

OPEN FOR WORSHIP.

Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York Consecrated.

Fourth Largest of Its Kind in World. Tile From Ancient Cathedral at Ephesus in Floor in Front of Altar.

New York.—The Cathedral of St. John the Divine, the fourth largest in the world and one of the most beautiful, was opened for public worship at 10:30 o'clock on April 10, the first Wednesday after Easter. At the same time the choir, with its wonderful carvings and its organ—the largest in America—and the two beautiful memorial chapels now completed were consecrated. Seventeen hundred invitations were issued to dignitaries of church and state and other important personages.

The cornerstone of the cathedral was laid in 1892, and thus far between \$3,000,000 and \$4,000,000 has been spent on it, the real estate alone representing more than a quarter of a million. Of the seven memorial chapels which will be erected—the two, St. Columba's and St. Saviour's, which are completed are marvels of architectural beauty and richness. The plans for the memorial chapel to Bishop Potter, to be erected by members of his family, are also under way. St. Saviour's chapel is a gift by August Belmont in memory of his first wife. Above its small, magnificent altar of Carrara marble there is a stained glass window representing the transfiguration—the work of John Hardman of England. The background of the altar is of Siena marble, and the three broad, low steps are of pink Georgia marble. The two chapels are side by side, separated from the transept by a wide ambulatory.

The most striking feature of the cathedral is its vastness, which, however, does not give the impression of dreary coldness and emptiness that one so often feels in large buildings of this nature. The present crossing is 103 feet long and 90 feet wide. The entire length of the completed structure is now 300 feet, and 214 feet are yet to be added. The interior lining is of red Jasper from South Dakota, with trimmings of green serpentine marble from eastern Pennsylvania and limestone from Frontenac, Minn. The present dome over the crossing will be replaced in time by one higher by ninety feet than it is now and with a lantern tower. The dome's present height is 130 feet. The outside point of the spire will measure over in all 99,500 square feet.

Set into the floor directly in front of the altar is a red brick tile, bound with brass, on which is carved this inscription: "Whosoever shall have prayed at this spot will have pressed with his feet a tile from the ancient Church of St. John the Divine, at Ephesus, built by the Emperor Justinian in the year 540, over the tradition site of St. John's grave." The altar is a gift of Levi P. Morton.

Above the entrance to the memorial chapels and back of the altar are to be placed five wonderful tapestries, three of which are now hung, representing the Adoration, the Crucifixion and the Transfiguration. These tapestries are part of the twelve given many years ago by Mrs. Coles.

The organ loft is reached by a winding stairway, which goes directly up to the very top of the building. Mr. Farrar, the organist, sits at the organ in his small loft and plays every day, declaring that the organ is a triumph and a marvel among the organs of the world. The tones are rich and full and some as delicate as the most delicate of wind instruments. The organist has been two years at the cathedral and came directly from St. Paul's in Baltimore, where he had been for fifteen years. He was born in South Carolina.

Bishop Greer preached the consecration sermon at the opening service.

Women Run This Town. HUNNEWELL, Kan.—Mrs. Ella Wilson has taken her seat as mayor and presided over the city council for the first time. Mrs. Wilson said that she would appoint Mrs. Rosa Osborne, defeated candidate for police judge, to the office of chief of police.

Mrs. Osborne, it is understood, has agreed to accept that office provided she has an assistant.

Ship Five Hundred Miles of Carpet. New York.—Five hundred miles of carpet have just been shipped from this city to San Francisco on a special New York Central freight train of sixty cars.

The bulk weighs 1,500,000 pounds, is worth \$1,000,000, and it is the largest and most valuable single shipment ever made in this or any other country.

NATIONAL NAVAL MONUMENT.

Statue of Rear Admiral Charles H. Davis to Be Erected in Military Park at Vicksburg, Miss.

New York.—One of the four heroic statues which are to adorn the national naval monument in the national military park at Vicksburg, Miss., was finished in the studio of Frank B. Elwell, the sculptor, at Weehawken, N. J., and it is now being cast in bronze. Mr. Elwell was named by the commission in charge of this monument, which will cost about \$125,000, to model the statue of Rear Admiral Charles H. Davis.

The statue is nine feet high and represents the admiral in his uniform as the squadron commander of the Mississippi flotilla, of which he had command during a portion of the time at the memorable siege and capture of



Statue of Rear Admiral Davis.

Vicksburg in the civil war. There is dignity and poise to the figure, imparting a natural and lifelike appearance to this statue of one of the officers who took a prominent part in the capture of the southern fortress.

Admiral Charles H. Davis, now retired, a son of the civil war commander, and Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, a son-in-law, inspected the statue before it left the studio and pronounced it one of the finest pieces of work that Mr. Elwell has ever turned out.

Besides the statue of Admiral Davis three other statues of similar size will surround the base of the granite monument. They will be those of Admirals Farragut, Porter and Foote, all of whom played prominent parts in the reduction of Vicksburg. Mrs. Henry Hudson Kitson of Boston is making the statue of Farragut, Lorado Taft of Chicago that of Porter and the sculptor Cooper of New York the statue of Foote. Mr. Elwell's statue will be the first of the four to be placed in position, and the unveiling ceremony will probably be held in May or June. The Vicksburg Military park occupies a site of about 14,000 acres, covering a large part of the old fortifications overlooking the Mississippi river, and is one of the most picturesque parks in America. A number of state monuments have been placed there. Mrs. Kitson was the sculptor of those representing the military organizations of Massachusetts which were engaged in the conflict.

NAME WOMAN FOR MAYOR.

Complete Ticket Nominated in Kansas Town, but Several Women Withdraw.

BIMDALE, Kan.—A city ticket was announced a few days ago composed of men. The women got busy and nominated a ticket composed entirely of women.

Mrs. M. B. Johnson, a widow, sixty-six years old, headed the ticket for mayor, and the five councilwomen were made up of the wives of business men. Mrs. Dockery, who was nominated for police judge, like Mrs. Johnson, is a widow and is about fifty years old.

The campaign opened with bright prospects, it is said, until the supporters of the men's ticket began to work. Then some of the women decided to withdraw. The nominee for police judge resigned and was followed by four of the five candidates for councilwomen.

Mrs. Johnson, however, stood firm, and Mrs. D. E. Clements, one of the nominees for councilwomen, remained with her and filled the places made vacant with the men.

Owes \$13,000,000, Has Nothing. Berlin.—Bankruptcy proceedings were begun against August Thyssen, Jr., the son of August Thyssen, the Westphalian coal and iron magnate, whose wealth is estimated at \$100,000,000.

The claims against young Thyssen amount to more than \$13,000,000. They vary in amount from \$2,500 to \$2,250,000. It is the biggest bankruptcy case ever before the courts of Germany. The young man's debts result from speculation and high living. There are no assets.

UNCLE AARON'S WILL

By G. A. RUSSELL.

When my uncle died, the people of Frankfort were almost distracted between the conflicting emotions of grief and curiosity.

They knew, or thought they knew, my uncle as the richest man by far in the city. Silent, cold and reserved, no one had ever presumed to be his confidential friend.

He died without kith or kin of any kind in the world, except myself, whom he heartily detested. We had not spoken to each other for years, and both were glad of it.

After the funeral I was called into a private room where two men were seated. One of them I recognized as my uncle's lawyer, the other as his banker.

They greeted me in a curiously quiet and constrained way that struck me as ominous for my future welfare.

Mr. Boles, the lawyer, got up and lighted the gas, pulled down the shades, and looked at the doors. The banker remained seated, offering no comment, while I gazed with fascinated interest from one to the other.

"Mr. Gordon, I have a strange communication to make to you. The stranger that you ever heard. It is concerning your uncle's will. We three are the only persons on earth that are to know the contents of this great bequest, and if you refuse to abide by the provisions enumerated therein, you are forbidden ever to speak about it. Do you accept this preliminary requirement?"

"I do," I said without hesitation. "The first of all, you must know that your uncle was far richer than any one imagined. He died possessed of almost unlimited wealth. Not one, but many, many millions. If you accept the terms of his will, your letter of credit with Mr. Brenton will be unlimited. No check however small or great will be honored; your wealth will exceed the dreams of Monte Cristo. If you refuse the terms of the will all his wealth goes to charity."

"Go on," said I nervously. "The provisions of this strange document are in brief these: That all of this great fortune is to be yours, to spend in any manner you choose, provided you remain within the corporate limits of Frankfort always; and further, that you tell no one of the contents of this bequest."

The two men looked at me curiously. I was strangely embarrassed. Never in my wildest imagination had I dreamed of anything like this.

"Once more tell me the restrictions that will be placed on me if I accept?" "That you are never to leave the corporate limits of Frankfort willingly or unwillingly, and that you tell no one of the conditions of the will. The minute you break any one of these requirements the money passes out of your hands."

I thought rapidly. That I should be compelled to remain in such a place was a terrible idea to me. That I should lose a fortune rich beyond imagination was not to be thought of by an idle beggar like me.

"I accept the terms," I said briefly, and hurried out lest I change my decision. My uncle, I reflected, could have inflicted no greater punishment than that of compelling me to live inside of the city limits of Frankfort, and yet who in the world would not jump at the chance of being absolute monarch and dictator of one of the hustling young American cities, for such I would be?

Though I possessed the contempt of most of the inhabitants that knew me, I did not have an enemy there; and I knew that as soon as unlimited money was mine, these people would be fawning sycophants at my feet.

vanced to the office I saw Graham himself behind the desk.

"Hello, Gordon, want a square meal before you hit the road again?" Many a time he had spoken in a similar manner, yet today without telling so, I resented it.

"On the contrary I am going to stay with you for a time, and shall require a room with a bath, or better yet, a suite."

"Do you want Florida water in your bath?" said he, scarcely hiding a sneer. "I want civil treatment," was my retort.

"Our terms are cash in advance," he replied, flushing almost purple. When he named a price he thought beyond my means, I pulled out a check-book and wrote in the amount, signed my name and gave it to him.

"Here, take this to the bank and see if it is any good." I walked away and several in the crowd that had been drawn together by the sound of our voices tittered. He had drawn first blood.

Perhaps Frankfort would keep me interested after all. I liked the prospect better. One thing was certain, George Graham and I would be better acquainted before long.

"Why may I lay down that night it was not to sleep, but to think out plans for the future." The next morning I started out on my plan of campaign. I selected the corner from the Elks that I conceived to be most desirable and got options from as many of the owners as I thought would be necessary to build a hotel the size I wanted.

Next I went to the tenants and got from them options on their leases. I accomplished all this within one week, and so little was I known and respected that I succeeded in getting both the land and the leases at very reasonable rates.

Those who knew me concluded I had a little money that I wanted to spend in making a show, and figured the option money would be a little easy, extra change.

The following day when I took up the options and insisted upon deeds and terms of facation being compiled with, there were mingled feelings of joy, consternation and wonderment on all sides. It was at once the sensation of the town.

No one knew what use I was going to make of the buildings or ground, though I had an idea that George Graham had a secret fear of what was going to happen. He was respectful enough now, to my face, but from all I could hear he was as venomous as a snake behind my back.

The second day after my purchases the principal architect from a nearby city arrived, and we spent the rest of the week on the plans. My drawings were very simple; build a hotel three times the size of the Elks, and without any restrictions whatever, make it the finest that money can buy.

The man thought I was simple, but he charitably named the venture Clio Pride, and we let it go at that. I demanded the erection of this hotel in an incredibly short time, and as money can accomplish much in Frankfort as well as elsewhere, I had the old buildings razed and work begun on the new almost before the citizens realized what we were doing.

As the new building went up, almost as if by magic, I realized what fame meant. With my rise came the fall of George Graham. That he felt it keenly I could see. I could further see that there was yet one good fight left in him, and he would make it.

When my hotel was finished and a good landlord installed, his was practically a deserted inn. On the occasion of the opening of the "Frankfort" I gave a reception and ball. Among the guests was a young lady by the name of Della Cole. I knew the minute that I saw her that I simply must have her for my wife. She was not once the most beautiful and attractive woman that I had ever seen. She moved like a queen among the guests, and like a queen she accepted my homage.

I was both surprised and annoyed to hear, the following day, that George Graham was paying court to her. It was but one more reason why it should be a war to the death between us; nevertheless, I was determined that her name should not be dragged into our affairs before we had finally settled accounts with each other. I must not be expected from this that Graham was without friends. Far from it; he had a number, many of them intensely partisan, who would not hesitate at anything to accomplish their purpose.

they acquired the ability of keeping that knowledge to themselves; for, somehow, they found that my enemies, for some cause they could not fully understand, were rapidly taking advantage of the bankruptcy law.

During this period I managed to find time to pay court to Della Cole. I cannot say that I made the headway there that I did in everything else. Miss Della seemed to avoid me, and though I couldn't tell that Graham was making any progress, I was quite sure that I was not getting along as I should.

I was not a little puzzled at her attitude, and I remember one evening in particular that I called at her home and tried to get an explanation from her.

"Mr. Gordon," she said with a little nervous laugh, "you are so used to having your way about everything since your return to town that you imagine that I ought to fall into your arms almost before I know you."

That sounded so satisfying to my self-love that I was beginning to feel quite gratified, when I suddenly wondered what she meant.

"I scarcely know—" I began, when she interrupted me. "Mr. Gordon, with all your money, power and talents, we of Frankfort often wonder why you bother to spend it all on us. Why you don't, in short, move to a larger place or spend part of your time in travel?"

"Why Miss Cole, don't you know I couldn't leave town—I mean I won't leave while you are here?" A noise like the falling of a chair in the next room, or the violent slamming of a window blind by the wind, startled us.

"That night when I was walking to my hotel I was seized by four ruffians who bound, gagged and threw me into a light wagon standing near. I fought as I never had fought before, for I realized what I should lose should they succeed in getting me beyond the city limits. We had nearly reached that point when I succeeded in jumping out of the buggy. The fall nearly killed me, but a passer-by saw it and came to my rescue."

"What was the reason for my attempted abduction? Had anyone guessed my secret? If so, I knew that my days of power were over. While anyone would hesitate to murder me, I had enemies who would not hesitate to commit the lesser crime of abducting me."

As I thought of my stay in Frankfort I knew I had not betrayed myself to anyone, unless I had to Della the evening of the night I was assaulted. Had she proven herself a Delilah, or had my secret been overheard when I had almost given it away to her?

As soon as I was able and presentable, I called again and told the story of the assault.

From the manner in which she heard it I was certain that she had no hand in a plot against me. If any one knew they had overheard the slip of the tongue I had made and guessed the rest.

For the first time in my life I was afraid. A ridiculous ending was liable to come to all my pretensions at almost any minute. I pleaded with Della for her love that evening. I loved her more than I thought it possible for me to love. She represented the only thing in Frankfort that I was not sure of. The very desire of possession seemed to feed my passion a hundredfold.

Sympathy or love, I could not tell which, made her unusually kind, and while she would not say yes, yet gave me some hope.

The next day I went to my lawyer and studied over the contents of the will carefully. Then, I did a very unusual thing. I bought block after block of the business center of Frankfort, and fast as possible sold what I had just purchased even if I only got half or two-thirds of the amount I had previously paid. As fast as I got the money from these sales I banked it, until I had a trifle over two hundred thousand dollars.

Meantime every one secretly thought I had gone crazy. Then, I went to the girl I had come to love better than life itself, and in the privacy of my carriage, in the middle of the road, safe from listening ears and tattling tongues, I told her something of the story of my life, and of my uncle Aaron's will.

"And you forget everything," she said with wide and wondering eyes, "by telling me this?" "Everything in the world I do not have in my own name," I corrected, "but I would give it all, and more, too, if I had it, for your respect, your love." "Soft arms stole around my neck. "Yes, I know," said Mr. Boles, "I know all about it; you have lost and won out. Perhaps it is best, for I imagine someone suspected your secret. But what passes my understanding is, why didn't you get millions of your uncle's wealth transferred to your name?"

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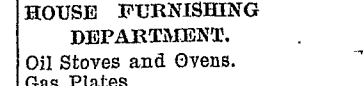
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