

Why Russia's Ruler Is Czar in Name Only

He has no Male Heir, and in His Death the Throne Would Pass to the Opposing Party.

St. Petersburg, July 26.—The Czar and Czarina are at present living quietly at their favorite country palace, Tsarkoe Selo, in anticipation of a happy event. Russia is in eager anticipation also, for the event has a deep political significance that cannot fail to have a direct bearing on the empire's future policy. Should the looked for heir be a son, he will, should he live, in course of time become emperor of Russia, and will be reared under the political influence of the present czar, thus practically insuring a continuation of the enlightened, progressive policy of Nicholas II.

The czar has four children, all of them daughters. While the government of Russia is an absolute hereditary monarchy, and while the will of the emperor is law, yet he cannot transfer his throne to his daughter. If Nicholas II. should die before a son is born to him, his successor would be his brother, the Grand Duke Michael, born in 1878. The latter is entirely under the influence of his mother, the Dowager Empress Marie Dagmar, widow of Emperor Alexander III., now in her fifty-fifth year. These few facts possess important political significance, which may change the future history of Europe to a marked degree, and as any radical change in Russian policy may vitally affect every great European power, all the world is naturally concerned.

There are no political parties in Russia, as the term is understood in the rest of the world, but there are rival factions at court which serve the purpose admirably. At present there are two of these rival parties or factions. One is headed by the Dowager Empress, and her influence is almost equal to that of the czar. It embraces many of those highest in authority, including dignitaries of the church, the army and the schools. It is known as the reactionary party, and it represents all the despotism and illiteracy of Russia under the old emperor.

Opposed to the reactionary party is the progressive party, with the czar at its head. His staunchest supporter is M. de Witte, the Russian Minister of Finance, and by every consideration the leading statesman of the empire. Also associated with him in progressive councils is the Grand Duke Constantine Constantinovitch. But despite these able supporters the czar's party is in reality in the minority. The all-powerful influence of the reactionary party

has been strongly manifested on more than one recent occasion in the balking of the czar's plans for the betterment of the schools of the empire. The czar's policy has ever been marked by wise, humane and progressive features. But his orders are quietly ignored, and policies which he does not favor are persistently pushed forward. Left to himself the czar would issue decrees for the amelioration of the peasant classes, for the aid of depressed agriculture, for more liberal education. His dealings with foreign powers would be more candid and direct. But the czar promises what his minister of foreign affairs quietly, but none the less firmly declines to fulfill.

The czar's plans for more liberal education for the masses are not executed by his minister of public education. His minister of war is so firmly attached to the dowager empress that it is even doubted that the czar could count on the support of his armies. All efforts of the czar for the amelioration of the agricultural classes have been as firmly opposed by his minister of the interior.

This situation, almost intolerable as it is to the present czar, exists only because he has no male heir. Up to the present time his children are all girls and barred from the throne. All of his hopes center in the coming event, which he prays may add a son to his household and give to Russia a direct heir to the throne. Four times he has been keenly disappointed.

The reactionary party in his cabinet is able to flaunt his misfortune in his face, because it is well known that in the event of his death the crown will pass to his brother Michael, who is directly under the influence of the dowager empress. If the present czar dies Michael will be the nominal ruler, but his mother will be the actual ruler. She is a woman in the prime of life, born to command.

Should a son be born to Nicholas II. the power of the dowager empress will be reduced to nothing in a moment. The czar will be a czar in fact as in name, and the ministers who now openly defy him, oppose his will, and refuse to execute his policy, will be at his feet.

Very sensational rumors are current as to what will happen if the czarina again fails to give birth to a male child, one of them being that the czar will abdicate. Another story is to the effect that the czar has been consulting Russian law of succession of Paul I., under which females are excluded from the throne until all males in the line of succession fail. That the czar would attempt anything of the kind, however, is regarded as highly improbable as it would certainly result in civil war.

THE VOICELESS

Written for the Gazette.
Some years ago I wrote the following, probably because I had nothing else to do at the time:

"I can imagine, but I hope never to see, a bird with all the instincts of its kind, of yearning for the glory of soaring, up and up, to heights, and thence to heights; in the free air of heaven, and the grandeur of sublimity, yet having little, deformed, ineffectual stumps of wings, upon which it can only flounder and flutter; just sufficient to enable it to realize what it is long for and cannot have.

"And it is a sad thing to contemplate a lyre, bursting with vibrant potentialities of all the emotions of the human soul—the whole gamut of sentiment, and the thought that is deeper than words, stringless and broken, its means of expression forever lost.

"But there live, I know, souls that yearn to rise to heights of truth and grandeur, who will never be content with gross earth, yet, are forever chained to it,—irrevocably limited to the possibilities of imperfect mortality, eternally doomed to bear, pent up, ideas of surpassing beauty, strains of music worthy to be struck from angels' harps. There are in the world today numberless beings of unlovely exterior and skillless hand who have artistic conceptions, which, if reduced to words, placed on canvass or embodied in marble would delight the millions throughout the ages; beings of discordant voice and tuneless ear in the depths of whose souls the music of the spheres resounds, throbbing for utterance; lustreless eyes and stammering tongues who have within potentialities of light and eloquence that would illumine the world and move it to great and noble deeds.

"For there is an art that is greater than form or coloring, a music that is deeper than melody or expression, an eloquence that is beyond words."

A few weeks after I had written this, and a good deal more like it, I came across Holmes' poem, "The Voiceless," in which I found he had said what I was trying to say. To my way of thinking, he never constructed a poem more nearly perfect:

"Where the sweet wailing singers slumber,
But o'er their silent sister's breast
The wild flowers, who will stoop to number?"

A few can touch the magic string,
And noisy fame is proud to win them;
Alas, for those who never sing,
But die with all their music in them!
O grieve not for the dead alone
Whose song has told their hearts' sad story;

Weep for the voiceless, who have known
The cross without the crown of song!
Not where Leucadian breezes sweep
O'er Sappho's memory haunted billow—

But where the glistening night dews weep
On nameless sorrow's churchyard pillow.

O hearts that break and give no sign
Save whitening lips and fading tresses
Till death pours out his longed-for wine,
Slow dropped from misery's crushing presses—
If singing breath or echoed chord
To every hidden pang were given,
What endless memories were poured—
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!

Subsequently, I found the following, from Balzac:

"When I was quite a little fellow, and tormented the cook-chafers, there was a movement of these poor insects which almost gave me a fever. It was when I saw them making repeated efforts to take wing, but without being able to fly, although they succeeded in moving their wings. Oh, to spread one's wings, and not to be able to fly!"

And, still later, the following was penned—

"Mark you poor grovelling effigy of man
Deep down within that ever chastened soul
What music there may struggle to be born;

What wisdom, that hath not a thought or word,
What beauty, that his clumsy hand
Can never embody in a living form!

As I have said, I indicted my sereed several years ago. In the meanwhile, I have come round to the conclusion that none of us ought to have been so cock sure about it. Of course, a lyre may get so badly broken that there it is not fit to appear until it has been sent to the shop, and a bird may suffer an injury to its wings so that it can no longer fly. These are accidents. A bird may be naturally imperfect, and a lyre may be badly constructed. These are monstrosities.

The sum total of our achievements, it now seems to me, compares very favorably with the sum total of our capacities. Whoever has a song to sing, sings it. A great many sing who have nothing to sing. Balzac's cockroaches are not flying birds. They know nothing about flying, and are not a whit the worse off. Mr. Holmes' "voiceless" ones have nothing to sing. Whatever is in the soul finds expression—in one way or another.

A DOG HAS RIGHTS BEFORE MAN'S LAW

Court Rules He May Bite in Self Defense.

A dog's right of action in self-defense has been upheld by Judge Sidener, of St. Louis.

Trouble began with the inevitable small boy, a tin pail full of rocks, a bit of string and a dog's tail, with the dog attached. Just as the tail had been tied to the pail the attached canine doubted on the boy and closed two rows of sharp teeth just where, at the moment, it seemed they would do most good. The dog was hauled into court where the bench decided that he had acted only within his privileges, and that he was "as justly immune from punishment as the man who strikes a burglar in defense of his own life and welfare."
—New York World.

WOODLAND NOTES

I pass through a vast cathedral,
At noon and at evening dim;
I hear the early matins,
I list to the vesper hymn;
And all through the busy day time
A spirit of worship lies
O'er me like a benediction
Dropped from the starry skies.

And once in a while, at noontide,
I hear the drowsy hum
Of the bees and the birds and the flowers,
That ever to me say "come;
Come from the heat of the conflict,
Come from the jarring strife,
With us is the dew of morning,
With us is the breath of life."

Sometimes at the hush of nightfall
I enter the woodland still,
When a peace beyond my knowledge
Lies over vale and hill.
O, weary with earth's old burdens,
O, hearts that are seeking rest,
Tired toilers for one and for all,
Here is the balm of the blest!
—Mrs. Batterham Lindesay.
Asheville, July 25.

THE TOWN OF WEAVERVILLE; BITS OF ITS HISTORY, ETC.

Incorporated 1880 with 200 inhabitants, it now has 600.

(Written for the Gazette.)
Weaverville is situated eight miles north of Asheville and four miles east of Alexander, on the Burnsville and Asheville state road.

It is 100 feet higher than Asheville, the "metropolis of the mountains." The distant mountains bound it on the north, east and south, giving it a picturesque situation in the very heart of the mountains, where pure air and cool water are plentiful.

To stand in Weaverville and behold the rising of the sun above the lofty crags of the Blue Ridge range, as it floods the valley of Reem's creek with its glory, and converts every dew drop into a diamond, then it is to realize Weaverville's situation is superb.

The town was named for Montraville Weaver, whose father was one of the first settlers of this section and who felled the trees and fought the red men who were continually endeavoring to drive him from their hunting grounds. But after many years of toil and hardships, he succeeded, with the help of others, in claiming this section for civilization.

In the year 1880 the village was incorporated, having the small number of 200 people. It now has population of 600 people, most of whom are natives of this section.

The town contains two blacksmith shops, a beef market, a drug store, containing a soda fountain, six general merchandise stores, a machine shop, a woolen mill which supplies town with many excellent grades of cloth and a flour mill that turns out between 50 and 60 barrels per day.

Weaverville college, one of the oldest and best preparatory colleges in the south, is situated in the heart of the town. This college was founded in 1875 by several of the prominent men of this section. It is now the property of the Western North Carolina (Methodist) conference.

The streets and sidewalks are well kept for a town of its size. There are five daily mails, two from Asheville, two from Democrat and one from Beech.

Weaverville is connected with a number of points by telephone, having three different lines into Asheville, two to Alexander, one to Marshall and one to Democrat.

A hack line is run between here and Asheville affording accommodation for travelers. The nearest railroad point is Alexander which is four miles west of here. There are several fine points of view near here. Among the best are Craggy, Mt. Mitchell, Gouche's peak, Hamburg and Gold View.

R. R. R.

"Piffpuff" Is Pingpong's Rival

The peer of pingpong has been invented in a new game on which the title of "piffpuff" has been conferred. The new pastime, which may eclipse pingpong in its own field, is described by a New Zealand exchange as a table game, played with a miniature pair of bellows and an air ball, which is very light. At each end of the table are upstanding goals, and the play lies in directing the ball through the opponent's goal. This, by a stroke of luck, may be done in a few minutes or it may not be accomplished in a night. The authority on "piffpuff" comments on the hazards of the game as follows: "The ball in no way confines itself to the table, as a too vigorous puff may send it circling upward to the ceiling and the player, nursing his impatience, stands awaiting his opportunity to gently blow it back into place."

Novel Use For Missionaries.

A new phase of the missionary question is coming to the front, says the North China Herald. In the past the difficulty in this region (Fuchau) has been to find any one willing to identify himself with the hated western religion. But now from every side come requests from a large number of men asking to have a "teacher" sent to their town, with the offer of a chapel free. The requests are, without exception, made in the hope of getting the foreigner, or at least the "church," to take up their law cases.

Streets of Gold.

The streets of Ballarat, the famous Australian golden city, if not precisely paved with the precious metal, offer chances of treasure from time to time, says the Pall Mall Gazette. A scavenger, sweeping one of the street channels recently, found a pretty little nugget weighing an ounce. It was probably brought from one of the mines in the gravel used for the top dressing of the road.

BALFOUR AND SALISBURY

Stories of England's New Premier and His Predecessor.

THE FORMER A DEVOTEE OF GOLF

Once Indulged His Passion For the Sport on a Railway Depot Platform—How He Became the Victim of a St. Patrick's Day Joke—When Balfour Blackened Boots—Striking Incidents of Lord Salisbury's Memory.

A great many folks who are familiar with the name of the Right Hon. Arthur James Balfour as one of England's most illustrious statesmen and the new premier of Great Britain also know that golf is the game invariably preferred by that gentleman when seeking relaxation from parliamentary duties. So ardent, indeed, is his passion for that healthful sport that he has been seen to practice the movements of the game on the oddest occasions, as the following amusing incident will serve to show, says the Golden Penny. Some time ago the distinguished politician was standing on the departure platform at Paddington station, London, waiting for the Windsor train. In his hand he carried a beautiful gold mounted umbrella, on which he leaned abstractedly now and then.

Suddenly his eye chanced to see a cork on the platform. Looking round to see that no one was near, Mr. Balfour measured his distance and made a splendid drive along the platform. The cork traveled at a great pace, but unfortunately the top of his magnificent umbrella followed it, leaving just the end in his hand. The waiting crowd on the platform roared with laughter as the Conservative leader dived into a first class compartment.

When he was first lord of the treasury, Mr. Balfour was once made the victim of a rather effective St. Patrick's day joke. On the occasion alluded to an oak box about ten inches long was sent to him at the house of commons. On this being opened a sprig of shamrock with a card bearing the inscription, "From a sincere admirer," was disclosed to view, and through a layer of some compound a steel spring could be seen, says Cassell's Magazine. Mr. Balfour is well known for his extreme coolness and scorn of seeming danger, but the whole thing was so strongly suggestive of an infernal machine of the worst description that the services of an expert were immediately requisitioned.

When the expert arrived, Mr. Balfour joined him in his endeavor to solve the baffling mystery. At first both were puzzled, but the expert having placed a particle of the compound on his tongue, discovered that it was only powdered sugar, flavored with lemon. The box was inverted, and out tumbled an old corkscrew, a spiral spring, a well worn nutmeg grater and a piece of paper, on which was written: "Buy the whisky yourself. You can then concoct the famous lemonade of Ballyhooley."

During the American civil war and consequent cotton famine in Lancashire Lady Blanche Balfour, the mother of Mr. Arthur James and Gerald Balfour, was greatly moved by the tales of suffering coming from the affected districts, says the New York Evening Post. She subscribed handsomely to the relief fund and told her children that if they liked to assist in the household work the money saved in that way should go to help the distressed people. The kitchen was handed over to Lady Blanche's daughters under the supervision of the housekeeper, and they did the family cooking at Wittinghame House. Her son Arthur, now England's premier, and Gerald had a portion of housework allotted to them, such as cleaning the boots and knives. The help sent to the Lancashire relief fund was increased by the amount thus saved in the household expenses, and if you ask Mr. Balfour for an anecdote of his childhood he refers to his mother's action in helping the poor in Ireland.

An amusing manifestation of Mr. Balfour's absentmindedness occurred one evening in the house of commons, says an exchange. He had just finished a neat little speech, introducing the private procedure bill, and was about to leave the house when the speaker hurriedly whispered to him: "Bring up the bill."

But Mr. Balfour had forgotten all about this part of his task. Mr. Balfour was without his bill. "Take a dummy," whispered the speaker, and the clerk at the table accordingly handed him a copy of the orders of the day. That was white in color and could not be mistaken for a bill by any possibility; so the minister shook his head. But a happy thought occurred to the clerk.

The journals of the house are printed on blue paper, so he took a copy up at random and thrust it into the minister's hand, who retired to the bar and returned with the usual bows. The clerk scribbled on the back of the journal the names of those who had brought in the bill, and the forms of the house were adequately satisfied.

It was Balfour who initiated the practice of going on tour through the congested districts of the west of Ireland, which has been followed by his successors in the chief secretaryship of Ireland, says the Philadelphia Press. Arthur Balfour once entered a cottage and, not being recognized, was treated with that hospitality which is always accorded to strangers in Ireland. When the woman of the house discovered who her guest was, she was at first rather taken aback, but her natural

politeness reasserted itself and she said, "Well, had as ye are, yer honor's welcome." At this period Mr. Balfour was so unpopular in Ireland that the late Father Healy of Bray remarked to him, "If the people hated the devil as much as they hate you, my occupation would be gone."

Scotland loves him as truly as Ireland does. Nearly every university within her borders has honored him with office or degree. Throughout England he is respected and valued. Mr. Morley and he are united by close bonds of mutual good will, and Gladstone had always a high opinion of him.

It was that Grand Old Man who once said, "He is fit to lead a nation."

It has been said that Mr. Balfour has autocratic tendencies, but that is not true, for he meets on terms of friendship and equality every one who is cultured and refined, no matter what their birth, says the Boston Herald. His constituents and his tenants are devoted to him, and his private character can be termed a very lovable one. He treats his subordinates with a charm of manner and courtesy which raises them to his own level. To his servants and inferiors he is always so polite that by his very politeness he sets a gulf between them.

An amusing story is told of his instructions to his butler, who had been in his service for some years and who, he discovered, was in the habit of helping himself to his cigars. He brought two different brands and placed them in his cigar box and, pointing to the better quality, said to his man, "When you take my cigars, Johnson, please take these." This story illustrates the character of the man.

Here is a story of Lord Salisbury which exhibits the ex-premier in that best of lights, the ability not to forget old friends, says the Family Herald.

In his struggling days Lord Salisbury and a certain pressman worked in the same room and in the small hours used to send out for beer and sandwiches or bread and cheese for two, paying for them each in turn. On one occasion the pressman paid on two successive nights, and as it happened, it was the last two nights they worked together. Lord Salisbury never again appeared in that room, and the next thing the pressman knew of his quondam colleague was that he had become direct heir to the title to which he ultimately succeeded.

Years rolled on, and the two did not meet. As all the world knows, Lord Salisbury accompanied Lord Beaconsfield, then Mr. Disraeli, as fellow plenipotentiary, to the Berlin conference assembled to rearrange the map of Europe at the end of the Russo-Turkish war. The pressman also journeyed to Berlin as special correspondent for his paper. Being desirous of obtaining exclusive information, he sent in his card to the British plenipotentiaries. Instead, as he expected, of being handed over to one of the private secretaries he was shown into Lord Salisbury's presence and greeted with the words: "Look here, B. I'm still owing you for that last bread and cheese that we had together. Sit down and have a glass of wine with me and tell me how I can serve you. The pressman told and in the event was enabled to accomplish what is called a "scoop."

Lord Salisbury's real preoccupation has been public business, and personal interests sit lightly upon him in the presence of affairs. There is a story which the foreign office people are fond of telling, says the Pall Mall Magazine. One day, in the midst of a diplomatic crisis, papers were brought to him by Mr. X. and were discussed. Exit Mr. X. and enter Mr. A., who was Lord Salisbury's official shadow, and this dialogue occurs: Lord Salisbury—Mr. A., who is that intelligent young man who has just gone out? Mr. A.—That is Mr. X., one of your lordship's private secretaries.

Lord Salisbury has long been noted for the possession of a remarkable faculty, if it may be so termed, which enables him to detach himself from the everyday world of men and their affairs, says the Brooklyn Eagle. He will not bother recalling a man's name if the recollection involves any mental labor, and it is said that one of his most able assistants in the foreign office has for years been subjected to the humiliation of being addressed by his chief as Mr. Flower or Mr. Fowler or anything other than his real name, which happens to be Foley.

It appears, according to a story that has been floating around London, that the king, Lord Salisbury, the bishop of London and some others were in a room together. Turning to the bishop, the king remarked: "Do you know what Lord Salisbury just said about you? He turned your way and asked who is that young looking cleric?" The bishop laughed somewhat nervously, as though he were embarrassed, and the king continued: "You needn't mind that, my lord. A little while ago I showed him my latest photograph. He examined it carefully for a few moments and then shook his head sadly. Laying the picture down, he said with a sigh, 'Poor old Buller!'"

To Protect the Birds.

A European international agreement has been concluded at Paris for the protection of birds useful to agriculture, says an exchange. The parties to the agreement are Belgium, France, Greece, Liechtenstein, Luxembourg, Monaco, Austria-Hungary, Portugal, Sweden, Switzerland and Spain. Among the birds accounted useful are certain nocturnal birds of prey, as well as bee eaters, swallows and several birds of the sparrow species, while ravens, magpies, jays and some others are branded as mischievous. Italy, a country in which the capture of northbound birds is a regular trade, does not appear among the signatories.

TIMELY SUGGESTIONS as to FASHIONS FOR LADIES

Correspondence of the Gazette.

New York, July 26.—Just now the first prices of the season are being cut so that the stocks on hand may be sold to make room for advance fall fashions, and it is impossible to obtain some very smart novelties for a nominal sum. Real linen lawn shirt waists which two months ago were considered cheap at five dollars can be had for less than half that sum now and they are certainly as smart looking as when first introduced into the fashionable world.

Many women therefore, with an inclination to be economical are purchasing several of these designs and will wear them until late in the autumn with their choice tailor made gowns which are yet to come.

But not only are there bargains in shirt waists, the daintiest muslins and lawn can be procured at the same reduced prices and never before were these models prettier.

Next to the all-white frock comes the one with a white ground and the merest suggestion of a contrasting tint in a delicate figure. For instance a line of sheerest tulle has the surface covered with most delicate sprays of forget-me-not blue in natural colors or the same ground is sprinkled with polka dots in eau de nille, maize, corn flower blue or something equally pastel in effect.

All of these combinations take prettily to black, velvet ribbon being run through or embroidery beading or a heading of valenciennes lace.

Gowns that are made very plain are embellished with all sorts and conditions of exquisite fibrous and collars. One oddity in this line is a collar made of embroidered silk. The foundation is white outlined in robin's egg blue silk, so as to form small blocks about an inch square. At the corner of each block is a French knot, circular pieces of blue satin, a deeper shade than the silk, are set on each side of the collar, which tapers down to the waist line in front. Around each of these circular pieces tiny laurel leaves are embroidered and the centers have a spray of white rosebuds shading to shell pink, heavily embroidered. The edge of the collar has tiny scallops of white silk beaded with a blue cord.

Foulard gowns trimmed with bands of plain silk the color of the background of the foulard are very smart. These bands are put on in fanciful design and stitched with thread corresponding with the tone of the figures of the silk. The effect is unique and helps to gain the elegant simplicity noted in this season's models.

The newest and most striking novelty accompanying the foulard gown is the foulard hat. This has a low crown, very broad and somewhat on the tam-o'-shanter order. The brim is wide and on its stiffened edge are sewn two bias frills of foulard stitched with white silk. The hat is very effective and requires but little trimming, a chiffon veil dotted with white or green being all that is used.

Red and white foulards seem to be taking the place of the blue and white effects. The red is soft in tone and there are so many tints that it is possible to suit almost any complexion. One of a series of designs ordered for the Newport season is trimmed with collar and cuffs of Irish lace and clever touches of narrow black velvet. Accompanying it is a hat of coarse brown straw, wreathed with red currents and

MAUDE GRIFFIN