WOMEN KEEP RUSSIA RED.

Katheryno Brischkovsky Mare Her

Beauty to Help Terrorists' Cause. "The women of Russia are responsi-

ble for the reign of terror which is now

in progress. Prisons are overflowing.

And through the efforts of Russian

women, many of them of the nobility, the hordes of the East have learned the

This is a statement of M. Jankoff

Prelooker, a Russian who has been

driven from his country. His accounts

of the tortures and the heroism of the

Russian women are stirring Europe. As

the greatest of the revolutionary lead-

ers be points to Mme. Katheryne

Brischkovsky, She is fondly called the

"grandmother of the revolution."

As a daughter of the nobility

taught peasants to read. Then

and donned the peasant garb.

finally sentenced to Siberia.

exiled prisoner. The few companions

value of the bomb and rifle."

# PAPERS REPEOPLE

BERVING THE SABBATH.

By Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis Those who have traveled widely in many States are becoming conscious of the rising tide of public scutiment in favor of the American Sunday. A great ethical movement is sweeping over the people, and the movement has the majesty of a mighty wave in

that hitherto have been permitted are MEN, DR. HILLIS. henceforth to be expunged. On election day, for reasons of public policy, saloons are closed. The people feel that the citizen ought not to cast his ballot with dull and clouded mind. For reasons of public molicy also the people are coming to believe that Sunday should be a day when every citizen should have a clear turind and be at his best in his bome, and give the best to friendship, recreation, reading, or worship, if he

the summer's storm. Many things

choives. History is full of the ruins of nations. That historian was right who ended his page with these words: "If we could att down beside these fallen palaces in Ephesus and Thebes, and talk with the spirit of the nation as with a familiar friend, the lament would be, 'Once I lived; but I disobeyed the laws of God-behold, now, am dead."

## THE UNIVERSE IS NOT HOSTILE TO MAN.

By Maurice Maeterlinck.

For a long time we have shown a foolish pride in believing ourselves miraculous beings. unique and marvelously fortunate, probably fallen from another world, without distinct connections with the rest of life, and in any case endowed with incomparable, monstrous faculties. It is much preferable not to be so prodigious, because we have learned that the prodigies do not hesitate to disappear in the mormal evolution of nature. It is much more consoling to observe that we follow the same course as the soul of the great world, that we have the same ideas, the same hopes, the same experiences, and almost the same sentiments. It is much more tranquillizing to assure ourselves that in order to better our lot, to utilize our forces, we employ the same means as it uses for illuminating and ordering the lower and unconscious regions; that there are no others; that we are in our place in a universe of unknown substances, but whose thought is not Impenetrable or hostile, but analogous to our own.

Let us content ourselves with observing, beyond ourunives, certain manifestations of this intelligence. What the flowers can offer us probably is small enough in comparison with that which could be told us by the mountains, the sea and the stars, if we could lay hold of the secrets of their lives. But they nevertheless permit us to presume with some assurance that the mind which animates all things is the same essence as that which vivides our own body. If they resemble us, if we pesemble them, if everything we find in them is found

also in ourselves, if they employ our methods, if they have our habits, our preoccupations, our tendencies, our desires for the best, is it illogical to say that all that we can hope instinctively, invincibly, it is almost certain that they hope also? Is it reasonable, when we find scattered through life such a sum of intelligence, that this life does not make for intelligence-that is to say, does not pursue an end of happiness, of perfection, of victory over that which we term evil, death, annihilation, which probably is only the shadow of its face or Its own slumber?

## WOMEN TO BLAME FOR HAUGHTY MEN.

By Juliet V. Strauss.

The attitude of man toward woman is one of self-complacency and critical condescension, and this is the fault of women themselves. heard the other day that a male person bad said to a friend of mine that she talked too plainly "before men." I was struck with awe at the idea. When one considers how plainly men talk before themselves I wondered in what degree of humility they desired a female to couch her conversation.

Occasionally one sees a woman with indomitable spirits, a quick sense of humor, a gift for intelligent conversation, and mind enough to enjoy a change from the gossip of the neighbors, the incidents of the day's bousekeeping or the changes of the fashions. Such a woman it was who was criticised for being too liberal in her choice of English for the ears of her male acquaintances.

A man in whose good sense a woman has reposed confidence enough to talk to him as she would to another woman instantly betrays herself as unworthy when he criticises her. He at once demonstrates the impossibility of a sort of equality between men and women, which is one of the most desirable things in the world.

## VIRTUES OF COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

By Walter Camp of Yale.

We think success in football is worth striving for because it teaches men that if they are to accomplish what they set about to do they must do so by work and submission to discipline. That is a good lesson to teach a

Furthermore, the moral tone of college men has improved a great deal in recent years, and in this the successful afhiete has done his share. Drinking, dissipation, is not good form for college men nowadays-time was when not much was thought of it. Take such men as Tad Jones, leader among his fellows, and who leads an upright life. Other students imitate his habits, and such imitation, unconscious, perhaps, does them a world of good.

The man who goes in for athletics soon finds that he must go according to a schedule if he is to keep up and make the most of his time. When the moment comes for study he has no time to lean on window sills and talk with his fellows.

#### THE FIRST STERNWHEELER.

Supplement of the Body. Wital as is the physical side of conmeving youth, however, its true founfinin for in our brain. If we malutain activity of its cells it quickens the cirion of the blood, the vital organs, res light to the eyes, preserves the moleness of the body, removes to a stance filmess, age, death itself, says erfboer's Magazine.

BRAIN THE SOURCE OF YOUTH.

Maintain Its Activity and Preserve

Remember the lesson of the blcycle, how the laboring man and the busy housekeeper, ready to drop from the day's work, would go for a spin and meturn, after an hour's exercise of those same weary leg muscles, rested. Hody mehe is often nothing but brain rust.

"He looks much older than he is." said Von Moltke of a fellow officer. "he has used his body more than his mind." Age was to the Frenchwoman of the salens no excuse for duliness. To the very last one must be pointed, animated, alert. Because an age has come when ordinarily the crust of custom bedue to encase our free spirits is exact by the reason for keeping them elastic

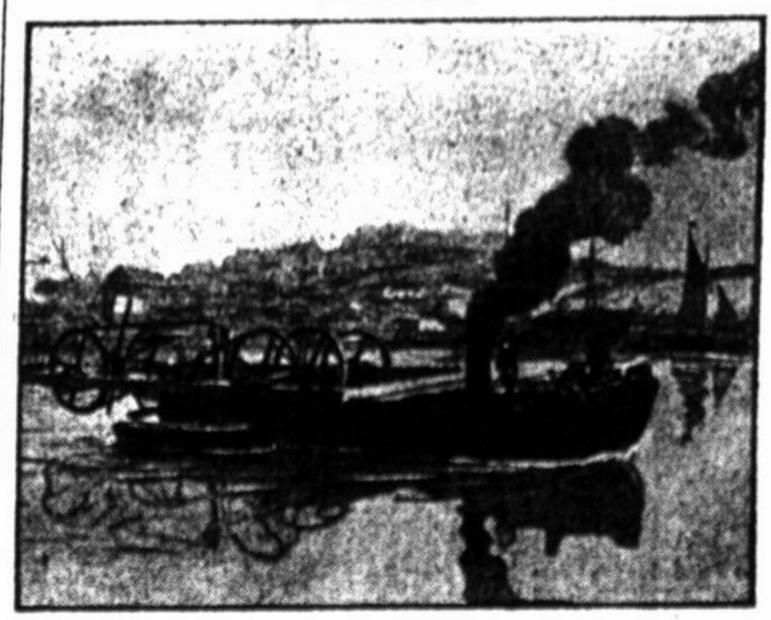
One of the most remarkable things in the eareer of Dr. Richard Storrs was that by far the greatest portion of that eareer was after he had passed the age # 80. The Duke of Marlborough began Me career as a great commander in 2702, when he was 52 years old. Lord Landhurst on the eve of his eightrboth hirthday made a brilliant speech Parliament. Sophocies wrote his masterplece at 80. Goethe finished "Faunt" in his eighty-second year. Alhert began Greek at 47 and at 54 had mastered it. Mrs. Plozzi preserved her fine faculties, imagination and unexamslad vivacity to the end. On her sightleth birthday she gave a great ball, enacert and supper in the public rooms at Bath to over 200 persons and opened the ball herself.

OM Lady Grey painted beautifully. though she only began to be an artist when she was quite an old woman. She gways went out sketching with thirtythe articles, which one servant called near at the door, another murmuring. "Here!" for each article, to make sure that nothing should be left behind.

# Predicting by Bonca.

In it not strange that, although the led out? Nearly every old Kaffir has dways with him a bag of bonessekies and joints of animals. With ane he pretends to be able to forethe future. He throws the "dolos," they are called, and then reads out have been informed that in Rho- lodging. the Kaffir doctors save many

thank you. Shooblack— searby—No. Shooblack then? Passerby—All Ilia Shooblack (after sea Shoo)—It's six soois ar six—Nos Lotales.



JONATHAN HULL'S STEAM TUG, SUCCESSFULLY OPERATED IN 1737. In 1736 Jonathan Hull, reoman, of Campden, Gloucestershire, patented a steam tug, which is said to have been tried on the Avon at Evesham in the following year. The tug had a single-acting steam cylinder, thirty inches in diameter, which in its inward stroke lifted a weight equal to one-half of its effective pull. The energy of this weight in its descent during the return stroke gave the engine a double action, and the reciprocating motion of the piston gave continuous rotation by a ratchet gear to a paddle wheel at the stern.-Illustrated London News.

## ITALIAN CHEAP LIVING

Raffrond Laborers Able to Get Along on Less than \$10 a Month.

That Italian laborers save more mon-

ey at the same wages than any other European immigrants is a statement made in a report of the department of commerce and labor. The reason is easily found, says the New York Sun. A great majority of the unskilled isborers in this country are employed in railroad construction and similar undertakings, which are usually carried on where there are no accommodations for boarding and lodging the men. The

to the contracting company. In the case of men of all nationall- | time?" rangeal has been conquered by ties except the Italians a fixed charge biles since 1838, the belief in Kaffir is made for the boarding and lodging of and their wisarding has not each man. The Italians, however, in story?" sist on buying and cooking their own

Investigation of the records of a contracting company employing many laborers of various nationalities in rail- | was saying-road construction showed that the accomens. Should a white man wish tual cost to the company of groceries, are you going to keep me standing er with the oracle he must throw provisions and payment for cooks, wait- here?" as himself. I have known, says era, fuel, light, etc., at its boarding sal traveler, many whites who camps was 19 cents a meal, or \$3.90 a believe to the ability of the Kaf- week for each man. The men were setur to cure them from sundry illa, charged \$18 a month for board and

The Italians at the camps of the from the ravages of the terrible same company lived mostly on maca- spoken so harshly to you, but I'm not that rage there in addition to roni, sausage, cheese, sardines and feeling just up to the mark to-day. fully with the toothache bread, macaroni and bread being the Hope you will pardon me." staples and the others used very sparingly. The average monthly expense of each laborer was as follows: Twenty-five one and one-half pound loaves of brend at 8 cents, \$2; thirty pounds of macaroni at 7 cents, \$2.10; sausage, sardines and choose, \$1.50; lard, 90

> Most of the Italians in addition to over a human being! Auto Demoustrathat amount spent an average of \$3 a for (smilingly)-Not with this make of ch with the expense of \$1 a shock absorber on the market.—Brook absorber on the market.

month.

What He Wanted to far.

"Hello!" "Hello, confound you! What do you "Is this 6445?"

"Of course! Why don't you go ahead "Oh, you needn't get mad about nothing."

"Well, my time's worth money! I can't stand here all day jabbering 'hello' to somebody !" "This is about the first time I ever

boarding camp thus becomes essentist used a telephone, and---" "Did you call me up just for prac-

"No, of course not." "Did you call me up to tell a funny "No. I--"

"Well, why don't you go ahead then with your business?" "You don't give me / chance. As

"There you go again! Say, how long

"You can sit down if you want to!" "I'll sit down on you if this is supposed to be a joke! Who are you, sir?" "My name is Brown. I moved in directly opposite you a few weeks ago." "Well, Brown, I'm sorry I have

"Oh, certainly." "What was it you wished to say to "Why, I wanted to tell you that your

house is on fire."-Success Magazine.

Prospective Buyer-Heavens! must be a terrible experience to run or beer, cheap eights and fo- car, my boy; it's equipped with the best

of her miseries committed suicide and she was repeatedly subjected to barbarous floggings and solitary confinement. But her determination to fight for the cause held out through all, and now up here in the tower. And now it is ahe is still carrying on the work.

Prelooker gives stories of other wota en almost as great in their sensational courage and daring. Among them is Vera Figner, who was released after twenty years from Schlusselberg pris on. No other prisoner had ever come from this place alive,

Another beroine was Zimaida Kono plinnikovia, the school teacher who as sassinated Gen. Min and at her execu tion tied the noose about her own neci Then there is Marie Spiridonovia, who shot Vice Gor, Lujonovskuy four times and was so brutally treated by the soldiers that the civilized world gasped in horror and the caar was compelled to commute her death sentence to life ins prinonment,

There are scores more, who are in prison and out of it, all heroines and willing to die for a free Russia-for liberty and justice,

An American Admirer.

In a small way, an American figures in the journal kept by Rosalle Lamorliere, during the revolutionary days of 1703 in France, and now published under the title, "The Last Days of Marie | ing. Antoinette."

Rosalle Lamorliere, a girl of Pleardy, he cries, as he bends over the rail. as servant to the queen in the Con- "Can you not see me?" clergerie. "One day," Rosalie has recorded, "Monsteur de Saint Leger, the American, who was coming from the registrar's office, noticed that I was carrying a glass half-filled with water. " Did the queen drink the water that has gone from the glass? he asked.

"I answered that she did. "With a quick gesture be uncovered his head and drank the water that re mained, with every indication of re-

Running No Rick.

spect and pleasure."

"What," asks the maiden aunt, "going to marry that Mr. Newwun? Why. you hardly know the man, Imogene, In the few days you have been acquainted with him you cannot possibly have learned anything of his family or an tecedents or habits or personal circum-

"That is true, Aunt Keturah, Bu you have always told me that no woman who knows anything about a man will marry him."-Success Magazine.

## Exhaustica.

"I'm rather interested in young Mr. De Riter," said the customer, "and I want to get a copy of his novel. Have

"We did have a small supply a few weeks ago," said the book salesman, "but I'm afraid it's exhausted." "Really, I heard it was weak, but I

didn't think it was that bad."-The Catholic Standard and Times.

One on Him. Wandering over an old cemetery re-

cently a young man came across a large stone inscribed: "Turn me over." After much difficulty he succeeded in turning it over, and found on the

under side of the stone the words: "Now turn me back again so that I can catch some other idlot." Imitation Is Plattery.

"Yes, ma'am," said the convict. "I'm here just for tryin' to flatter a rich "The idea!" exclaimed the prison

"Yes, ma'am, I just tried to imitate his signature on a check."-Philadelphia Press.

What a difference it makes when you feel good! Why not devote a little attention to feeling good? That is, why not eat and drink with a little care? Such a course will pay big

It is better to trust to your faults han to be false to your trusts.



on the shore of the slow-flowing has begun. In former years Wassili stream lies hidden in the shadow of would descend the stairs and place the pine forest, under the starry himself in a corner near the door to spring night.

taught them what a vote would mean and gained the hatred of the government. She was branded as a dangerous cottages is hardly distinguishable; In order to elude the police she used only here and there is the faint glimacid to mar her beauty. She scarred | mer of a light. Now and then a door her face and hands with it and became opens and one hears for a moment so ugly that her former acquaintances | the bark of a watchful dog, and then could not recognize her. She went back the same peac ful stillness. At in the past float through his mind. to the villages and preached revolution | tervals the figure of a wanderer emerges from the dark rim of the secretly for three years. Then the police caught her. She was subjected to forest, a rider, a peasant's cart with all the cruelties of despotism, including | creaking wheels-they are all people the tortures of the Black Hole, and of the village hastening to the church of the old priest, Father Gregor, deal festival. For twenty-three years she was an

solitary hill, stands the church; the known faces, all dead now. There is windows are bright, and the tower, his stern-faced father, and beside him gray with age, rises high into the the elder brother, zealously crossing mist. The moldering stairs creak; himself and often sighing; and there three years at Moscow or Kief. The the old beliringer is mounting them he himself stands, young, gay and Metropolitan is the consecrator, and with feeble steps, and after a little time a new star appears above, his light-the lanters in the bellringer's

It is hard work for the old man to climb those steep steps; the aged limbs refuse their office; his eyes are dim; old age has done its work on him. It is time for the aged man to go to rest; but death does not come. He has seen children and grandchildren go; for how many, old and young, has he tolled the bell. Death seems to have forgotten him and life is hard.

Often has he rung the Easter peal; he knows no longer how many times he has awaited the appointed hour to be done again, if God wills. With heavy step the old man reaches the railing of the tower and leans on it.

Around, in the shadows, he sees dimly the graves in the cemetery; their black crosses seeming like watchers of their dead. Here and there groups of birches, still leafless, wave their slender silvery branches in the wind. The reviving odor of the young buds on the trees, and the peace of the cemetery rise up like a breath of spring to the lonely figure on the tower.

What will this new year bring him? Will he salute next Easter with the forful music of the bells, or will be be sleeping over there in that distant corner, and will a black cross adorn the little mound? As God will! He is ready. But now he must announce the coming great day. "To God be honor and thanksgiving; " his line murmur the words; he raises hts eyes to the starry heavens and crosses

himself with simple piety. "Wassilli" an old, trembling roice calls from below.

He looks down from his post, strains his eyes, but can see noth "What do you want? Here I am

"No. Is it not time to ring the bells? What do you think?" Wassili reflects. "No, not yet;

know when." He knows well; he needs no clock God's stars tell him when the time

Heaven and earth, the white cloud that moves slowly across the face of the sky, the dark forest that moves and murmurs below, the ripple of the invisible stream-all he knows and loves-a whole life is bound up with them. Things long forgotten arise in his memory; how he came up here for the first time with his fatherdear God! how long ago that was, and yet it seems so short-he seems himself a little blue-eyed boy with fair, curling hair tossed by the wind. Far, far under him he saw the many little people and the cottages seemed so tiny, and the forest so far off, and the plain so large. And the father laughed and said: "Yet it is so near." as he pointed to the village below.



Such is life. As long as we are young it seems endless. Now it lies before as if it had just happened, from birth almost to the grave that the people are moving about busily. der. Well! thank God! it is time to cry. "Christ is arisen from the dead!" a hard life; the damp earth is his seizes the tones, and, with widemother; soon, if God will, he will rest in her bosom But now it is time. Once more

Wassili looks up to the stars, bares his head, crosses himself and seizes the ropes.

sharp stroke, a second, a third, a fourth, one after another, rising and piness, to laugh and to weep; the livfalling, now sharp, now nost, in a fax tones fiee to heaven, up to the

It is still dark. The little village; The bells are silent, the service listen and pray; but now the weight A light mist rises slowly from the of years is heavy on him, and he reearth, which has just awakened from mains above. Today his limbs seem its winter sleep, and it makes the unusually heavy; he sits down on a shadow of the forest sharper and bench, and as the sound of the bells agitator and warned to desist. Her darker, and covers the surface of the dies away, he sinks into thought. Of bushand refused to bear the sufferings stream with a silvery shimmer. Still- what? He hardly knows. The belfor the cause. She was beautiful then, ness, a brooding quiet, reigns over fry is but scantily lighted by his lanand only 26. But she sacrificed all. all. Most of the inhabitants are still tern; the bells themselves are but She sold her jewels, left her husband sleeping. The shape of the poor little dimly seen in the gloom. From beneath, in the church, one can hear faintly the singing of the congregation, while the wind plays with the bell ropes. The old man's head sinks on his breast as broken visious of

> "They are singing," he says, an then he sees himself in the church From the altar come the voices of singing children, and the kud voice there to begin worthily the coming long, long ago. Hundreds of peaants raise and bow their heads and In the midst of the village, on a make the sign of the cross, all well-

even more brightly, as the tones pear out again and again, resounding from earth to heaven, in love, and joy, and peace, and heaven and earth re-echo

"Christ is arisen." Even the old belfry itself seems to share in the joy of mankind, and the wind which fans the cheeks of the old man sings joyously "Christ is arisen."

The old heart forgets its sorrow, a life of care and toil. Wassili has forgotten that his life, his hopes of happiness have been nothing but an empty dream; that he is alone in the world, old and feeble. He hears the sounds which sing and weep rise through the gloomy space up to the starry heavens, and sink down to the poor earth. He sees himself surrounded by his children and grandchildren; hears the happy voices, voices of young and old uniting in a chorus, and singing to him of that hope, and joy, and happiness which his long, weary life has never offered him. The old man pulls the bell ropes, tears roll down his cheeks and his heart beats fast in his visionary

Before the church the people are standing together and talking; never has the old sexton rung the bells so

wonderfully. Suddenly the big bell gives one mighty stroke and stops; the small bells, confused, end their play with a sharp discord, then a few vibrations and silence.

Step reverently-the old bellringer has rung his last peal.-Translated for the Springfield Republican.

Easter in the Greek Church.

Easter time in the Geek Cnurch is the season for blessing the holy oils, This ceremony is performed once in



# CHRIST AT GETHSEMANE.

of fate, took the place of the earlier | mass is said by the Metropolitan in pride and confidence of the young the presence of a multitude. In the it? A son had been left them, the once a year, on M. undy Thursday. for and pride of their age-but he. too, had been led away by the lies of

And there stands the rich village usurer and bows himself to the earth, and kisses it pionsly, and makes the sign of the cross, that by hypocritical worship he may dry the tears of wronged orphans and widows, and so he lies to his God as to men.

Wassili's heart grows hot and even the holy pictures look down in anger on human misery and human lies. All this is behind him, so far behind him. Now his only world is this old belltower, high up, where the wind howis and plays with the bell-ropes. "God will judge, vengeance is His," whispers the old man, and heavy tears roll down his withered cheeks. "Wassill! Are you asleep?" some

one cries from below. "Who calls me?" asks the old man, and started from his beach. "Dear God! have I really been asleep?

Quickly, with practiced hand, he seizes the rope and gives a look below, where, like ants upon their heap, he has chosen for himself over you- Wassili in his tower rises the joyful rest. He has passed uprightly through He rings, and the newly-arisen wind spreading wings, carries them upward and the echoes, far and wide, repeat the solemn music of the bells.

inspired them to sing in joy and hap- | ed Lunt lint,"

strong, full of unconscious hope, and on Monday he enters the sacristy of ambition of happiness, and joy, and patriarchs, where he kindles a fire the future. And where is this happi- over which he hangs a vessel contain ness? The old man's thoughts flame | ing a gallon of myro or chrism. The up suddenly, like the flame of an groupel for the day is read while expiring are, and illumine every nook this is going on. For three days and and corner of a past life. Measure- three nights the contents of the vesless toil, sorrow and care-where is set is stirred by relays of priests that expected, hoped-for happiness? | clad in full robes. To the chrism Sorrowful fate furrowed that young olive oil and a fine Lisbon white wine face, bowed the straight, strong back, are added, with certain rare perfumes. and taught him to sigh like the eld- When all is completed the oil is place ed in two caldrons set upon a stove And there, to the left, among the of fine porcelain, and then it is stirred women of the village, she stands with by six deacons robed in sliver and head devoutly bent in prayer. She black vestments, After this is was a faithful, loving wife to him. | done the mixture is poured into a gor God rest her soul! And she, too, had grous receptacle, presented to the had many troubles to bear; care and church by the Empress Catherine II. toil and woman's hard lot had aged It is then blessed, and the people by her very early. The eyes that in thousands march past and dip bits of youth had been so bright and clear cotton into the consecrated fluid. On grew dim, and the expression of fear | Thursday the holy oil is carried with and anxiety at the unexpected strokes great pomp to the cathedral, where wife. And her happiness, where was | Catholic Church the oil is blessed.



Lenten Levity.

A pleasantry which belongs to the spring of the year is probably apouryphal, but fifty years ago it was current in circles of the old time. It is the story of Dr. Lunt's visit on Dr. Carpenter in Bristol a little before Never has the old man rung the Easter. It was said that Dr. Lunt bells so wonderfully. It seems as if cut himself in shaving, and had tosome of his emotion has communi- ask Dr. Carpenter for a styptic. So-Now, through the air resound a cated fiself to the cold metal and it happened that "in Lent Lant loan-

> M is computed that the English brilliant stars, which appear to shine language is spoken by 250,000,000.