

MUTINY AT SVEABORG FORT

ARTILLERYMEN TURN GUNS ON LOYAL INFANTRYMEN.

WARSHIPS BOMBARD FORTRESS

Civilian Revolutionaries Seize Marine Barracks on Skatudden Island—Latest Report Indicates That Mutineers Are Still in Possession.

Helsingfors, Aug. 1.—Sveaborg is entirely in the hands of the mutineers, who now have in their possession every kind of armament. Horrible scenes occurred during last night, when the fierce fighting was continued. The heaviest artillery was used during the conflict. Several officers were killed or wounded. The wounded were transported to Helsingfors. Colonel Nataroff was bayoneted. He begged for transportation to the hospital, promising forgiveness in exchange. Instead he was stoned and thrown into the water with a stone tied around his neck.

Helsingfors, Aug. 1.—A gigantic military conspiracy, aiming at the simultaneous capture of Russia's three great sea fortresses, Cronstadt, Sebastopol and Sveaborg, arranged by the revolutionary military league, was prematurely sprung here by an attempt to arrest members of a company of sappers who had mutinied on account of the death of one of their comrades, alleged to have been due to ill treatment. The entire garrison of the fortress at Sveaborg flamed out instantly in revolt. All the artillerymen and sappers garrisoning the place were involved. Only four companies of infantrymen remained loyal. The mutineers seized forty machine guns and practically all the quick-firers and light artillery in the fortress, but even with this aid they were unable to hold the main fort against the loyal infantry. The fighting continued all night long.

A detachment of civilian revolutionaries seized the marine barracks on Skatudden Island, hoisted the red flag and were joined by all the marines. Nine cruisers, torpedo boats and destroyers lying in the harbor opened fire on the barracks. This fire was answered from the third-story windows of the barracks with machine guns and rifles. The torpedo boats and destroyers, which were lying closer to the shore, were subjected to such a hot fire from the barracks that their crews were driven below decks. They finally steamed out and joined in the bombardment with the cruisers. This sea attack was in cooperation with attacks by Cossacks and infantry from the land side. Finally the firing ceased and the authorities announced that the barracks had been captured.

The Cossacks cleared the square in front of the palace facing Sveaborg and then drove the public from the entire water front for the purpose of preventing the sending of assistance from the city to Sveaborg.

The exact situation at Sveaborg is not known. Rumors are in circulation that the entire fortress has now fallen into the hands of the insurgents, but they lack confirmation. It is believed that this cessation of fighting is only a prelude to the renewal of the battle between the mutineers and the government troops.

An authoritative estimate of the killed and wounded cannot be obtained, but the casualty list on both sides must be heavy, for the fighting was waged with desperation.

Various rumors are heard regarding the fate of the officers who were at Sveaborg and in the Skatudden barracks. According to one rumor, almost all the officers, and according to another, almost all the junior officers sided with the mutineers.

The marines at Skatudden are said to have convened an elective court-martial, which condemned several officers to instant execution.

Mutineers Take Forts.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 1.—No report of the suspension of the great revolt of the garrison at Sveaborg fortress, the "Gibraltar of the North," has been received in St. Petersburg up to this hour.

The secondary uprising among the marines and troops stationed at Skatudden barracks, on the peninsula communicating with the mainland, was crushed by loyal troops after heavy firing, in which eleven cruisers, destroyers and torpedo boats participated.

The sound of firing on the islands and from the fortress has ceased, and in spite of the fact that the occupation of the entire water front by Cossacks prevents the obtaining of positive news, it is announced at Helsingfors that the mutinous artillerymen and sappers still are holding their positions.

The outlying islands and the fortress appear to be in their possession and they have practically all the machine guns, quick-firers and movable artillery of the fortress.

General Laiming, the commandant of the fortress, is holding on to the main fort on Commander island with a force of loyal infantry.

Spanish Steamer Burns at Sea. Madrid, Aug. 1.—The Spanish steamer Cabo Trafalgar has been burned at sea. Her crew were rescued by the British steamer Universal, which also towed the shell of the burned steamer's hull to Santander. The cargo of the Cabo Trafalgar is a total loss.

An Adventure of Lovers

[Original.]

Asa Emery, aged seventeen, and Charlotte Crapo, aged fifteen, were causing their respective parents some uneasiness. They were constant companions, and it was feared that companionship would ripen into love. Indeed it had ripened into love, though none but the young couple knew it.

One thing they were forbidden and that on the ground that Charlotte was but a schoolgirl. Asa wished to take her to places of amusement. That which was unattainable openly was undertaken by stealth. One evening they stole away and visited a theater together. When the play was over and they had started home it suddenly began to rain. Charlotte was frightened, and Asa was, to say the least, worried. By the story they had concocted they were supposed to pass the evening near Charlotte's house under cover. If she went home drenched the story must come out. Something must be done to prevent a wetting.

Standing before a house was a carriage, the driver apparently asleep on the box. No street lamp was near, and the location was quite in the dark. Asa put his fingers to his lips and, leaving Charlotte, tiptoed to it, cautiously opened the door and beckoned to her. She came, got into the carriage, and Asa followed, softly closing the door behind him. They were beyond the reach of a drop of rain.

The situation to the children—they were little more—was delightful. First, they were plucking forbidden fruit in being there at all; second, they were saving themselves from discovery by occupying a carriage in which they had no right. The rain pattered merrily, but no more merrily than they chuckled. But suddenly their satisfaction was changed to fright. The front door of the house before which the team stood opened. A man came out and, after a hasty glance up and down the street, came toward them. The window of the coach was down, and he threw in a bundle, which fell in Charlotte's lap. The man whispered something to the driver and away went horses, carriage, driver and children.

Their consternation was great. They did not dare call to the driver to stop, and they were in an agony as to where he would take them. The consequence was that they did what they had never done before—clasped each other tightly and waited as if they expected to be driven over a precipice. They were taken they knew not whither for half an hour; then the carriage stopped. It had hardly done so before a man, who must have been waiting for it, opened the door. Charlotte gave a bit of a shriek. The man, who had extended his hand apparently to grasp something, suddenly withdrew it with an exclamation and took to his heels. The driver jumped from the box and followed him at full speed.

Asa got out through the open door, followed by Charlotte, and they were about to hurry away when a bit of curiosity supposed to pertain especially to the softer sex stopped them.

"I wonder what's in the bundle," said Charlotte.

"Never mind."

"It may be something nice. Are you going to leave it?"

"Yes—no." He darted back, seized it and the two walked rapidly away.

Asa soon recognized the street they were on and knew that they were not far from Charlotte's home. The time which, if it accorded with their story, they were to have been at home, was passed, and they were at a loss what to do. After discussion they decided that Charlotte should go into the house openly and make a full confession. Her parents were waiting in much trepidation and before she went to bed she had made her confession, was forgiven, and, leaving the bundle with her father, went up to her room to sleep as tranquilly as if nothing had happened.

But the next morning at breakfast Charlotte ventured to ask timidly:

"Papa, what was in the bundle?"

"Paper, my dear; nothing but paper." And, taking his morning paper, he left the table.

After the episode Asa and Charlotte were left to follow their own sweet wills. No opposition was made to their going where they liked together, and, although this spoiled the fun, they had had one experience together which formed a strong bond of union. Besides, there was a mystery connected with it, for Asa told his sweetheart that the morning after it occurred her father had come to his father's house. A third gentleman was called by telephone, and the three held a long consultation. They had called Asa in and asked if he could identify the two persons connected with the mystery, which, of course, he could not, though he gave locations accurately.

Asa and Charlotte's love grew stronger as they grew older. Asa went into business, and when he got \$20 a week salary he marched up to Mr. Crapo and asked for his daughter.

"Asa," said the old gentleman, "do you remember your carriage drive several years ago? Well, on that drive you captured \$50,000 that had been stolen from a bank. The parcel thrown into the carriage contained the money. Charlotte gave it to me, and I took it to your father with the story. The president of the bank gave us the reward offered for the return of the money, and the location you gave led to the arrest of the thief. The rewards for both amounted to \$15,000. You can have Charlotte, and the day you are married this money, with interest, in all \$18,000, will be given to you and Charlotte, share and share alike."

So it was that the young couple started life very comfortably.

MARIE G. TREVOR.

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Three Old Maids and a Widow

By C. B. LEWIS

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There are few towns of 1,500 population that can boast of three old maids and a widow living on the same street, but that was the case with Clifton. Miss Vinton was an old maid because she never had met with a man good enough for her. Miss Hopkins was an old maid because the young man she would have married at eighteen was saved in two in a sawmill and she had vowed to be true to his memory. Miss Warner was an old maid because she was determined to marry none but a minister, and all the ministers who came were already provided for. The Widow Carter was a widow because part of a house had fallen on her husband.

The old maids and the widow were on visiting terms—in fact, they rather liked each other. Where there are no male candidates for matrimony can sit down together on the same veranda without quarreling. After the widow had solemnly assured the old maids that nothing on the face of this earth could induce her to be false to the memory of her crushed, the quartet loved each other even more.

One day one of the merchants in the town sold out and a stranger came to take his place. If he had been a married man the dove of peace would have continued to hover over Rose street, but as he was single, only thirty and a "catch" the dove saw a hot time ahead.

The widow let no grass grow under her feet in calling at the store and incidentally mentioning her name and ordering four pounds of sugar all at once. She was one of the Four Hundred of the town, and on the part of the other 300 she bade Mr. Strong welcome to their midst. When he had thanked her she ordered two nutmegs and a paper of starch, in addition to the sugar, to let him understand that she wasn't obliged to pinch pennies, and then departed.

An hour later her reprehensible conduct was known to the three old maids, and up went three pairs of hands; six eyes were turned upward in horror and three mouths opened to exclaim in chorus, "How shocking!"

Then, during the next two days, each of the old maids made an excuse to call at the store and follow the programme carried out by the widow. Each thought she was sly and slick, but they found each other out, and from that moment the bond of friendship snapped asunder like an old

clothesline left out in the storms of a year.

When women make war on each other they don't use fence rails to pound each other on the head. In most cases they go right on treating each other as nicely as they can to their faces, but using daggers and the darkness to assassinate. The three old maids and the widow gathered together as of yore, but the dagger was used whenever there was the least show.

Mr. Strong proved a social success. The widow gave a little dinner and brought him out, but the old maids really monopolized him for the evening. Then Miss Warner gave an exhibition of her own paintings, which consisted of a cow apparently thirty-six feet long and of a river running up stream instead of down, and the widow held Mr. Strong's attention for an hour while she talked about her crushed and departed.

At the end of six weeks the man who ran the sawmill and had a mortgage on the mill dam figured it out to his wife:

"There are three old maids to one widow, but if the widow gets left she'll be the first one I ever heard of."

Even the small boys around town noticed how girly the old maids were becoming. They giggled, they uttered cute little screams when they turned a corner and found themselves face to face with a cow, they tittered when they asked for gum drops at the grocery. As for the widow, she set her jaw and walked into the store two or three times a week to ask the merchant if he thought the Seventy-seventh National bank of Boston was perfectly sound and to sigh with relief when he assured her of his confidence in the institution. Sly reports were soon afloat that Mr. Strong was paying his attentions to this or that one of the four. Then the other three would reply as one:

"Well, may be he is, but what on earth he can see in her is more than I can make out. She grows more homely and dowdified every day. Of course I'm telling you this in confidence, and, of course, it won't go further."

One fatal evening tragedy after tragedy happened, and the light went out of several happy households. Mr. Strong boarded with a family living half a mile from the store. He wanted the walk. He had to cross the bridge over the river and ascend a hill covered with woods, and there wasn't a house between his boarding place and the town.

The three old maids and the widow had had their eyes on this road from the first. They had soon begun walking for exercise. They didn't walk at the hours the merchant might be expected, and if they encountered each other they made all manner of excuses, but each one understood what the other was at and determined to baffle her in the end.

Mr. Strong had been given three months in which to declare his atten-

tions, and he hadn't declared. Time was too valuable to be wasted. His habit was to return to his store after a 6 o'clock supper and remain there until 8. Just before 8 o'clock, then, on this awful night four human figures might have been seen stealing out of the town and over the bridge.

Each and every one of them would have paused on the bridge to listen to the musical splash of the river if they hadn't seen each other. The first, second and third were obliged to go on to avoid the last one. She was the widow. She knew the value of a bridge and a river and a musical splash, and she determined to stick.

One old tramp and a dog were responsible for most of what followed. The tramp came lumping along through the town, bent on finding a country strawstack as soon as possible, and as the widow on the bridge heard his footsteps she began to look artless and coy.

It was labor thrown away. The tramp was nearsighted and bumped up against her, and in her fright she went over the low railing and down into the water. If she couldn't swim like a duck she could at least scramble like a cat, and she managed to get ashore. Her condition was dripping, also drooping, also indignant. She realized that no dripping, drooping woman stood the slightest show in that contest, and she dragged herself homeward and was not improved in looks or temper by having to wade through a couple of mud puddles.

Miss Vinton came next. She was sauntering up the hill wondering how "that widow" dared be so bold and brassy when the tramp, who was now on the run for his life, overtook her. In his nearsightedness he took her for a horse and wagon and tried to shy out. She shied to the right at the same time and was sent sprawling by the collision. She got out of the roadside ditch to run into a patch of briars and scream for help, but there was no help. She had to extricate herself and follow the bedraggled widow.

The dog alone was responsible for what happened to the other two old maids. Miss Warner had discovered one woman ahead and two behind her, and, suspecting their fiendish intentions, she had almost made up her mind to abandon her object when the dog, who had been calling on his brother out in the country, came along and set up a barking and growling. Tragedy was the result. The old maid never had encountered a big bobtailed dog at night on a hill, and she at once scrambled over the fence into the weeds and ran for her life. She fell down and rolled over, and she rose up again and struggled on, and when she reached home two hours later she immediately went into hysterics, and Dr. Seaton got his first night call for fourteen days.

The dog had met with such success,

that he was encouraged to persevere. He came upon Miss Hopkins out of the shadows like a frisking haystack, and as she screamed out and spread her wings to fly she tripped and went down. The fall might have injured her but for the fact that she fell upon soft mud. She couldn't go back to town looking like the mortar mixer for a skyscraper, and she continued on to the merchant's boarding house to get the use of boxes and scrapers. They were furnished, but while she was using them she heard the ten-year-old daughter whispering to her mother that she'd bet a cent that Miss Hopkins had come out there to giggle for Mr. Strong.

That was an awful night in Clifton, though only four feminine hearts knew just how awful it was. Morning dawned with a murky sky overhead. It seemed to three old maids and a widow as if something more was still to happen. They were right. When the butcher boy called for his orders he repeated the same words at every house on his route:

"Say, you heard the news? In Strong has gone to Phillipsville to get married today, and he's got to bring the bride home tonight. Hain't it great?"

The Alps Will Be Washed Away. The Alps, from a geological point of view, are very recent. The Wash hills, though, comparatively speaking, insignificant, are far more ancient. They had been mountainous for ages and ages before the materials which now compose the Mt. or the Pilatus were deposited. Indeed, we may say that it is because they are so old that they have been so much worn down. The Alps themselves are crumbling and being washed away, and if no fresh elevation takes place the time will come when they will be no loftier than Snowdon or Helvellyn. They have already undergone enormous denudation, and it has been shown that from the summit of Mont Blanc some 10,000 or 12,000 feet of strata have been already removed. Denudation began as soon as the land rose above the sea and the main river valleys were excavated.—Pearson's Weekly.

What It Cost.

In a little town in England not long ago the entire family had been at church and the young ministers were coming home to dine with them. "Bile at dinner they were discussing their stained glass window a member had given. "It is a most beautiful piece of workmanship," said one, "and must have cost a great deal of money." "Do you have any idea how much?" "I really do not," replied the minister, "but far into the hundreds, I could imagine." "No, it didn't," said little Harold. "I know how much it is. It cost 14s. 10d." "Why, Harold, by do you know anything about it?" "Because, mamma, it says at the bottom of the window, 'Job 14, 10.'"