A Russian Heroine

By F. A. MITCHEL

Anna Pavlovna was a Russian girl who lived near the border between Austria and Russia. Her father and brothers were in the Russian army fighting against the Germans and Austrians while Anna and her mother remained in their cabin home endeavoring to extract a living from the little patch of ground which surrounded it.

There came a time when the Russian army was driven back past their cabin and in due time an Austrian army advanced, taking up the position which had been held by the Russians. One day a general, followed by a member of his staff, rode up to the cabin. Dismounting he went in and looked about him. The cabin had but one story, but there were three rooms—a living room, a kitchen and a dining room. Going into the living room, the general told his aid to go to the generals under his command and tell them to come to him for a conference. The aid rode away, and presently the generals began to ride up to the cabin and join their commander in the living room.

It is nearly always cold in Russia—that is, where this part of the great world's war was going on, and Anna was directed to make a fire in a big stove that stood in the room. This she did, and the aid moved a table in the center of the room on which he spread maps. When half a dozen officers had joined the commander the door of the room they occupied was closed.

For three hours the men talked over a plan of attack for the next day. There was not the trench fighting in Russia there was in the west of Europe, and the attack was to be more like such warfare has been in past times.

At 10 o'clock in the morning one of the generals was to attack the Russian right flank. As soon as re-enforcements of the enemy had been drawn to that point another attack was to be made on the left flank. This was to be the main offensive, and the ground on that side being disadvantageous for the Russians, the attack there was to be persisted in till the flank was turned. Then a third bolt was to be launched on the center.

The commander took a pencil and a bit of paper and noted all these points, elaborating them so that there would be no mistake. This paper he gave to the aid with instructions to make a copy of what he had written for each one of his subordinates, that there should be no mistake through failure of memory. This was done. Then the commander called for the paper on which were his instructions and, that it might not fall into any one else's hands, opened the stove door, noticed that the fire within burned brightly, tossed the paper in and closed the door. Then the officers left the cabin and rode back, each to his own headquarters.

Later in the day Anna went into the living room to make it tidy after the occupation of the officers, who had left the dirt from their boots. She swept the floor, rearranged the furniture and, taking up the sweepings in a dustpan, opened the stove door to throw them in. Near the front of the stove lay a bit of paper, or rather fragment, for one-third of it had been burned. Anna took the paper out of the stove and saw writing on it. A very little of the writing had been burned. It was in the German language, so the girl could not understand what it was, but though she was only a peasant with little or no education, she surmised that it might be of importance to the Russian military commander.

She showed the paper to her mother, who, though she could not decipher the writing on it, agreed with her daughter that it might be of service to their countrymen. But when Anna proposed to try to make her way with it through the Austrian lines the woman could not at once consent, for she knew that if Anna were caught with it on her she would be killed at once.

The problem with Anna was how to conceal the paper. She finally decided to tear off all but the writing and roll it into a little ball. She would carry the ball in her mouth and if necessary would swallow it.

She left the cabin at nightfall to try and steal her way through the lines. She spent much time searching for a point where the line was thin, but failed to find such a place. But the soldiers slept, and by crawling through bushes she eluded them. The patrolling sentries were awake, but she watched till one of them had reached the far end of his beat and passed over it before he returned. Beyond the camp, sentries were pickets, and these she succeeded in passing in the same way.

When about midnight she attempted to pass the Russian pickets she was fired at and wounded, but she cried out in Russian "Let me pass. I bring news to your general." Then the picket came to her and helped her in.

She was taken to the headquarters of the commander, who was awakened by her conductor, and after telling her story she unrolled the paper she had and handed it to the general. He read it carefully, then, looking at his watch exclaimed:

"It is past midnight. There is no time to lose. Call the men to arms and send the generals to me."

In the gray of dawn the Austrians came, but found their enemies ready for them. They were also ready for the feint on their flank, the attack on their center and the other flank. The consequence was that the Austrians were thrown into confusion and a rout followed.

Anna received a medal for her service. She would accept no other reward.

Indian Name Survived.

The survival of the original name of Cuba is a remarkable instance of persistence, as the island has been baptized and rebaptized many a time since its European discovery. Columbus first called it Juana, in honor of Prince John, the son of Ferdinand and Isabella. After Ferdinand's death it was called, in his memory, Ferdinanda. Subsequently this name was changed to Santiago, after St. James, the patron saint of Spain. Still later it was named Ave Maria, in honor of the Virgin Mary. But none of these names held, and the Indian name is still preserved.

What an Exporter Must Know.

A needle factory had sent to Aleppo, Turkey, needles that were tied up with green twine. The Mahometan merchant who had ordered them returned the package, for the reason that the use of the green, the color consecrated to the prophet, for such a purpose was a derision of religion. Another consignment of the same factory to China wrapped up in white paper was returned because the Chinese recipient would not accept goods packed in "paper of mourning." White is the mourning color of the Chinese.

Would Not Tolerate Sedition.

By the act of the New York legislature of March 30, 1781, provision was made to punish more effectually adherents to the king. It enacted that any one who preached, taught, spoke, wrote, or printed that the king of Great Britain had dominion in New York or who seduced the allegiance of anyone in the state was guilty of a felony without benefit of clergy, though the court could commute the sentence from death to service for three years in the navy of the United States.

Shad Easily Taken.

The habits of the shad lend themselves admirably to the extermination of the fish. They approach the shores in immense schools, actually crowding one another in their efforts to reach the head of the fresh-water streams, where the spawn is deposited. Fishermen learned quickly how to intercept the run by nets in the bays and in the broad mouths of rivers, and the marketable shad are now nearly all caught in this way.

Another to Be Found.

A tracer sent to locate the old fashioned man who wore a peachstone watch charm, reports from Clearfield, Pa.: "Located my man. He also carries a combination pen pencil toothpick, and rubber stamp. Any instructions?" Certainly; draw for expense money and hunt for the old-fashioned woman who used to grease the pancake griddle with a pork rind.—Buffalo News.

Ship Built of Mahogany.

There is a vessel built of mahogany. Her name is Matchless and she is now used by the coast and geodetic survey. She was built by pirates near Key West in 18[illegible], of mahogany stolen from a stranded merchant vessel. It is said she was the last vessel to bring slaves from the West Indies to the United States.

Mass of Materials in Nest.

Study a completely finished oriole's nest. What a mass of tangled filaments, strings, grasses, fibers! I have often wondered which was the first string that was put on, how was it put on and what came next in the order of building, says Edward F. Bigelow, in "Boys' Life.

He Was Honest, Anyway.

"That novel had a remarkable sale," commented the book store man. "Have you read it?" "Oh no! I wouldn't dare read it, as my duties require me to be enthusiastic in recommending it to customers."—Brooklyn Citizen.

Lincoln's Favorite Hymn.

John Hay was asked if he could recall the favorite hymn of Abraham Lincoln, and gave his opinion that the hymn beginning, "Father, whate'er of earthly bliss," was Lincoln's favorite.

Continuous Performance.

Friend—"What about the rent of a place like this? I suppose the landlord asks a lot for it." Artist—"Yes, rather—he's always asking, for it."—Boston Transcript.

Japanese Superstitions.

In Japan a light colored mouse in the house is a sign of happiness. If a spider falls from the ceiling in the morning it brings pleasure, but if at night it is thought to be very unlucky.

Out of Sight.

When a good looking girl smiles at a man he always forgets that he is carrying his wife's picture in his watch.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Optimistic Thought.

Riches are well if gotten well and well spent.

Had Good Reason.

Mother—Why Bobby, you don't generally keep on crying like this after your father has given you a spanking.

Bobby—I—I know it, ma; but he says I've got to sit down and think it over, and—and before I've always stood up and forgot it.—Boston Transcript.

DEADLY IN ITS EARNESTNESS

Lincoln Steffens Tells of Experience With Mob at Petrograd Composed of Russian Vigilantes.

At the Chicago City club recently Lincoln Steffens told of his experience with a mob in Petrograd. He said:

"Some of us newspaper men were playing dominoes in our room one night when we heard a sound up the street. We knew the sound. No yells. No crying. Only the low roar of the shuffling of hundreds of roughshod feet on the pavement. And the blend of many voices.

"We went down and opened the door. The mob stopped. And there being no regular mob leader in sight we talked through an interpreter with the nearest people of the mob.

"'Where are you going?' we asked.

"'We don't know,' they answered. Faces solemn. Heads shaking like horses in the rain.

"'What is the matter?' was the second question.

"'We don't know,' was the answer. And still the faces were solemn and the heads shaking.

"'Then why, oh, why, are you going up and down the streets of Petrograd in the nighttime like this?' was the last question.

"'We heard there was something wrong in Petrograd. There was a rumor. It said something was wrong in the city. We are looking for it. We are trying to find it.'"

"SOFT SNAP" FOR PRISONER

Jail Declared Unsanitary, He Will Serve His Sentence in Office of County Commissioners.

Declaring that the county jail was insanitary and unfit for a human being to be confined in, and that the county authorities apparently are diffident about remedying the situation, Presiding Judge Kenneth Mackintosh ordered Joe Ambrose, who pleaded guilty to petty larceny, to be confined in the office of the county commissioners for 30 days.

Judge Mackintosh likewise intimated that more prisoners may be sentenced to the commissioners' office, unless steps are taken soon to provide better quarters for county prisoners than the present jail.

The order of the court was carried out after Ambrose had refused to enlist in the Canadian army in order to gain a suspension of his sentence. He is an Italian subject, and declared he was willing to fight for the United States, but not for Canada.

A cot was provided for Ambrose in the auditorium of the commissioners' office, and three deputy sheriffs, each working eight hours, will stand guard over him until his sentence is completed. Two extra deputies, and perhaps three, will have to be employed to carry out the order of the court. The prisoner will be taken to a restaurant for his meals.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Belgian-Made Lace.

Laces made since the war in the occupied territory of Belgium will be exhibited at the American embassy in London. Princess Napoleon will perform the opening ceremony. That the girls and women in Belgium, despite endless difficulties, keep up their courage and, as far as possible, their industry, will be demonstrated by the display. The laces have all been made in Belgium since the war under the auspices of the Comite de la Dentelle, a philanthropic organization which, by providing employment, keeps over 50,000 women and girls from utter destitution and at the same time prevents the destruction of the Belgians' artistic industry. The commission for relief has assisted in this work and has arranged for the export of the lace, which will shortly be on sale to the public to enable the Comite de la Dentelle to continue their work. None of the lace will be sold during the exhibition.

A Man of the People.

Representative Scott Ferris of Oklahoma, is a man of the people. A recent experience he had proves it.

Ferris was down in the Osage country looking after some cattle land when night overtook him and he stopped at the home of a renter for shelter and food. When breakfast was served all of the members of the household poured their coffee into their saucers to let it cool, and Ferris did likewise. A few moments later, according to a friend who accompanied Ferris, two of the women folk were overheard discussing the congressman.

"He seems plain, doesn't he?" one said.

"Yep, he does," the other replied. "He saucers his coffee just like any body that wasn't stuck-up would."—Elisha Hanson in Cartoons Magazine.

Ghost Haunts Astor's Home.

Viscount Astor, better known as William Waldorf Astor—he was raised to the peerage in 1916—is the owner of an English mansion with a romantic history. Hever castle, in Kent, which this American-born peer purchased some years ago, was ancient when it came into the hands of the family of Boleyn. Here Anne Boleyn passed her childhood and was courted by Henry VIII. When her father died Hever was taken over by Henry, who gave the castle to Anne of Cleves, but it is the beheaded Anne whose ghost was said to haunt the scenes of her girlhood every Christmastide. Viscount Astor carried out the restoration of the castle with great care, and the old place is now a charming residence.

New Dyak Fashions.

Dyak is a word which conveys to most folk the idea of a people whose tribal pastime consists in cutting off the heads of their neighbors and preserving the dried skulls as ornaments for their homes. When the first missionaries went to Borneo, where the Dyaks live, they were fortunate if they kept their heads on their shoulders. Today the Dyaks have ceased head hunting, have given themselves to farming and have taken on clothes and other evidences of civilization. Instead of news coming once a month, as it did when missionaries first went to Borneo, it is now received by wireless.

Notable Men Epileptic.

John Bunyan's epileptic characteristics were well marked. Julius Caesar, Peter the Great, Wellington and Alexander the Great were sufferers, and the strong assertion is made that Napoleon was also subject to its mental control. Lord Byron was a notable epileptic, as was Balzac and the composers Mozart and Mendelssohn. Jean Jacques Rousseau was esteemed as one of the class, and even claim is lodged that Thackeray was a victim of the disease. These are but few of hundreds of noteworthy instances in the annals of the human race.

Too Easy.

Two children were trying to decide on a game with which to amuse themselves, one summer afternoon. "Oh, no, let's not play that," said one in answer to a suggestion, "it's too easy." And the child who had suggested the game at once expressed agreement. "Yes, it's so easy that it isn't any fun." If even small children realize that a thing ceases to be interesting when it is too easy, older girls, surely, should not grumble if something a little difficult is asked of them. The fun of life comes from doing things that are not easy.—Pennsylvania Grit.

Suicides Among Japanese Students.

According to Rev. Dr. Sidney L. Gulick, who lived long in the far East, suicides among Japanese students are probably more prevalent than among any other students in the world. The causes he mentions are, first, the high-strung nerves and exceptional sensitiveness to anything that may be regarded as a personal humiliation; and second, the extraordinary competition among students to secure places in the government schools.

War Romance in the Stars.

Almost overhead in the early evening are some faint stars, constituting the constellation Coma Berenices, or "Berenice's Hair." It commemorates Queen Berenice, wife of Ptolemy III, who offered her hair to Venus to secure his safe return from war. The queen's hair was sacrificed, but disappeared from the temple. Hence the legend that her golden locks had turned into a constellation.

Subconscious Mind.

Where there is any tendency toward wakefulness immediate care should be taken to check any contributing cause. The mind should be relaxed, all troublesome thoughts banished, and when our last conscious memory is of pleasant things we have aided the subconscious mind in its effort to get in tune with the infinite harmony of life.

Bird and Insect Workers.

The arts of weaving and rope and net making are practiced by some of the lower forms of life, notably among caterpillars and spiders. The weaver birds of Africa and India, which are a species of finch, construct wonderful nests out of leaves by sewing them together.

Papyrus Still Grows.

When Egypt was overrun with warlike races, there was little interest in literature, and the papyrus plant that grew beside the Nile died out for lack of cultivation. It is still found, however, in marshy ground bordering rivers in Syria, Sicily and other places.

In Boston.

"Where can I get a New England boiled dinner?" "Never heard of it, mister. You can get good goulash over yonder, and here's a chop-suey joint."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Culinary Camouflage.

Our first recollection of the art of camouflage is the way they used to put a nice brown meringue on top of the bread pudding, making it look like something good.—Ohio State Journal.

Her Unusual Experience.

Mrs. Trotter—"This world is so small a place after all! Why, while traveling in Australia, I ran across two of my children in charge of their governess."—Boston Globe.

An Oversight.

Nature is wonderful, but we are not told that she gave the female elephant a larger trunk than the male.—Boston Transcript.

Derivation of Word "Prophet."

The Hebrew word for prophet is derived from a verb signifying "to bubble forth like a fountain.

We Suppose This Is So.

In place of most of our troubles we might easily have much worse ones.—Albany Journal.

A SUDDEN WEDDING

By RUTH GRAHAM

My parents both died when I was a little girl and left me in care of an uncle, Samuel Duer. Uncle Samuel had one son, Ralph, a midshipman in the United States navy, who was six years older than I and was at sea when I went to live with his father. Ralph was stationed in foreign waters and did not visit his home till I had been there several years. I grew to look upon Uncle Samuel as my second father, and by the time Ralph returned I think my uncle had come to look upon me as his daughter.

Ralph's photograph was hanging on the wall of the living room. It had been taken at the time of his graduation at the Naval academy and showed a handsome young fellow of twenty. I admired the picture very much and asked his father many questions concerning the original. Uncle was always pleased to talk of his son, and it was evident that Ralph was the apple of his eye.

After awhile I came to speak of my Cousin Ralph as Brother Ralph, thinking that it would please his father. I was watching uncle when I first spoke of his son in this fashion and noted the expression on his face. I did not understand it. He neither seemed pleased nor displeased by it, and yet it appeared to attract his attention. However, since he made no approving comment on my looking on Ralph as my brother I refrained from speaking of him again as such.

I shall never forget Ralph's homecoming. It was shortly before the outbreak of the great world's war. Ralph was twenty-three and had developed from the boy he had been when graduated to a young man with a handsome, well-grown mustache. I was seventeen. He had heard a great deal of me from his father by letter and looked at me curiously when we met. I was somewhat abashed at meeting him and shrank away. But he advanced and kissed me.

Ralph remained at home but a week, when he was ordered to rejoin his ship. During his stay he treated me as something between a child and a woman, calling me Little Coz. It did not seem to me that his bearing toward me especially pleased his father, who treated me with more deference than before, and I believed that he did so as an example to his son, who he desired should look upon me as a person worthy of more consideration than he thought proper to bestow upon me. This accorded with my view of the matter, and I did what I could to appear older than I was. This seemed only to amuse Ralph, who continued to treat me as something between a child and woman.

When he left us to return to his ship he bent forward to kiss me goodby, but I took advantage of his act to show him that if he considered me a child I considered myself something more mature.

My assumption of dignity as I refused the proffered kiss seemed to hurt him a little, which surprised me.

Ralph did not leave for foreign parts for several months and did not visit us again till a few days before he sailed. He spent but one day with us, but that day was of great importance to all of us. Soon after his arrival uncle took him into his study and shut the door. They were closeted together for nearly two hours, and when they came out I noticed a great change in Ralph's expression when he looked at me. I seemed to have become a person of very great importance to him. Indeed, there was a tenderness in his eyes that I had never seen there before.

It was 10 o'clock in the morning when Ralph came from his conference with his father. He chatted with me for a few minutes on ordinary topics, then went off for a walk, not returning till luncheon time. After luncheon he was again closeted with his father, and when they came out of the study I happened to pass the door, which stood ajar, and I saw uncle putting some papers in a safe he kept there.

During the afternoon Ralph asked me to take a stroll with him, and we walked to a brook that flowed through a wood a short distance from the house. There, seating ourselves on a grassy spot beside the gurgling waters, I received the surprise of my life. Ralph told me that he was ordered to the Pacific coast, to be gone two or three years, and that he wished to take with him the privilege of calling me his wife.

Why the reason of this sudden proposal did not occur to me I don't know unless it was because I was very young and not versed in the ways of the world. I hung my head and made no reply, whereupon Ralph became more lover-like and, taking me in his arms, soon elicited a favorable assent.

When we returned to the house we met uncle on the porch, who cast an inquiring glance at his son. He seemed to be reassured, and the two entered the house together, leaving me on the porch.

That evening a [illegible] wedding was arranged, with no one present except necessary witnesses [illegible] except the bride and groom.

It was not [illegible] one of my [illegible] before the break of the United States [illegible] that I learned [illegible] his wish [illegible] [illegible] his object than for Ralph and me to marry.

MT. HERMON HOLY GROUND

Many Nations Have Built Their Temples on the Elevation of Which David Sang.

Mount Hermon, sacred mountain of Syria, rises, a silent sentinel, above the fruitful fields and vineyards of Lebanon and Damascus. Cut off from its range of the Antilibanus by the deep valley of Barada it has kept its lonely vigil through the ages. The Hebrews called it Hermit. According to legend the wicked angels in their fall from Paradise landed on Hermon and gave it its name.

Like a gray-haired giant the old mountain holds its white-crowned head above the clouds. At sunset these clouds turn to rose and gold, the mountain top flaming like a torch against the sky. As the sunlight fades the evening mists wrap old Hermon's head in vails of gray and white. "The white-haired old man of the mountain has donned his nightcap for the night," the people of the surrounding plains tell you.

The mountain's foot is covered with the green of oaks, poplars and dense brush with an occasional luxuriant vineyard. The wines of Damascus are famous throughout the Orient. The mountain springs keep the valleys well supplied with water. Higher up are the ruins of former temples, built centuries ago, their entrances facing the rising sun. In the old days the pious folks of the valley climbed the mountain side to worship on their holy ground. The temples are of various nations, including Greek, Roman and Hebrew.

David sang of Hermon and the cooling breath of the winds blowing from its icy summits. As the giver of all good things, of wine and cool water, of timber and olives and breezes in summer days, of tales of wonder and angels for the winter nights, the people of old looked to Hermon as a storehouse of treasure set up by a beneficent Deity.

WANTED HIS MONEY'S WORTH

Nobleman Evidently Had Some Idea That Great Musician Was Giving Him the Worst of It.

Wieniawski had his humorous experiences, this even after he was quite widely known, writes Alexander Bloch in the New York Times. On one occasion he was asked by a wealthy British nobleman to state his terms for playing half an hour at his home. They came to an agreement, and on the evening of the musicale Wieniawski opened the program with Beethoven's "Romanze in F."

He was playing his best and deeply engrossed in the music when he suddenly noticed out of the corner of his eye the host nervously looking at his watch. This happened several times before the "Romanze" was finished.

At its close, as he was bowing his acknowledgments to rapturous applause, the British peer caught him by the sleeve and whispered in his ear:

"For heaven's sake, man, how much do you expect to get through in half an hour at this rate? Why do you play such slow pieces?"

One Reason.

The reason some men are so careless is because they know they can get away with it by merely saying "Excuse me."

Maybe He Was.

"So the doctor is going to operate on you tomorrow?" "Yes," said the financier, "and he looks as happy as if he were going to cut a melon."—Judge.

But Most of Them Don't.

"De mo'e some men talks," said Uncle Eben, "de more you keeps thinkin' how interestin' dey'd be if dey knew somethin' wuth tellin'."

Uncle Eben.

"I've noticed," said Uncle Eben, "dat de man dat rocks de boat mos' every time ain' de owner of de boat."

Snakes as Pest Destroyers.

Snakes are not our enemies, says Gayne K. Norton in American Forestry. They never attack except in self-defense. Of our 111 species only 17 are poisonous—two species of Elaps, coral snakes, and 15 species of crotaline snakes, the copperhead and moccasin, the dwarf and typical rattlesnakes. On the other hand, the help they render is valuable. The pests destroyed each year, especially rodents that injure crops and carry communicable diseases, roll up a large balance of good service in their favor.

Rodents are destroyers of farm products, cause loss by fire through gnawing matches and insulation from electric wires, and of human life through germ-carrying, particularly the bubonic plague.

Steel Is Easy to Cast.

The English have just invented a high-speed steel which is so strong that engines and guns and tools made of it can be worked more rapidly than those made of any of the other steels. The Popular Science Monthly magazine says that tools of this steel can be cast into shape, and casting is the quickest known way of making any tool.

There are few steels, however, which, by casting them, do not become brittle. "Cobaltcrom steel," as it is called, nevertheless can be made in this manner instead of having to be forged and rolled, two very much lengthier and more expensive processes.