed the reputation of being a severely honorable man. His suicide was due to the discovery that he had employed fraudulent practices in carrying out a contract for hymnbooks made with several of the smaller German governments.

War jubilee literature is still making its appearance by the ton. Among the more curious specimens is a book which contains in chronological order the French war and battle dispatches. These are, however, printed in such a manner that by placing an iron cross in the very center of each page these mendacious or grossly perverted original French stories become truthful accounts, the mendacious words in every case being covered by the cross. The compiler or "author" of this curious book signs himself "Baron de Munchhouse, Chauvinist in Retreat." Another amusing book of similar caliber is a humorous collection of all the caricatures published on the French side during the war of 1870.

Rather singular enterprise was shown by a gang of British burglars who several months ago invaded Germany and in quick rotation executed a number of clever and important hauls in Berlin, Hamburg and other cities. In Mannheim they were, however, found out and arrested, and in a large storage loft were found goods and furniture to the value of about 600,000 marks, among these being the complete interior outfit for a well-appointed house, which they were going to make their home of, apparently.

From statistics just published it is seen that during the ten years beginning 1884 the number of deaths in Prussia among those employed in the manufacture or sale of intoxicating beverages is away beyond the average. Of the 28,995 deaths there were 359 from delirium tremens, 808 from suicide, 630 from accidents, over 2,400 from apoplexy and about 1,800 from old age.

Stoll's great sale of shoes—Ladies'—Men's—Children's, at less than wholesale cost. Don't buy shoes until you have visited this sale.

M. GOLDENBERG,
928 7th Street,
Formerly Carhart & Leidy's.

SILKS AT A SACRIFICE.

Last Wednesday we attended the Peremptory Trade Sale of the entire Fall production of the Phoenix Silk Manufacturing Company of

6,175 Pieces of Dress Silks

by Field, Chapman and Fenner, 80 and 82 Leonard street, New York City.

We were heavy buyers—secured hundreds of yards of it at much below what it cost this famous silk manufacturing company to produce it. To-morrow it will be ready for your inspection and buying.

PLAIN CHANGEABLE SILKS, combinations of red and black, blue and brown, green and red, gray and black, brown and black, etc. Regular price, 40c. yard.
OUR PRICE, 19c YD.

BLACK ALL-SILK RHADAME. Regularly 50c. a yard.
OUR PRICE, 31c YD.

20 and 24-inch CHRYSANTHEMUM CREPES, variety of plain colors, very pretty material. Regular price, 50c. yard.
OUR PRICE, 25c YD.

FIGURED CHANGEABLE SILKS, beautiful for waists, in a variety of shades. Regular price, 45c. yard.
OUR PRICE, 29c YD.

24-inch BLACK SATIN BROCADES, beautiful and new designs. Regular price, $1.25 a yard.
OUR PRICE, 75c YD.

19-inch BLACK ALL-SILK GROS GRAIN, fine quality. Regular price, 75c. yard.
OUR PRICE, 49c YD.

21-inch BLACK ALL-SILK GROS GRAIN, very fine quality. Regular price, $1 yard.
OUR PRICE, 69c YD.

Superior Quality 21-inch BLACK RUSTLING TAFFETA SILKS. Regular price, $1.
OUR PRICE, 69c YD.

27-inch BLACK RUSTLING TAFFETA SILKS, superior quality. Regular price, $1.25 yard.
OUR PRICE, 80c YD.

20-inch BLACK ARMURE MOURNING SILK. Regular price of these was $1 yard.
OUR PRICE, 69c YD.

20-inch BLACK SATIN DUCHESSE. Regular price, $1 yard.
OUR PRICE, 69c YD.

21-inch BLACK SATIN DUCHESS. Regular price of these goods was $1.25.
OUR PRICE, 79c YD.

21-inch BEAUTIFUL FAILLE FRANCAISE, the regular price of which is $1.25 yard.
OUR PRICE, 75c YD.

BEAUTIFUL FAILLE FRANCAISE, which sold regularly at $1.50 yard.
OUR PRICE, 90c YD.

Superior Quality BLACK SATIN BROCADES, which sell regularly at $1.25.
OUR PRICE, 89c YD.

Beautiful BLACK GROS GRAIN SILKS, which sell regularly at $1.25.
OUR PRICE, 89c YD.

22-inch BLACK SATIN LUXOR, beautiful goods, and the finest silks manufactured, which sell regularly at $1.50 yard.
OUR PRICE, 98c YD.

23-inch BLACK SATIN LUXOR, same splendid quality as above, only little wider. Regular price, $1.75 yard.
OUR PRICE, $1.10 YD.

24-inch BLACK SATIN LUXOR, the finest grade manufactured. Regular price, $2 yard.
OUR PRICE, $1.25 YD.

24-inch BLACK SATIN DUCHESSE. Regular price, $1.50 yard.
OUR PRICE, 98c YD.

M. GOLDENBERG,
928 Seventh St.

AMUSEMENNTS.

ALLEN'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE
Week of Nov. 4.
Marie Wainwright,
TO-NIGHT and WEDNESDAY EVENING and WEDNESDAY MATINEE,
Florence Schoeffel's Four-act Play,
HIS PURITAN WIFE.
THUR