

Shadowed

By RUTH GRAHAM

During that period when the late Russian revolution was brewing Sonia Katrovich, a young wife of twenty, lived in St. Petersburg at her home with her husband. They were both members of a secret propaganda embracing many persons whose object it was to scatter printed matter intended to awaken the people to their wrongs and incite them to rebellion. There were a number of depositories for this literature, and the home of the Katrovichs was one of them.

The police learned of the whereabouts of one of these depositories and, as was their custom, instead of raiding it at once, set a spy upon it with a view to learning what persons went there, assuming that all visitors were members of the propaganda. One morning Mme. Katrovich went to this depository that the police were watching to take some revolutionary literature there. The place was a single room on the third floor of a building occupied for various purposes. Having finished her visit, Sonia opened the door suddenly and just in time to see a man dart up the stairs leading to the next story above. She did not see his face nor his clothes sufficiently to mark him, but she knew instinctively what had happened. The depository had been discovered by the police and she would be shadowed by them. Retaining her presence of mind, she continued on her way, knocking at different doors as though looking for some one. Receiving a negative answer to her question, she passed down and out of the building.

Either she must outwit the spy or both she and her husband must spend the rest of their lives in Siberia. She must not go home, and she must contrive to make her husband aware of what had happened. To gain time she visited certain shops. The first shop she entered a man followed her inside and looked over articles with the pretense of buying. Sonia suspected him, but was not sure that he was her shadower till he followed her into another store.

After Sonia had visited several stores she felt at liberty to enter one kept by one Petrof, a member of the propaganda, without necessarily betraying him. Calling on him for some gloves, she while trying them on informed him of the situation that he might at once get word of the danger to her husband and he might remove the literature.

When she left the store the man who watched her approached her.

"Conduct me to your home," he said.

"What means this?" she asked, affecting surprise.

After awhile he admitted the truth, and she told him that she had gone to the building for the purpose of finding a former servant of hers, but had been misinformed as to the address.

"I have no objection to taking you to my home," she said, "and I will easily prove to you that I am loyal to the government. But I warn you that I have some very good friends who are influential with the government, and I will not be put in any inconvenience."

At this the man assumed a more respectful manner and lifted his hat politely.

"I am looking for a certain kind of goods," continued Sonia, "that I need and shall be obliged to visit one or two stores, then I will take you home with pleasure."

Sonia, being of the better class, was enabled to assume an importance that affected the official. She went into several more shops and kept clerks hunting for the goods she wished. At last she refused to find exactly what she wanted and on paying for it gave the address of her home, to which it was to be sent. The police official noted the location, pricking up his ears as she gave it.

It would not suit Sonia's game to keep the man too long. She must take some risk. It was nearly two hours after she had left the message with Petrof that she told her captor that she was ready to go to her home, and she led him there in a perfectly straight course. But it was all she could do to bear up under the suspense. If her husband had not received her message there was that in store for them far worse than death. As she went up the steps of her house she almost fainted, but with an effort she opened the front door. No one was to be seen. She opened a door leading into another room where her husband sat at a desk writing.

"Well, dear," he said without looking up from his work, "you have been gone quite awhile." Then, raising his eyes and seeing his wife's attendant, he appeared surprised. Sonia knew that had he not been warned he would have doubtless turned pale.

"Yes," she said, "I have been delayed in finding the goods I need for my gown."

She then explained her having an attendant who needed to be satisfied that they were loyal to the czar.

"That is very easy," said her husband. "I am at this moment writing a paper on the necessity of the Russian people remaining loyal to the government."

He handed the unfinished paper to the official and bade him search the house, from which everything incriminating had been removed. But so well had the game been played that the officer was satisfied and went away without taking any further action.

Degeneration of Names.

Thomas Hardy showed his keen eye for the characteristic in giving his hero the distinguished name of D'Urberville, corrupted by long rustic wear to Derbyshire. But many stately English names have gone further down hill than that, for example the mean and trivial Snooks, which has little to recall Savanah. One would suppose that an easy prize winner in a degeneration race, yet Professor Weekley, in his book on the romance of English names, finds some that have descended as far and started higher. There is nothing very distinguished, for example, about Codlin—a novelist would hardly dare use it save for a comic figure. As Quodling it is merely queer. As Querdling it begins to seem foreign, and the etymologist can make a shrewd guess where he is coming out; while Querdelyon is but the thinnest of masks for the illustrious Norman original, Cœur de Lion. In England the meanest little names may have the greatest history, especially if they started as French, which fares badly on English tongues.

Berberine Belief.

Everything that goes wrong is attributed by the Berberines, a tribe of the Sudan, to the devil. Ethel S. Stevens, in "My Sudan Year," quotes a story told her by Bishop Gwynne of his "boy's" coming to him one day and announcing, "The devil is in the house."

"Oh," said the bishop, "that is very interesting! When did he arrive?"

"He came in with the cook from the soup kitchen yesterday evening."

"Really?" commented the bishop, puzzled.

"Yes, and in the night he came out of the cook and passed into me."

"Oh, and what did he do?"

"He went to the cupboard and broke a plate and the top of the jam jar."

A light broke in on the bishop.

"Oh, he was after the jam? I suppose he ate some?"

"Yes," said the boy, "he did."

The idea of devil possession is not merely an elaborate form of excuse; the native servant really believes in it.

When Pope Was Bread.

Alexander-Pope, the deathless poet of England, had a large and intimate experience of the theater. In his time he was a welcome visitor behind the scenes, and most of the contemporaneous dramatic authors and actors were proud to be on friendly terms with him. Mean and little and contemptible as he was in many of his personal relations (recall Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's estimate of his infinite littleness), he nevertheless had a broad streak, this, of course, from the viewpoint of the intellectual. He was in ready sympathy with the strugglers on the stage, and he wrote this apology for imperfections that are inseparable from plays no less than from other works of finite, therefore imperfect, beings:

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see
Thinks what never was nor is nor e'er
shall be.

Where Living Is Cheap.

"The cheapest place in the world is Antioch, in Syria," says a returned traveler. "Being on the Mediterranean, the climate is just right in the colder months. I once passed a winter there, and all it cost me was \$1 a week, though I leased a fine house and kept three servants. For the house I paid 20 shillings a month rent, while the servants were satisfied with 2 shillings a week. Mutton cost three halfpence a pound. Eggs were a penny a dozen and chickens twopence-halfpenny each. The finest of fresh fruit and vegetables (in February, too) were so cheap that they were not sold in quantity. You got all you wanted for so much per week. All I required for my household cost me 1 shilling weekly. An American resident of Antioch told me that he and his family lived comfortably on \$35 a year."—Westminster Gazette.

Roach and Rain.

There is one sport which benefits by the advent if not by the actual arrival of rain. This is fishing. While the rivers are still clear of floods and there is light enough for the fish to see the bait, but no sun to betray the shining hook, the fisherman has a chance to make a big catch for fish rise and bite greedily before a rainstorm. The roach, known as the "weather fish," leaves his muddy bed, sometimes as long as twenty-four hours before the actual storm breaks, and swims around continually, all the time gasping for breath.—Hamburger Nachrichten.

A Disconcerting Habit.

"Yes, Dinah is a very good cook, but she has one falling. She's passionately fond of my perfumes."

"You can lock them away from her, can't you?"

"Of course. But I can't get used to hear her sniffing under the door."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Yats Wood.

The yats, one of Australia's numerous hard woods, seems to be the strongest known timber, with an average tensile strength of 24,000 pounds to the square inch and a maximum as high as 35,000, about equal to cast and wrought iron.

Well Worked Bell.

A bell in a temple in north China has been kept ringing for a century. A tax is levied in the district for paying rays of rings to work incessantly day and night.

Wee to the ruler who founds his

hope of sway on the weakness or corruption of the people.—Washington Irving.

Their Strange Guide

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

Everybody in Paris dines in a cafe. That's what gives that city its special flavor. After dinner this same "everybody" devotes himself to pleasure. Edward Fawcett, an American, and his bride were in this city of joyful adventures and were dining at a cafe on Rue Rivoli. They had both heard of the view of life to be had in Paris and had come there to witness it, having agreed that they would do so together, the husband not going anywhere that he could not take his wife. But they did not know where to go. What is the use of being in a city where strange sights are to be seen without knowing where they are, what they are or how to get to them? Then, dinner finished, they were ready to go forth to take a peep at this gay city, but they still sat over their wine, for they had no guide. A man sat at a table near by, and Edward, who spoke French fairly, said to him:

"Monsieur, my wife and I are Americans who have come to Paris to see what is to be seen, keeping within the bounds of what a lady may witness. Can you tell us of some of the places of interest and how to get to them?"

First Flight Sensations.

The sensations when you first shoot up rapidly in the air are distressful to the novice, says Captain C. Mellor in the *Almanac*. This is how Captain Mellor felt, sitting behind the pilot in a biplane:

"The rush and press of air are terrific. My chest seems to be getting stifled and my ribs feel inclined to give way. I have difficulty in exhaling. The smallest opening of the nasal valve seems to give too much air. My blood rapidly becomes superoxygenated, and I experience a feeling of giddiness. I should like to about or the stranger should show them where at least say 'Hi, ha!' but the presence to go. A taxicab was ordered, and the of the wind is too great for me to say three entered, the stranger directing anything, and I feel it best to keep my mouth shut."

It was much the same when taking a trial flight in a monoplane from the Bleriot school. At the end of the first circuit he "felt like blowing up."

Jupiter Cold and Dim.

Jupiter is 1,285 times larger than the earth, but the quantity of matter in this huge volume is only 318 times that in the earth; hence its density is low—in fact, only 41 per cent greater than that of water. Jupiter has been weighed with extreme precision, this because its moons can be measured as to distance and specific speeds of orbital revolution with the last degree of accuracy. But, then, it is cold out there, the distance of Jupiter being 5.2 times that of the earth from the sun, the intensity of solar light and heat energy received by the good Jovian folk if there are any such creatures, being only one twenty-seventh that received here by humans. We would at once die in cold and dim twilight if taken out to Jupiter.—Edgar Lucien Laricq in *New York American*.

Crocodiles in Polesia.

There has been instances in Polesia in which long sentence prisoners have had no desire to return to their homes because they grew fat in jail. How, however, those cases are exceptional, and attempts to escape are not infrequent. Crocodiles were a great danger to the told them to go up to a gallery and he would wait for them in the carriage. Fawcett asked him to go with them, but he said that it would not do for him to be seen. Fawcett could not understand where the companionship in such a course, came in, but acquiesced. Indeed, there was something about the man that gave Mrs. Fawcett a dread of him, and she was pleased that he had remained behind.

The First Ballons.

I suppose you heard of those strange globes invented in Paris which rise into the air though encumbered with the weight of human animals. I wish we could procure one and travel together among the clouds. At night we would illuminate our flying palace and hover like angry meteors above the habitations of our enemies, who perhaps have not yet been made acquainted with this wonderful invention. Like a certain mischievous bird which *Ovid* celebrates, we would dart down upon the graceful innocents and carry them off in spite of the screams of their relations. Think how triumphantly we should sail through the calm blue ether 10,000 feet above this dirty planet.—From a Letter of William Beckford (1783).

He Got It.

"I had a dream the other night," said the joker at a luncheon table recently. "I dreamed I was in business with a rich man, selling potted flowers. But business was bad, and we decided to discontinue business. I wanted the pots and flowers and took them."

"What did the rich man want?"

"He wanted the earth," replied the wit.—Exchange.

Well Named.

"What do you call your dog?"

"Stock Market."

"What a peculiar name! Any particular reason?"

"I should say so. Most unreliable dog you ever saw. You can never tell what he's going to do next."—Life.

Life and Death.

Let us exhaust the mystery of our life before forsaking it for the mystery of our death.—Maurice Maeterlinck in *Century Magazine*.

Usual Result.

He—I was on "pleasure bent." She—And then—He—And then, before I knew it, I was "broken"—Brooklyn Life.

Where One May Die in China.

Freeland, Pa. is entirely what its name indicates—free land. It is land which when purchased becomes the absolute property of the buyer, and his title is not subject to being recalled, ground rent or any other reservation. In this respect it differs every inch from the land surrounding the town on all sides and owned by the coal mining corporations, which land when purchased at all is restricted to the same rights only. In 1892 August Depp, foreseeing the need of a town site that would be free from the control of the mining corporations, bought several hundred acres of land. He laid out the town, and in selling the lots he emphasized the fact that it was "free land" and the owner's rights extended as deeply into the earth as he might care to prosecute. By common consent the town's first name was Freehold, but this was ordered changed by the postoffice department to avoid confusion with the older town of Freehold, N. J. In deference to local sentiment the name Freeland was substituted.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

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