

MUTINEERS TAKE SVEABORG FORT AFTER FIERCE BATTLE

Russian Stronghold in the Baltic Captured by Rebels—Hundreds Killed and Wounded.

Helsingfors.—Sveaborg is entirely in the hands of the mutineers who now have in their possession every kind of armament.

Horrible scenes occurred during Tuesday night when the fierce fighting was continued. The heaviest artillery was used during the conflict between the mutineers and the government troops.

An authoritative estimate of the killed and wounded cannot be obtained, but the casualty list on both sides must be heavy, for the fighting was waged with desperation.

There are various rumors to be heard regarding the fate of the officers who were at Sveaborg and in the Skatudden barracks. According to one rumor almost all the officers, and according to another, almost all the junior officers sided with the mutineers.

The marines at Skatudden are said to have convened an elective court-martial which condemned several officers to instant execution.

Cause of the Outbreak.
The cause of the mutiny is reported to have been the death of a soldier in the battalions of sappers and miners. His comrades claimed that the death was due to ill-treatment. They rose and were joined by the artillerymen. Together they outnumbered the loyal infantry troops who supported their officers.

The infantry from the Skatudden

was supported by revolutionists. Koch was jeered by the Rihoaki "Red Guard" numbering 85 men. At ten o'clock the entire party went to Kliska station and were breaking up the track, thus cutting off the approach of intended reinforcements reported to be coming from Williamstrand and Viborg.

Fight Under Red Flag.
Tuesday morning a detachment of civilian revolutionaries seized the marine barracks on Skatudden island, hoisted the red flag and were joined by all the marines.

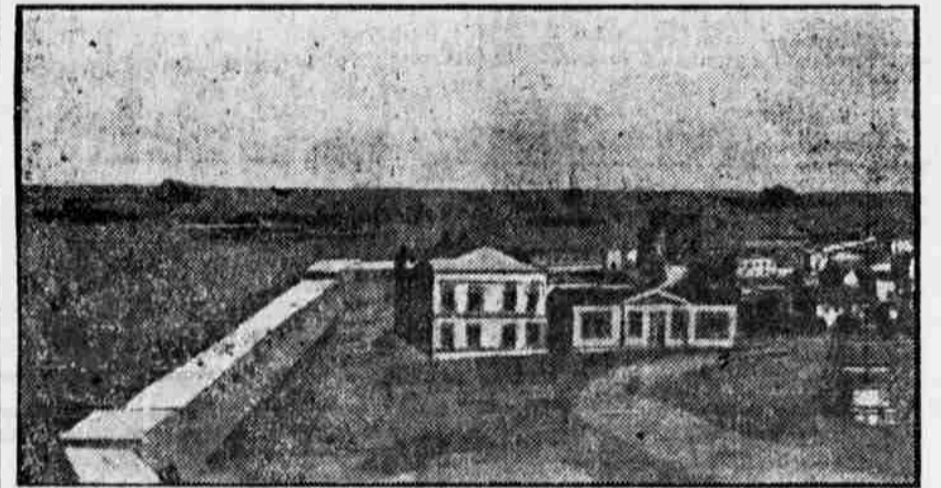
Nine cruisers, torpedo boats and destroyers lying in the harbor opened fire on the barracks. This fire was answered from the third story windows of the barracks with machine guns and rifles.

The torpedo boats and destroyers, which were lying close to the shore, were subjected to such a hot fire from the barracks that their crews were driven below decks. They finally steamed out and joined in the bombardment with the cruisers.

This sea attack was in co-operation with attacks by Cossacks and infantry from the land side, which began at nine o'clock in the morning and continued through the whole day.

Finally, towards evening, the firing ceased and the authorities announced that the barracks had been captured.

At one o'clock in the afternoon the Cossacks cleared the square in front



ONE OF THE FORTS HELD BY MUTINEERS.

barracks, which stands on the sea front in Helsingfors, were immediately ordered out. Two torpedo vessels lying at anchorage off the city thereupon opened with their rapid-firing guns against the barracks, shooting over the heads of the people gathered upon the sea front and causing a tremendous panic. The greatest excitement prevailed, but the socialist workmen and the Red Guard of Helsingfors were all highly elated over the outbreak. They threatened to take advantage of the situation and proclaim a general strike for the purpose of tying up the railroads. At the latest report the fortress at Sveaborg is completely in the hands of the mutineers.

A further cause of the revolt is said to be in the fact that Tuesday was the anniversary of a mining disaster, caused by reckless officers, in which a dozen men lost their lives.

Conspire to Take Forts.
A gigantic military conspiracy aiming at the simultaneous capture of Russia's three great sea fortresses, Cronstadt, Sebastopol and Sveaborg, arranged by the Revolutionary Military League, was prematurely sprung here Monday night by an attempt to arrest members of a company of sappers who had mutilated on account of the death of one of their comrades, alleged to have been due to ill treatment.

The entire garrison of the fortress at Sveaborg flamed out instantly in revolt. All the artillerymen and sappers garrisoning the place were involved. Only four companies of infantrymen remained loyal. The mutineers seized forty machine guns and practically all the quick-firers and light artillery in the fortress, but even with this aid they were unable to hold the main fort against the loyal infantry. The fighting continued all night. The heaviest firing was heard from 10 o'clock Monday evening until one Tuesday morning.

Red Guard on Duty.
"The Red Guard," whose leaders were cognizant of the plot, dispatched an expedition by a special train, as soon as the revolt broke out, to cut the railroad track outside of the city in order to prevent the arrival of the reinforcements. A general strike was declared Tuesday afternoon and was obeyed by the workmen of all the factories.

Lead by Former Captain.
Capt. Koch, an ex-officer of the army and a socialist, who was leader of the November strikes, stopped the St. Petersburg express Tuesday morning. He

of the palace facing Sveaborg and then drove the public from the entire water front for the purpose of preventing the sending of assistance from the city to Sveaborg.

Rumors are in circulation that the entire fortress has fallen into the hands of the insurgents, but they lack confirmation.

Sveaborg is a strongly fortified town of Russian Finland, situated on Seven Islands, in the gulf of Finland, immediately southeast of Helsingfors. The islands, which are connected by pontoons, form the site of a fortress which defends the harbor of Helsingfors and consists of numerous military works and batteries and a military arsenal. Sveaborg also has an excellent harbor.

Outbreak Also at Skatudden.
An outbreak also occurred at Skatudden. The officers there were made prisoners and the soldiers elected leaders. One officer was killed. The Russian torpedo destroyer Finn is bombarding the barracks and the mutineers.

The island of Skatudden lies close to the city of Helsingfors, with which it is connected by a short bridge. It is a half a mile long and about a quarter of a mile wide, and is given over entirely to the fortress. The government railway from St. Petersburg encircles the city and terminates upon Skatudden island. The Skatudden fortress is about three miles from Sveaborg.

600 Killed or Wounded.
London.—A dispatch to a news agency from Helsingfors, Finland, says that a portion of the garrison of Sveaborg, Finland, mutinied Monday night and that a long and a sanguinary struggle took place between the mutineers and the loyal troops, in which the former are said to have been victorious. The mutineers, it is added, are now in possession of the fortress.

A later dispatch from Helsingfors says that fierce fighting continues at Sveaborg. Up to midday over 600 men have been killed or wounded. Warships are now bombarding the fortresses.

Strike Proclaimed in Finland.
Stockholm, Aug. 1.—The socialistic workmen of Finland are reported to have proclaimed a general strike.

Czar's Palace Reported Aflame.
Paris.—The Matin prints a dispatch from Odessa, which says it is reported from Livadia that the czar's palace there is in flames. The fire is said to be the work of revolutionists.

Fire in Malting Plant.
Milwaukee.—Fire Tuesday damaged the plant of the Borchert Malting company. Twenty-fifth avenue and South Pierce street, to an extent estimated at \$30,000, about equally divided between building and contents.

Killed by Lightning.
Springfield, O.—Luther Lorton, a farmer, engaged in threshing oats, was struck by lightning and instantly killed during the progress of a terrific rain and electric storm. Clyde Xanders was knocked senseless.

THE COWARD

By FRANCIS A. STOUTENBURGH.

Clay entered his library, closed the door and locked it. Then, with energetic tread he made his way to his desk. From one of the pigeon holes he took a revolver. It was a big, wicked looking gun—44 caliber.

Capt. Clay, retired, was a man who always believed himself to be a coward at heart; but in a cabinet in his library there was a medal which had been awarded him for valor in the field; there was also a letter from President McKinley promoting and commending him for conspicuous bravery. And on the wall was a sword, given him by his own company, with an inscription on the blade testifying to his courage, self-sacrifice and loyalty.

Clay examined the revolver carefully. It was properly loaded and ready to do the deadly work it might be called upon to do.

Clay sank back in an arm chair, the weapon in his hand.

In the last stages of consumption; racked by pain; grieving over the loss of his young wife, who had died but a few months previously; harassed by a poverty that he was too proud to make known, he had sought the seclusion of his pet room surcease of sorrow, an end to all the responsibilities of life.

"I was always a coward," he muttered, as he shudderingly looked down at the revolver. "Yet somehow I did my work. When I charged the Spanish breastworks at Palmas at the head of my men I was in mortal fear of a wound of some kind. I was the first man inside the enemy's works. Men near me were cut down by machetes, bayoneted or shot. I was untouched. My men never knew my fear; never noticed my white face. In the heat of the combat they took no heed of all this; but they cheered me after the fight was won.

"Then, again, that fight near the river, when I carried Sergt. Peters on my back after he was wounded—carried him through a deadly fire, back in our lines—ah, ha!—that's where I won the president's letter; but I was in agony lest some Mauser should send its bullet through me. But somehow I did my work.

"And now,"—he glanced again at the weapon in his hand—"it may hurt me," he mused, with something of boyish petulance. "Oh! I cannot bear the pain, in case it does not kill instantly; the crashing through my tissues and bones; and even though it kill me, there will be a momentary, a horrible agony.

"A coward I am, and always was; yet somehow I did my work."

Racked by a fit of coughing, he noticed that blood had come on his handkerchief again.

Something prompted him to take the sword of honor from its place on the wall and put it by his side; to gaze once more upon the medal and to take the president's letter and spread it across his knees.

"These will make me a brave man," he said.

But these acts failed to summon up the courage that he sought.

He looked again at his revolver and shuddered. Throwing open its breech, he hastily emptied it of its contents; then picking up the poker with a sharp blow he smashed the weapon and threw its shattered remnants into the dead embers of the hearth.

"Now I am a coward!" he exclaimed bitterly. "Somehow before this I always did my work."

Then it was that the bright, hopeful faces of his two young sons—one of 14 and one of 12—who were near at hand at play with other boys, came up before him, and their voices seemed to say: "No, no, you are a brave man and no coward."

A smile passed over his wan face.

"What was that?" he asked. "Is anyone in the room?"

He heard a faint sigh; that same faint, happy little sigh that had come from his wife as she died in his arms but a few months previous.

His wretched right hand was lifted from the desk whereon it rested by fingers invisible but supremely tender. A kiss, blusive, sweet and bearing in itself a message of angelic gratitude and approval was pressed upon it.

He leaned forward in his chair.

The blood gushed forth from mouth and nostrils and trailed in a crimson stream across the letter from the murdered president which lay in his lap.

No bullet caused it. It was the last hemorrhage. It was copious; it was merciful; and it took him.—N. Y. Herald.

Directing Electric Waves.

According to a description of his experiments given by Mr. Marconi, the confining of the electric waves used in wireless telegraphy to certain predetermined directions is a problem admitting of an easy, if not a complete, solution. A simple method is to substitute for the usual vertical antenna employed as radiator or absorber of the waves, a straight horizontal conductor, placed at a comparatively small elevation above the surface of the ground or the water. Experience shows that the radiation reaches a maximum in the vertical plane of this horizontal wire, and gradually dies out on each side of it. Similarly at the receiving station the maximum effect of the waves is felt in the vertical plane of the horizontal absorbing conductor. To attune the transmitting and receiving apparatus, their conductors are pointed in the same direction.

A FROST AND A THAW.

BY ELLIOTT WALKER.

Dorcas Cope ran into the pantry with her bony hand pressed hard over her mouth.

"The end is comin'," she muttered behind the tightly closed fingers. "I simply can't endure him any longer."

Under the scanty gray hair, brushed mercilessly back from the anxious brow, her eyes, strained, fixed and hopeless, presently roved with a slow lempair from the yellow-painted ceiling to the clean, worn dresser, where stood the shining tins in readiness for the morning's milk. Dropping her hand, Dorcas gazed at them queerly.

"Forty years I've filled pans right here. Oh! what ain't I done right here? Stood and worked, and thought, and planned, laughed and cried, happy and miserable, summer and winter, 'ain and shine. Lord! Lord! Lord!"

She clasped her forehead, groaning bitterly, with no tears, unconsciously counting the well-used household implements hanging neatly on their nails, and the array of canisters and small spice-boxes on the shelf. "To drop dead would be a mercy," she whispered. "If I dared—"

Picking up a keen-edged bread knife, the woman patted the sharp point with a finger, smiling grimly while she poked her corset ribs.

"If I had a heart, 'twould be about here, I s'pose. Pshaw! That's no way. If you get to thinkin' of that—No! While the fit's on me I'll tell him. Just as I am, I'll go out to the barn and tell him I'm goin'. From his actions lately, he ought to be willin' enough. My soul! when did it all start, and what for? It's like a wall of ice, beginnin' with a drop and growin', growin', till we're froze apart as wide as the poles. He knows it. I know it. It's beyond ever meltin'. Nothin' to do but one thing."

Across the yard, un mindful of the dew still soaking the uncut grass and the fact of her low heel-trodden slippers, Mrs. Cope marched stolidly, blind to the early sunshine, deaf to her favorite robins, intent only upon the words burning in her brain.

"I'll be cool and calm," she kept saying, mumbering her lower lip. "I'll say, 'Beecher, what's the use? If there's any comfort left on earth for either of us we'll never find it together.' And he'll say—well—not much, I guess. Why no need of luggin' this knife out here," she added, surprisedly. "I thought I put it down."

The great barn door stuck and creaked dismally as Dorcas squeezed through, pushing an aperture sufficiently wide to allow ingress for her narrow figure. "He's in here somewhere," she said to herself, with an added irritation at the delay, as she peered about. "The cows ain't out yet. What's that ladder doin' there? What's—"

A low, dreadful cry burst from her. Then she went up the ladder like a mad creature, bent over a beam and slashed with the bread knife.

Beecher Cope fell heavily in a heap. Half sliding, half dropping, his wife descended with perilous agility, flew to him, tore the noose from his neck, rolled him over and sank to her knees.

Mr. Cope was very much alive, albeit somewhat purple and greatly shamed and dismayed. His rope had not been properly adjusted. Having tied his feet and hands with strong twine, he was undergoing a slow and painful process of strangulation, with no power to expedite matters, when his better half had appeared on the scene.

Gasping a few times, he cleared his throat for speech.

"Dorcas Cope, don't you never let 'em! Cut them strings and I'll get up."

"Promise me you'll never try this ag'in! If not, I'll leave you tied, Beecher Cope. I'll call in the neighbors—I'll—"

"The Lord hearin' me, I've had enough, Dorcas."

Her face was like a white flint as she snipped the bonds, helped him stagger stiffly to his feet, and took his arm.

"Come right in the house, Beecher," she said, quietly.

The stern-featured old man walked submissively by her side. He had not trembled at the prospect of death, but now he shuddered, leaning against the woman with his head lowered.

"You druv me to it," he grunted aggressively.

"How?"

"I dunno how. I can't tell; but you did. For ten years you've been drivin' me to it, Dorcas—I couldn't stand it another day."

"Humph!" Mrs. Cope's throaty exclamation was hardly distinct.

They reached the kitchen. The half-prepared breakfast was on the range.

"Set down," said the woman, strangely. "Drink this cup of hot tea. Throat hurt you?"

"N-o—no, not much. Kind of choky"

He gulped the beverage and held out his cup for more. Dorcas sat and sipped hers.

"Now then," she said.

Cope straightened up. "Dorcas," he began, shakily, "have I ever scolded you, or be'n mean or overbearin'?"

Haven't I got you what was necessary? Could you call me cranky? Ain't I a good husband—take me all round? Forty years this month we've lived together. Our children have grown up and gone. I've worked hard. Folks call me a hard man. I've had to be in tradin' and gettin' along. Can you say I've be'n hard on you?"

"No," her voice simply negative.

"Haven't I be'n a satisfactory wife? What can you say against me?"

"Nothin'." Cope spoke wearily.

"That is—no—really nothin'."

"Then who do you mean by sayin' I druv you to—to killin' yourself? Didn't you think of me—a good, for-

bearin' wife—to shoulder such a curse all my days, and you dyin' for nothin'?"

"You'd a be'n well left and provided for," said Cope doggedly. "Folks would say 'twas temporary insanity. I'm shook up some, but I ain't crazy. I meant it. Livin' don't seem quite so bad as it did." He gave a grim smile, adding, "Twasn't the way to go, but you'd have be'n better off, Dorcas. Can you say you wouldn't?"

"You ain't explainin' this," cried his wife with sudden excitement. "The idea of layin' the fault on me! What is it? You'll tell me, Beecher Cope. I'm endurin', but this is past endurin'. Somethin' you've got in your head ag'in me, and I'll know it. What have I done?"

"You've froze me!" exclaimed her husband loudly. "I dunno how to tell it, but that's it."

"And you've froze me," returned Dorcas, her sallow cheeks flaming.

"It's your own doing. I'll tell you this—I went to the barn to say that I meant to leave you—that I'd rather live in a refrigerator than go on with never a look nor word to show I was anything to you nowadays—no more than a cow. Froze you, indeed! I've been stiffened up and frost-bitten till I haven't even a warm tear left to shed for a sick baby!"

The old couple gazed at each other. Loud ticked the wooden clock on the



"FOR GOOD AND ALL!"

old cloth-covered mantel. One minute, two minutes. Then the husband spoke slowly.

"Was you thinkin' of a separation, Dorcas?"

"It had come to that pass with me, Beecher."

"For good and all?"

"Yes, sir."

Cope's feet shifted forward and he hitched his chair nearer.

"Most ten years ago," he said, solemnly, "I smashed my thumb mendin' a fence, and I come to you to have it done up. You done it all right and kind enough, but there was somethin' in the way your face looked and your fashion of turnin' away, disgustin'-like, that hurt my feelin's dreadfully. 'Twas as if you hated to touch me, or have me touch you, and it bit into me. Thinkin' I, 'if I've got too old for comfortin' and being fussed over, so be it.' All day, I kep' feelin' in my pockets to see what I'd lost, but things was all there. What I'd lost wasn't in my clothes. And I tried to cuss away the feelin', but it wouldn't leave me. I hated to go in to meals—somehow—"

"I rec'lect that mornin'," rejoined the woman absently. "My nerves was all on edge with neuralgia. Was that the day you set readin' your paper after supper, and I come up to put my arm around you, meanin' to give you a kiss, and you turned your head away quick and shranked from me? It made my heart stop beatin', I was so surprised, and mad. Says I to myself, 'The next kiss comes from him.' It never c—e."

"Funny you should have remembered that," muttered the farmer, stroking his chin whisker thoughtfully.

"Funny you should have remembered your thumb." Dorcas pulled out her spectacles, adjusted them carefully and looked at him.

"And the next day, and the next, till it was weeks, months, years of livin' in an east wind," quoth her spouse. "Perlite and respectful we was always, but I couldn't shake off the difference. It eat into me. Lately, it's be'n worse. I got sick of it. 'Twas all through me like a disease, and us growin' older and queerer. That's why I—I borrowed your clothes line."

Were those tears trickling from beneath the spectacles of Dorcas? The old man did not see. He could not for the sudden mist clouding his eyes.

"Perhaps it's best to let you go," he murmured, "but—I dunno."

"'Twas your left thumb," cried Dorcas, irrelevantly. "Let's see it."

Cope gave another hitch and their knees touched. The woman bent low over the rough, scarred member, pressed her lips to it and sobbed.

"I take it back, husband," she choked. "The first kiss comes from me."

"God be thanked!" His husky whisper broke. "The wind's from the south now, Dorcas. We'll keep it blowin', dear, we'll keep it blowin'!"

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Sir Gilbert Parker, the novelist M. P., does most of his writing nowadays while standing up.

The Positive Life.
Dr. L. H. Gulick, writing about the best way to keep in health in the World's Work, says: "The real heart of the problem is psychological. We are just beginning to understand the part that good thinking holds in good health. Our thoughts are just as real a part of us as our bodies. A man who persists in thinking unhealthy thoughts can no more keep sound and healthy in body than a man who violates all the physical laws of his nature. A man's mental attitude is fundamental. It is a well-known fact that the number of deaths in an army defeated and on the retreat is enormously greater than in an army upon a victorious march. The mental attitude of defeat, of discouragement, lowers the resisting power of the individual. It predisposes him to disease. The whole tone of his system is let down. The aggressive, the positive, the confident state of mind is the one that wins out over obstacles. The man who keeps on the defensive all the time, dreading danger, fighting against bad influences, avoiding disease, not only wastes an enormous amount of energy, but also lessens his own chances. It is not the defensive but the aggressive attitude that protects a man. The normal way, the efficient way, is to turn one's thoughts to something worth while, to fill the mind with healthy thoughts. This is sound psychology. You can't drag a thing out of the mind; but it will go of itself if you put something else in its place. A determined pursuit of good thoughts, of healthy thoughts, is the only means of getting rid of the other kind."

British Mineral Statistics.
The total production of coal in Great Britain in 1905 amounted to 286,128,936 gross tons, as compared with 232,428,272 tons in 1904, an increase of 3,700,664 tons. Of the production in 1905 236,111,150 tons were obtained under the coal mines act and 17,786 tons from quarries. The production in 1905 was the largest in the history of the United Kingdom. In 1905 Great Britain also produced 14,590,731 tons of iron ore, against 13,774,282 tons in 1904, an increase of 816,449 tons. Of the total production in 1905 7,860,969 tons were mined under the coal mines act, 1,768,307 tons under the metalliferous mines act, and 4,961,465 tons from quarries. The production in 1905 was greater than in any year since 1885, when 15,417,982 tons were mined. The maximum production of iron ore was reached in 1882, when the output amounted to 18,031,957 tons. All the statistics given above are official and are taken from the British Blue Book.

"Inherited Memories."
In an English magazine is a story of what the writer calls "inherited memories," told by the owner of the ruins of an old Roman fortress in England. A clergyman came to see the ruins and claimed to have distinct recollection of living there, in some priestly office (evidently it "ran in his family"), in Roman times. He asked to see an old tower that had tumbled down, saying there was in Roman days a socket in the top of it wherein the defenders planted a mast and hauled to the top a basket protected with leather, in which were archers who from the top could pick off leaders of besieging foes. "Then," said the owner, "we made diligent search and found the stone socket he described, a thing none of us had ever seen." This is not romance, but is told as a fact which the writer wants people to believe. If the new government in England has not yet filled the office of fool-killer it must be that the incumbent is open to graft.

Politeness.
Children are the real humorists. They never rack their brains to say something funny. Here is a small boy's ingenious "composition" on politeness: "Never eat quickly, or you might get bones in your throat. My father knows of a boy who got killed over his Sunday dinner. The greedy boy was picking a rabbit's head in a hurry, and swallowed one jaw of it, and my father says he was choked to death there and then. Be very polite over your meals, then, especially when it's rabbits. Since my father told me that, I have always felt rather queer over a rabbit dinner. I don't talk much, and don't ask for any more." A definition that won a little girl praise, despite its strangeness, was "Turf, sir, is grass and clean dirt stuck together by God."

Two prize fighters have received fatal injuries in the ring within the past six months. The old claim that prize fighting isn't as dangerous as football may have to be modified if the fighters do not exercise greater care.

Count Boni does not seem to be any more of a success as a politician than he is a husband.

Now that the commencements are over the graduates will begin real life.

Bad Fire in Buffalo.
Buffalo, N. Y.—The plant of the Montgomery Bros. & Co. planing-mill and box factory, on Court street, was partially destroyed by fire early Tuesday, causing a loss estimated at \$170,000. The Pierce Automobile company occupied the top floor, where they manufactured the wooden frames for their cars. They estimate their loss at \$100,000. Lieut. George Storm and Fireman George Harnett were slightly injured. Fred O'Brien, night watchman, is missing.