TRICKED THE CZAR'S SPIES

Clever Work of a Russian Revolutionist.

Paul Oblonsky, a Russian comedian, having become interested with his countrymen in the cause of political liberty, left the stage and became a revolutionist. He lived in his own house in St. Petersburg and gave out that he intended to devote himself to literary work, with a view to shaping his countrymen's ideas so that they should be ready at some future period to enjoy greater liberties accorded them by the czar.

While Oblonsky was publishing his pamphlets, which were all eminently satisfactory to the government, he was engaged in disseminating literature of an entirely different kind. He made journeys from his home to different points to organize, advise and encourage different secret societies that represented the most radical element of the revolution. Of course the day came when he was reported to the police as a suspect, but so wary had he been that the chief would not believe he was a revolutionist.

One day a telegram came to the police at St. Petersburg that a meeting of revolutionists had been broken up at Moscow and a man resembling Paul Oblonsky had got away. The chief sent at once to Oblonsky's house to discover if he was at home. The man who went on the errand knew Oblonsky by sight and as he approached the house saw him sitting at an upper window. He returned and reported the fact to his superior.

Not long after this a spy of the government in Warsaw reported that Oblonsky was one of a band of conspirators, of which he (the spy) was also a member. Still doubting the truth of information implicating a man who had defended the government, the chief sent the same messenger he had used before to Oblonsky's house. On the way the messenger met Oblonsky in a carriage driving with his sister.

The chief was puzzled. Those who use spies are never certain but that they are spies of the enemy. However, he telegraphed orders that if at any time Oblonsky was seen in Warsaw the occurrence be at once reported. In a few days a telegram came announcing that Oblonsky had been seen entering that city from the suburbs in a drosky. The informant was not in the pay of the government; therefore Oblonsky was not followed. The chief sent one of his best men at once to Oblonsky's house, directing him to make sure whether or no Oblonsky was there. He was to go in and speak with him. Oblonsky had been seen entering Warsaw an hour before the receipt of the telegram. He surely would not have had time to return before the official could get to his house. As the messenger approached he looked up at the window where Oblonsky was accustomed to read or write, but he was not there. "This time," muttered the official, "we have caught him away from home." Entering the house he found Oblonsky's old mother.

"I have called," he said, "to get a copy of your son's last political pamphlet for the chief of police. It is reported that there are in it some features objectionable to the government."

"Indeed," said the old lady. "I will call my son, who will hand you one himself." Thereupon she went up stairs, and who should come down but Oblonsky himself, with the pamphlet in his hand. The official wished him good day, took the pamphlet and returned to the chief. Immediately an order was sent to Warsaw to send the person who had seen Oblonsky entering the city to St. Petersburg. A man arrived the next day who declared that he knew Oblonsky well, and he had certainly seen him as he had reported.

The chief was now satisfied that there had been a mistake.

One morning an official occupying a high position in the government was found murdered in his office. Among those reported to have left the office shortly before the finding of the body was Oblonsky. For the first time the chief began to believe that Oblonsky was a revolutionist, and if so he must be one of the most adroit as well as most dangerous of the lot. The chief did not order Oblonsky's arrest, but surrounded his house with spies. They reported that every morning and afternoon Oblonsky sat at his window.

The official found the suspected man's mother and sister, who declared that Oblonsky was in his room writing an important article in defense of the government and had given orders that he was not to be interrupted. The official brushed past them and went up stairs to the room. There sat Oblonsky, but not a whit startled at the interruption, for he did not even look up. He was a dummy, the exact image of Oblonsky. Oblonsky had left St. Petersburg the morning of the assassination.

The moment the official saw the dummy he remembered having seen Oblonsky on the mimic stage in a play wherein it was necessary to make him appear there while absent changing his costume. For this purpose a lay figure had been constructed so nearly like the actor that the closest scrutiny from the audience could not detect the fraud. The figure had represented the revolutionist at his window except on the occasion of his having been seen driving both in St. Petersburg and Warsaw. His sister had taken it to Warsaw for the purpose of misleading the police.

REFORMING A SAVAGE.

After the Treatment He Became Quite a Gentlemanly Chap.

In "Among the Primitive Bakongo" John H. Weeks tells the story of a chief, Mampuya of Kinkuzu, who called on him at Wathen station to request that a teacher be sent to his own. "He seemed a very quiet, gentlemanly sort of man," says Mr. Weeks, "and I was very much surprised to hear that he had not always been so deferential and modest.

"Mampuya at one time treated the people of his town in a very contemptuous fashion and was always extorting, on one plea or another, fowls, goats and other goods from them.

"At last they could bear his extortions no longer, and so they bound him securely, put him on a shelf in his own house, built a fire under him and sprinkled a quantity of red pepper on it. Then they went out and shut the door closely behind them. The pungent smoke filled the hut, and Mampuya sneezed tremendously. He would have died if there had been a little more pepper on the fire.

"At last they took him out of the smoke and tied a stick across his chest to his extended arms with the intention of punishing him still further, but they let him off on payment of a fine and many promises of better behavior, which promises he has scrupulously kept."

GEOGRAPHICAL NAMES.

Why Foreign Nomenclature Often Puzzles American Readers.

Foreign geographical names often prove confusing to American readers because each European country has a name of its own for each of its cities, rivers and other geographical features. Every other nation has a different name for the same thing. American geographies follow the English in their nomenclature, but often employ a different pronunciation.

For example, we call one Belgian city Antwerp, while the Belgians and French call it Anvers. We term another Belgian city Mechlin, while at home it is termed Malines. The river Meuse is pronounced in Belgium and France very nearly as we would pronounce it, while the Germans pronounce it as if it were spelled Moysay, and the people of the Netherlands call it the Maas. Brussels is spelled Bruxelles at home, and the final s is not pronounced. Dendermonde, on the river Dender, is pronounced Dandermond by its inhabitants, but it is known as Termonde in most of the geographies. Aalst is also spelled Alost. Louvain is Leuven at home, Vienna is Wien and Ghent is Gand.

So one might go down the line. It is to be hoped that some day the geographical societies will get together and agree upon a nomenclature that will be universally adopted.—Detroit Tribune.

The Pyrophore.

A living light, called the pyrophore, makes illumination cheap and convenient in Brazil. The pyrophore is a monster firefly an inch and a half long. With one it is possible to read fine print, and three will light a room. The Brazilian peasant, when he traverses by night the perilous forest paths of his country, fastens to each shoe a pyrophore. Thus illuminated, he has no difficulty in avoiding poisonous snakes, pitfalls and wild beasts. The Brazilian coquette fastens in her hair or her corsage a pyrophore incased in white tulle. The effect is as of a great luminous pearl or opal. When a pyrophore's light goes out it is not necessary to fill him up with oil, to drop a coin in him or to throw him away, but a moment's ducking in cold water suffices. Thereafter his three little lanterns, one on the breast and two on the back, emit again as bright a radiance as ever.

British Life Guards.

England's famous Life guards, now regarded as the oldest cavalry command in the world, were organized just after the restoration. They were recruited from the old cavaliers who fought for Prince Charles Stuart, and in 1661 they were formed into three troops, then known as the King's Own, the Duke of York's and the Duke of Albemarle's. At that time it was always demanded that one troop should be raised in Scotland in honor of the house of Stuart. It was the duty of the Life guards to protect the sovereign and the royal family.—Argonaut.

The Sea Horse.

The male sea horse has a little pouch in its ventral surface, into which in some manner it places the eggs of its mate. When they are hatched and become too numerous and large to control the sea horse presses the pouch against a stone and gently urges them to take their departure. At this time they are very small, but they grow rapidly and are preyed upon by myriads of fishes.

Quite Handy.

"The automobile is a great institution."

"For instance?"

"You can sit up in it as you pass a friend and crawl under it when a creditor heaves into sight."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Ex-porter.

"Who is your Chicago friend?"

"He is a prominent ex-porter."

"What does he export?"

"I didn't say he exported anything. He used to be a porter at the hotel where I stopped."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Ignorance never settles a question.—Disraeli.

LOADING A SOLDIER.

Weights the Privates In European Armies Have to Carry.

The weight a soldier in active service has to carry often becomes a burden, and frequently in a retreat or a fight much of it is thrown away.

Nearly all the soldiers belonging to European armies have to carry about with them in the field a kit which ranges in weight from thirty-eight to sixty-one pounds.

The equipment that the different soldiers carry about with them is very similar. It generally comprises a rifle and bayonet, with rags and so on for keeping them clean; an intrenching tool and, of course, a number of rounds of ammunition. Then there are the various articles of clothing, with changes, and a first aid outfit.

All the soldiers with one exception carry a knife, fork and spoon, water bottle and mess tin. The Russians, who are the exception, carry a wooden spoon only, which they keep in their boots. There is also a supply of food carried and generally one or two reserve or emergency rations. Together with an overcoat and the knapsack and similar accoutrements, the load to be carried is a considerable one.

The Russians carry most, the weight working out at sixty-one pounds, while the British, French and Germans come next in order, carrying weights of forty-seven, forty-four and thirty-eight pounds respectively.—Pearson's Weekly.

THE LADY AND THE COBRA.

With a Violin Recital the Effects of Which Were Magical.

An Englishwoman residing in India one evening found to her horror that a huge cobra had coiled itself about her veranda rails, near which she sat playing the violin. She was too near the snake to run with safety, so she continued playing while she gradually edged away. At first her only idea was to keep the creature thus engaged while she escaped, but when she had gained a safer distance and perhaps fascinated by the unwonted sight a strange inspiration seized her. She played air after air of different character.

The effect was magical. That snake behaved like an ardent, hot blooded disciple of Paganini. Every variation in the music, whether of volume or of tone, produced instantly a corresponding change in the attitude of the cobra. If she played a lively dance it swayed its body sideways in quick time and yet in graceful curves. Once she struck a number of false notes in rapid succession on purpose. The cobra winced and writhed in pain, as if suddenly struck with a whip.

Thus the creature behaved like a mad musician till the lady, getting tired of the sport, gradually moved herself farther and farther and then made a sudden bolt into her room and banged the door, leaving the cobra to wander disconsolate to its lair in the fields.—London Chronicle.

The Social Code.

Men are kept orderly, clean and decent through the strength of an obsequiousness to social opinion which the prophets of individualism are in such haste to deplore. The social code, no doubt, always involves much inadequacy, much stupidity, some hypocrisy and some wickedness; but, taken by and large, the average of its prescriptions has probably been higher in every age than the average of undirected and unfettered individual impulse. Many of the things embodied in that wide ranging, multifarious thing called the sense of the community are undoubtedly right, since they were once the distinctions of heroic minorities or the discoveries of fearless individuals. —O. W. Firkins in Atlantic Monthly.

"A Poor Poet."

One afternoon Browning went to call on Lady Kinloch and missed his way. A lady was standing on her doorstep, and he asked her to direct him to the house. She could not tell him, but offered to look it up for him in the directory and took him into the house, produced a directory, and together they found out what he wanted to know, and then she came out to the doorstep again so that she could point out to him the direction he had to take. He thanked her, went down the steps, hesitated and then turned and came back to her, saying: "Perhaps you may like to know to whom you have been so kind. I am a poor poet, and my name is Robert Browning."—Westminster Gazette.

A Bright Scholar.

One of the earlier French princes being too indolent or too stupid to acquire his alphabet by the ordinary process, a squad of servants were placed in attendance upon him, each with a huge letter painted upon his breast. As he knew not their names he was obliged to call them by their letter when he wanted their services, which in due time gave him the requisite degree of literature for the exercise of the royal functions.

Wrong Signal.

"I'm not at home to that gentleman, Jane," declared the belle.

"You haven't seen his card yet," protested mother. "You don't know who it is."

"True, but it isn't the machine I am waiting for. I can tell by the honk."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Proof Positive.

"How do you know that Chaucer dictated his old English to a stenographer?"

"Look at the way it's spelled."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mortality in Battle.

At Gettysburg the death rate per thousand was 33.6, the highest in twenty-one battles in the war. According to the figures in the American experience table of mortality, for every thousand men living at the age of forty-nine there will be 33.6 deaths before reaching the age of fifty-three. For all purposes this is exactly the same rate of mortality as that on the field of Gettysburg—that is to say, each soldier had the same chance of surviving the battle of Gettysburg that a man forty-nine years old has of living to be fifty-three. At the battle of Chancellorsville the death rate among the soldiers engaged was 20.2 per thousand. According to the life insurance tables, the death rate per thousand among men in peaceful pursuits ranging in age from forty-two to forty-four is exactly the same. Every soldier at Shiloh, where the death rate in battle was 42.2 per thousand, had the same chance of escaping alive as the average man of thirty has of reaching the age of thirty-five. These figures are surprising in showing how far we are likely to be led astray in calculating the relative mortality in battle.—New York World.

Sterling Coin.

An example of the romance of words is to be found in "sterling," a word early associated with British coinage, also with Easter. Fred W. Burgess, in his "Chats on Old Coins," remarks that "sterling" was applied to the quality of the mintage, which was examined periodically at Easter. Hence the term "Easterling," or "sterling," denoted coins of true weight and value as last attested. It is interesting to learn that Queen Mary was the first English sovereign to date her coinage, which she did in 1553, using Roman numerals. The type of the Mary shilling is historically of particular interest in that it is the only period of English coinage on which joint sovereigns were represented face to face. This peculiarity gave rise to the lines:

Still amorous, fond and billing,
Like Philip and Mary on a shilling.

Wisdom From Thomas.

The thoughtful look on young Thomas' face betrayed that he had a few questions to ask. As soon as Mrs. Boardman had gone he asked them.

"Mother," said he, "do you like to kiss Mrs. Boardman?"

"No, dear."

"Do you think Mrs. Boardman likes to kiss you?"

"I don't think she does."

"Then why do you and she always kiss when you meet?"

"I don't know, dear."

"Don't you think Mrs. Boardman would rather you didn't kiss her?"

"I have no doubt of it."

"Wouldn't you rather Mrs. Boardman didn't kiss you?"

"Oh, very much rather."

"Then," said young Thomas conclusively, "that must be why."—New York Times.

Morocco Leather.

Sumac, the powdered leaf of the sumac plant, the finest varieties of which grow in Sicily, is used in tanning goatskins, and sumac gives a clear, white tannage, unaffected by the action of light and therefore suitable for dyeing into colors where permanence of shade is desired. A genuine "morocco" is goatskin tanned with pure sumac, but there are many upholsterers who could not give this definition offhand. Goatskins dyed with babool pods or similar barks are only imitation moroccos, although it takes an expert to discover the difference. Long wear, of course, reveals the deception. Roan leathers are sumac tanned sheepskins.—Manchester Guardian.

Well Posted.

A young man and young woman on the links were combining the games of golf and wooing. "Here's a quarter, caddie," said the young man, as he started off with his arm around his fair companion's waist; "you want to forget this."

"Don't worry, sir," replied the caddie. "I've forgot more about that kind of business than you ever knew."—Exchange.

Education.

Education is the instruction of the intellect in the laws of nature, under which name I include not merely things and their forces, but men and their ways, and the fashioning of the affections and of the will into an earnest and loving desire to move in harmony with those laws.—Huxley.

Wifely Finance.

"Hubby, can you pay me back that dollar you borrowed from me?"

"But, my dear," he protested, "I have already paid it back twice. Surely you don't expect it again."

"Oh, all right, if you are as mean as all that!"—Kansas City Journal.

Modern Education.

"How is your little boy doing at school?"

"He gets a good mark in the toothbrush drill and stands first in the breathing class, but he doesn't seem able to learn arithmetic."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

The Common Selfishness.

Sheep will follow an old bell wether through an opening in the fence in regular order, but human beings all want to get on the street car at the same time.—Toledo Blade.

Ethan Allen.

There never was a portrait made of Ethan Allen. The heroic style of statue of the hero in the national capitol is an imaginative representation.

One can advise comfortably from a safe port.—Schiller.

A FIERY DOSE

By JOHN Y. LARNED

When Billy Olcott was invited to spend a week with his friend Tom Roberts he was delighted. He had met Tom's sister, Fanny, and had fallen before a pair of liquid brown eyes, a pair of coral lips and a pair of dimples, one in each cheek. Since that meeting he had thought of her by day and dreamed of her by night. He received the invitation on Monday for the following Friday. Then followed the four longest days of Billy's life. He counted the hours till at last the day of his departure arrived, and an hour before dinner he was under the same roof with the girl who had enthralled him. Now for the wooing.

Tom's brother, Jim, was ill in bed and did not make his appearance. On the second night of Billy's visit he went to bed at 11 o'clock and was soon asleep. He was awakened by hearing some one moving about the room.

Whoever it was tried to light a match. It sputtered a moment and went out, but not before Billy saw by its light the face of Fanny Roberts.

"There," she grumbled, "the last match gone, and I don't know where to find another! However, I know exactly where I left your medicine—in the closet on the third shelf from the bottom in the right hand corner. I don't believe in giving medicine in the dark, but I'll risk it this time."

Billy heard her groping and fumbling, and finally she came to his bedside, put a glass half full of some liquid to his lips and poured it down his throat. Then she left him with a good night.

Olcott was one of the most modest, sensitive young men in the world, and he considered young girls to be even more sensitive than himself. If Fanny knew that she had come into his room at midnight by mistake to give him a dose of medicine she would never get over the shock. This is the reason why he had not made her mistake known to her and why he had permitted her to pour down his throat a medicine he did not need.

He lay congratulating himself on the delicacy with which he had handled the matter and how, if she came to know of her mistake, it would set him up in her opinion. Girls were sometimes caught by trifles, and he wouldn't wonder if this bit of sacrifice would cause her to fall in love with him.

Then he felt something down in his stomach where the dose had gone that felt as if a red hot poker had been applied to his internals. He started. A dose in the dark had been given him, and might it not have been the wrong medicine? Another application of the hot poker. He sat up in bed, his hair stood on end and a cold sweat broke out all over him. Fanny had been looking for a bottle in the closet in her brother's room, not Billy's. She certainly had given him the wrong dose.

Great heavens! Could she have poisoned him?

A third application of the poker. This time it seemed to Billy that some one had gripped him with redhot pincers. He sprang out of bed, ran to Tom Roberts' door and hammered on it. Tom came out in his pajamas and asked what was the matter.

"Bring me an emetic as soon as you can!" cried Billy. "I'm afraid I've swallowed poison."

Tom ran to his sister's door, called her up and told her to go downstairs and bring up some mustard and warm water. She tried to find out who had been poisoned, but Tom told her to "go on and be quick about it." When she brought up the emetic she found Billy's door open, the room lighted and her brother bending over the groaning invalid.

Then for the first time she understood the cause of the trouble. She flew to the closet, opened the door, took out a vial and read the label. Then she put the vial back again and gave Billy a look, but said nothing.

"I took a dose of that," said Billy between groans. "Will it kill me?"

"No," replied Fanny.

"What is it?"

"A preparation of ginger and red pepper."

"Is that all?"

"Yes; it won't hurt you."

"That's past praying for. It's eating my vitals."

"Thank heaven it's no worse."

"It's bad enough as it is."

"How came you to take it?" queried Tom.

This was a poser. Billy took advantage of another internal firebrand to invent a story. When the paroxysm had passed he said:

"Just before I came up here I felt sick and went to a doctor. He said I had anthropomegaphone and gave me some medicine for it. I forgot to take it before going to bed; got up and hunted for it in the dark. I must have got into the wrong place."

By this time the emetic took effect, and Fanny took advantage of the fact to withdraw. While Billy was retching he thought he heard a te-hee in the next room.

"Confound that girl!" he said mentally—he was doing something else physically—"catch me trying to shield her again. Next time she tries to give me a dose I'll turn it down her own throat."

But the next morning he felt better and was doing a lot of [illegible] with medicine either.

A [illegible]

[illegible] worthwhileness of living [illegible] up a candle by which to [illegible] He is one of those who [illegible] world need not be dark.—[illegible] Journal.

Hare Hunting.

Hare hunting is undoubtedly a more antique sport than the chase of the fox. Xenophon hunted it [illegible] light in ancient times, and [illegible] the hare was for centuries [illegible] as a far more worthy quarry [illegible] fox, which, until the [illegible] Elizabeth and even later [illegible] ed as mere vermin. [illegible] tuor of "The Gentleman's [illegible]" a work on sport, published [illegible] writes thus enthusiastically: "[illegible] all chases the hare makes the [illegible] pastime, as it is a great delight and satisfaction to see the craft of [illegible] the poor beast in her own self [illegible] tion." And it is to be admitted [illegible] in those shifts and expedients which afford to lovers of hounds the [illegible] lights of hunting the timid hare [illegible] least fertile at any known [illegible] chase in any part of the world.—[illegible]

An Army's Eyes.

When people read that armies are engaging each other at 2,000 yards' distance they are apt to imagine that the combatants can see each other, but as a matter of fact they cannot. At that distance it is impossible to distinguish between a man and a horse, and even at 1,200 yards, especially where there is any dust, it requires the best kind of eyes to tell infantry from cavalry.

At 900 yards the movements become clearer, although it is not until they get within 750 yards of each other that the heads of the columns can be made out with anything like certainty.

Infantry can be seen in the [illegible] much more easily than cavalry or artillery, because less dust is raised. Besides, infantry is distinguished by the glitter of the muskets. At 2,000 yards, however, everything is [illegible]. —London Standard.

A "Practical" Ghost.

One of the London magazines [illegible] "one of the few instances [illegible] ghost is recorded to have played a [illegible]ly practical part. It happened [illegible] some years ago, when an [illegible] who was taking a solitary [illegible] tour in the interior of the island, suddenly became aware that a friend of his who had died some time before was walking by his side. A little farther on he came across some [illegible] who were evidently lying in wait to attack him. They looked at him and then remarked, with evident surprise, 'Why, there are two of them!' and immediately hurried away, thinking it was not safe to attack them." The writer does not tell what happened then, but leaves one to draw his own conclusions.

Somewhat Changed.

A colored man called at Mrs. [illegible]ley's, looking for work.

"What is your name?" she asked after hiring him.

"Mah name is Poe, ma'am," was the answer.

"Poe!" she exclaimed. "Perhaps some of your family worked for Edgar Allan Poe. Did they?"

The colored man opened his eyes wide with amazement.

"Why—why, ma'am," he said as he pointed a dusky finger at himself, "why, Ah am Edgah Allan Poe!"—Lippincott's.

Moral Courage.

A schoolteacher once told her class that the courage which makes us do what we think right, regardless of the sneers of others, was moral courage, the best kind.

"Then if a boy has a box of candy, like me yesterday," said a lad, "and if he eats it all himself, without giving any to people that have no right to it, no matter how much they call him mean and stingy, that there's moral courage, ain't it, teacher?"

Sadder Still.

"It is a sad moment in life," said Cynic, "when you find that love, glory, happiness, are not worth a cigar."

"It is a decidedly sadder moment still," said his friend, "when you find that the cigar itself is bad."—Kansas City Times.

A Better Term.

"Not much of a town?"

"One horse, eh?"

"Well, a trifle faster than that. Suppose we say one cylinder."—Puck.

It's a Long Way Off.

Willie—Paw, when will the millennium be here? Paw—When people go on strike for more work and less pay, my son.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

To act is easy; to think is hard; to act according to one's thought is troublesome.—Goethe.