THE HERALD.

VOL. V., NO. 51. FREDERICTON, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1894. $1.00 PER YEAR.

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THE OLD TUNLEY CLOCK.

Silent for Years in a Garret Except when it Announced Calamity.

Among the household goods that Joseph Tunley brought to America with him from England more than ninety years ago was a tall wooden clock which had been in the Tunley family for generations. Joseph Tunley settled in what is now the town of Sodus, New York. He died years ago. The clock was a loud ticking, loud striking, timepiece, six feet high, and required to be wound but once a week. It had run without stop, variation, or repairs of any kind for eighty years, when one day it suddenly ceased going. Expert clock tinkers were called in to find out what ailed the ancient clock and to fix it, so the timepiece would run again, for it was thought fondly of by the Tunley family, the head of which, in whose possession the clock was, was Joseph Tunley, son of the emigrant Joseph. None of the clock makers and menders could discover anything wrong with the old clock. There was nothing out of repair with its machinery, and there was no reason, they all said, why it should not tick and strike just as well as it ever had. But it wouldn't. Swing-its pendulum as much as they might, no sound would issue from the clock, and at last the family reluctantly stowed the stubborn heirloom in the garret. This was twelve years ago.

Four years ago Joseph Tunley, then a very old man, became seriously ill. He had been ill several days, and at midnight one night he aroused suddenly from a simi-stupor in which he had been lying, rose up in bed and said to his son Joseph, who was sitting by him:

"Joe, I hear the old clock again!"

The son went out into the sitting room, opened the door to the stairs, and was startled to hear the loud and almost forgotten tick of the clock from its place up in the garret. He called his wife. And she, too, hearing the ticking, they went into the garret. The old timepiece, covered with dust and cobwebs, had started at 12 o'clock that night, and was running with all its ancient vigor. This uncanny proceeding naturally gave the family great uneasiness. The old man's son returned to his father's bedside.

"You are right, father," he said. "The old clock is running as well as ever. I will carry it down stairs tomorrow and set it in your room."

The old man turned on his side and sank into a peaceful slumber, the first he had been in since his illness. He slept for nearly three hours. Then he suddenly started up again.

"Hark!" he said. "I hear the clock again!"

As he spoke the words the clock struck 3. It had not struck the hour at either 1 or 2. At the last stroke of 3 the old man sank back in the bed. He was dead. His son went to the garret in the morning. The clock was not running. It had stopped at the hour of 3.

The eccentric timepiece was left to its seclusion in the garret. It remained as silent as it had for the eight years preceding its strange starting up on the night old Joseph Tunley died. Besides his son and daughter-in-law, old Mr. Tunley was survived by a grandson. One afternoon in the latter part of last month, this young man and his father went out to the orchard to gather apples. An hour or so later Mrs. Tunley was alarmed to hear the old clock strike three, and then begin ticking loudly from its corner in the garret. Although she was greatly frightened, she went into the garret, to see if she might not be mistaken. She was not. The clock was running as if it had never stopped. Filled with forboding, Mrs. Tunley hurried from the house to summon her husband and son. She met her husband coming from the orchard. He was carrying his son, who was unconscious. He had fallen from an apple tree and fractured his skull. It was afterwards known that he had fallen from the tree at just 3 o'clock.

Young Tunley never recovered consciousness. The old clock continued running, but it did not strike another hour until the following afternoon. Then it struck 4 and at that hour young Tunley died. The clock stopped on the hour, and there the hands remained. And there they will remain, according to the universal belief of all in the community, until the uncanny timepiece again sees fit to announce the doom of some other member of the Tunley family.

A RAT IN AN OPERA BOX.

The Audience Promptly Notified by a Woman's Screams.

There was a large and elegantly dressed throng present to see "Madeleine; or, The Magic Kiss," at the Park Theatre, in Brooklyn, the other night. The first and second act of the opera had been finished without accident or mishap, and the hereoine, Madeleine, whom the program calls an unkissed maid, had received her third kiss from the hero. The audience was delighted at the hero's luck in getting this third kiss, and as the curtain was let down they settled themselves back in their seats to chat about it. The few rude men who go out between the acts to get a drink of water had already left, and the air was filled with low conversation.

Suddenly their arose above this buzzing not one but a succession of shrieks. These shrieks came and continued to come from the left hand balcony box nearest to the stage. All eyes were directed to this box. In it was a man and a woman. The man sat with blanched cheecks staring at the woman, while she stood upon a chair screaming and shaking her skirts.

The audience did not know what to make of the strange sight. Finally the cause of it all appeared in the shape of a rat. The poor creature was more frightened than the woman. It jumped upon the railing of the box and ran up and down several times, while the woman kept up her screams.

The face of her companion when he saw the rat, changed from white to a deep red, and, taking hold of the woman's arm, he tried gently to lift her from the chair. She wouldn't budge an inch, but kept screaming, while the poor rat, half frightened to death, stood still and stared at her. This made the woman scream all the more, made the audience laugh, and turned the color on the escort's face to a deeper red.

The man finally let go the woman's arm, and pulling out his handkerchief advanced in a threatening attitude toward the rat, yelling "Shoo!" and waving his handkerchief at it. The poor rat let out a pitiable squeak, and made a movement as though to jump on the chair on which stood the woman. No sooner had this motion been made than the woman gave a long-continued shriek. Even the rat couldn't stand it. So, quickly turning, it gave a farewell squeak and jumped down in among the audience. The tables were turned now and the women in the orchestra turned pale. The rat landed without harm to himself on the soft foot of a fat, middle-aged, and giddily dressed woman. She leaped up and stood on the seat. For a few seconds she was perfectly still. Then she gave utterance to a scream equal to any that had come from the box.

Some one yelled that the rat was dead, while another man rudely yelled:

"For God's sake, don't let that woman scream again."

The fat woman gave him a withering look. Her escort assured her that the rat was really dead. Then, picking up her skirt, she got down from the seat and walked out of the theatre, her escort following her and carrying her wraps. The box where the rat had first appeared was now also empty. After the opera was over a couple of the theatre attaches tried to find the body of the dead rat, but couldn't.

JUDGE ALLISON KILLED.

Shot by the Clerk of the Chancery Court in Nashville.

The Hon. Andrew Allison, Chancellor of the Seventh Chancery division of Tennessee, was assassinated in the Court house in Nashville on the 14th inst.., by George K. Whitworth, clerk and master of Chancery court. Immediately after shooting Chancellor Allison, Whitworth shot himself twice in the breast, inflicting very dangerous wounds. Great excitement followed the murder and attempted suicide.

Chancellor Allison had occupied the office of Chancellor eight years, and in August last was re-elected to serve for another term. Whitworth was appointed clerk and master six years ago, and was a candidate for re-appointment. His term of office was to expire on the 15th. The cause of the tragedy is supposed to be the recent announcement made by authority of Chancellor Allison that he would appoint his son, Granville Allison, to the place of clerk and master at the expiration of Whitworth's term.

Whitworth worked actively in behalf of Chancellor Allison before his election the first time, and was again an active worker in Chancellor Allison's canvas preceding his re-election three months ago. It is said he spent a large sum of money to promote Chancellor Allison's chances, upon the assumption that he would receive a re-appointment as clerk and master. Whitworth was very much exercised upon learning that he would not be appointed, but what interviews he had with Chancellor Allison or the nature of his protestations has not been known.

At 1 o'clock Wednesday afternoon Chancellor Allison left the court room where he had been hearing argument of counsel, and just as he passed out of the door Whitworth called out:

"Oh, Judge!"

Chancellor Allison turned partly around to see who had called to him, and Whitworth, without uttering another word, fired at him with a double-barrelled shotgun. He was shot in his side and chest and fell dead. Three buckshot struck the right wrist and twenty-two entered the body.

Whitworth, immediately after killing Chancellor Allison, dropped the gun, and drawing a revolver, fired two shots into his own breast. One ball passed through the body below the heart, coming out just under the left shoulder blade. The other bullet penetrated a lung.

As soon as the first shot was fired Deputy Clerk West rushed into the corrider. He was just in time to see Whitworth's first shot at himself. West seized him, but Whitworth ran backward. When he attempted to fire again West forced Whitworth's hand upward. Whitworth was removed to an adjoining room and afterward was taken home. Chancellor Allison's body was removed to another room, where an inquest was held.

The jury heard the evidence of the Hon. J. H. Acklen, the only eye-witness, and several other witnesses, and returned a verdict that death was caused by gunshot wounds inflicted by Whitworth. After Whitworth had shot himself he talked as freely as his condition would permit. Addressing a reporter he said:

"Old boy, did I shoot high enough?"

Being answered in the affirmative, he said:

"All right, but how about the other fellow?"

He was told that Chancellor Allison was dead, whereupon he was satisfied. He continued to beg for a pistol with which to shoot again. When asked for a statement, he said:

"I have nothing to say. The public know all about it. A man can't live in the same climate with me and do me dirt like that."

Whitworth's condition is critical.

MURDERED AND EATEN.

Horrible Fate of European Settlers in New Guinea.

Word has been received at Sydney, Australia, from the Bismarck archipelego that a native uprising has taken place on all the islands near New Guinea, and that the European settlers have all been murdered by the Kanakas. The steamer Three Cheers, of Sydney, reports calling at Admiralty Island and New Ireland with supplies and finding the trading posts there in ashes and white men nowhere to be found, while the trading schooner was also burned to the water's edge. On the approach of the vessel to Admiralty Island, the natives fled to the hills until not a soul remained in the villages. They feared that the white men had come for vengeance. On landing, the worst fears of the captain and crew were realized. Traces of a cannibal feast of recent date were found. Without doubt, all the inhabitants of the trading post had met with the most horrible of deaths, being tortured and afterward devoured by the cannibals. Carlson and Miller, two of the victims, were prominent citizens of Sydney, and in that city a movement is on foot to ask the government to allow a company of volunteers to visit Admiralty Island and avenge the death of their fellow-citizens. At New Ireland, the Australian trading post was burned to the ground. A prominent white trader, named Rodgohn, was missing, while it is feared the entire white population have all met with a horrible death at the hands of the man eating savages. Massacres are also reported on other islands. It is thought the natives stole liquor at the trading posts and that the effect on their semi-civilized natures was to convert them again into the wild native state from which they had so recently emerged.

Dickey was overheard saying his prayer the other evening at bedtime in this fashion: O Lord, bless Johnny and Billy Holliday and me, and don't let any of us die; but if any of us has got to die I'd ruther it was them. Amen.

6,000 PEOPLE KILLED.

Horrible Crimes of the Turks in Kurdistan—No Quarter For Any One.

Women and Girls by the Hundred Assaulted and Murdered.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Nov. 16.— The Porte has issued an account of the last Armenian troubles in the Sassun district. The responsibility is laid upon Kurdish brigands, who murdered a Mussulman and committed many other excesses.

The London Standard's correspondent in Varna describes the recent massacre of Armenian Christians as of equal importance with the Bulgarian butcheries which led to the Russian-Turkish war. He says:

"The trouble began with the refusal of the Armenians to pay taxes on the ground that the Kurdish raids had so impoverished them as to render it impossible. This probably was true. Troops were sent to enforce the payments, but were beaten off. The governor of Bitlis then arrived with an imposing force of regulars, the people seeing that the struggle was hopeless, yielded, but the governor resolved to make an example of them.

"He ordered the troops to fire on the defenceless populace, and they obeyed with alacrity, they only ceased when the residents of twenty-five villages, numbering so many thousands, had been killed. Some reports say 6,000 were slain.

"Great Britain sent her consul in Van. Mr. Hallward, to report on the slaughter. The British Ambassador in Constantinople upon receiving the report communicated it to the Porte. The Sultan was horrified, and he ordered the local military commander, Zeki Pasha, to make his report on the matter at once.

"Zeki had been originally instructed to proceed in the scene after the repulse of the troops, but the Governor of Bitlis arrived there ahead of him. It seems that Zeki's report confirmed Mr. Hallward's, whereupon the Governor formulated the grave charge that the latter was inciting the Armenians to revolt, thus causing the whole original disturbance. This was submitted to Sir Phillip Currie, who has sent out British officials to make inquiries.

Mr. Hagopian, chairman of the Armenian Patriotic Association in London, has sent Lord Kimberly, Foreign Secretary, a letter sent from Bitlis on Oct. 9. Mr. Hagopian, after declaring his belief in the reports of the massacre, submits that, in view of the horrible tortures and persecutions of the Armenians, the time has come to abolish the administration of the Porte and substitute a regime approved by the signatories of the Berlin treaty.

The letter from Bitlis gives details of the origin of the disturbance. There was a Kurdish raid on Armenian cattle, resulting in a fight in which two Kurds were killed. The friends of the Kurds took the corpses to Moush and declared that the Armenions had overrun the land and were killing and plundering right and left. This furnished the pretext for the massing of the troops.

The letter then describes the horrors of the massacre. It says that on the admissions of the Turkish soldiers, some of whom tearfully protested that they merely obeyed orders, 6,000 people were killed. It is asserted that no compassion was shown to age or sex. In one place, 300 or 400 women, after having been forced repeatedly to submit to the soldiery, were hacked to pieces with swords and bayonets. In another place two hundred women begged at the commander's feet for mercy. The commander, after ordering that they be outraged, had them all despatched with the sword. Similar scenes were enacted in other places.

In one case, sixty young brides and maidens were driven into a church and were violated and butchered until their blood flowed from the doors. A large company, headed by a priest, knelt near the church, begging for compassion, averring that they had nothing to do with the culprits who killed the Kurds. It was in vain; all were killed.

Several attractive women were told that they might live if they would recant their faith. They replied: "Why should we deny Christ? We have no more reason to do so than had those," pointing to the mangled bodies of their husbands and brothers. "Kill us, too." This was done. The letter says that between 6,000 and 10,000 were killed. Babes were impaled on the same weapon with their mothers. Several soldiers admitted that they had disposed of a hundred victims each. Nearly thirty villages were destroyed. Some families were burned with kerosene in their own houses.

The Times will say tomorrow: "We fear it is only too probable that something like the reported slaughter of Armenians occurred, but we discredit Mr. Hagopian's contention that it was effected under direct orders from Constantinople.

Although England will not be indifferent, it is idle to imagine that the new atrocities and agitation will be made an excuse for reopening the Eastern question."

LATEST FADS FOR BRIDES.

The Photograph Album as a Memento of the Wedding Trip.

"I suppose," said a society woman to a writer for The Washington Star, "that you have heard of the newest fad for brides. No, I don't mean bouquets of purple flowers, which I should hate to have anyone I cared for carry; they must be so unlucky, purple being emblematic of mourning, you know. I mean the bridal albums, which so many of this summer's fashionable bride's are getting up to celebrate their honeymoons. I think the notion is charming, and a friend of mine has one that is lovely. She made every bit of it herself, including the cover, she paints very well in water colors, and that made it much easier to have the book pretty. For the cover she took two pieces of rough cardboard about nine inches square and then she had quite a lot of heavy linen paper cut to the same size, with two holes through one side of it to put the pink ribbons through to tie it together. The bridegroom had a bunch of white carnations in his buttonhole during the ceremony, and these she painted in the center of the upper cover, while over the rest she scattered the Catherine Mermet roses which composed her bouquet. The effect was simply lovely — very dainty.

"What did she have inside all this gorgeousness? Why, all sorts of souvenirs of the trip, of course. First there was a picture of the first hotel they stopped at, which she cut from the bill of fare, and a sketch of the picturesque old darkey who waited on them at the first meal they ate together as husband and wife. They took a country drive, and while out chanced upon a wandering photographer, who took a picture of them and their conveyance, and this was pasted in and framed with the blossoms of the wild hydrangea which they bought from a barefooted urchin on the road. The boy, as he stood with the great bunch of flowers in his hand, makes a cunning little sketch in the corner. Another page shows a sketch of a couple strolling, arm in arm, through a field of daisies, and a chain of these modest flowers frames the little picture. One page is given to violets, some being pressed and tied up with little bows of the light blue ribbon she wore on her dress when her husband brought them to her, and others were painted in. Photographs of all the pretty or interesting places they visited are used, with an occasional bill of fare or a theatrical program, each being accompanied by some memento of the occasion, either a flower, a ribbon, or a sketch depicting some little incident. Stems of raspberries, with their leaves, served as a reminder of an afternoon they had spent in an old-fashioned garden, and as the golden rod was just out last week, when they went home, they are to appear on the back of the cover. Just think what a delightful souvenir it makes to keep all your life."

SAT IN HER ESCORT'S LAP.

How a Brooklyn Girl Travelled in a Trolley Car.

The question whether or not it is good form for young women to sit on the laps of young men in a crowded street car was excitedly discussed in a Brooklyn trolley car on Sunday evening. It was decided in the negative. Shortly after 11 o'clock a cross-town car whizzed along on its way from Hunter's Point to the City Hall. A crowd of well-dressed, highly respectable people, all in various stages of drowsiness, filled all but four seats.

At Park and North Portland avenues the car stopped, and a party of young people boarded it. There were just eight of them, four girls and four young men. They were laughing and chatting, evidently in high spirits. When the girls started for the empty seats they were stopped by one of the young men, who said:

"Look here, girls; if you sit down we'll have to stand up. Say, what's the matter with your sitting on our laps?"

The girls hesitated a minute, then one of them, a pretty blonde, said:

"If you'll do it, Jennie, I will."

Jennie was not going to be dared, so, without more ado, she plumped herself down in one of the waiting laps, and the other girls, with much laughing and talking, followed her example.

If the other people in the car had been sleepy before the merry party appeared, they were wide awake now. One old woman with little gray curls over her temples, who had been dozing quietly, in one corner, woke up with a start and gasped, "Land sakes! What next?" A stern-looking woman who sat opposite drew herself up stiff as a poker, and tried to freeze the lap sitters with a stony glare, while two youths in another part of the car blushed and giggled alternately. But all this didn't phase the girls or the young men in whose laps they sat.

Finally Father Wagner of St. Bernard's church, who was in the car, jumped from his seat and said sternly to one of the girls:

"Here, young woman, take this seat and leave that shocking position."

The girl, looking a little alarmed at the priest's stern tone, took the empty seat. Then three other men got up rather sheepishly and offered their seats to the other girls. Two of them accepted, but Jennie, who had been the first one to sit in her escort's lap, sat there with a far-away look in her eyes as if she heard or saw nothing of what was going on.

If there had been a tempest in a teapot before there was a howling gale now. The stern-looking woman with the stony gaze motioned to the conductor to stop the car, and majestically sailed out at least four blocks from her stopping place. A man who had been having a lot of fun out of the proceeding was taken in hand by his wife and marched out to the front platform, while the old woman with gray curls was nearly weeping with indignation.

Father Wagner made up his mind to force that girl to get off her young man's lap. Turning to Conductor Bray he said:

"Conductor, I insist that you put those young people off the car. Their actions are positively shocking."

The conductor made a weak attempt to persuade Jennie to conform with the rules of good form, but Jennie only looked at him blankly, while her young man grinned and the rest of the party tittered. Then Conductor Bray began to get angry.

"See here, if you don't get off that man's lap I'll put you off the car."

Jennie was getting mad now, and she made up her mind not to comply.

"You can't do it," she snapped back.

Affairs seemed to be getting serious. Bray was mad, Father Wagner was madder, while Jennie was maddest of all, and the rest of the passengers were divided between indignation and mirth. Finally, when the car got to Atantic avenue and Clinton street, Bray decided to summon re-enforcements, so he stopped the car, called in Motorman Reardon, and the two gently picked up Jennie, carried her out of the car, and put her on the sidewalk. Her young man didn't try to stop them, neither did the others. They are followed meekly, and the car left them standing on the corner, Jennie evidently bitterly reproaching the others for not having backed her up in her fight.

It is said the company intend to put notices in the cars requesting their "lady patrons" not to sit on men's laps.

FEEDING APPLES.

We have never been able to get positive evidence of result from feeding apples to cattle sufficient to compensate for the labor involved. We have fed under regulations carefully drawn and rigidly observed, but every time with effect too trifling to warrant a continuance. We are aware that analysis shows the presence of a small amount of nutritive matter. But the feeder should find a marked effect from their use, or he cannot afford to feed them.

Prof. Saunders, in an address to the Canadian fruit growers, stated that the food value of apples depends in a measure on the conditions of ripeness of the fruit, also on the variety of the apple from which the supply is to be furnished European authorities consider the money value of the fodder constituents in ordinary varities of apples and pears as somewhat higher than those contained in an equal weight of turnips, and those of the apple pomace as about one-third higher in feeding value than the whole apple, which has served for its production, and about equal in value to the sugar beets. Nevertheless, their effort as food can only be measured by trial in the stomach of the animal.

THE LATE CZAR'S FUNERAL.

A Grand and Solemn Service over the Remains of Russia's Dead Emperor.

The funeral of Alex. III, the late Czar of Russia, took place at St. Petersburg Monday forenoon, with elaborate ceremony. The morning opened cold and foggy. There was no rain, but a thick mist overhung the streets, and the emblems of mourning everywhere displayed were dripping with moisture therefrom.

The population was astir before daylight, and all the morning lines of people converged upon the fortress cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, where the booming of cannon announced the beginning of the funeral services. The troops which had been told off for duty at daybreak took their position promptly and thoroughfares were soon lined with infantry, cavalary and artilery. From eight until the hour of the funeral there was a

Continual Flow of State Carriages,

conveying high officials who were making haste to take possession of the places in the cathedral which had been allotted to them. Heralds stood at the entrance to the cathedral and groups of clergymen, headed by the Metropolitan of St. Petersburg, stood around the main door awaiting the arrival of the Emperor Nicholas II. and the Imperial family.

The religious service over the body of the dead Emperor was probably the most magnificent funeral ceremony of modern times in its external aspects, far excelling in beauty and grandeur the memorable burial service of Alex. II. The music was very fine and the performance of the liturgy sublime in the extreme. The surroundings were subdued in color, but they were of a quiet character, which greatly enhanced the splendor of the whole scene.

The cream of royalty and the nobility of the emperor

Assisted at the Services.

Noblemen, representatives of foreign sovereigns and princes, foreign diplomats and other distinguished personages joined in the devotions for the repose of the soul of the dead. Prominent among the assembled thousands were the splendidly robed members of the Holy Synod, the Metropolitan of St. Petersburg and Novgord, the Czar's confessor, clergy of St. Petersburg and vicinity and court dignitaries, among whom are ladies of honor, ladies of the bed chamber and ladies in waiting, all robed in deep black, which in some instances was partially relieved by white scarfs, collars or drapery. Besides these there were serried masses of officials, ministers, field marshals, generals, admirals, secretaries of state, etc., all in full uniform and displaying many decorations. Then there were the Czarina's suit, the members of the state council, the members of the senate and all of the foreign ambassadors.

The signal for the services to begin was

The Firing of Three Guns

from the fortress. Just as the third gun was fired Emperor Nicholas II and the Imperial family appeared at the west door of the cathedral and preceded by the Metropolitae of St. Petersburg and members of the Holy Synod, all of them magnificently robed in vestments of black and silver, passed through towards the catafalque. The Metropolitan carried the great crucifix as chief of the Holy Synod, and, as the procession passed towards the catafalque sprinkled holy water upon those about him, at the same time audibly repeating a prayer. After the Czar and Imperial family and the Holy Synod had taken their places, the Metropolitan and clergy standing in a semi-circle around the head of the coffin, the Metropolitan began the mortuary Mass, which, with the exception of the elaborate music and general splendor of the occasion, was the same as the service for the dead which is said for any other faithful member of the Orthodox church.

At noon the air inside of the church was heavy with incense and the dim light within was starred with thousands of tapers, each mourner and visitor holding one. The first taper was lighted by the Czar. As His Majesty lighted the taper he held it aloft and from it slowly spread a stream of light. When other tapers were lighted the scene was one of rarest beauty, the sanctuary and body of the edifice sparkling as though jewelled with emeralds, sapphires, opals, etc.

All Present were Standing,

the Czar with the Imperial family and visiting royalties on the right side of the coffin. The Czarina, pale and fragile and looking much affected, stood by the side of the Czar. With these were the Princess of Wales, Duchess of Coburg, King Christian of Denmark, the Prince of Wales in the blue, orange and gold uniform of the new Russian dragoons, the Duke of York, the Duke of Coburg, a number of naval officers and ambassadors with their suites. On the left of the coffin were a number of clergymen and in front a number of military and other dignitaries. Behind the altar all the available space was crowded, two persons being jammed into a space that should be occupied by one. A large number of the Russian generals were

Grouped in the Fortress Yard,

there being no room for them within the cathedral. The harmony of the male choir, which sang without instrumental accompaniment, was perfect. Their voices were of marvellous richness and purity and the effect throughout the solemn service was deeply impressive.

After the general Mass for the dead with its elaborate ceremony a special service for the dead Czar was observed. The service began with a brief prayer, after which a Psalm was sung by an unseen male choir. Then followed the singing of another Psalm, which was divided into three stations with an anthem after each part.

When this service had ended Nicholas II. stepped to the coffin and kissed the lips of the dead Emperor, the other members of the Imperial family and those bound by ties of blood or marriage followed, the Czar standing by the side of the coffin until all the farewells were over.

The Grand Dukes then lifted the coffin to their shoulders and bore it to the entrance of the Imperial vault, which opened in the pavement, and a moment later the mortal remains of Alexander III. were lowered into the burying place of his ancestors.

At the moment the coffin was lowered a gun was fired and the Czar stepped forward and took a handful of earth, which he scattered upon the casket. All the members of the Imperial family then filed slowly past the vault, followed by all the persons who had been in the cathedral, and the obsequies were over.

A lawyer recently went into the surf to bathe, and encountered a huge shark. Their eyes met for an instant, when the shark blushed and swam off.