

IN MY DREAMS.

In my dreams I often hear them, hear the far-off voices calling From the hillside, from the red road, from the rolling waste of plain, Have you left us altogether? (some one told us in the township) Is it really true, old fellow, you will not come back again? In my dreams I often see them, see the shadow people waiting On the hillside, on the red road, on the rolling waste of plain; And my lips would fain give answer something hopeful, if not certain, But a mocking spirit whispers, "You shall not return again."

THE HEART OF KINGS.

The heaven for height, and the earth for depth, and the King is inscrutable. "So," said the Prince, softly, He leaned back in his great chair, propping his elbows on his arms, and gazed through the arch of his joined finger-tips into the mellow light of the fire. "So . . . That is the end of business for today. You have done well, Paul—admirably well. One must not be too merciful to these recalcitrants. It is a crime to have mercy. Do you think me cruel, Paul?" The secretary smiled uneasily, conscious that he was being played with like a mouse by the handsome, feline Prince, whose voice was never more caressing than when he pronounced sentence of death. "As cruel, Monseigneur, as the Archangel Michael when he shuts the door of hell."

knelt beside his captive. He was young, scarcely more than a boy: dark and blunt, strong features that suggested Gasson birth; but his eyes were dark blue and wonderfully insistent and romantic. He lay quite still, conscious, but seemingly disabled; he returned the pitying glance of the Prince with a watchful, hostile gaze. "You are hurt, my child," said the Prince, in his caressing voice. "Why, yes," he answered coolly. "I am chiefly sorry I failed to kill you."

story, and not the least wonderful part in it was the part played by the narrator. It seemed the Prince was a hero, brave, gentle and sad; not the luxurious tyrant of common report, but just a sinning, suffering, blundering hero, ready to give up all, even life, for his country. When it was over De Lusignan said simply, "I tried to kill you; what can I do?" "Love me a little, Rohan; I love you and I'd have tried to save you if I could."

Human Blood Washes the Streets of St. Petersburg

Strikers' Demands Met by Volleys that Strewed the Public Square With Dead—Hundreds of Men, Women and Children Shot by Troops. Plan to Overturn Dynasty—Giant Uprising of the People Grows Out of the Terrible Slaughter of the Innocents.

ST. PETERSBURG, January, 22.—This has been a day of unspeakable horror in St. Petersburg. The strikers of yesterday, goaded to desperation by a day of violence, fury and bloodshed are in a state of open insurrection against the government. A condition almost bordering on civil war exists in the terror-stricken Russian capital. The city is under martial law, with Prince Vasilichikov as commander of 50,000 of the emperor's crack guards. Troops are bivouacking in the streets to-night and at various places on the Nevsky Prospect, the main thoroughfare of the city. On the Island of Vasili Ostrov and in the industrial sections infuriated men have thrown up barricades, which they are holding. The empress dowager has hastily sought safety at Tsarskoe Selo, where Emperor Nicholas II is living.

Poems You Should Know. Hearts that are great are never lone; They muffle their music when they come, They hurry away from the throbbing crowd With bended brows and lips half dumb. And the world looks on and mutters "proud!" But when great hearts have passed away Men gather in awe and kiss their shroud And in love they kneel around their clay. Hearts that are great are always lone; They never will manifest their best, Their greatest greatness is unknown, Earth knows a little; God the rest. —Father Ryan.