

A RUSSIAN AMAZON.

Young Woman in Male Attire.

The attention of the crowd of people thronging the railway station at Harbin was attracted recently by a Cossack with rosy cheeks and whose beardless face and woman's voice told clearly that the soldier's garb was being worn by a woman, writes the St. Petersburg correspondent of the London Globe. "The Russian amazon was a Mlle. Smolka, and a member of the staff of the "Massager de Harbin" has gathered from her own lips and from some of the inhabitants the following highly interesting details concerning the life of the heroine:

Helene Mikhailovna Smolka, the daughter of a Jewish soldier of the days of Nicholas I., was a young girl of seventeen years of age when, during the disorders in China, she resolved to enlist in the ranks of the frontier guards. As she had lived from her childhood at Nikolsk-Ussurielsk in the company of Chinese and Koreans, she had a perfect knowledge both of Chinese and of Korean, and she hoped that she could be of use during the trouble with China. Having clothed herself as a man, and having taken the name of Michel Nicolaievitch Smolka, this eccentric and brave girl passed with great distinction the examination as interpreter held at the school of interpreters at Vladivostok.

Toward the end of 1900 the girl was serving as interpreter and frontier guard at the station of Ninguta, in Manchuria. She had taken part in all the scouting and skirmishes and had learned how to handle her rifle and sword. In 1901 Smolka was sent at the head of about a hundred frontier guards to reconnoitre at Kaiga. Overcome by a hard day's work, the men went to sleep in the peasant's house. The Chunchuses were not far off and the traitorous Chinese told them that the Russians were resting for the night. The Chunchuses resolved to profit from the night and their greater numbers and to attack the house in which the Russians were sleeping. However, they had overlooked Smolka's vigilance. In moving among the Chinese Smolka had got wind of the plot, she aroused the frontier guards in time to let the Chunchuses approach the house, then, as the latter came near, the Russians rushed out and fired upon them and put them to flight. During that little skirmish Smolka received her first wound, which was on the right arm close to the shoulder.

As a reward for all the services rendered by her during the campaign in China, Smolka received a silver medal and a sword with a silver hilt and bearing the inscription, "To the interpreter, Smolka, for courage displayed at Kaiga."

Immediately after the outbreak of war with Japan, Smolka sent a request to the commander of the forces to ask him to allow her to be enrolled among the volunteers. Without waiting for a reply, Smolka went to Harbin, with a view of supporting her request at the hands of General Volkoff; but she did not receive the desired permission. Then this brave woman disguised herself as a man, hung her medal around her neck and sought a favorable opportunity for undergoing all the risks and perils involved in serving with the army in southern Manchuria. At that time railway tickets were given only to such persons as had special authority to travel by rail. Still, Smolka was undaunted, and she resolved to reach Liao Yang at all costs. So she slipped into a cattle truck and in that way she reached the headquarters of the army, where she met many of her former comrades. Thanks to their aid she managed to get enrolled in the scouting detachment of the Second Cossack Regiment of Nerchinsk, under Lieutenant Vichniakoff, and once more she was able to bestride her charge. She accompanied the detachment when it was sent out to reconnoitre the outskirts of the town of Kuan Gen Siao. Again, owing to her knowledge both of the Chinese language and of Chinese customs, she was able to find out in good time the approach of a considerable body of Japanese and to warn her comrades thereof, with the result that the detachment had to defend itself while rejoining the main body. After that expedition a report of the affair was drawn up and handed to General R—, and this led to Smolka being enrolled in the Second Regiment of Nerchinsk as a volunteer interpreter under the name of Michel Nicolaievitch Smolka. Thenceforward she took part in many dangerous pieces of scouting, but she was wounded only once slightly in the foot.

During all the time that she has been on active service, Smolka has shared the privations and hardships of her comrades in arms. She used to go to sleep without taking off her clothes; wearing the same uniform as her comrades, she rode her horse like a man; she ate her rations with the rest, standing around the Cossack's huge kettle; she sang their soldiers' songs with them; she wrote letters

for those who were unable to write them, and all she asked was that they should treat her as if she were a man. But the young and intrepid Smolka, in spite of all her seriousness, has not been able to prevent certain of her comrades, and even some of her superior officers, from seeing in her a charming woman. However, the majority of the officers treated her with the greatest respect. The Cossacks and the ordinary soldiers were very fond of her, and they used to call her "Makaila Nikolaievitch." In short, she became quite accustomed to her position, and sometimes she forgot even that she was a woman. Smolka has arrived at Harbin to look after some business connected with her regiment; and she has shown a very practical business spirit in dealing with it. She has also to make some important purchases. As she possesses no female attire, she has been the butt of certain ladies at Harbin. However, she pays no attention to their remarks. Quite recently she appeared at the theatre at Harbin. She was wearing her ordinary uniform. During one of the intervals Smolka walked deliberately into the ladies' room, and of course the presence of a soldier caused a great deal of bother, for the ladies took the young Amazon to be an officer.

Symptoms of Nerve Disorders

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EVERY MORNING

Will be a Good Morning if a Man Will Live Right.

(Medical Talk.)

Every morning is a good morning to one who is feeling well. There is no such thing as bad weather. There are no blue Mondays or gloomy Sundays to anyone who is living the right sort of life.

The good cheer of health, combined with a pure life, serves to turn every morning into a good morning and every evening into a good evening.

The best way to wish anyone good morning or good evening is to set before them the example of right living, for it is through right living that good morning and good evening come.

It is of no use to say grace over a badly cooked meal. The grace will not make it agree with the stomach. There is no use to say good morning or good evening unless we do the things that will make good morning and good evening. It is, indeed, a good day for anyone who has done an honest day's labor at some useful employment and has found eight hours of sound and refreshing sleep. Of course, it is a good morning when one does that. There is one thing that is needed, and that is to get right or to become adjusted to nature.

We like the weather when we are adjusted to the conditions about us. There is nothing wrong with the weather. The blame is with ourselves. The anaemic, nervous woman shudders at the touch of the spring zephyrs which would be refreshing and grateful to the healthy person. The constant fear of drafts, repeated dread of exposure to cold or heat are symptoms of bad health. If we would behave ourselves as well as the weather does there would be no cause for complaint. It is refreshing to come into the presence of a man or woman who can honestly say good morning, good afternoon, good evening—who can say it in such a way that you feel that they mean it.

Good feelings are contagious. An excess of vitality is catching. Good humor, that bubbles over, that cannot be restrained even in the presence of uncongenial company, is wholesome and healthful.

Lots of good, red blood is conducive to good manners, good morals and good morning. Any person who can honestly say good morning has had a fairly decent sleep the night before. A hearty good morning is a certificate of self-restraint and a clear con-

science.

The devotee of sensuous pleasure has rarely the honest right to say good morning. There are no good mornings for him. Dissipation has soured the atmosphere and poisoned the sunrise for him. If he says good morning at all he lies. It is merely a perfunctory remark. His languid manner and icy touch expose the falsehood covered by the words "good morning."

Good morning is the sequel of good behaviour. The price one pays for a real good morning is a good day's work, good sleep, early to bed, and up early in the morning; then indeed it is a good morning.

Every morning is a good morning to such persons. They have paid the price for it and are entitled to it.

An Indian Legend.

An Indian story that has been handed down and is still believed by many Indian tribes, is one about the transformation of leaves into birds. Long years ago when the world was young, the Great Spirit went about the earth making it beautiful. Where his feet touched the ground lovely trees and flowers sprung up. All summer the trees wore their short, green dresses. The leaves were very happy, and they sang their sweet songs to the breeze as it passed them. One day the wind told them the time would soon come when they would have to fall from the trees and die. This made the leaves feel very bad, but they tried to be bright and do the best they could, so as not to make the mother trees unhappy. But at last the time came and they let go of the twigs and branches and fluttered to the ground. They lay perfectly quiet, not able to move, except as the wind would lift them.

The Great Spirit saw them and thought they were so lovely that he did not want to see them die, but live and be beautiful forever, so he gave to each bright leaf a pair of wings and power to fly. Then he called them his "birds." From the red and brown leaves of the oak came the robins, and yellow birds from the yellow willow leaves, and from bright maple leaves he made the red birds, the brown leaves became wrens, sparrows, and other brown birds. This is why the birds love the trees, and always go to them to build their nests, and look for food and shade.—Kansas City Journal.

The Third and the Fourth.

A young man was requested by his tutor to submit a composition in the form of a short story. He sent in the following:

THREE GENERATIONS;

OR FROM SHIRTSLEEVES TO SHIRTSLEEVES.

I. Porter.

II. Im-porter.

III. S-porter.

IV. Porter.

—C. A. Bolton, in August Lippincott's.

The Last Word.

Bobby—Is every word in this dictionary, pa? Peckley—Oh, no, my child. Every little while a new word comes into the language. Bobby—What's the latest word, pa? Peckley—Your ma will tell you. She always has the last word.

The deepest lake known in the world, Lake Baikal, in Siberia, is nearly 4,500 feet in depth.

The Cannibal King—Take that missionary away. Chef—What's the trouble, sire? Cannibal King—He's tainted.

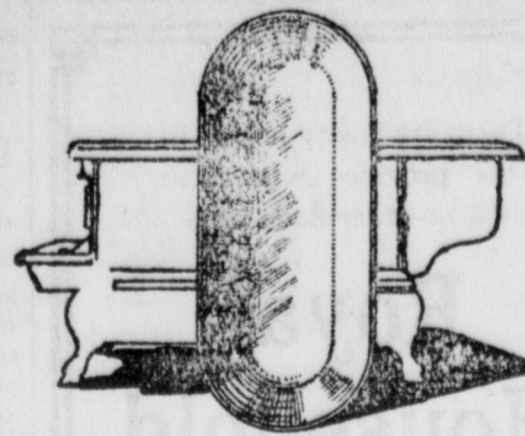
ARE YOUR KIDNEYS SICK?

Let your morning urine stand for 24 hours in a glass or vessel, and then if it is milky or cloudy, or contains a reddish brick-dust sediment, or if particles or germs float about in it, your kidneys are diseased. If the kidneys are well they filter just so much blood, but if they are sick or weak from any cause, they leave the poison in the blood, and this poison affects the entire system.

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