

## 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 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

### 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 toll, the grief, the care—  
All seemed to fade at sunset ray,  
The world grew 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  
From those who toil and roam!  
Love is the star that lights our way  
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 he was seated in 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, and on no account be late."

The footman 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," he said, coming back.

"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 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.

"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 I 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, and 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."

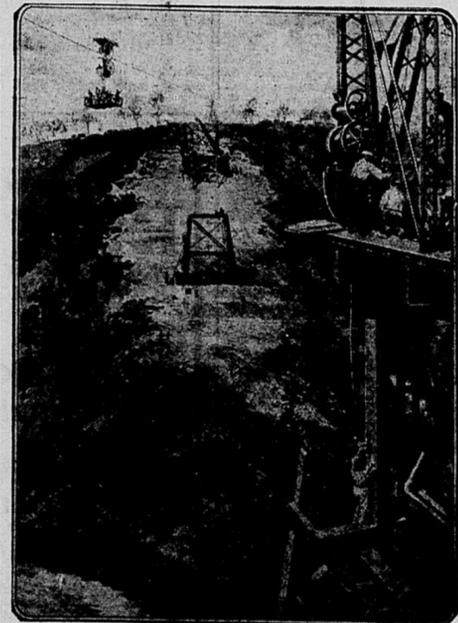
"She leaned down as she spoke.

"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.

### MAKING THE WORLD'S HIGHEST BRIDGE.



AN ENGINEERING FEAT AT THE VICTORIA FALLS.

The bridge which is being constructed across the Zambesi to carry the Cape to Cairo Railway northwards, will cross the gorge immediately below the famous falls at a height of 400 feet above the water level. The clear span of the arch will be 500 feet in length, the bridge being built out from each end of the ravine on the cantilever principle to meet in the middle. For the transportation of material a cable way about 900 feet in length has been provided. It is capable of carrying ten tons, and is worked by electricity. The illustration shows the construction of the piers on one of the banks of the river, with the aerial car at work.

## BODY OF PAUL JONES.

FOUND IN ABANDONED CEMETERY AFTER LONG SEARCH.

Famous Naval Hero of Our Revolutionary Struggle to Be Honored with a Monument—His Historic Fight with the Serapis.

The body of Paul Jones, the famous admiral of the American revolution, buried in the old St. Louis cemetery in Paris more than a hundred years ago, has been found, after a search lasting for five years.

Paul Jones died in poverty and neglect in Paris on July 18, 1792. All record of his burial place was lost years ago. General Horace Porter, the American ambassador, began a search for the body five years ago. After many false clues it seemed certain that the famous admiral had been buried in the old cemetery of St. Louis, a square of ground long since covered with buildings.



JOHN PAUL JONES.

General Porter employed a large force of workmen and tunneled and crossed beneath the basements of the buildings. The body was found to be well preserved, owing to its being immersed in alcohol. It was wrapped in a sheet, with a packing of straw and hay. All present were immediately struck by the resemblance of the head to that on the medallions and busts of the admiral. As was anticipated, no uniform, decoration, or other mark was found on the body.

John Paul, who afterward added Jones to his name, was the son of a Scottish gardener, and was born in 1747. At the age of 12 he went to sea, the adventurous life suiting his temper.

### REV. CHARLES W. CUSHING.

Brother of Man Who Blew Up the Confederate Ram Albatross.

One of the most noted Methodist divines of the United States recently passed away in the death at Schenectady, N. Y., of Rev. Charles W. Cushing, D. D. Dr. Cushing was in his 81st year and has occupied some of the most important Methodist pulpits of the country, including those at Troy, Rochester, Cleveland, O., and Wheeling, W. Va. He was prominent in educational movements and contributed extensively to church literature.

From 1854 to 1858 he was principal of the seminary at Newbury. In 1862 he accepted the presidency of the New Hampshire Conference Seminary and in 1864 purchased the Lasell Female Seminary at Auburn, Mass., which he conducted until 1875. He founded the American Reformer, afterward The Voice, in 1881. He was also instrumental in founding the Boston University, in which he always took a deep pride and interest.

Dr. Cushing was a brother of William Barker Cushing who, in 1864, blew up the Confederate ram Albatross in the Roanoke river. William Cushing, a noted jurist and associate justice of the United States Supreme Court, was an uncle.

### Another Railway Navy Head.

The new first lord of the British admiralty, Earl Cawdor, has been a railroad man for over 30 years, so that Mr. Roosevelt's appointment of Paul Morton as Secretary of the Navy gets a sort of British indorsement.



HOW THE BODY WAS FOUND.

in St. George's channel and effected a landing at Whitehaven. By 1770 he had a fleet of five vessels under him—four of them having been given to him by the King of France. The other vessel was the American built Alliance. His crew was a motley crowd of Americans and French, with little experience of the sea and animated in large part by a spirit of reckless daring and love of adventure.

Flight with the Serapis.

His aim still was the capture of English vessels, and it was while cruising in quest of such prizes that he fought

his memorable battle with the Serapis. On September 23 he sighted a fleet of forty British merchantmen under the command of the Countess of Scarborough. Most of the merchantmen ran toward the shore, anchoring under the guns of Scarborough castle. At 7 o'clock in the evening Jones' flagship, the Bon Homme Richard, engaged the Serapis, which was answered by the fiercest naval conflict ever recorded. At the beginning of the action two canons of the Richard exploded, bursting the deck above and killing and wounding a number of men. In spite of this the Richard began a heavy fire, which was answered by the Serapis. This was maintained for an hour, and then Jones with his own hands assisted in lashing the two vessels together, so that the Serapis could not escape, nor take advantage of her superior maneuvering power. Prior to this when Jones had been repelled in an attempt to board the Serapis the English commander, Capt. Pearson, called out, "Have you struck your colors?" "I haven't begun to fight yet," Jones shouted back.

While the two vessels lashed together, were in their death duel, both crews fighting fiercely for victory, an unexpected diversion occurred and one which nearly proved fatal to the American vessel. The Alliance had come up, and after exchanging a broadside with the Countess of Scarborough she opened fire on the two vessels struggling together. Whether through treachery, or in the confusion of the battle in the dark, her guns did much more damage to the Richard than to the Serapis; and when Jones hailed her captain and made him lay aboard the British ship, his orders, if heard, were disregarded.

By this time both the Richard and the Serapis were terribly shattered. The former's side, near the stern, had been shot through and through until the upper deck had almost fallen in upon the gun deck. The Serapis had been set on fire in a dozen places by grenades and cannon balls. Just as the moon rose, at 9:30, the Richard, too, caught fire. A cry arose that she was sinking.

In the hold were a hundred English prisoners, the crews of captured merchantmen. Some of the sailors set them loose, to give them a chance for their lives. They rushed on deck, and added to a confusion already almost indescribable. One of them made his



FIGHT BETWEEN THE BON HOMME RICHARD AND THE SERAPIS.

way aboard the Serapis, and told Capt. Pearson that his enemy was sinking and helpless.

At the same moment the Richard's chief gunner ran from below. Seeing none of his superior officers, he supposed them all killed, and sprang on the Serapis deck to haul down the ship's colors. They had been shot so that they yelled for quarter. Capt. Pearson heard, and shouted back an inquiry whether the Serapis had surrendered. Jones ran forward with a thundering "No!"

Then the Serapis' mainmast struck crashing down, and her captain struck his flag. The firing ceased, but the confusion continued. Men ran about inquiring which vessel had surrendered. Both of them had been shattered to helplessness. It had been a question of dogged endurance between their commanders, and Jones had won.

It was now clear that the Bon Homme Richard was sinking. Her captain ordered what remained of his crew to go on board the Serapis. Scarcely had the Richard been abandoned when, at 10 o'clock, she settled down and went to the bottom of the North Sea. The captured Serapis drifted about almost helpless for several days, until on October 6, with the help of his consort, Jones got her into the Dutch port of Texel.

For his conduct in this action Capt. Pearson was knighted by King George. "Well," said Jones, when he heard of it, "he deserves it; and if I ever meet him again, I'll make a lord of him!"

For this feat Congress gave Jones a gold medal, and Louis XVI. made him a chevalier of France and presented him with a gold sword.

Jones saw no further service in the American navy. In 1788 he entered the Russian service, with the rank of rear admiral, and distinguished himself in a campaign against the Turks. Disappointed in the hope of obtaining an independent command, he soon left the Russian service and went to Paris, in broken health. There he died in poverty in 1792. Just before his death the appointment as commissioner and consul of the United States to Algiers was sent to him from this country, but he had passed away before the commission reached France.

### Impassioned Fiction.

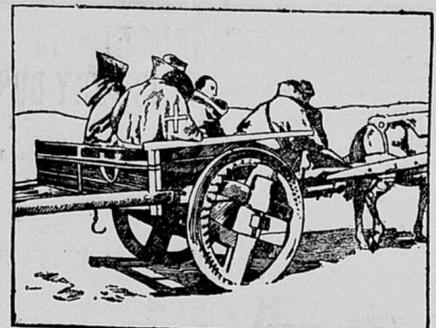
A reader for a prominent magazine recently received a manuscript which contained an exquisite bit of emotional writing.

The young writer thus described how a beautiful young woman refused the hand of a despicable wretch responsible for the ruin of her father: "Scornfully and sprightly she refused the cad and slapped his face!"

The average college professor makes a specialty of trying to be boyish when he meets his pupils socially.

A woman seldom means the mean thing she says.

## MANCHURIAN CART AS AN AMBULANCE.



As may be seen from the sketch, the conveniences for transporting the wounded on some of the Manchurian battlefields have not always been everything that could be desired. Owing to the rapid movements of the forces it was necessary for the Red Cross workers to impress into service some of the rough Manchurian carts, which are innocent of springs and afford about as crude a means of locomotion as has ever been devised by the hand of man. They are at best only the most indifferent makeshifts and were used only when there was absolutely nothing else available.

### NEW NAVAL STATION.

Galapagos Islands to Be Important Pacific Base for Uncle Sam.

The persistent rumor that the United States government has decided to purchase the Galapagos Islands has recently derived additional strength from certain semi-official admissions made at Washington. The probability of such action on the part of the government is demonstrated still further by the announcement that diplomatic negotiations of importance are in progress between the Washington authorities and Ecuador, the owner of the property in question. Since the acquisition of the Panama canal by the United States the Galapagos Islands seem to be necessary as a base for naval safeguarding.



MAP OF THE GALAPAGOS GROUP.

The Galapagos group lies about 600 miles west of Ecuador, and it is of no actual value to that republic. She has never made but one attempt to colonize it, and that was a dismal failure. About sixty-five years ago a penal colony of 200 convicts, all negroes, was established on one of the islands. In the course of time all of these unwilling settlers managed to return to the mainland. Since then the islands have been practically deserted.



SCENE ON CHATHAM ISLAND.

except Chatham, the property of Senor Cobos, who has established a plantation there and peopled it with Guayaquil laborers.

Most Curious Lakes in World.

In central Asia, near the Caspian Sea, is a lake of beautiful rose color, while the banks are covered with salt crystals as white as snow, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. From the waters of this lake there arises a flower-like odor. The color and the odor are supposed to be caused by vegetable matter in the depths.

One of the most singular lakes in the world is the celebrated Pitch Lake of the island of Trinidad. This lake spreads over an area of ninety-nine acres, and its surface is composed of one great floating mass of asphaltum, seamed with veins of clear water. There is a similar lake in Venezuela. The Pitch Lake is a hideous place so far as smells are concerned, for the air about it is heavy with noxious vapors, and from the center of the lake gushes a fountain of liquid asphaltum, in which there float and break bubbles containing most horrible gases. The workmen go out on the surface of this lake and cut great slabs of asphaltum, which are carried away. But the most morbid of the lake they left is filled up again with the pitch, which has risen during the night, so that the supply seems to be inexhaustible.

This curious lake was discovered by Sir Walter Raleigh when he landed in Trinidad in 1595 on his way to the mouth of the Orinoco in search of El Dorado.

### Emulate Count Tolstoy.

Not long ago the Vienna newspapers were speaking of a Hungarian doctor of philosophy who had become penetrated with Tolstoy's ideas and had appropriated himself to a Budapest shoemaker, says the New York World. Now a Bulgarian doctor of philosophy, Lubekoff, who has passed his examinations at the University of Sofia "cum laude," and was engaged as professor of Latin, has become a bootblack at a street corner in Sofia. His customers come because they wish to have their boots polished by a doctor.

### TOOK A LONG DAILY WALK.

Business Man for Health and Exercise Steps 5,200 Miles in Year.

On Jan. 1, 1903, I conceived the idea of walking 5,000 miles before the expiration of the year. The object was not to achieve any unusual feat nor to accomplish any conspicuous performance.



"Their engagement was quite a surprise, wasn't it?" "Yes—to him."—Town Topics.

"And how is Jack looking since he married for love?" "A good deal like a cat that is owned by a vegetarian."—Judge.

"I notice you never wear a watch with your evening clothes." "No; I never have both out at the same time."—Cornell Widow.

Johnny's Friend—I hear Johnny is learning to play the French horn. Johnny's Roommate—Yes, I've had wind of it.—Harvard Lampoon.

"You haven't much of a head," said the needle to the pin. "No," replied the latter, "but at the same time we plus have our fine points."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Nell—Of course she's not pretty, but it's remarkable how her face lights up when she talks. Belle—Oh, that's not so remarkable. She's got a lantern jaw.—Philadelphia Ledger.

First Society Woman—That's my baby that we just passed. Second Society Woman—How could you tell? First Society Woman—I recognized the nurse.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Teacher—How many commandments are there Tommy—Not any. Teacher—Why, Tommy? There are ten. Tommy—Av, dem was all broke long ago.—Cleveland Leader.

"Smoothie is certainly the politest man I know. 'What makes you so positive?'" "He's pretending he's cured of his dyspepsia so as not to hurt his doctor's feelings."—Town Topics.

"Well, Doctors Brown and Smith are going to operate upon old Gotrox." "Is the operation necessary?" "Why, yes. Brown has a note coming due and Smith wants an automobile."—Puck.

"Harold!" began his wife in a furious temper. "My mind is made up—'" "Mercy!" interrupted her husband; "is that so? I had hoped that your mind, at least, was your own!"—Detroit Free Press.

Friend—You must enjoy your new position. So much honor, dignity and prestige! University President—Yes; but I won't get so much money as the head coach of the football team.—Somerville Journal.

"Can you support my daughter in the style to which she has become accustomed?" "Perhaps not. But I can support her in the style to which her mother was accustomed during her early married life."—Life.

Jasper—I think I have reason to believe that last poem of mine is a classic. Jumpup—Why so? Jasper—I find that all my friends have either seen it or heard of it, but none of them has read it.—Exchange.

The preacher—I was surprised to see your husband get up and walk out of church while I was preaching. The Wife—Oh, don't think anything of that! You know how I've been troubled with somnambulism, my dear Statesman.

"Is, Josh, that somebody has found out that college life decreases the desire of girls to marry." "I'll bet the trouble is, Nancy, that it decreases the desire of the young fellows to marry 'em."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Are you going to entertain this winter?" "No," answered Mr. Cushing, "mother and the girls will have a lot of people at the house, as usual. But I never can tell whether they are being entertained or bored."—Exchange.

Modern Mother—Why, child alive, what are you taking off that doll's clothes for? Modern Child—I'm going to 'amine her to see if she's been vaccinated. I can't have her 'spreadin' 'agin among my other dolls.—Baltimore American.

Judge—You are charged with beating your wife every morning before breakfast. What have you to say for yourself? Prisoner—Well, you see, Judge, that's my best time, as I have to run for a car as soon as breakfast is over."—Exchange.

"I half believe that there's a skeleton in the Kismora's case." "It shouldn't wonder. One day when Kismora took me home with him unexpectedly to dinner, I thought I heard it throwing things at him out in the kitchen."—Exchange.

Squire's Daughter (to gardener's wife, who suffers from chronic rheumatism)—How do you get on? Swedish massage, Mrs. Brown's Brown—I have heard say it is very good for the rheumatics, miss; but we don't grow it in these parts.—Punch.

Customer—How is it that the price of a peck of potatoes remains twenty cents so far in the season? I'd think the price would become larger as the season advanced. Grocer—It would, madam, only it's so much easier to change the size of the pecks.—Baltimore American.

Examining Physician (for insurance company)—In Africa we can't take you, sir. You are too great a risk. Applicant (resignedly)—Well, perhaps I am. The fact is, that when I get sick I never send for a doctor. I just lay around until I get well. Examining Physician—By 'Um—well take you.—New York Weekly.

Mrs. Hawkins—And 'ave you made all the arrangements for your marriage, my dear? Mrs. Jorkins—Well, not quite all. I've got to buy me trousers, and take a 'ouse, and get me 'usband a job, and buy 'im a good suit of clothes, and get some regular washin' work to do. An' then I'm to name the happy day.—Pick-Me-Up.

Civil and Domestic Service.

Not long ago the authorities at Washington were taking steps to secure some lighthouse keepers, and the Civil Service Commission advertised an examination for candidates.

The stenographer who typewrote the advertisement made it call for "light housekeepers."

So Washington had its jokes about the weight limit of applicants, and a proposed "department of domestic economy," and all the other puns and jokes which the error inevitably suggests.

Where to Look for It.

"No," said Subbuss, "he's not living in Swamphurst now. He's been in Florida all winter, and now he's in California for his health."

"I should think he'd go back to Swamphurst for it," remarked Citizen.

"Really?"

"Of course. That's where he lost it."—Philadelphia Press.

It is never safe to judge a woman's courage by the way she manages to avoid an interview with a mouse.

A pretty girl is usually more ornamental than useful.