

France Faces Revolution

At Montceau, a mining town in the center of France, 8,000 miners were divided into two camps—those who wanted to work, and those who wanted to prevent work, writes a Paris correspondent. For some time their only weapons had been sticks and stones. Then a Paris paper of the Red Socialist propaganda offered a novel premium to its readers and distributors; for every fifteen copies of the paper bought, plus eight francs cash, it offered a remodeled Gras or Chassepot rifle. The striking miners of Montceau saw in these rifles a new means to persuade their weaker brethren. They began to send for them in quantity. The working miners instead of being intimidated by these preparations, began ordering rifles for themselves from the same accommodating Socialist paper.

There was any quantity of these rifles in Paris, old Gras and Chassepot

government having in the past three years auctioned off 100,000 of these obsolete models dating from the Franco-Prussian war.

While all this was going on, while the magistrates (Juges d'Instruction) of Paris were refusing to prosecute the vendors on the ground that the remodeled rifles were not technically "arms of war," and while the prefect of the Saone-and-Loire was tranquilly neglecting to take notice of the arming, nine men had met together in the private room of a wine shop of Saint-Etienne. They were Bexant and Evard, delegates from the north and the Pas-de-Calais; Jouvavel and Chabrolin, from Carmaux and d'Alais, to represent the south; Merzet and Girardet, sent by the federation of the Loire; Buvat and the Citizen Buissonnier, standing for the center, and Citizen Cotte, general secretary. These nine men as delegates to the National

one of the enigmas of the industry. Besides this, great masses of miners, especially in the more prosperous localities, prefer not to be bound down to rigid hours. They vote with the federation, or abstain from voting, but their interest urges them the other way. Such was the case of the miners of Montceau before the strike of 1899, and such is the case of the non-strikers, called "The Yellows," of today.

The government has at last taken a firm hand and whenever the Reds store an abundance of rifles a raid by gendarmes (French military police) is sure to follow. Several seizures have already been reported. In some cases individuals bearing arms are being notified to deliver them to the government officers under penalty of death. The individuals are generally complying with the order but it requires force in cases where the revolutionists maintain arsenals.

INTEREST RATES WERE HIGH.

A Banking Experience in Virginia After the War.

Gov. J. Hoge Tyler of Virginia is responsible for this interesting banking story: "Soon after the war, when banking rates, or discount rates, were high, an old fellow in one of the southwest counties of Virginia, a farmer, went to the bank to secure a loan of \$1,000 for five years. Of course this made the man behind the grating open his eyes and look at him with wonder and astonishment, and the farmer was told that they could not make provision for such a loan as that unless they had the most satisfactory collateral that could be obtained. The old fellow asked, 'Collot what?' 'Collateral,' the banker answered. 'Well, what is that?' the farmer asked. The banker went on to describe the stocks and bonds and securities that are meant by the term collateral. The old farmer said: 'Well, if I had those things I wouldn't want any money. They are better than money,' he said. 'Well,' said the banker, 'you can't get the money unless you succeed in getting some of those collaterals, and then we might discount your note.' Well, the farmer succeeded in getting some collateral and in getting some personal endorsements, and also in getting his own name upon the paper and his wife's as well, and obtained mortgages on everything he had. He came and dumped his collateral down on the banker's desk. They were satisfactory, and the cashier made out his note for him for \$1,000, and told him to sign it, which the farmer did. After signing the note he passed it over. Then the cashier counted him out \$287.52. The old farmer ejaculated, 'Come on.' 'No, sir,' said the cashier, 'that is all you can get on a note of \$1,000 for five years at our present rate of discount.' 'Dis what?' asked the farmer. 'Discount,' said the cashier; 'that is all you can get.' 'What do you mean?' said the farmer. 'Why,' said the cashier, 'we take off the discount for the first four months and the next four months, and so on, and then, at the end of five years your note will only make \$287.52.' 'I am glad that I did not ask you to lend me that money for ten years,' ejaculated the farmer, 'or you would have had me in debt and I would have to pay you something for asking you to lend it to me.'

Sudden Inspiration.
"We have with us this evening," the master of ceremonies said, "a gentleman from the Sandwich Islands, who kindly consented to sing a song—"
"It's name!" demanded several rude boys in the rear seats. The chairman



DELIVERY OF THE SEIZED RIFLES TO THE GENDARMERIE

models, condemned by the war department and sold at auction for a few francs each to speculators. These latter had remodeled them, suppressing the rifle-thread and modifying the cartridge; but this did not prevent their being able to send a bullet through a thick plank at 150 yards. The Socialist committee of Saint-Etienne—another mining center—began buying them at wholesale from the speculators. The Socialist newspaper continued to do a roaring trade, not only with the strikers of Montceau but with their correspondents in the center, the north and the south of France. At Saint-Etienne, a one-time Protestant pastor, became a fervent anarchist agitator, got possession of some thousands of them. These, with fine anarchist impartiality, he sold or gave away to the non-striking miners of Montceau. Another lot he disposed of at Commentry, Carmaux and Decazeville. Before the government had taken any notice of this extraordinary

Federation of Miners, claim to speak for 160,000 fellow workmen and voters. Besides clearing off their regular three months' accumulation of routine business, they had to demand three great things of the government and fix a date for that most redoubtable of all labor demonstrations, a general strike—the long-threatened strike of the Federation.

The three demands made on the government will show how far organized labor has gone in France—(1) the establishment (by government) of a minimum salary; (2) old-age pensions of two francs per day after twenty-five years of work, without regard to age, and (3) an eight hour working day. The old-age pensions are notoriously undergoing a course of "study" in the proper governmental circles. A beginning was made in the law of May 29, 1894, and the best opinion is that the miners will have to await, with the other brethren, the general granting of this boon until it is discovered where the money is to come

A SEIZURE OF ARMS AT A RAILWAY STATION



traffic, 7,000 rifles had been admittedly hidden away by the men of Montceau alone; while the clandestine arsenals of Saint-Etienne and Carmaux are rumored to contain as many more. The true figures, however, cannot be known until the dawning of the dark day when the weapons shall be used. There are agitators who boast that the miners of the north are also fully armed. One thing is certain; the supply of Gras and Chassepot rifles has been practically inexhaustible, the

from. With regard to the eight-hour working day there is no consensus of opinion among the miners themselves, 100,000 out of 160,000 of them having refused, when solicited, to vote upon it. If the minimum day's pay could be secured the eight-hour working day would come in handy, but as there is no real hope that the government could succeed in dictating fixed expenses to mine owners, even should it be willing to undertake the novel task, the eight-hour working day remains

was non-plussed, but only for a moment. "The gentleman from Hawaii who has so kindly consented to assist us this evening," he went on, with a contemptuous glance at the rear seats, "will sing a selection entitled 'How I Love My Honolulu!'" The gentleman from Hawaii then proceeded to sing something in Kanaka, and nobody was the wiser.—Chicago Tribune.

It's a poor contractor who doesn't show up with a bill for extras.

ADVERTISED BY THE CAMERA.

English Novel Popularized by Photograph of Mr. Gladstone.

"Joseph Henry Shorthouse, manufacturer of sulphuric acid, author of 'John Inglesant,' 'Countess Eve,' 'Sir Percival,' etc." In this manner a well-known biographical dictionary sums up the novelist of Birmingham, whose books are known, one may almost say, wherever the English language is spoken. The bustling midland city has reason to be proud of her family of clever men. To the world of politics she has given Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, to art she gave the late Sir E. Burne-Jones, to the church Archbishop Benson, and she has put the finishing touches to her fame by presenting the world with the author of "John Inglesant." Twenty years ago Mr. Shorthouse was unknown except as a manufacturer of chemicals, a business in which he had taken an active interest for many years. Then a story took form in his brain and he produced "John Inglesant," a novel which has had one of the most remarkable runs of popularity on record. But, like many other famous books, it did not jump into favor at once. It was first published in Birmingham, the edition being exactly 100 copies. Of these fifty or sixty were given away by the author himself, and what became of the remainder history does not state. People who had secured the free copies said the book ought to be published by some big London house, but the publishers of the metropolis seemed to think differently. Mr. James Payn, who was reader for one firm, rejected it, and another publisher followed suit. Then Messrs. Macmillan had the courage of their convictions and printed a small edition. And now a strange thing happened. A photographer had succeeded in persuading the late Mr. Gladstone to sit before his camera, and the famous statesman took his place before that instrument of torture with a book under his arm. The volume bore the title of "John Inglesant," printed in gold letters in the usual way, and the light happening to glint upon those two words made them show clearly in the photograph. The portrait of the premier was one of the most pleasing ever taken, and was published broadcast over the land, each copy clearly showing the title of the book, and the result was a sudden clamorous demand for the work of the new novelist. Mr. Gladstone himself is reported to have said that it was one of the few works of fiction that ever succeeded in keeping him out of bed all night.—London Mail.

THE WANDERING SHADE.

Takes a Peep Into the Nuzzle of a Fire-Hose.

I was wandering down a pleasant street, when suddenly I came to a place where many people were gathered, shouting and in great excitement. Also there were several strange engines with smoke coming from their tops, and men in black armor and helmets rushing to and fro, while other knights in blue beat back the multitude. Now there was smoke coming from an upstairs window, and I wist that it must be a fire. But what interested me most was a long, snakelike tube which the struggling knights tore from one of the vehicles and ran with toward the fire. "By Hector and Gee-Whizz!" quoth I, "but the spirit moveth me to see what strange modern contrivance this is!" So I went forward, took up the end of the tube and squinted therein. Alas! Even as I did so, I heard one of the black knights shout: "Let 'er go!" There was something doing, yes, verily. There was the swishy rush of a waterspout, and when I came to myself I found I had faded away and that I was suffering from water on my ghostly brain. By my halldom! Methinks the devil himself would not be safe in the world at this date. For alack! Things have made a long hike since the days of Arthur and his Round Table.

Too Effective.

E. T. Abbott, the civil engineer and contractor, tells a good story about a German sawmill proprietor of his acquaintance. The sawmill man used refuse from the mill for fuel. The machinery was pretty much back number, and one day the agent for a firm came to the plant, and, after looking it over, told the German that he would put in new and improved machinery for about \$4,000, which would reduce the amount of fuel used one-half. While the fuel cost nothing, it required four men to provide it, and the German was assured that two men could do the work after the new machinery was installed. It looked like a good proposition, and the sawmill man gave the agent the order. A few months after the machinery was installed the agent called again. The German gave him a gloomy stare. "What's the matter? Don't the machinery do all I claimed for it?" asked the agent. "Yes, aber I overlook somedings." "What was that?" "Vile it dakes only two men to handle de fuel, it dakes de udder two men to haul away vat ve didn't use before, and a team pesides."—Du-luth News Tribune.

Out at Sea.

Mrs. Gull (angrily)—I heard what you said to that Miss Seaweed. Mr. Gull—Heard what? Mrs. Gull—Heard you say just as plain as day, "Meet me at the pier, dearest." Mr. Gull—Oh, rats! You just ran into one of those wireless messages from that steamer.—Judge.

Last year 500,000,000 feet of lumber were exported from the Pacific coast, and 300,000,000 feet sent east by rail.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.

A Bear Takes Possession of a House in a Wild Part of California and Peeps Out of the Window—How He Made His Escape.

FIVE LITTLE SISTERS.

We are little sisters five
That in any climate thrive.
Everywhere at home are we.
On the land on the sea.
Whoso'er is human speech
There our little voices reach.
Every moment, night and morn
We are dying, we are born.
Well you know us, little man;
Guess our names now if you can.
For you never speak a word
That one of us is not heard.
And our gentle voices meet
In each sentence you repeat.
A, E, I, and O and U.
Little sister vowels true!
—Woodson St. George.

HERE'S A BEAR STORY.

William Hamilton lives in a wild part of California, and has a honey-bee ranch. One day, when he was absent his wife went out to the potato field to do a little hoeing, and when she came back to the house she found a big bear walking about the kitchen. She didn't stand still and scream, as a woman in this part of the country would have done, but ran to the woodpile for the axe, and then back to attack Mr. Brain. She met him coming out, but he darted back at sight of her, and finding himself cornered knocked the axe out of her hand with one blow of his paw. Being thus disarmed, the woman rushed out of the kitchen, slamming the door after her, and started off for help. Meanwhile, Mrs. David, a neighbor, who lived in an opposite direction, was on her way to the Hamilton farm. When she reached the house she was frightened half out of her senses at seeing a bear looking out of a half open window, and she turned and ran all the way home, where she told her sixteen-year-old son that there was a big bear in the Hamilton house, and that he had undoubtedly eaten up Mrs. Hamilton, for that good woman was nowhere in sight. So the boy picked up his gun and he started for the scene of the tragedy. Having reached the place they looked all about, but no bear was to be seen. The boy saw that the cellar door was open, and concluded that the bear might have gone down there, he began cautiously to descend the steps. He had not gone very far down when he heard a snort and a growl, and saw the bear coming toward him out of the darkness. Then he didn't feel nearly so brave as he thought he was, and dropping his gun, he rushed up the steps into the kitchen, and out into the yard, shutting the kitchen door behind him.

He started off in one direction and his mother in another, and presently the boy met the Hamiltons and a friend of theirs who had a rifle. They approached the house cautiously, but saw no signs of the bear, nor could they find him in any of the rooms. They concluded, therefore, that he had squeezed through the partly open window and made off. But on going outside they happened to look up, and there was Mr. Bruin's head poking out of the top of the chimney. He drew it in right away, but they soon made him scramble out by lighting a bundle of straw on the hearth. The man with the rifle was on watch, but his shot missed, and the bear got away to the brush with a whole skin.—Philadelphia Times.

A GRENADIER OF FRANCE.

No French soldier is more honorably remembered than Latour d'Auvergne, who belonged to a regiment of grenadiers in the army of the great Napoleon. His defense of the pass, single-handed, against an army of Austrians, has made his name almost as memorable as that of Horatius, the brave Roman who kept the bridge. It was during the war with Austria in 1796, and Latour d'Auvergne was a stalwart young soldier of thirty years. During a scout he learned that a detachment of the enemy was pushing forward with the intention of securing a mountain pass, to prevent an important movement that the French army was then on the march to accomplish. The Austrians were but a few hours distant, and Latour had no time to seek the main army for assistance. He knew that the pass was defended by a force of only thirty men, who were stationed in an old stone mill that commanded the route through the mountains, and he made up his mind to hasten on and warn them, and take part in the defense. When he reached the mill, however, he found it deserted. The soldiers, having heard of the advance of the Austrians, had fled, leaving the pass unguarded. Latour understood military affairs well enough to realize the importance of holding the post, and he decided to defend himself if he could. There were plenty of arms and ammunition in the mill, and he at once set about getting ready for the expected attack of the Austrians. In a short time they appeared and demanded the surrender of the place. Latour refused and the struggle began. There were thirty muskets in the mill, and these he kept loading and discharging, giving the Austrians the impression that quite a force was defending it. They kept up a close fire on it, however, and several times attempted to carry it by storm. The sharp defense, however, forced them each time to retire with great loss. Finally, when his gunpowder

was nearly exhausted, and he himself was worn out by the protracted struggle, Latour raised a flag of truce. Instantly the firing ceased, and a moment after a window in the mill was opened and a grenadier showed himself. "We desire," he said, addressing the Austrian commander, "the privilege of evacuating our quarters, with all the honors of war; with arms and baggage, and colors flying."

"Your demands are granted," replied the gallant Austrian, who immediately drew up his men in two lines to receive the devoted garrison. Then out walked Latour d'Auvergne, alone.

"Well," said the Austrian commander, "where is the garrison?"

"Here, sir, as you see," answered the Frenchman, raising his hand in salute.

"But where is it?" asked the Austrian, visibly affected.

"Here!" repeated the grenadier. "What! You alone defended the mill?"

"I was there alone; I was the only garrison," rejoined the soldier with a quiet smile.

"And how came you to undertake so bold an attempt?"

"The honor of France was in peril, sir. I could do no differently," answered the heroic grenadier.

The haughty Austrian bowed in admiration.

"You are the bravest of the brave," he said; and he ordered the thirty muskets to be sent after him to the French army, and wrote a letter complimenting his heroism.

Napoleon offered Latour the command of a regiment, but this he refused, preferring to serve in the ranks.

"I cannot leave my comrades," he said, "and any one of them would have done the same as I."

But ever after that he was known as the "First Grenadier of France."—Fred Myron Colby in Philadelphia Times.

THOMPSON'S ISLAND TOADS.

There are not many toads on this island, probably because they cannot breed where there are not many pools of fresh water, and that is the way it is here. About two and a half months ago, Mr. Bradley, thinking it would be a good thing to have some toads down here, asked Mr. Hart, the deputy superintendent of the Concord reformatory, to send us some. Mr. Hart got fifty toads and put them in a box about 2 feet long, 1½ feet wide and 6 inches deep, half full of moist loam, with a wire screening stretched over the top. They came one night and were taken up to the boys' flower gardens, where thirty were let out. Every boy was anxious to get one for his garden. There were not enough to go around, and so Mr. Bradley let the toads choose which boy should own them. He drew a large circle around the box and had the boys line up to it. He then let the toads out one by one. As soon as one hopped out to the circle, the boy in front of whom it was could have it. As soon as a boy got one he put it in his garden. The next morning when they were looked for only four were to be found; but it was soon discovered where they went. They bury themselves in the earth and come out to feed or when it is going to rain. The remaining twenty were let loose in the flower beds on the lawn. Later on another box of seventy toads came from Mr. W. G. Faucher, superintendent of the St. Woodward school at Topsfield, Mass. These were put into the different vegetable gardens on the farm. These animals were got down here because they are very useful in killing and preventing the increase of noxious insects and worms.—George G. Noren in Thompson's Island Beacon, printed by the boys of the farm school in Boston harbor.

THE MYSTERIOUS VOICE.

It was a warm summer night and the hour was midnight. The scene was Madison Square Park, New York. The policemen on the four sides of the rectangle were getting dull with sleepiness. So one of them said afterward—the man who tells the story. Suddenly into the stillness of the night a shrill cry projected itself: "Help! Help! Murder! Murder!"

The cry appeared to come from within the square. And simultaneously the two policemen nearest at hand rushed into the park, the leather prongs of their night sticks in place for striking.

"They're killing me! Help! Help!" spurred them on.

The policemen made a systematic search of the green area, ending finally in the center.

"Well, where is it?" asked one.

"Give it up. I thought 'twas here," was the reply.

"Keep away! Keep away! Don't come near me!" cried the shrill voice.

Slowly and warily the policemen made their way to a bench a little to the south of the center, which seemed to be the spot whence the voice came. And there they stood for a moment, wondering what it meant. Then from the branches of the maple overhead a wheedling voice said: "Polly wants a cracker." The mystery was solved. It was somebody's parrot, escaped from its cage, which had played this joke on two of New York's cleverest policemen. The bird remained in the park for a day or so, resisting all efforts to be captured, and then disappeared, having perhaps found its way back to its cage.

Liking.

"I like your nerve!" gasped the beautiful girl, struggling against the ineffectual table. "And I like your cheek!" chuckled the young man as he continued the oscillatory exercises.—Philadelphia Record.