

WHEN MANCHU FIRST CHECKED MUSCOVITE.



ALBAZIN, THE RUSSIAN OUTPOST, SUMMONED BY THE MANCHU GENERAL TO SURRENDER, 1685. During the last quarter of the seventeenth century, Russia had pushed her outposts as far as the northern tributaries of the Amur River, and had planted the flourishing town of Albazin, which commanded nearly three thousand acres of cultivated land. In 1684 the czar permitted the town with a coat-of-arms—a spread eagle holding a bow and arrow in its claws—symbolical of mastery over the Chinese. Next year Albazin was assailed by a strong Manchu force, numbering nearly twenty thousand, armed with bows and sabres, fifteen cannon, and many matchlocks. The Chinese general sent in a demand for surrender, written in Manchu, Polish and Russian, and as this was disregarded, a bombardment of the town followed. The governor was forced to come to terms, and surrendered, but received permission to march out with baggage and arms, the Chinese merely following to see that Russia made good her promise of retreat.

THADDY'S SONG.

Once on a day they slipped away—
(I had so much to cry)
Visions of shades within the glades
Where dwelt the elf and fairy.

My ways ran down into the town
Where all men strive for money;
And I forgot the briery spot
Where wild bees suck the honey.

Then on a day in leafy May
I came to my house a laddy;
And as he grew I found he knew
What had escaped his daddy.

He takes me by the solemn, shy,
Sweet silent woodland places;
We hear the beat of elfin feet—
We almost see their faces!

Ho! but it's fine so to resign
The dull town's toll and worry;
And through his eyes grow young and wise
Where no one's in a hurry.

—Frank Putnam in the National Magazine.

CHLOE AND THE STILE.

AS we came down the field of waving corn on Lavender Hill, Chloe was talking quite heroically of life. Her hair had been blown in which she walked breast high, and back again in serene contentment. What did it matter that she was prepared to give battle to the monster—Man? Let him perish.

The hills were ablaze with light, the fields with shimmering blue in a primrose in her muslin, despite the heat of her opinions.

"I can't really understand a sensible man like you taking up a position like that," she said.

"Well, you see, we inherit these prepossessions and prejudices from our savage ancestors. It is suppose."

"That's just it," said Chloe eagerly. "You admit it, then? Savage! Of course they were savages. You've given away your case."

"I never really had any case, but I didn't say so. I suppose I have," she said ruefully.

"You know it," said Miss Bohun firmly. "It is quite absurd to pretend that women are one whit inferior to men, except of course," she added quickly, "in regard to physical strength."

"And even then there were the Amazons," she suggested.

"She cast a glance at me. 'Yes, there were the Amazons,' she said, 'which shows—'

"And the women do all the hard work among the aboriginals," I went on.

"She gave me another glance. 'And that again shows—' she began with less confidence. 'I do wish they'd make games between the fields.'"

"Do you know," I said, stopping in mid-sentence to observe her critically, "I believe that if you only practiced a little you would be more than a match for a man."

"She looked away across the corn. 'Do you think so?' she said, hesitatingly, and added, after a pause, 'I don't think I'm so—I'm not what you'd call muscular.'"

"Well, perhaps not," I assented, examining her appreciatively; "but stoney, say."

"How absurd!" said Chloe, quite emphatically, as she walked on. I followed. The deep, spreading shadows of the bushes at the end of the field enveloped us.

"Another stile," said I, cheerfully.

"Dear me, that's the fourth!" said Chloe, resignedly. "I do wish they'd make games between the fields."

"A stile's more picturesque," said I. "Very possibly," said Miss Bohun, indifferently. "It's certainly not as convenient."

"Ah," said I, smiling, "there's one thing, at any rate, in which men are superior. They can negotiate a stile."

"Indeed!" said Chloe, loftily. "I should have thought the feat was not impossible for a woman." I pursed up my lips. "Any woman can get over stiles," she said, warmly, seeing my skepticism.

"Oh, I've no doubt," said I, politely. "It's nonsense your saying that when I can see you don't believe it," said Miss Bohun. "You're simply pleased to be sarcastic all along."

I shrugged my shoulders. She marched coldly and confidently toward the stile. It took off a high ground, which, I suppose, accounted for the absence of a step. But there were two crosses-bar to assist the climber. I thought Chloe's face fell as she noted it.

"Let me give you a hand," I said.

"Nonsense!" she replied. "I don't want any assistance. It's quite easy."

I shook it and sat up. "No, luckily I was born thick-headed."

"Your—your knee?" she inquired again, hesitatingly.

"Certainly not my knee," I replied.

"Chloe turned away. She might have asked further questions, but she didn't. She was busy smoothing her skirt. 'I can't think why they make such horrible things,' she said.

"Oh, but any woman can get over a stile," I told her. She made no reply, but turned right away. "Please," I called, "won't you help me?"

Miss Bohun turned back reluctantly. I made a face of pain.

"It's your ankle," she said, with sudden anxiety. I winced and took her hand, and then I was on my feet, with that hand in mine.

"No, it's here," I said in a lower voice, laying that hand on my heart. "It was here long ago." I drew her to me.

"Do you always do that to people you help over stiles?" asked Chloe, between a smile and a sob.—Sketch.

A Kidnapped Artist. Henry de Groux, an artist of great though somewhat eccentric talent, and an interesting if peculiar personality, tells an extraordinary story to-day of his having been kidnapped and forcibly shut up in a madhouse at Florence. He lived formerly in Paris, where he painted some years ago his large and remarkable canvas, "Christ and the Smilers." Now, I believe, in an English private collection. A year ago he states that he went to Florence, and worked hard, and with some success there at first. After a time he found himself in money difficulties, and he acknowledges that worry acted upon his nerves. One day he was carried off from his abode by forcible means, and confined in a lunatic asylum in the town. Though driven almost desperate by confinement with insane patients, maniacs, degenerates, and imbeciles in various states of mental disorder, he kept sufficient control over himself to reassure his doctors, whom he describes as fools, and at length he was allowed to take walks in Florence with a keeper. This afforded him an opportunity for which he was waiting, and one day he fled from his attendant, eluding the latter's pursuit. He was free, but absolutely penniless. Nevertheless, he decided that his only plan for safety was to reach the French frontier. He walked to Leghorn then by Viareggio and La Spezia to Genoa, where, worn out with fatigue and nearly starving, he sank down fainting in the porch of a church. Some charitable persons found him, and by their assistance he was able to travel to Marseille. No one who has met M. de Groux, while acknowledging his eccentricities, eccentricity and behavior, can doubt his sanity.—London Daily Telegraph.

Englishmen on American Schools. Each member of the Moseley Education Commission has described our expenditure on common schools as "liberal" or "lavish."

Farmers say they cannot fancy live stock at home; the neighbors prefer to send to another State, and pay more money.

Any man who can successfully run an automobile, could do well with a flying machine.

He caught the tricycle as it was dashing past him, and stopped it.

"Oh papa," sobbed Hazel, "I thought I was going to Glimpy-hack."

Papa didn't know where Glimpy-hack was, but he was ever so glad that she didn't go there.—Lucie D. Welch, in Primary Education.

THIS DOG TRAVELS. For two months Roxy traveled every day between Garden City and Hempstead. He would appear on the platform at just the right time to take a train, and always seemed to know the exact time scheduled for the coming in or going out of the various trains. Where he kept his time table nobody knew, but he evidently had one.

One day he was missing, and there was consternation among the men, who had grown fond of him. For two days nothing was heard of him, and grave looks were exchanged when the question was asked many times during those two days: "Seen anything of Roxy?"

Then came good news, for it was learned that he had extended his travels. He had gone as far as Long Island City, stayed all night, taken several rides on the ferryboat next morning, gone into the dock and played around the engine, then back to the station, and from the station standing there he picked out the Hempstead train and ridden gaily home on the engine. How glad the men were to see him at that end of the line! This was his first ride on the engine, and it soon became his favorite place. Sometimes he would ride in the passenger coach; occasionally he rode in the baggage car; but more often he was found in his favorite place, the engine. There, perched on the seat on the fireman's side—he never thought of going on the engineer's

side, where, of course, he might be in the way—with two paws firmly braced on the sill, he watched the country as the train swept by.

Life now flowed along smoothly for Roxy. The conductor kept his word and spoke to the "boys," and the result was a handsome nickel plated collar made to order for the dog. On one side of the collar is a brass plate bearing the single word in large letters, TRAINMAN. On the other side is a similar plate on which are engraved the words:

RAILROAD ROXY.
Garden City, L. I.
Presented by the boys of the L. I. R. R. Branch Y. M. C. A.

Frederick has a message tag, which protects him from the official dog-catcher, allowing him to wander safely at the promptings of his will.—From Evelyn Nicholas Kerr's "Roxy—Trainman," in St. Nicholas.

THE MERRY BEAN HUNT. The bean hunt is an entirely new game, originated at one of the children's fresh air homes, and has proved a great favorite with the little ones. The children all line up, the boys on one side and the girls on the other. Now, I'm going to throw these beans out in the grass one by one," says the leader, holding a handful of beans before them, "and I want you to watch each one as I throw it and see where it goes." After they are all gone and the leader says the word "Go!" everybody starts to see how many he or she can find. For every bean found the leader gives a penny. "Remember," she says, "you must not start until I say the word 'Go.'"

As each bean is thrown out every one counts together in two, three, four. The children repeat in chorus the number as the leader scatters the beans in the green.

Some of the children watch a certain bean the entire time with the hope of finding it first, while others appear in the grass. The excitement increases with every additional bean, and there is danger that some of the players will overstep the starting line.

"Keep back of that line, now," I shouts the leader, "or you will give me the signal before you start. Twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five—go!" Off they go like a flash, tumbling over one another and running in every direction like a lot of wild Indians in their efforts to discover a bean. Everybody is so confused between the shouts you can't hear the voice crying out with delight: "I've found one! I've found one!" and one by one they come bringing their beans to be redeemed.

"What the leader calls out they are all in but three. For some other small number, the fun becomes more and more exciting, until they are all found. It is important to mark each bean in some way, so as to identify it when redeemed, as it would be very hard to substitute beans other than those at hand. Boys sometimes try to prepare themselves with a supply in their pockets beforehand. A pencil mark is all that is necessary to distinguish them.

This makes a first class game for any occasion where children are, and it is very interesting. It is a good exercise and training for the children, but is a game of luck and merit.—Indianapolis News.

My Pet Linen Economy. I have found it a great saving to buy remnants of damask for making Friday napkins, carving-cloths, bureau and table covers, etc. All the napkins I decorate by outlining some leaves of other designs with silk-wool. Recently I bought a remnant of damask—two yards, twenty-one inches and seventy inches wide, and light curly hair, no evening gray, and I have perhaps the most remarkable feature, quizzical blue eyes. I laugh gently, but which upon occasion can grow the most malicious for into childish spite and obstinacy. Personal magnetism is his to an extraordinary degree—the gift of making men believe and trust in him. If any man can extricate the Russian

Admiral Robert Wren, to whom the command of the remnant of the Russian fleet at Port Arthur has been entrusted, is one of the most remarkable men of his own or any other navy; for hundreds of Russian blue-jackets believe that he is Nelson born again—a Russian. And thousands of others, who draw the line at this are convinced that he is a man with a destiny.

In person he is short and spare of build, with a slight wiry mustache, and light curly hair, no evening gray. His eyes are perhaps his most remarkable feature, quizzical blue eyes. I laugh gently, but which upon occasion can grow the most malicious for into childish spite and obstinacy. Personal magnetism is his to an extraordinary degree—the gift of making men believe and trust in him. If any man can extricate the Russian



Children's Column.

THE "SUNSET LIMITED." Hush-a-By Land is a beautiful place For sleepy small people to go. And there's a By Route is the favorite one With a certain wee liddle I know.

The track lies on sleepers of feather and down, No accidents ever take place; Though there's a By one track, there is only one train.

But it runs at a wonderful pace. There are beautiful things to be seen on this route.

If you're good you may take just a beauty. But strange as it seems, they are seen best in dreams;

So be sure that you soon go to sleep. Say good night to the sun, for he's off to bed, too—

He has a By one, so just wave your hand; The Moon and Stars they will light up the cars

As you travel to Hush-a-By Land. So, quick, jump aboard, it is time to go!

You have nothing to pay, you young elf; Just think of the luxury, liddle, you'll have—

A whole sleeping car to yourself! —Frederick B. Hodgins, in the Book-lovers Magazine.

ANENT "ALICE IN WONDERLAND" "That dormouse was supposed to be sleepy because of the French dormouse, from dormer, to sleep, makes plain the behavior of one of the guests of the Mad Tea-party; but the reason why the dormouse is supposed to be out of his mind is not readily to be seen. There is said to be an old English word, long disused, "letter," meaning furious or raging, and that this explains the saying "as mad as a hatter." Some think the word comes from the Latin "littera," the snake. But after consulting the authorities one is compelled to doubt whether the phrase is at all understood.—From Brooks and Authors in Nicholas.

A TRICYCLE RIDE. "Yes, Hazel," said Clarence, "that's pretty good, a tricycle, but, of course, a bicycle's the thing to get." "Papa's going to get me a bicycle when I'm old enough," replied Hazel; "but he thinks a tricycle is a good deal better for a little girl, and so I see how fast I can make it go!"

"See how fast I can make it go!" Hazel said, and she rode around the yard and came back to the piazza with a grand flourish.

"Don't you want to try it?" Clarence forgot that tricycles weren't good for much and lost no time in getting on.

"That's right," he said, after he had gone to the road and back several times. "Why don't you give Sidney a ride now?"

Sidney was Hazel's big ash-colored cat, who lay asleep on the piazza.

"No, you suppose he'd like it?" "Why, yes, of course," said Hazel.

"Hazel seated herself in the tricycle, and Clarence politely passed Sidney to her.

The sleepy cat settled comfortably in her lap. He was a very lazy old fellow, and he liked to be around the yard, all the while he was well. She thought she would do something more than that. Between Hazel's own home and grandma's house was a hill—not long, but very steep. It led through the back yard, past the hen-house, and up against a high board fence.

Hazel thought it would be fun to take Sidney down this hill. On they went, faster and faster, every minute.

"Oh, dear!" thought Hazel. "What shall I do? I don't plan to stop!" It seemed dangerous to Sidney, too. He gave a squirm, and jumped to the ground, the last wheel of the tricycle over the tip end of his tail.

With a loud "Meow!" he ran up to the very top of the pear tree. No one could see him, and he was safe.

While this was happening, Hazel and the tricycle were speeding on. That board fence was coming nearer every instant.

Clarence saw the danger and ran, screaming, down the hill; but the tricycle went a great deal faster than he could. Just as it seemed as if something dreadful would happen, the hen house door flew open and papa sprang out.

He caught the tricycle as it was dashing past him, and stopped it.

"Oh papa," sobbed Hazel, "I thought I was going to Glimpy-hack."

Papa didn't know where Glimpy-hack was, but he was ever so glad that she didn't go there.—Lucie D. Welch, in Primary Education.

THIS DOG TRAVELS. For two months Roxy traveled every day between Garden City and Hempstead. He would appear on the platform at just the right time to take a train, and always seemed to know the exact time scheduled for the coming in or going out of the various trains. Where he kept his time table nobody knew, but he evidently had one.

One day he was missing, and there was consternation among the men, who had grown fond of him. For two days nothing was heard of him, and grave looks were exchanged when the question was asked many times during those two days: "Seen anything of Roxy?"

Then came good news, for it was learned that he had extended his travels. He had gone as far as Long Island City, stayed all night, taken several rides on the ferryboat next morning, gone into the dock and played around the engine, then back to the station, and from the station standing there he picked out the Hempstead train and ridden gaily home on the engine. How glad the men were to see him at that end of the line! This was his first ride on the engine, and it soon became his favorite place. Sometimes he would ride in the passenger coach; occasionally he rode in the baggage car; but more often he was found in his favorite place, the engine. There, perched on the seat on the fireman's side—he never thought of going on the engineer's

side, where, of course, he might be in the way—with two paws firmly braced on the sill, he watched the country as the train swept by.

Life now flowed along smoothly for Roxy. The conductor kept his word and spoke to the "boys," and the result was a handsome nickel plated collar made to order for the dog. On one side of the collar is a brass plate bearing the single word in large letters, TRAINMAN. On the other side is a similar plate on which are engraved the words:

RAILROAD ROXY.
Garden City, L. I.
Presented by the boys of the L. I. R. R. Branch Y. M. C. A.

Frederick has a message tag, which protects him from the official dog-catcher, allowing him to wander safely at the promptings of his will.—From Evelyn Nicholas Kerr's "Roxy—Trainman," in St. Nicholas.

THE MERRY BEAN HUNT. The bean hunt is an entirely new game, originated at one of the children's fresh air homes, and has proved a great favorite with the little ones. The children all line up, the boys on one side and the girls on the other. Now, I'm going to throw these beans out in the grass one by one," says the leader, holding a handful of beans before them, "and I want you to watch each one as I throw it and see where it goes." After they are all gone and the leader says the word "Go!" everybody starts to see how many he or she can find. For every bean found the leader gives a penny. "Remember," she says, "you must not start until I say the word 'Go.'"

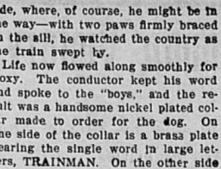
As each bean is thrown out every one counts together in two, three, four. The children repeat in chorus the number as the leader scatters the beans in the green.

Some of the children watch a certain bean the entire time with the hope of finding it first, while others appear in the grass. The excitement increases with every additional bean, and there is danger that some of the players will overstep the starting line.

"Keep back of that line, now," I shouts the leader, "or you will give me the signal before you start. Twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five—go!" Off they go like a flash, tumbling over one another and running in every direction like a lot of wild Indians in their efforts to discover a bean. Everybody is so confused between the shouts you can't hear the voice crying out with delight: "I've found one! I've found one!" and one by one they come bringing their beans to be redeemed.

"What the leader calls out they are all in but three. For some other small number, the fun becomes more and more exciting, until they are all found. It is important to mark each bean in some way, so as to identify it when redeemed, as it would be very hard to substitute beans other than those at hand. Boys sometimes try to prepare themselves with a supply in their pockets beforehand. A pencil mark is all that is necessary to distinguish them.

This makes a first class game for any occasion where children are, and it is very interesting. It is a good exercise and training for the children, but is a game of luck and merit.—Indianapolis News.



Man's Friend—The Dog.

Man loves the dog, but how much more would he love him if he considered in the inflexible ensemble of the laws of nature the unique exception of the love of a being which, in order to approach us, succeeds in passing through the conditions, impermeable to everything else, that separate us from their species.

We are alone, absolutely alone, on this planet of chance, and among all the forms of life which surround us not one except the dog has made an alliance with us. Some beings fear us, the majority do not know us, and some love us. In the world of plants we have trees and immobile slaves, but they serve us in spite of themselves. They submit simply to our laws and our yoke. They are powerless prisoners, victims incapable of flight, but silently rebel, and as soon as we lose sight of them they hasten to play us false, and return to their savage and unmanageable liberty of former time. Had they wings, the rose and the grain would flee at our approach, as the birds fly from us.

The dog is an animal truly privileged. In this world he occupies a situation unique and enviable of all others. He is the only living being that has found and recognized an indubitable, tangible, undeniable and definite god. He knows to whom to devote the best of himself. He need not appear by power, superior and infinite in shadows, some remarkable or perhaps a hypocrite and dreamer. It is there before him. He knows the supreme duties of which we are all ignorant. He has a morality that surpasses all that he discovers within himself, and which he can practice without scruple and without fear. He possesses the truth in its fullness. He has an infinite and certain ideal.

The closing years of the nineteenth century marked an epoch of discovery both in heaven above and earth beneath. The opening years of the twentieth century have not falsified the promise of the dying century, and the most remarkable discoveries have already been made, and that we shall communicate with Mars is not so visionary a dream as was once considered. The latest discovery has a significant bearing upon that point.

Prof. Albertson has just announced that he has invented an apparatus by which he can detect sounds from the far-off stars and listen to the music of the spheres. The quantity and quality of the sounds, it appears, are dependent upon the kind of light that impinges upon the tympanum, or focusing disk, of his apparatus.

We read that when God had finished his creation of the world, "the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy." Commentators and others have been at a loss how to interpret the phrase, "the morning stars sang together," or in harmony. Some said it was metaphorical language, others that it was poetic license, and all agreed it could not be taken literally. But now Prof. Albertson comes forward with his receiving machine and tells us it is a demonstrable fact that the nearest

THE MUSIC OF THE STARS. The closing years of the nineteenth century marked an epoch of discovery both in heaven above and earth beneath. The opening years of the twentieth century have not falsified the promise of the dying century, and the most remarkable discoveries have already been made, and that we shall communicate with Mars is not so visionary a dream as was once considered. The latest discovery has a significant bearing upon that point.

Prof. Albertson has just announced that he has invented an apparatus by which he can detect sounds from the far-off stars and listen to the music of the spheres. The quantity and quality of the sounds, it appears, are dependent upon the kind of light that impinges upon the tympanum, or focusing disk, of his apparatus.

We read that when God had finished his creation of the world, "the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy." Commentators and others have been at a loss how to interpret the phrase, "the morning stars sang together," or in harmony. Some said it was metaphorical language, others that it was poetic license, and all agreed it could not be taken literally. But now Prof. Albertson comes forward with his receiving machine and tells us it is a demonstrable fact that the nearest

THE NELSON OF RUSSIA. Admiral Robert Wren, to whom the command of the remnant of the Russian fleet at Port Arthur has been entrusted, is one of the most remarkable men of his own or any other navy; for hundreds of Russian blue-jackets believe that he is Nelson born again—a Russian. And thousands of others, who draw the line at this are convinced that he is a man with a destiny.

In person he is short and spare of build, with a slight wiry mustache, and light curly hair, no evening gray. His eyes are perhaps his most remarkable feature, quizzical blue eyes. I laugh gently, but which upon occasion can grow the most malicious for into childish spite and obstinacy. Personal magnetism is his to an extraordinary degree—the gift of making men believe and trust in him. If any man can extricate the Russian

Admiral Robert Wren, to whom the command of the remnant of the Russian fleet at Port Arthur has been entrusted, is one of the most remarkable men of his own or any other navy; for hundreds of Russian blue-jackets believe that he is Nelson born again—a Russian. And thousands of others, who draw the line at this are convinced that he is a man with a destiny.

In person he is short and spare of build, with a slight wiry mustache, and light curly hair, no evening gray. His eyes are perhaps his most remarkable feature, quizzical blue eyes. I laugh gently, but which upon occasion can grow the most malicious for into childish spite and obstinacy. Personal magnetism is his to an extraordinary degree—the gift of making men believe and trust in him. If any man can extricate the Russian

Admiral Robert Wren, to whom the command of the remnant of the Russian fleet at Port Arthur has been entrusted, is one of the most remarkable men of his own or any other navy; for hundreds of Russian blue-jackets believe that he is Nelson born again—a Russian. And thousands of others, who draw the line at this are convinced that he is a man with a destiny.

In person he is short and spare of build, with a slight wiry mustache, and light curly hair, no evening gray. His eyes are perhaps his most remarkable feature, quizzical blue eyes. I laugh gently, but which upon occasion can grow the most malicious for into childish spite and obstinacy. Personal magnetism is his to an extraordinary degree—the gift of making men believe and trust in him. If any man can extricate the Russian

Admiral Robert Wren, to whom the command of the remnant of the Russian fleet at Port Arthur has been entrusted, is one of the most remarkable men of his own or any other navy; for hundreds of Russian blue-jackets believe that he is Nelson born again—a Russian. And thousands of others, who draw the line at this are convinced that he is a man with a destiny.

In person he is short and spare of build, with a slight wiry mustache, and light curly hair, no evening gray. His eyes are perhaps his most remarkable feature, quizzical blue eyes. I laugh gently, but which upon occasion can grow the most malicious for into childish spite and obstinacy. Personal magnetism is his to an extraordinary degree—the gift of making men believe and trust in him. If any man can extricate the Russian

Admiral Robert Wren, to whom the command of the remnant of the Russian fleet at Port Arthur has been entrusted, is one of the most remarkable men of his own or any other navy; for hundreds of Russian blue-jackets believe that he is Nelson born again—a Russian. And thousands of others, who draw the line at this are convinced that he is a man with a destiny.

In person he is short and spare of build, with a slight wiry mustache, and light curly hair, no evening gray. His eyes are perhaps his most remarkable feature, quizzical blue eyes. I laugh gently, but which upon occasion can grow the most malicious for into childish spite and obstinacy. Personal magnetism is his to an extraordinary degree—the gift of making men believe and trust in him. If any man can extricate the Russian

Admiral Robert Wren, to whom the command of the remnant of the Russian fleet at Port Arthur has been entrusted, is one of the most remarkable men of his own or any other navy; for hundreds of Russian blue-jackets believe that he is Nelson born again—a Russian. And thousands of others, who draw the line at this are convinced that he is a man with a destiny.

In person he is short and spare of build, with a slight wiry mustache, and light curly hair, no evening gray. His eyes are perhaps his most remarkable feature, quizzical blue eyes. I laugh gently, but which upon occasion can grow the most malicious for into childish spite and obstinacy. Personal magnetism is his to an extraordinary degree—the gift of making men believe and trust in him. If any man can extricate the Russian

Admiral Robert Wren, to whom the command of the remnant of the Russian fleet at Port Arthur has been entrusted, is one of the most remarkable men of his own or any other navy; for hundreds of Russian blue-jackets believe that he is Nelson born again—a Russian. And thousands of others, who draw the line at this are convinced that he is a man with a destiny.

In person he is short and spare of build, with a slight wiry mustache, and light curly hair, no evening gray. His eyes are perhaps his most remarkable feature, quizzical blue eyes. I laugh gently, but which upon occasion can grow the most malicious for into childish spite and obstinacy. Personal magnetism is his to an extraordinary degree—the gift of making men believe and trust in him. If any man can extricate the Russian

Admiral Robert Wren, to whom the command of the remnant of the Russian fleet at Port Arthur has been entrusted, is one of the most remarkable men of his own or any other navy; for hundreds of Russian blue-jackets believe that he is Nelson born again—a Russian. And thousands of others, who draw the line at this are convinced that he is a man with a destiny.

In person he is short and spare of build, with a slight wiry mustache, and light curly hair, no evening gray. His eyes are perhaps his most remarkable feature, quizzical blue eyes. I laugh gently, but which upon occasion can grow the most malicious for into childish spite and obstinacy. Personal magnetism is his to an extraordinary degree—the gift of making men believe and trust in him. If any man can extricate the Russian

Admiral Robert Wren, to whom the command of the remnant of the Russian fleet at Port Arthur has been entrusted, is one of the most remarkable men of his own or any other navy; for hundreds of Russian blue-jackets believe that he is Nelson born again—a Russian. And thousands of others, who draw the line at this are convinced that he is a man with a destiny.

In person he is short and spare of build, with a slight wiry mustache, and light curly hair, no evening gray. His eyes are perhaps his most remarkable feature, quizzical blue eyes. I laugh gently, but which upon occasion can grow the most malicious for into childish spite and obstinacy. Personal magnetism is his to an extraordinary degree—the gift of making men believe and trust in him. If any man can extricate the Russian

Admiral Robert Wren, to whom the command of the remnant of the Russian fleet at Port Arthur has been entrusted, is one of the most remarkable men of his own or any other navy; for hundreds of Russian blue-jackets believe that he is Nelson born again—a Russian. And thousands of others, who draw the line at this are convinced that he is a man with a destiny.

In person he is short and spare of build, with a slight wiry mustache, and light curly hair, no evening gray. His eyes are perhaps his most remarkable feature, quizzical blue eyes. I laugh gently, but which upon occasion can grow the most malicious for into childish spite and obstinacy. Personal magnetism is his to an extraordinary degree—the gift of making men believe and trust in him. If any man can extricate