

MY BED IS A BOAT.

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

E. 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 strangeness.

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

"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.

"You are looking for your son?" he said. "Yes," said the woman. "For my boy; my Karl." Her eyes widened. "Wonderful! How have you known?"

"Get me a sheet of paper and a pencil, will you?" "Do you think you're talking to?" was the angry response. "Get out of my way."

"Take that to Major Brown at the General Hospital," he said, handing it to the woman. She caught it to her bosom. Her face was radiant.

"How do they hear it? How do they hear it?" she half growled. "Who, these?" said he. "The doctors. And you have to be among all this suffering day after day! My heart is like to burst out of me!"

Here, for the first time, the driver was able to withdraw attention from his motive power. "Friend o' Capt'n 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 Marshal of this camp. He's a terror, he is! Don't think of nothin' but work an' unakin' other folks work."

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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 suffering.

"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?"

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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.

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"Philadelphia's Old Continental" Begins Life Anew.

Under New Management and Rejuvenated at 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. Malby, who took possession of the famous old hostelry in May, has been busily at work in renovating it since the 1st of June.

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 rooms 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 matter of these private dining-rooms Mr. Malby has made it a point to have them equal the best in the city.

Arabian curtains, with the Malby crest as a centerpiece, have been hung in all the windows, while they, as well as the doorways, have been draped with heavy portieres.

To add to the amusement of future guests 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 ceilings, and add much to the beauty of the decorations.

To add to the safety of guests fire escapes of the newest design have been placed at the four corners of the building and are easily accessible from all floors.

These improvements mark a new epoch in the old Continental's history, and hundreds of its patrons are sending in congratulatory notes to Mr. Malby from all parts of the country.

Finland Wins Her Freedom.

Czar Yields to Demands to Prevent an Open Revolution. Slaughter at Odessa Halts.

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, and 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.

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 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 goods to the mobs.

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."

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 government was engrossed on the empire proper. 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.

More Manifestos Signed. On the advice of Count Witte and Prince John Obolensky, Emperor Nicholas yielded and signed manifestos, not only conyoking 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 Helsingfors.

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.

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-

Man, Wife and Niece Met Death On Mountain Road.

Bedford City, Va., Nov. 6.—John 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 pulled out 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.