MY BED IS A BOAT

My bed is like a little poat; Nature helps me in when I embark; She girds me in my sailor's coa And starts me in the dark.

At night I go on board and say Good-night to all my friends on shore; I shut my eyes and sail away And see and hear no more

And sometimes things to bed I take, As prudent sailors have to do Perhaps a slice of wedding-cake, Perhaps a toy or two.

All night across the dark we steer; But when the day returns at last Safe in my room, beside the pier, I find my vessel fast.

R. L. Stevenson.

THE SUBSTITUTE.

At the station the woman peeped about her, wistfully, timidly. She was all alone, and the heavy veil she wore against the driving mist hardly seemed to shut her off from a world hostile by its very strange-ness. It was all so different from her own conception of a military encampment. Within her mind she had pictured the ordered regularity of shining tents. Instead, her blue, brooding eyes peered across a scene of tumult and stark confusion. Men in the rag-tag and bobtail of fusty uniforms bawled out orders which no one seemed to beed. Distracted railroad officials toiled fruitlessly at a mass of unidentifiable freight, grow ing momentarily by the outpourings of fresh cars. A pair of glaring pine shacks rose from a wallow of mud in the foreground. Back of them a dingy huddle of tents barely held its own against the gale that swept across the Sound, while on the other side of the crowded tracks, the verdured, treeless Montauk hillocks undulated nakedly to the Atlantic.

A voice behind the woman yelled, importuning some distant source of informa-

"Hey! Where'll we put this thing? The woman turned, and shuddered back from a coarse, deal coffin, heavy with its dead. Her swift revulsion brought her roughly in contact with a man who had jumped aside to escape a truck, cursing the clumsiness of its handlers while still, as it were, in mid air. Fiercely he turned upon her, eyes that were red from sleeplessness

"What are you doing here?" he growled. "This is no place for women."

"I want to find the hospital," she answered in a sweet, deep-toned voice, with just a slight accent of German. "Could you tell me where-"Everywhere!" he interrupted, broadly

sweeping a gesture with his thin, browned hand. "All hospital!" "Ah-h-h," she breathed quiveringly.

"All hospital."

"For miles and miles around," he said, with stern gravity."
Pushing aside her veil she looked abroad

over that dismal scene. The man glanced into her face, and took from his unkempt head the wreckage of a hat. It was not a beautiful face; but never, the man thought, had he seen one more sweet and loving and sorrowful. She might have sat for a model of the Madonva at forty. Eternal mother-hood yearned in her brooding gaze. For an instant she turned it upon himand he understood.

"You are looking for your son?" he said. "Yes," said the woman. "For my hov; my Karl." Her eyes widened. "Wunderbar! How have von known!" He shook his head, musingly. "Never

rough with you at first." She made a little gesture signifying that it mattered nothing, and passed to that which lay deepest in her heart.

mind." said he.

"My Karl," she besought. "You will help me to find him?" A hurrying express official—an executive of some inportance who had contributed

his own "personal supervision" to the increase of confusion-bumped into them. head over shoulder. The man caught at "Get me a sheet of paper and a pencil

will you?"
"Wo d' you think you're talking to?"
"Get out of my was the angry response. "Get out of my

The other whirled him round with a swing. "Do as you're ordered," he snap-"You're not in your office now." The express official muttered some apol ogy about not having understood. "Paper's a scarce article just now," he said. "Here's a bit of pencil. I'll try to find some."

He stepped back and a bright, new shingle cracked under his heel. Never mind. Get off that shingle," said the other and picked it up. Resting it on his knee he hastily scrawl-

ed upon its smooth side:

Dear Major Brown:
Please do what you can for the bearer. She needs it. And oblige,
Yours,
CHASE, PROV. Mar. "Take that to Major Brown at the Geu-

eral Hospital," he said, handing it to the She caught it to her bosom. Her facwas radiant.

"You are so kind," she said simply. "Where shall I find him?" 'Wait a minute. Hey! You!"

In response to the peremptory hail a ramshackle turn-out came clattering up, the driver touching his cap as he drew

"Take her to the General Hospital. See that she reaches Major Brown's orderly. Understand? Don't charge her three prices either. D' you hear?

"All right, sir. She's as good as there." "If he tries to stick you more than half a dollar, you let me kmow," added the man turning to her. "That's all right sbout the thanks, Hope you find your boy. Maybe I'll run across you at the hospital to-morrow if you're— Blast your eyes, you idiot! Didn't I tell you not to come back without baving seen General Young?'
And the man whirled, with furious words upon a stupid-looking underling who was led.

Half-stunned with the savage swiftness her new-found friend. The shaky vehicle toiled up long hills, drawing aside now rushing, thundering, six-mule teams makwhistles of guidance; down into sloughs of mud where loud enrsing and loud-cursed privates of the engineer corps toiled to unbog stalled provision wagons; along the shores of a gloomy lake lined with the shivering sick who had crawled thither to among all this suffering day after day! My sun themselves and been caught in the heart is like to burst out of me!" She pressswift onslaught of the gale; and so, at last, ed her hands to her breast and looked at up the long ascent to the great hospital.

Here, for the first time, the driver was able to withdraw attention from his mo-

"Friend o' Capt'in Chase's, be ye?" he asked. "I do not know him," said the woman. "Gentleman that put ye in my rig."
"Ah! He is a soldier, then?"

"No, ma'am. He's an officer. Provost Maishal o' this camp. He's a terror, he is! Don't think of nothin' but work an' makin' other folks work." "He thought of a stranger's need," she

said softly. The driver looked at her with shrewd, o' yours, I bet."
'Yes. You know it, too. As he did. Long Island surmise. "Searchin' fer a boy

With a somewhat sheepish grin, driver replied: "Oh, I dunno. Just kinder guessed it from your looks. Wounded?" "No. He is ill of typhoid fever. As

oon as I got the news I started. That was four days ago. Four days ago," she repeated to herself, and shivered. "I swanny! Must 'a' come quite some

"From Montana," said the woman. 'The distance is nothing, if only I come in

time. "Likely to have quite some difficulty, I should suppose. Reg'lar flammuxed up, them hospitals. General Hospital up here; First Division over yonder; Detention Hospital back a ways. Chuck the sick soldiers in whereever it comes handiest. No labels

to 'em or nothin'." "Labels?" queried the woman "Sure," said the driver cheerfully. "To tell who they are. Lots of 'em don't know, no more'n a lump o' mud. Plumb looney.

Or senseless." 'The woman's calm features contracted with pain. "Was he a private?" continued the lo-

quacious Jehu. "A private of the Sixth Cavalry. Perhaps some of his officers-

'Oh, shucks! They wouldn't know. Don't nobody know about privates. They don't count. Pile'em ap any place. May not even have got up here from Cuby at all. Why, they's officers been missin' here for more'n a week and no trace of em. If they can't look out for officers, what

woman. "Oh, say, ma'am," cried the Long Is lander in quick contrition. "I did n't go for to pester your feelin's. Like as not you'll find him, slick an' easy. Anyhow, Major Brown 'll git him if he 's here. This pondent. "But how in Heaven's name did

Ushered by an olderly in flannel paja-mas—there was a shortage of clothing as of most else in the ho-pital—the woman was

And she was right. Two days later a brought before a powerfully built, heavy- bride of a year was searching the camp over bearded man who was giving out rapid directions to half a dozen subordinates. He summoned her—just in time. read the shingle, and his eyes, sore with

want of rest and worry, twinkled.

a friend of his—"
"No; Major Brown," said the woman

"Ob, well; be's a friend of yours anyway, or he would n't have done this hit of wood-engraving. What is the trouble?" Standing before him she told her story. Few words there were to it, for she was mistress of contained emotions. Her only boy-the sudden contagion of patriotic fervor in their little village-his enlist-"But I am sorry I was every son of woman upon whom the spell

> the brief, pregnant recital was over. must see what we can do. We must cer-tainly see— Well, well! I don't wonder that Chase— It's a haystack search, ma'am,

> that shingle?" which served as his desk, he scribbled on

Pass bearer, all lines. Brown.

"Now, the best thing you can do is to help. That's all there was to it." tart right in and look through the tents. "No diagram needed," returned the start right in and look through the tents. If you-I mean, when you find him, send me word. I'll get quarters for you with

A young man, shabby and worn as were some details. "Know anything about such a man?" he asked, in conclusion.

The young man shook his head. "Not by that description," he said.

'This is one of our newspaper corres pondents." the Major explained to the woman. "He knows more about the sick men than any of us, because he's making

newspaper man by his service in that tragic camp, he yet saw the face of the speaker, worn and loving and sorrowful, grow dim | fied at last, burst from the fallen chest. before his eyes as the narrative drew its The eyes, half-glazed, seemed to look

"No;" he said gently. "I'm afraid I joy in their gaze. "Mother!" he whispered. you. I can guide you to the tents he's most

likely to be in." "That 'll be first rate," said the Major heartily. "I was afraid you could n't spare was no more than a hoy. "It's you! I

"I can't" said the other in a half whisper as the woman eagerly turned to go. "But gasps. Like the hands of one groping in I'll do it. Did von ever see such—such a darkness, her hands spread and fluttered. mesmeric face! When she said, 'He is all As the figure on the cot thrust out waste the child I shall ever have.' I felt as ifwell, as if I were a little boy once more. firmly on her wrist. And," he added, with apparent irrelevance, "she does n't look any more like my mother than you do."

"Nor mine," said the Surgeon-Major A common hallucination; that's all." With a sob she straightened up. ed old Hard-shell Case, too," he chuck- "Mother! Mother!" The thin voice

Together, the woman and the correspon ent began the long routine of the ho of it all, the woman was driven away from tents. Upon face after face fell her questing gaze, only to turn away in infinite pity and infinite disappointment. and again for the downward passage of Once after she had risen from moistening the forehead of a wan convalescent who had ing speed to the music of the drivers' shrill begged her for a word, she turned to her

companion.
"How do they bear it! How do they bear it!" she half groaned.

"Who, these?" said he "The doctors. And you have to b

All that day and far into the evening lasted the futile search. Continually her quest was interrupted by the appeals of those to whom the very sight of the woman was a blessing and an assuagement of suffer-And though her own errand tugged ing. at her heartstrings, she turned a deaf ear to no appeal. Once the reporter thought she had found ber lost one. That was when a tall, black-bearded man shot out a swift hand from his haddle of blankets and caught her wrist. The man's evelids were pressed tight together and he was mattering rapid-

"Is it your son?" cried the reporter. "No," was the sorrowful reply. "My Karl is broad and fair and only a boy.

What does this man say?" A convalescent who was acting as attendant hobbled up. "Don't be scared, mum," he said. He 's looney but he ain't 'armful. Too weak." "I am not afraid," she said quietly.

'Who is he?" "Wisht we knew. Off'cer, I think. He can't tell nothin'. Only sputters out foolish figgers. Been that way for a week.

Listen, now." "Six-hundred-and-fifty," issued in a thin edge of speech from the fevered mouth. "Six-hundred-and-fifty. Six-hundred-and fifty. Tell them. Tell them. Tell them. Six-hundred-and-fifty."

Bending above him the woman quieted the tossing head with a cool hand, and spoke softly in his ear. The wrinkled forehead relaxed a trifle. "Six-hundred-and fifty" he repeated, and now there was a note of appeal in his voice.
"That is where she lives?" asked the

woman in a matter-of-fact tone. "You want us to tell her to come?" "Of course," he said petulantly. "Tell

Agues to come." "We will send word to 650-what street?" "Fourth Avenue, of course," came the

ready answer.
"And the mame?" she asked softly. But the wearied brain would work no further. The man moaned, thrust his withered arms outward and was convulsed

by a chill. "Well, what do you think of that!" cried the attendant in dire amazement. 'We've been tryin' to get somethin' out of chance d' you s'pose a private's got?" him for a week. Nobody thought nothin' "Gott mich erbarme!" murmured the of them figgers."

"We must do the best we can," said the voman. "How can I get a telegram sent to Agnes, 650 Fourth Avenue, New York?

pondent. "But how in Heaven's name did is the Major's quarters. No, ma'am; I don't want no pay. I-I-I did n't go for to discourage you. I hope—I-I guess you'll find your boy all right."

She flushed a little. "Something —I cannot explain—I knew. I knew there was some one who longed for him as my Karl

On the day after the woman's arrival, the correspondent, dismounting in front of "Swell stationery, Chase uses," he began. "Well, anything that can be done for smile a greeting to him. There was no need "I must n't let you think that. He has been very kind; but I never saw him be-maining tents."

Of question; the search had not ended. To-gether they finished the round of the re-maining tents. of question; the search had not ended. To-

"He is not here-anywhere," said the

woman, in still dispair. The correspondent cleared his throat and started to tell her something. It concerned the burial ground where lay the unknown dead. Among them, he knew, were two privates of cavalry; so much the sur-geon had determined, but no more was known of them. With the best of intenment while still in college—the one or two glowing letters from the fort—Cuba—the the start. There he switched off to the brief word that told her of the fever and—
could the Major give her back her son?
That was all. But each syllable through the Detention Hospital that afternoon. It with the mother's passion that compels was a very faint hope, for all convalescents of that lot were supposably listed. It was laid.
"Well, well, well!" said the Major when about the nameless graves. But he was a "We coward , that correspondent. I ought to

Something about medical supplies gone wrong called Captain Chase from his thousbut we'll find him if he's here. Where's and and one other duties, to the General Hospital that afternoon. Outside of the Picking it up from the packing box latest erected tent he met Major Brown.

"Ought to be court-martialed for unloading that woman on you," said the Provost Marshal. "Could n't help it. She wanted her son and she had to have him, and I had

surgeon. "She had me going, from the first. And that newspaper chap has been playing messenger boy for her. Queer, the nurses, somehow—though the Lord knows where, for they 're sleeping in trunks ain's it? But she has n't found ner young now," he added to himself. "Wish I had hopeful."

"'Umph!" grunted the soldier. Then he "Beeken your mammy

swore mildly, "Reekon your mammy might have been lookin' for you that 'aall in that weary camp, entered the tent and gave the Major good day. In neturn the Major furnished him with a name and well! Where is she?" "Just went inside to look over this new

batch." Half way down the tent they came upon her. She was bending over an improvis ed box-cot that suggested grimly an original intent to be a coffin. Its occupant was delitious and muttering, his face half buried in the bunch of cloth that a daily list. You tell him about your served as a pillow. Suddenly he whirled over and opened his dark eyes full upon The woman told. Hardened as was the the face bending above him. A wondering smile curved and bovered in the corners of his mouth. A sigh of intense longing, satisthrough and heyond her; there was a great

The woman caught in her throat a little

ory of dismay.
"Mother!" whispered the boy again-he knew you'd come."

The woman's breath struggled forth in arms toward her, the Major's grasp fell

'Don't be alarmed," said his low-dropped voice behind her. "He is semi-delirious. You are the first woman he has seen

"Mother! Mother!" The thin voice ros to a wail, poignant with terror and grief. "You're not going to leave me!" At the cry, all the imperative maternity of the woman rose within her. She droppe

on her knees, took the burning head to her

som and cradled it there, the bright tears falling on the hoy's face.
"Dou't cry," he said. "It 's all right now. You won't go away again, will you?"

The tone was serene. But Major Brown leaning to his fellow-officer whispered in his ear; "I've seen'em take the knife without a whimper. But this-with her own boy maybe dying in reach of her-well, it | heats me!"

woman's hand, and dozed. She moved her-she war my old man's fust wife!"

painfully nearer, to ease herself a little, if it might be, from the strain. Captain Chase caught up one of the few and priceless chairs of the camp, tore the legs out, and thrust it under her for support. Presently the patient's lips moved; he muttering incoherently. The woman bent

her head and spoke gently.
"Yes," he said. "I know. I'll go to sleep in a minute. I was thinking of the scrap. Oh, I must show you where they Feebly and proudly he clawed the shirt

from his shoulder to show the bullet mark. "The Sixth was doing business that day." "What Sixth? Not-not the Sixth Cavalry!" It had broken from her lips before

she thought. "Of course! You knew that," he said aggrievedly. "Yes, yes, dear," she said patiently,

and loosed her hand to smooth the hair back from his forehead. "I'll tell you how I got it. There was a fellow we called Dutchy in our troop. Big, white headed chap from out West some-where. What was his real name? My head's all wrong. Anyway, when we got in under the earthwork he was next to me. He was a queer mutt. Fussy as a girl about bugs and worms, and always scared blue

that one of those big tarantula spiders would get in his shoe. He stopped short, for the hand on his forehead was quivering like a creature stricken. Dutchy! And that dread of crawling things that had been born in her boy, the heritage of her own shuddering

ed. "Look out! She's going to faint," said Captain Chase, sharply.
She motioned him back.
"Why, mother!" said the sick soldier.

What is it? You 're shaking."

"It is nothing," she said sweetly. on-my boy."
"Keep your hand on my forehead. feels so cold; it helps me to think. When we got to the trenches one of the biggest, hairiest tarantulas in all Cuba popped out

of a hole right in front of Dutchy. He hegan to shiver all over. Just like you did, then. Don't you like spiders, mother?"
"He's piling it on," whispered Major
Brown. "She can't stand much more. Well, it can't last much longer. He's al-

most gone. This is the last flicker."
"Yes, sir; I thought Dutchy was going to make a sneak from that hug," continued the boy. "Instead he pulled his gun and the boy. "Instead he pulled his gun and spattered the spider all over the place. Laugh! I laughed so I had to stand up to get the kinks out of me, and when I stood up some Spanish son-of-a-gun got me. After it was over Dutchy came back and gave me all his water and carried me half a mile on his back. Water was worth money, then, I tell you, too." "And what became of-of - Dutchy

after?" "I don't know," said the boy gropingly "I think he's here--somewhere. Mother!" The leap of the woman's heart had all but lifted her to her feet. At the cry she

relaxed. "There, there," she murmured. "Be at peace.' "You-you-I thought you started to

go, then.' "Don't he afraid, dear. Tell me why you think Dutchy is here." "Well, while we were being taken off

the ship I thought I heard him yelling to some one to take that bug away. Maybe it was my head, though. Most everybody was crazy and yelling, anyway.' Again the eyes closed.
"I 'll raise his head while you get away,"

whisnered Major Brown. "Chase, be ready

to lift her out.' As if warned, the boy's hand wavered up and closed on the fingers caressing his fore-head. A sublime despair settled on the woman's face. Something like a spasm shook her and passed. She looked up at the men behind ber, eagerly ready for her resone, and with such an aspect as angels must bend from the heavens, she shook

"Well, I am-never mind what!" said Major Brown. "Talk about sheer nerve!" An hour later the boy died; died happily with eyes fixed in blessed ignorance on the mothering face to the last. She kissed the dead lips and murmured: "Pray God for me that I may see my son-if only as I saw you."

Then, utterly foredone she tried to get to ber feet, lurched forward, and would have fallen but for the two officers. them they supported her toward the opening, as, racked and gasping, she staggered down the long, grassy aisle. Half way, a gaunt apparition rose in their path. It was the skeleton of a blonde, blue-eyed young giant, the emaciated face bristling palely with a scrub of beard.

"No, my friend," muttered the Captain, blocking off the obstructor. "Not any more imaginary sons for her to-day. Flesh and blood could n't stand it." The woman took no heed. Her tear blinded eyes saw nothing. The gaunt apparition leaped forward and clawed at

er breast. From its bearded lips quav-

ered a hoarse, barsh voice. "Don't you know me? Oh, Mutterchen!
Don't you know me? It's Karl." There was a ringing cry, a great sob of joy, and the substitute mother had come to er own.-By Samuel Hopkins Adams, in

A GOOD STORY.

McClure's Magazine.

Frank Deshon who has been touring the South at the head of the Nixon & Zimmerman Opera company's elaborate produc-tion of "The Office Boy," Ludwig Eng-langer and Harry B. Smith's melodious musical comedy, ran against strong oppoition in Chattanooga in the person Samuel P. Jones, the famous revivalist, Deshon, interested in his opposition, as he had felt the sting of Jones' popularity in other towns which they had played, attended one of the meetings in which Samuel P. waxed eloquently. He suddenly, said Deshon, interrupted his discourse with this

"How many of you have ever known a perfect man, entirely perfect without any fault at all?"

He glanced fiercely at his silent audience that made no sign. Then evidently to show his fairness he asked: "Well, who ever seen a perfec' woman?

Any one's ever seen a perfec' woman please To the Evangelist's utter amazement a tall, middleaged woman, whose big dark eyes set in her sallow face were fixed upon the preacher, arose from her seat on

"Madam," he thundered, "do you mean to tell me you've seen a perfect woman that never did no wrong at all?"

"Wal," she said slowly, gazing at her interlocutor with the air of one who feels that she has the basic truth on her side and who is solemnly conscious that she should adhere to the letter of it, "wal, I cavn't say as I ever did 'xactly see her, The sick man cradled his cheek on the but I hearn tell a powerful sight about

"Philadelphia's Old Continental" Begins Life Anew.

Under New Management and Reinvenated a Cost of Over \$150.000.

The Continental Hotel in Philadelphia has been lifted clear out of all semblance to its old self. At a cost of over \$150 000 Mr. H. E. Malthy, who took possession of the famous old hostelry in May, has been busily at work in renovating it since the 1st of

Inne Not only has it been remodelled, but new furniture has been installed throughout, and everything looking to the comfort of guests has been done. On the first floor the walls of the exchange, corridors. cafe, barber shop, and reception room have been torn away and built in solid marble.

On the second floor many of the room which were formerly en suite have been converted into ladies' salons, lounging rooms, men's smoking and reading rooms, and private dining-rooms. In the of these private dining-rooms Mr. Malthy has made it a point to have them equal the best in the city. They are beautifully decorated, the furnishings being in Flemish oak and solid mahogany and the walls decorations and paintings calculated to ap-

peal to the most critical eye.

All corridors on each of the five floors have been redecorated and in many places widened several feet. At regular intervals paintings and a variety of others of large dimensions.

Arabian curtains, with the Malthy crest "Go on," she said hoarsely, and waveras a centerpiece, have been hung in all the windows, while they, as well as the doorways, have been draped with heavy por-

To add to the ampsement of future gnests

a seven piece orchestra has been installed.

Afternoon and evening concerts will be the order in the future. In addition to the other improvements, many of the old windows have been torn away, and in their place colored glass has been installed. Handsome chandeliers replace those of former times, and in each of the 540 rooms of the hostelry they have been suspended from the centre of the ceil

decorations To add to the safety of guests fire escapes and kill the professors. Measures were of the newest design bave been placed at the four corners of the huilding and are

easily accessible from all floors. These improvements mark a new epocl in the old Continental's history, and hundreds of its patrons are sending in congrat-ulatory notes to Mr. Malthy from all parts of the country.

Finland Wins Her Freedon Czar Yields to Demands to Prevent an Open Revolu tion. Slaughter at Odessa Halts.

St. Petersburg, Nov. 6.-The whole structure of the autocratic regime is falling and Emperor Nicholas no longer resists. The memorable week in which were witnessed the abdication of absolutism before a political strike demonstration extending throughout the confines of the empire and reducing the government to impotency and the birth of a new and popular regime amid scenes of disorder, pillage, bloodshed and worse, ends in a complete surrender to the aspirations of the Finlanders.

After the issuance of the imperial rescript of March 3 the Finlanders managed to wrest some concessions, including the restoration of the Finnish language, and last week they were quick to see and to seize an opportunity while all the attention of the govwhereupon the Cossacks fired into the ernment was engrossed on the empire crowd, killing 12 persons and woundproper. They struck and tied up the railroads over which troops could be dispatched and compelled the emperor's appointed senate to resign in a body. They organized a militia in Helsingfors, practically drove the Russian gendarmerie out of the city and sent a The President Decides He is Not Able deputation to Prince John Obolensky. the governor general, and also one to Peterhof to demand the immediate convocation of the diet in extraordinary session and the obliteration of the whole Russification policy. The situation was so threatening that the government was obliged to send warships to Helsingfors and turn the guns of the

fort on the city. More Manifestos Signed. On the advice of Count Witte and Prince John Obolensky, Emperor Nicholas yielded and signed manifestos not only convoking the diet but giving it control of the budget and authorizing an election law providing for universal suffrage. Another manifesto abrogates the military and other laws of Russification. These have been dispatched by fast torpedo boat to Hel-

singfors.

Fatal encounters between the soldiers and the populace and anti-Jewish excesses are reported from many places in the provinces. At Kutais a military train was wrecked and nine soldiers were killed. After the collision the revolutionaries opened a rifle fire on the train and the troops replied in kind. There were several killed or injured on both sides.

At Berdicheff several persons were killed or injured, and at Minsk serious rioting arose through the troops preventing a meeting of citizens. The troops fired volleys into the crowds and there was intermittent firing for a long time. A hundred were killed and 600 were wounded. Indescribable horrors are being witnessed every day.

The massacre and pillage of the Jews continues at Kishineff.

ODESSA QUIETS DOWN Latest Accounts Tell of Horrible

Atrocities Inflicted On the Jews. Odessa, Nov. 6 .- A tour of the city and part of the suburbs found all quiet, while rows of shops that were pillaged have been boarded up. The poorer Jewish quarters suffered the worst, and the principal streets, with few exceptions, were untouched. Russian shops are marked with crosses painted on the shutters and the private houses with ikons, so as to protect

them from the mobs. Peasants armed with knives and scythes tried to enter the city Saturday to loot the place, but they were driven back by the soldiers.

The casualties in Saturday's disturb

ances exceed 140, and those of the preceding three days which have been verified, number nearly 5600. The plundering continued yesterday morning in the outlying districts, but today the city was relatively calm, though the population is still anxious.

Revolting Barbarity. The latest accounts of the devastation in the Jewish quarter add horror to the situation. Besides numerous mills, all the bakeries, shops and private houses have been destroyed. The Jews killed in every circumstance were treated with revolting barbarity. Heads were battered with hammers, nails were driven into the bodies, eyes were gouged out and ears severed. Many bodies were disemboweled, and in some cases petroleum was poured, over the sick found hiding in cellars and they were burned to death.

It is alleged that the police and soldiers everywhere marched at the head of mobs, inciting them to destroy the Jews by crying "The Jews have been finished in approved style, with have killed our emperor," and similar expressions. While the mobs were engaged in the slaughter the soldiers busied themselves pillaging the cash and jewels, leaving the household throughout their length appear landscape goods to the mobs. The owners of many houses got rid of the bandits by the payment of a ransom to the police.

The police prevented any one from arresting the looters and prevented also the Red Cross workers from aiding the wounded, actually firing upon those engaged in this work. A band of students removed much of the stolen property to the university, whither also they took 100 dead bodies of anti-Jewish demonstrators, whose relatives besieged the university, claiming the corpses and demanding the release of those demonstrators who were confined in the university. They threatings, and add much to the beauty of the ened otherwise to burn the university

> thereupon taken to transfer these prisoners to the regular prison.

Hundreds Killed at Kishineff. Odessa, Nov. 4.—A dispatch from Kishineff says: "A horrible massacre has occurred here. Hundreds have been killed. All the hospitals, pharmacies and hotels are full of wounded and mutilated persons.'

A telegram from Nicolaieff says: "The whole town is in the hands of bandits, who are devastating the Jewish houses and shops and beating Jews to death without the slightest hindrance.'

The authorities here have similar news from other southern cities. Massacreing Jews at Kieff. Kieff, Russia, Nov. 4.-The retirement of General Kleigels, the governor general of Kieff, who was removed Wednesday and who has been succeeded by General Soukhomlinoff, has not served to restore order. The entire city is in a ferment. A report that the Jews had destroyed a Christian monastery was circulated among the mob, and served to provoke a renewal oft he attacks on the Jews. The massacre continues. General Karass, the military commander, called out the

All the stores in the Jewish market have been plundered and destroyed.

CAN'T HELP RUSSIAN HEBREWS to Take Action Now.

Washington, Nov. 7. - President Roosevelt has decided that no action can be taken by this government at present which will be of any benefit to the Hebrews of Russia. This information was made public at the White House in the following statement:

"Oscar Strauss called upon the president to consult with him as to whether there was any possibility of action which would result in a cessation of the horrors connected with the massacre of the Jews in Russia. The president stated that, of course, he had been watching with the deepest concern the reports of these massacres; that he had been appealed to within the last few weeks to try to take some action not only on behalf of the Jews in Russia, but in behalf of the Armenians, Poles and Finns. The result of the president's inquiries coincide with statements contained in a cablegram from Count Witte to Jacob H. Schiff shown the president by Mr. Schiff, as follows:

"The government is horrified at these outrages. You know that I do not sympathize with such savage outbreaks. All I can do to stop the disorders is done, but as the country is in such unsettled state the local authorities are often powerless.'

"In the conditions of social disorder which actually exist in Russia, the president does not see that any action can be taken by this government at present which will be of any benefit to the unfortunate sufferers for whom we feel such keen sympathy."

THREE DEAD IN RUNAWAY Man. Wife and Niece Met Death On Mountain Road.

Bedford City, Va., Nov. 6. Vaughn a prominent Bedford county farmer; his wife and their 12-year-old niece met horrible and almost instant deaths in a runaway on the mountain road leading to the Peaks of Otter. Mrs. Vaughn and the girl seem to have been instantly killed, while Mr. Vaughn, with his head and body horribly mangled, died soon after being found and without speaking a word. A remarkable feature of the tragedy is that neither the horse, harness nor buggy was injured. The buggy was found on the opposite side of the road from which the three bodies lay. There were no eye witnesses of the tragedy.