

## THE PEASANT UPRISING IN RUSSIA.



AN ATTACK ON A FARMHOUSE IN THE OREL DISTRICT.

A correspondent in the Russian province of Orel, writing in the London Graphic, says: "The agrarian rising in this province has assumed alarming proportions, and at several places has already developed into open revolution. Scenes of the wildest disorder are common, and robberies are of almost daily occurrence. The country houses of the well-to-do are besieged by crowds of peasants, who demand bread, and corn to sow in their fields. For hours they stand, and sometimes landlords who are well disposed towards them give them money and grain. But I have witnessed cases in which the estate agent or some other official has come out and denounced the people, and had many of them beaten as if they were slaves. The day following

one of these incidents the infuriated peasants returned, bringing with them a number of sympathizers. They were armed with clubs, sticks, choppers and pitchforks, and it was obvious that trouble was in the wind. The leaders demanded an immediate supply of bread and corn, and, in reply, the manager of the estate, thinking he was strong enough to overpower the mob, ordered his servants to fire upon the crowd with rifles and revolvers. By force of numbers the defenders of the house were beaten, and the peasants broke down the door of the granary, and helped themselves to all the grain they could find. Later they ransacked the house, and other houses in the neighborhood, and many of the landlords and their managers were killed."

### WHEN EVENING BRINGS US HOME

When twilight shadows softly fall  
Across a fading light,  
And vesper bells in music call—  
The heralds of the night—  
O, hour that breathes of peace and rest  
To those who sadly roam,  
Hour that is dearest, sweetest, best,  
When evening brings us home!

Forgot the trials of the day,  
The toil, the grief, the care—  
All seemed to fade at sunset ray,  
The world grow bright and fair;  
And yet the shadow deeper falls,  
And weary wanderers roam;  
But through the gloom a loved voice calls,  
When evening brings us home.

And lagging feet quick onward press  
To meet those at the door,  
Where love in answering caress  
Waits loyal evermore.  
Most blessed hour of all the day  
To those who toil and roam!  
Love is the star that lights our way  
When evening brings us home.

And, if it be that no one waits  
In earthly home to greet,  
There is a home beyond the gates  
Where all who love shall meet;  
So we may say in truth away  
To those who sadly roam;  
Each heart shall find its own some day,  
When evening brings us home.  
—New York Tribune.

## THE HOLE IN THE WALL

His neighbors called old Sir Giles Travis a misanthrope and a miser. Not that they knew him, for he never left the high walls which surrounded his estate, and on no account was anyone allowed to enter his domain, save the necessary servants and tradesmen.

One warm summer's afternoon Sir Giles was being drawn in his bath chair across the lawn, thence along a narrow pathway until the wall was reached. Under the tree there was a comfortable lounge chair, in which, with the help of his footman, Sir Giles took his seat.

"Push me a little nearer the wall," he cried, irritably. "Now you can go. Come back at 4 o'clock."

The baronet gazed after the footman until he disappeared among the trees. He then proceeded to displace a stone near the bottom of the wall. His fingers groped around, and he gave a sign of deep satisfaction.

"No letter. They will come, then." A quarter of an hour passed, and he tapped his fingers impatiently on the magazine which lay on his lap.

"That's the boy," he muttered, as there came a soft rustling of dried leaves.

"She is late." The voice was impatient. Sir Giles chuckled softly.

"The impatience of youth!" A glad cry was heard, the sound of a kiss, then another kiss.

"The girl now," the old man said softly.

Twenty years of solitude had left their marks on his face. As he listened to the love chatter of the young couple on the other side of the wall his face gradually softened.

Not always had he been the recluse and misanthrope. There was no proud-

er and happier man than Sir Giles had been some twenty years ago. His life and hopes were centered in his son Jack, a fine, manly young fellow, such as would gladden any father's heart.

The quarrel was a sudden one. The reason—a woman. Hard words were exchanged, for they were both possessors of the Aravis temper. A parting in anger and two months afterward news came of Jack's death. Not a line or message had been left for his father.

The blow was a terrible one to Sir Giles. He closed his heart to all human sympathy and retired to the seclusion of Travis towers.

A few months afterward he was stricken with paralysis, and the long years had been wearisome with suffering and ennui.

For the last two or three months a new interest had come into his life. The whole pretty love comedy seemed to have been played within earshot.

When first they met there was the difference of youth. Their voices at first were louder, but as their love increased their seats on the fallen tree without the wall grew closer together, and their voices were lowered when they began to exchange sweet loving nothings.

A week ago the boy had declared his passion. The old man's heart seemed to unfreeze and grow human again as he listened to the passionate pleading of the lover, the shy, timid answer, and the frenzied kisses that were exchanged.

Only twice since that day had they met, and a cloud had appeared on love's horizon.

"What did he say?" she asked eagerly.

"He refused absolutely," he answered, mournfully.

"What reason did he give, Jack?" she demanded, indignantly.

"Your guardian told me that I was a penniless adventurer, and that it was your money I was after," he replied, moodily.

"The wretch! But it doesn't matter. We can marry without him."

"I did not know you had so much money, dear one. You are rich and I have nothing."

"But we have love."

"We can't live on that. It is true, I have my profession, but I have only just become a doctor, and it is an uphill game unless one has money to buy a practice. I have none."

"Did he not hold out any hope?" she asked, tremulously.

"Yes. He said that if I could prove to him that I had a practice which would bring in five hundred a year he would give his consent. I must say that he is reasonable, but—"

"Will it take you very long to gain such a practice?"

"Years."

"Let us marry at once," she cried, impulsively. "I don't mind being poor."

"If you marry without his consent you get none of the money, and I couldn't let you do that, darling Joan."

There was a silence and Sir Giles looked irritably at the hole.

"I have made up my mind, dear."

"Yes."

"I am going away at once—to-morrow. You must forget me. It is not fair to you."

There was a sound of sobbing.

"Don't cry, darling," he said, pleadingly.

"The fool!" the baronet muttered. "I can't let you go!" she cried, miserably.

"I will work hard—and—in time, perhaps—"

The boy's voice broke.

"Don't go to-morrow. Stay till Saturday. It is only four days," she asked, pleadingly.

There was the sound of a passionate farewell, the rustle of leaves, and all was silence.

Saturday afternoon came and Sir Giles looked anxiously at the hole in the wall. He took a large envelope and placed it in the hole.

They came at last. Their words were few and their voices tremulous.

"The last time, Jack, that we shall meet here," she said, brokenly.

"In the future, perhaps—"

"And I shall have no more use for that dear little hole in the wall, where I have found so many love messages from my darling."

She leaned down as she spoke.

"Jack, there is a letter here," she cried, excitedly.

"To Jack and Joan, with a lonely old man's love," she read in wonder. "Open it at once."

With trembling fingers he broke the seal.

From the other side of the wall there came a hoarse but gleeful chuckle.

Jack drew a legal-looking document from the envelope, which he began to read.

"Good heavens!" he cried at last. "Am I mad?"

"What is it?"

"Old Dr. Rutherford has sold his practice to me."

"To you?"

"Yes, and the money has been paid—£2,000."

Jack, what does it mean?"

Again they heard the hoarse chuckle. There was even more glee in it.

Two years have passed.

Jack's most valuable patient is Sir Giles Travis, and once or twice a week the old man sits in his chair near the hole in the wall, while a fair and happy girl plays with her baby on the lawn beside the old baronet.—E. Platt, in Illustrated Bits.

### He, Too, Had Had Experience.

As a representative citizen, Mr. Ames is often invited to say a few words to the students on the occasion of his visits to the public schools. As he is an entirely self-made man, and has gained his experience and independence within a few miles of his birthplace, he regards his own particular road to success with great favor. Every boy who has listened to his stories is well aware that if it is not economy it is industry that eventually lands one in a position of dignity and power.

The boy who recently drew his conclusion from the depths of personal experience and guessed wrong was a newcomer to town.

Mr. Ames had been addressing the model school on the subject of the bee—its marvelous capacity for labor and accumulation. "And now," he said, in conclusion, "what does the busy, busy bee teach us?"

"To keep away from the hive," said the new boy, simply but feelingly.

Judging from the doings of women's clubs, the next great war will be between the men and the women.

## HOW INDIANS SPREAD NEWS.

Creeks Have Speedy Communication that is a Marvel to Whites.

The rapidity with which the news of orders given out from the union Indian agency and the Dawes commission spreads to the remotest corners of the Creek Nation is a continual source of wonder to the Federal officials. When, in October, the regulation compelling Indians to accept the pay for their land in installments of \$10 a month was announced it seemed that every Indian in the Creek country knew it at once, for the petitions for sale dropped off immediately. A few days ago, when the order was revoked and the Indian was allowed to pay for his land at the rate of \$50 a month, practically everybody knew it the next day and business in the Creek land sales department suddenly became lively again.

When it is remembered that there are several thousand full-blood Indians in the Creek Nation who can not speak or read a word of English and have no way of learning the news of the day except by word of mouth, the speed with which intelligence is communicated to them is most remarkable. Most of the full-bloods live in the hills and mountains, far from railroads and in sections where daily or even weekly papers are seldom or never read.

General Pleasant Porter, chief of the Creek Nation and the best informed man in his tribe, when asked to explain the phenomenon, said significantly:

"It may be mental telepathy. Let me ask you a question. How does the buzzard, flying through the air, learn that an animal has been killed and why are there hundreds of them on the scene in less time than it takes to tell about it? You may call it instinct, or anything else you please, but the Indians keep as well posted on news that interests them as the newspaper-reading white people.

"My people have formed the habit of communicating whatever interests them to their neighbors and asking them to pass it on. Every train that leaves Muskogee is loaded with Indians who know personally of an order. They pass the word along and it spreads like wildfire. In the early days the Creeks had regular couriers who carried the news. One of these would visit a town and at sundown the people would gather around him and hear the information he had to impart. The town king would then detail some one to pass it on to the members of the next town or tribe and the same method would be repeated.

"I have known," said the chief, growing reminiscent, "of foot carriers traveling 100 miles a day with important messages. One morning during the Creek rebellion I sent a messenger out to get volunteers for my army and before the sun set 1,200 men came into my camp.

"Warriors had a way of announcing the approach of an enemy by giving warwhoops. If the yells followed closely one after another the enemy was near. One prolonged whoop indicated that the enemy was many miles distant, with no danger of immediate attack."—Kansas City Journal.

### TASTE TELLS ONE LITTLE.

Unassisted by Sense of Smell, Onions and Potatoes Are Alike.

"Do you really think that you can distinguish the taste of potatoes and onions?" was the unusual question that Professor Burtis Burr Breese asked his psychology class at the University of Cincinnati the other morning.

"I have yet to see the individual who could tell them apart when they were reduced to the same consistency and when the sense of taste only was used."

At this point Miss Luella Latta, a member of the class, showed some evidences of doubting, and the professor asked her if she would not exhibit to the class exactly how discriminating her sense of taste was.

He explained that he did not have the potatoes and onions on hand, but that he had something far more decided in its taste and quite as familiar to most people.

Then Miss Latta was asked to step up to the rostrum, and when she was seated Professor Breese told her that she must not breathe through her nose—that is, she must rely altogether on the taste and that he was certain she would be unable to distinguish the three things that he then proceeded to give her separately.

She failed, quite as the professor predicted, and he then told the class that Miss Latta had not been able to tell wintergreen from peppermint or peppermint from cloves.

"In fact," he said, "none of you can tell the difference simply by the sense of taste. The taste is aided greatly by the sense of smell. All you really taste is sweet and sour, salt and bitter."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Every woman wonders how a man can have so much patience watching a cork bob on the water, and so little patience with his children.

A sign painter doesn't think much of a portrait painter's ability as an artist.

A woman doesn't love a man if she wonders why she does.

### Terrific Temptation

An eminent English surgeon, whose brusqueness with grown-ups recalls that of the famous Abernethy, is quite another person when children are his patients. Then he is as amiable as an angel of a big St. Bernard dog.

A short time ago, according to St. James' Budget, this gentle giant got up out of a warm bed at 3 o'clock in the morning to attend a tiny boy in piteous plight from diphtheria. He performed the operation of tracheotomy and saved the child's life.

Time went on and his general condition improved, but there was one disturbing symptom. He refused to use his voice. When he was questioned he nodded or shook his head, but would not speak. Finally the surgeon found a way. One morning he talked at his stubborn little patient.

"I'm sorry he can't speak to me, nurse," the surgeon said, "because I'm going up to London to-morrow, and sha'n't know whether to bring him a horse or a gun."

There was a brief silence. The surgeon and nurse waited breathlessly. Then a tiny finger stole up to a wounded throat, and the ghost of a baby boy's voice said:

"Please, doctor, bring me a liekie gun!"

### "He" Is a Girl.

A tired mother with two children, a baby of 2 years that sat on her lap and a bright-eyed boy of perhaps 4, who sat beside her, were trying to enjoy a little luncheon in a restaurant in the business section of the city. Two young ladies entered and sat down at the same table. Seeing the difficulty the woman had in eating lunch and holding her younger child at the same time, one of the young ladies leaned over and said in a propitiating tone: "What a sweet little boy! Won't you let me hold him until you finish lunch?" The mother gladly granted the request and was transferring her charge into the arms of the younger woman, when the little boy, with never a smile, raised his voice and exclaimed: "He ain't a boy; he's a little girl!"—Philadelphia Press.

### The Curious Limpets.

The limpets are a curious kind of shellfish. They resemble the abalones in their habits. The interior is made of the most brilliant colors, bronze and iridescent hues predominating. They are found on the west coast of Mexico and are so large that the people use them for wash basins.

They are ferocious animals and prey with great ferocity on clams. The process seems slow, but the limpet always gets there. He gets his cover over the unsuspecting clam and puts his big foot on its shell, generally on a weak spot. Then he whips out a long, wiry tongue and proceeds to bore a hole in his captive. When this is done the shell flies open, and the limpet is free to feast on the poor clam's carcass. He eats but a part and leaves the rest for the fishes of the sea.

### Marriage in Spain.

In Spain a bride has no girl attendants to stand at the altar with her, but instead a "madrina," or godmother. Neither does she have a wedding cake or any festive departure after the ceremony. The wedded pair go quietly to their new home, where they remain until the following day, when they start on their honeymoon. Before leaving they pay a formal visit to their respective relatives.

In the great wave of popular feeling for Norwegian independence which is agitating Norway the hero of the hour is Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, the explorer, and it is freely prophesied that he will be his country's next prime minister, if not her president, should the union with Sweden be broken.

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