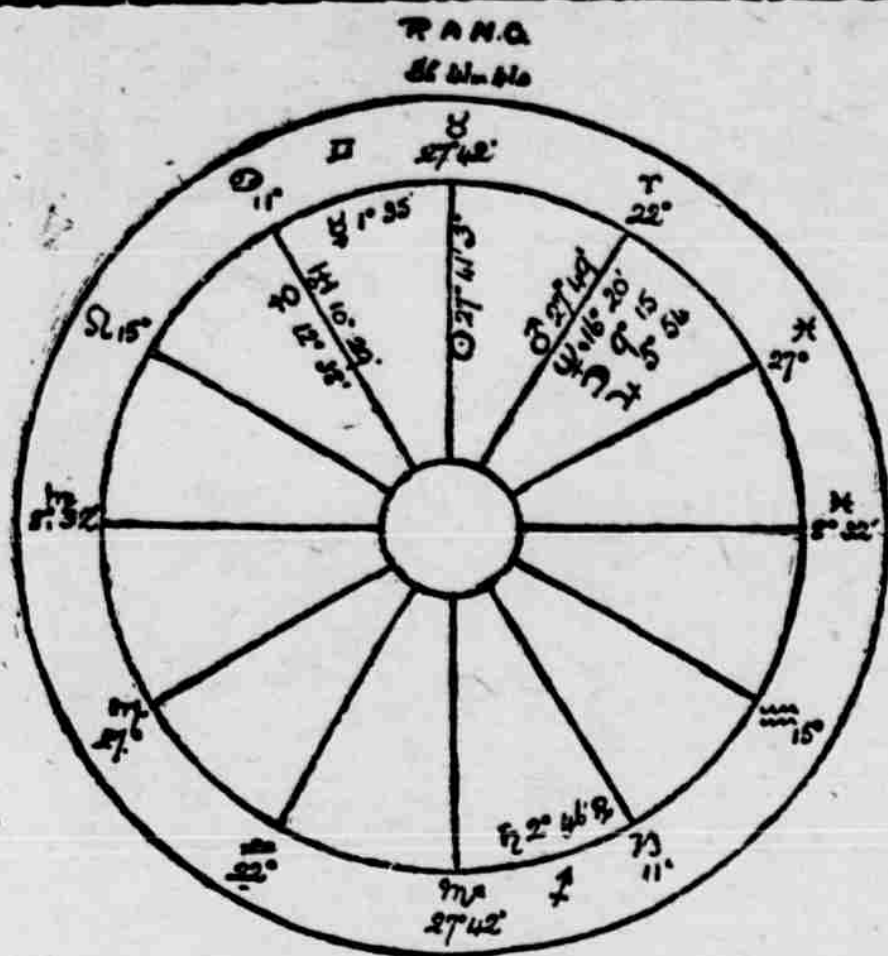


LOOKS DUBIOUS FOR CZAR



HOROSCOPE OF THE CZAR.

At this time when the eyes and attention of the entire civilized world are focused on Russia, the czar and his great army in the far east, the horoscope of Nicholas II. should prove of interest, even to those who do not believe that the position of certain planets about the time of a person's birth has anything whatever to do with the ups and downs of life.

The czar was born at St. Petersburg, May 18, 1868. The time of day was noon, or to get the time down to astrological nicety at 11 h. 56 m. 14 s. a. m., St. Petersburg time. According to a horoscope published in an astrological magazine called "Destiny," there were untoward aspects in the heavens about that time which determine that the czar at this time is in a most terrible position.

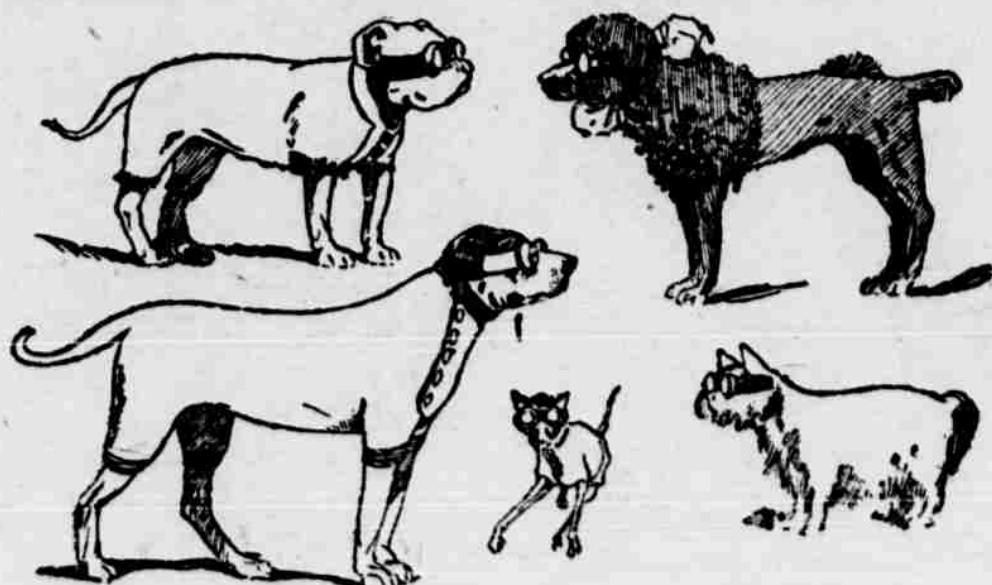
An evil influence has been at play about him all his life. Simple and un-

assuming in manner, with both the ability and the desire to do his duty, he stands surrounded by friends and counselors who are false and deceptive, and by enemies who are powerful and unyielding.

He is not a robust man, and his constitution is by no means strong. His nervous system is weak and deranged, and he lacks stamina and force of will. Heavenly signs at the time of his birth foreordained that fate would be too powerful for his weak frame and feeble will to stand against.

All of these doomful, dubious signs the astrologer who ciphered out the horoscope interprets as disastrous. The portents point to the defeat of Russian arms in the present struggle with Japan, internal eruptions in the great empire of the bear, humiliation, dismemberment, and death of the czar.

AUTOMOBILE SUITS FOR DOGS



From Paris the latest automobile fad has come, and the dog that goes motoring with his master or mistress will hereafter wear goggles, coat and cap in New York just as his European brother has been doing for several years.

Women will be very prompt to take up this new fad, the automobile supply dealers believe. It has long been a custom in France to protect pet dogs with the peculiar outfit of the automobilists, and it is contended by those who have set the fashion that a dog needs such protection quite as much as a human being. It is argued that the dog's eyes are even more susceptible to the injurious effect of wind

and dust than are those of the automobilist, and for this reason he is entitled to the protection afforded by goggles.

Lap dogs, accustomed to the atmosphere of a house, cannot stand the chilling effect of the draught created by the swift motion of the automobile on country roads, it is asserted, and for this reason they must have an automobile coat.

So the New York dog that goes riding in a touring car henceforth, if he be a real stylish dog, must put on all the "toggerly" of his master or mistress, be he pug, bull terrier, greyhound or Great Dane.—New York Press.

HE SOLD HIS COAL

SCOTCHMAN "HELD UP" UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.

War Vessel in Pursuit of the Confederate Cruiser Alabama Filled its Bunkers with Fuel at a Cost to Uncle Sam of \$80,000.

"One of the peculiar businesses that grew up as a result of the civil war was the establishment of private coaling stations in all sorts of out of the way places," remarked E. McKee, late of the United States navy. "You see, the government could not tell on what part of the earth's surface its war vessels might have to cruise in their chase for privateers and other craft menacing its operations, and, of course, could not make arrangements for coal. As a consequence the captains were authorized to secure the best bargains they could at such ports as they might touch when a supply was needed. Thrifty ones in the most unfrequented waters prepared for a possible visit from a United States war steamer with low coal bunkers, and when the fish entered their net they charged up for the time they had to wait. They were not patriots, but were on earth strictly for the root of all evil.

"I was a marine on the Vanderbilt during her 25,000-mile chase after the confederate cruiser Alabama. We left the port of New York in 1862. We took Capt. John A. Winslow to Fayal, in the West Indies, where he took command of the Kearsarge, the vessel that eventually rounded up the prey. At that time the ocean was dotted with the ships of Uncle Sam in quest of the greatest and most formidable of the enemy's cruisers.

"At nearly every port we stopped we would get more or less misleading information, and would hopefully follow every clew. While in the South Atlantic we heard from what appeared to be a most authentic source that the Alabama was at the Cape of Good Hope. As we approached St. Helena, Napoleon's island, the coal bunkers got low, and we stopped there, and opened negotiations with a Scotchman for a new supply. He serenely demanded \$30 a ton in gold, without going to the trouble of removing his pipe while stating his outrageous terms. The exchange was \$285, making the total price Uncle Sam was asked to pay \$80 a ton, and we were using 400 tons a day running at moderate speed.

"After a run of ten hours the ship's officers held a consultation. The almost impossibility of reaching the cape without coal was only too clear, and if a storm should come up the ship would be absolutely helpless. It was a hard thing to do, but there didn't seem to be any alternative. The ship was reversed and put back to St. Helena. 'Scotch' was occupying the identical position we had left him in on his black gold mine. This time he was a trifle more interested, because he knew we were going to trade with him. He gave us his philosophy in this way: He had been sitting on that coal pile for eighteen months, waiting for a ship to come that had to have it. He observed from the height of the Vanderbilt above the water that she came in light, and that her officers would not dare risk a storm while she stood up so high. Our return did not surprise him a bit, and he soon got his men to work and loaded 1,000 tons in the hold, for which the federal government paid \$80,000. He said somebody had to pay for his tobacco and his patience, and we happened to be the victims. He admired the United States and sometimes felt sympathetic—but sympathy wouldn't buy whisky and things like money would."—Kansas City Journal.

Prize for German Scientist.

Prof. Wilhelm Pfeffer, professor of botany at Leipzig, has won the Otto Wahlbruch prize awarded for the most important contribution to science during the last two years.

THE COW WAS CURIOUS.

She Visited a Saloon, a Store and a Hotel During Her Promenade.

The proverbial bull in the china shop was literally outclassed last night by a rebellious cow that broke away from its herd and raided two stores and a hotel near Sixteenth and Market streets.

The cow belonged to a herd which was being driven east on Market street. When the animal reached Seventeenth and Market streets, the cow became stubborn and refused to follow its companions. It trotted away and before the drovers could stop it entered the saloon of Edward Cronin at 1618 Market street.

There were sixteen or eighteen men lined up around the bar, and when "Sookie" strolled calmly in many of them imagined that a friend of the nether regions had taken new form. There was a wild scamper and the place was deserted in a minute. After knocking a few glasses from the bar the cow left the place.

It then calmly strolled into the dry goods store at 1616 Market street. A number of women were in the store shopping, and those that wore red dodged out of sight in the twinkling of an eye. Then the others followed within a minute later.

Then the cow left the store and sauntered into the woman's entrance to the Keystone hotel, a few doors away. Night Clerk Hoff threw up his hands and fled. The animal walked through the hallway and then scattered the guests in the dining room. In the kitchen three women cooks dropped pans and dishes and skipped out of "Sookie's" way.

Then the cow tried to go upstairs. The staircase was narrow, however, and it became fast about half-way up. With the help of several men the cow was pulled downstairs by its tail.

It rejoined the rest of the herd and later tried to ascend the steps of the Arcade building, but the drovers headed it off.—Chicago News.

The Dulcimer.

The leaves were blowing red and brown
Beneath the beech trees bare,
When the Dark Maid came to our town
With gold pins in her hair.

Her eyes were like a forest pool,
Her lips they were so sweet,
Every man put aside his tool,
To watch her down the street.

The leaves were blowing yellow and gray,
In the waning of the moon,
When the Dark Maid came along the way
With silver-buckled shoon.

Her mantle fell like folds of mist,
That rift and shift and change;
Was never wandering lutanist
That played a tune so strange.

The leaves were blowing crimson and gold,
The wind was like a sigh
That sobbed across a ferny wold,
Before the raindrops fly.

And none beheld her, whence she came,
Or knew the way she went,
Our hearts being stirred to smouldering flame
Of tenderest discontent.

The leaves were blowing ash and dun
Athwart the edge of night,
When the Dark Maid toward the setting sun
Sang herself out of sight.

And every man, from marvel roused,
Took up his toil again;
How should that fairy joy be housed
In homes of mortal men?

But still against a singing wind
In dreams we follow her,
The Dark Maid never looks behind,
That plays the dulcimer.

—May Byron in The Spectator.

For the Asking.

Thirty-five years ago a man sold over 2,000,000 cardboard hangers thus inscribed: "If You Don't See What You Want, Ask For It." They were suspended in conspicuous places in stores all over the United States, and customers were tickled by the compliment. Any merchant could have had the cards put to press by the local printer, but few thought of it. Besides to print two or three was expensive. In this lackadaisical world of ours it is necessary to tell the great majority of people what to do even in their own lines of business. Initiative is the gift which the gods most grudgingly bestow.—New York Press.