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Bellefonte, Pa., March 5, 1897.

MAJOR HASTING'S RUSSIAN LETTER.

Voyage to Rybinsk—Navigation on the Volga.

(*Continued from last week.*)

The next morning on the steamer Alexander Newsky I began my 42 hour trip on the Volga to Rybinsk. Governor-General Rabanoff sent the same officer to present his compliments and wish me *bon voyage*.

Guide very much dejected and somnolent as if life, was not worth living, *dolmetchered* me off. Fare to Rybinsk was 5 roubles, or $2.55.

As if to wish me a safe and pleasant journey the sun appeared in glorious brilliancy, lighting up as by enchantment the sad, sodden spectacle of yesterday.

The high hill of the Kremlin, directly above the landing, notched by three ravines, the little houses perched on the mountain side, the step like wall of the Kremlin, the pointed towers on the wall, the bulbous blue spires of the cathedrals, speckled with golden stars, came out on the translucid, azure sky with beautiful, vivid, distinctness. It was one of those sights which plants the germs of regeneration in you, makes you vow that henceforth you will be a better man, live a changed life.

The junction of the Volga and the Oka makes a sea of water almost a mile wide. The banks are lined with boats two or three deep, sailing boats, steam boats, flat boats, row boats, lighters, yachts, rafts of logs, boards and square timber. The masts of the boats looked like a forest of barkless trees. Under way we pass a still larger mass of boats, lining the right bank of the Volga for miles. A streak of petroleum floating on the yellow, muddy water, reminds me of Point Breeze. We pass Nobles' oil refineries, of oil from Baku the great Russian oil city, the only competitor of, (but now allied with) the Standard Oil Co. Next we pass Sormowo, really a part of Nijni, where is located a Russo-American manufactury of locomotives, railroad cars and heavy forgings, managed by a Mr. Dickson from Cincinnati, employing 8,000, workmen. Nijni is a large manufacturing city. I was told of an entire plant to manufacture American locomotives which was on the way from Philadelphia to Nijni which was to have a capacity of turning out 200 locomotives annually. Another report was that the Baldwin works at Philadelphia had received an order from the Russian government for 375 locomotives.

There is a vast field for mechanical industries in Russia which the Belgians have understood how to monopolize.

I am reliably informed they have constructed and own a controlling interest in all the electric tramways in the dominions of the Tsar. The Baldwin locomotive works have had for a quarter of a century Russia as their best customer. I saw a fine show of locomotives at the Pan Russia. The Russians have solved the problem of firing with petroleum and many of the new locomotives are to be built on that plan. The Trans-Siberian and the Trans-Caucasian will make a permanent demand for a large number of American machines.

NAVIGATION ON THE VOLGA.

The Alexander Newski was a screw steamer, as long as an ocean grey hound, light draft, narrow, built on the American plan. A peculiarity of the landscape was that the right bank was hilly, almost mountainous in places while the left was low and bordered with bushes. The current is swift, the engine puffs and labors. Continually changing sand-banks make steering difficult necessitating the continual, anxious attention of the pilot. Sometimes from the middle of the stream we run in, almost crossing at right angles close to the bank only, in a short time, to cut across to the other side.

A false move might run us high and dry on a sand bank.

We pass many ships, for the traffic is immense, enormous rafts with villages of cabins on them, floating to the Caspian sea, many red shirted men at the oars pulling for dear life, to keep off the shallows.

The steamer stops only at the larger towns situated at the confluence of the rivers. What appear to be dwarf red shirted moujiks, (they are so far away), push off from the shore, row to the steamer to fetch the mails. This is an incident in the journey akin to taking on the pilot in the trans-Atlantic trip.

Now and then gloriously primitive wind mills are seen on the heights, which probably date from the time of Don Quijote de la Mancha. One was harnessed to and was furnishing the motive power to run a saw mill!

We take on and let off uninteresting country people, dressed in the inevitable red and blue, with big feet, baskets and bundles, long-gowned, long-haired, sensual-lipped, dirty-collared, knee-booted popes whom I cannot abide; some pretty girls with peach and cream complexions, blond as Goethe's Marguerite; booted and spurred officers with enormous moustaches fiercely, fetchingly turned up almost to the ears. The Russian officers wear their uniforms with more grace and elegance than any other officer in Europe. Without being stiff, brusque or angular, he is at his ease as a gentleman in evening dress who knows how to keep his hands out of his pockets.

As fellow passengers there were bullet headed Bojars, round as a ball, hair clipped short, flabby, pendant cheeks, Falstaffin obesity, wearing little green, pointed hats and large coat of arms seal rings on the forefingers. They eat with gluttonous avidity, their face in their plate, drink *pivot* (beer) get up from the table, walk around and pick out what they like! They are part of the ancient aristocracy.

We had just left the landing at Gorodez and I was engaged in a linguistic-pantomimic encounter with the sslush (waiter) trying to order what I wanted to eat and drink, when a lady, with the majesty and grace of a queen, came into the restaurant.

CUPID.

Tall, graceful in widows weeds, when she raised her veil she uncovered a beautiful oval face, large black eyes, black luxuriant hair of the kind that won't lie still, but was always rogueishly escaping in little curls and ringlets over her forehead and delicately formed ears and neck. Noticing my embarrassing struggle with her mother tongue, for the confounded bill of fare was printed in hieroglyphal Russo-Grecian letters she promptly offered to translate for me. The repast ordered, I obtained permission to join her at her table and we commenced our dinner with the *Zakousk*, which was *Doppel Kummel* and *Caviar* sandwiches. Conversation elicited that she was going to Twer, to visit her mother, then to Petersburg, where we would meet again: she had lived long in Paris and we chatted about Paris and the boulevards, comparing the French civilization, manners and customs with those of Russia. Our conversation brought out the fact that she was acquainted with Captain de B— my agreeable *Compagnon de voyage* from Graniza to Warsaw.

Madame de —— noticing I was reading Tolstoi's War and Peace turned the leaves, with a rapidity which showed her familiarity with this great book and showed me sentences, pages, as powerful and beautiful as the songs of Solomon.

We often took tea together, and when she sipped it with a lump of sugar between her pearly teeth, she was the most bewitching of all the daughters of Eve. Full of health, exuberance and animation, her ideas were so fresh and original and so beautifully expressed in the language of Moliere, that I was delighted there was nobody else on the ship I could talk to, and so we monopolized each other, as it were, and we talked into the wee sma hours. Questions of literature, painting, philosophy, politics national and individual honesty she discussed with surprising competency. Words of wisdom fell from her lips like peach blossoms in spring time. The contrast with the Russian merchants I had met, whose only subject of conversation was competition roubles and the McKinley tariff, was refreshing.

It was a dreamy, delicious night and mother Volga shimmered in the moonlight like a steam of molten silver.

The silence on deck when nothing was heard but the *boum, boum* of the engines and the splish splash of the water from the prow would have been oppressive without the poetry of her society.

In my reveries about the fragility of friendships and family ties, the music of her voice was like sunshine on a tomb.

What occult power, what invisible, intangible force, what mysterious attraction made us in a few hours trusting, trusted friends? In this world of sobbings, tears and prayers why not enshrine such a ray of sunshine when opportunity offers.

Live while you live! Life is short compared to Eternity.

The sun appeared burnishing everything with the light of life, and the spires and crosses of the churches of Kosstroma shone and sparkled like the masts of burning ships.

Everybody appeared on deck, and when I ventured to criticise the popes who made the sign of the cross at every church spire they saw, she delicately suppressed me with "Judge not that ye be not judged."

Often our tete a tete was interrupted by the ship slackening speed, at the shallow places, and a sailor who was sounding the depth of the water with a pole, calling to the pilot, piath 5, schest 6, sem palovino 7½.

Kosstroma on the left bank of the Volga on terraced-like hills, at the confluence of the Kosstroma river, with 30,000 inhabitants; Jarosslawl picturesquely situated 40,000 inhabitants on the heights with many church spires, monasteries and manufacturies, and Romanow-Borissagljaebsk with 5,000 inhabitants is all there is, worth a visit from the tourist. Between Kosstroma and Jarosslawl the river widens to 2,500 feet and enormous blocks of stone, big as houses, which in the laboratory of nature had been compounded of sterner, more resisting stuff, which had survived the erosion of the iron tooth of time, were there in the middle of the Volga, *impeding* navigation. There are several iron and copper works and the scenery is pretty enough to paint.

Rybinsk is an uninteresting town of 20,000, with long, straggling streets running parallel with the river.

At Rybinsk I kissed the hand of my charming *compagnonne de voyage*, and we parted to meet in St. Petersburg.

It is the custom in Russia for a lady to kiss a gentleman, who kisses her hand. The rest of the journey can best be described by a literal translation of the instructions which Madame wrote in my note book; at Rybinsk, you will tell the coachman *na voksal*, which means, to the station. At the station you will say, guard my baggage. To buy your ticket you will say *piervi classe*, (first class). You will give the porter 25 kopeks! At the station Rodionowo the train stops 8 minutes, you will buy *gateaux* (cakes)! At Biegetsk, 15 minutes you dine on *pojarski* (meat pates) *cotleti* (cutlets) and a cup of tea! At Bologoje train waits 15 minutes and you take a cup of tea! In the morning at 7 you are at Lioubogne and you will take tea! At 10 you are in Petersburg. Womanly wasn't it? I executed faithfully all these directions as scheduled.

Changing money, once, in a bank in Athens, I requested the cashier to give me 50 piastre notes instead of all 100's. He folded the 100 piastre notes neatly in the middle and deftly cut them in two.

So cut, each half passes currently for half the value of the entire note.

In my next I will finish my series of letters about Russia, by recounting my experience in my three weeks in Petersburg, with the *haut ton* in Petersburg, Gatschina and Zarskoje-sselo.

Poles That Do Not Decay.

A Norwegian Secret That Is Simple, but Very Effective.

Many of the poles that were erected in the early days of telegraphy have had in late years to be renewed. A. Peterson, a Norwegian telegraph engineer, shows how decay can be guarded against in a much better way than the usual one of impregnating the timber with sulphate of copper or with creosote oil. While traveling in Norway Mr. Peterson came across some of the peculiar ancient storehouses on pillars which are sometimes met with in that country. They are in some cases several centuries old, but in spite of this the peasants prefer these old logs for ordinary building purposes to new timber, because, as they say, there is no wood like the old wood.

Eventually he learned from the peasants the secret of the treatment of the timber, which has been handed down from generation to generation. The pine selected for house timber is stripped during the summer of its bark for a distance of about 12 feet from the ground. The tree is left standing till the following summer and then cut down. The timber thus treated becomes exceedingly resinous. The greater the amount of resin in the telegraph pole the less is the wood liable to decay, and it is possible that Mr. Peterson's hint may lead to the adoption of a new treatment for our telegraph poles which will materially reduce a very important factor in the expense of maintaining telegraph, telephone and electric light and power lines.

How Nat Hammond Discovered That Dick Phinizee Was Fighting.

Greece getting her back up and going to war reminds a writer in the New York *Press* of the story of a legal contest between Nat Hammond and Dick Phinezee. It was in the Supreme Court room. Hammond weighed 300 pounds, Phinezee 90. The ponderous lawyer abused the little fellow terribly to the Court, and as he proceeded Phinizee became so enraged as to be unable to remain seated and in his right mind. Bouncing up, he ran to Hammond and struck him in the back with his fist. Hammond went on. Another blow. Still Hammond continued his revilings. A third blow and a fourth. At last Hammond turned slowly about, and seeing Phinizee there in a belligerent mood he inquired:

"What are you doing Phiny?"

"I'm fighting!" exclaimed the midget of the law, hauling off to deliver a right hander in Hammond's fat face. The latter, straightening up to his six feet and throwing out his chest, replied:

"You miserable little whelp, if you don't sit down and keep still I'll take you by the nape of the back and throw you over this court house!"

Then apologizing to the Court, he went on with his address.

But Three Votes Against It.

International Monetary Conference Bill Passed by the House.

The house, under suspension of rules, passed the senate international monetary conence bill, despite the seeming wide diverfergence of views on the money question, by a vote of 279 to 3. The three were Quigg (Rep., N. Y.), Henry (Rep., Conn.) and Johnson (Rep., Ind.)

The bill was supported alike by Republicans, silver Republicans, gold Democrats and silver Democrats. The silver Democrats and silver Republicans disclaimed any faith in this attempt to secure bimetalism by an international agreement, but they expressed themselves as willing and anxious to see the test made. Mr. Quigg (Rep., N. Y. and Mr. Johnson (Rep., Ind.) both made vigorous speeches in opposition to the bill. Those who spoke for the bill were C. W. Stone (Rep. Pa.), Grow (Rep., Pa.,) Watson (Rep., O.,), McCreary (Dem., Ky.), Sparkman (Dem., Fla.), Hartman (Rep., Mont.), McRae (Dem., Tenn.), McMillin (Dem., Tenn.), Dingley (Rep., Me.) and Grosvenor (Rep., O.).

Longest Railroad Run.

The Cornwall Express from London to Exeter Goes 194 Miles Without Stop.

The longest regular daily run made without a stop by any railway train in the world has just been placed on the schedule of the great Western railway, of England. It is made between Paddington station in London, and Exeter, a distance of 194 miles, in three hours and thirty-six minutes, by what is known as the Cornwall express. It is remarkable not so much owing to the time as for the fact that not a stop is made from one end of the run to the other. There have been longer runs made without a stop, but they have been made by special and not regular trains. The average speed attained by the Cornwall express when making this run is 53.8 miles an hour, although owing to a peculiar construction of the road at Bristol, 118 miles from London, the train is obliged to slow down to a speed of ten miles an hour. The total weight of the train as it rushes along on its run is two hundred and twenty-one tons.

——The recent death of Blondin, the famous tight-rope walker, recalls a very pointed answer which Lincoln once gave to a deputation which had waited on him for the purpose of pointing out the short comings of the administration; he said: "Gentlemen, suppose all the property you were worth was in gold, and you had to put it in the hands of Blondin to carry across the Niagara Falls on a rope; would you shake the cable or keep shouting out to him, 'Blondin! Stand up a little straighter; Blondin! Stoop a little more; go a little faster; lean more to the south?' No you would hold your breath as well as your tongue, and keep your hands off until he was safely over."

——Flannigan—"How'd yez git th' black oye, Casey?" Casey—"Oi shlipped an' landed on me back." Flannigan—"But me good mon, y'r face ain't located on y'r back." Casey (gloomily)—"No; nathur wuz Finnigan."—*Truth.*

——To cure a cough or cold in one day take Krumrine's Compouud Syrup of Tar. If it fails to cure money refunded. 25cts.

A Perfect Tour to Perfect Florida.

As Florida at this season of the year is the most attractive and delightful section of the Atlantic slope, so the Pennsylvania railroad at all times is the most attractive and delightful route of travel. First in its equipment and service, it is also first in its tourist system. Admirably indeed does it convey its patrons to this land of health and beauty. Special trains of Pullman palace cars are provided, all conveniences are afforded, and everything possible done to add to the ease and comfort of the journey.

The next and last tour of the season to Jacksonville will leave New York and Philadelphia March 9th. Tourists may return by regular trains until May 31st, 1897. Excursion tickets, including railway transportation both ways, and Pullman accommodations and meals on special train going, will be sold at the following rates: From New York, $50.00; Philadelphia, $48.00; Canandaigua, $52.85; Erie, $54.85; Pittsburg, $53.00; and at proportionate rates from other stations.

Apply to ticket agents, tourist agent, 1196 Broadway, New York, or Geo. W. Boyd, assistant general passenger agent, Broad street station, Philadelphia.

Mrs. Jermiah S. Black, Dead.

Mrs. Jeremian S. Black, widow of President Buchanan's Attorney General, and mother of ex-Lieutenant Governor Chauncey F. Black, died suddenly at her home near York last Thursday night. She retired in her usual health, and was taken suddenly ill about 4 A. M., and expired 10 minutes later. She was 77 years of age, and had been in feeble health for several years. She was a daughter of Chauncey Forward, with whom Judge Black studied law.

——The Shakers have made a discovery which is destined to accomplish much good. Realizing that three-fourths of all our sufferings arise from stomach troubles, that the country is literally filled with people who cannot eat and digest food, without subsequently suffering pain and distress, and that many are starving, wasting to mere skeletons, because their food does them no good, they have devoted much study and thought to the subject, and the result is this discovery of their Digestive Cordial.

A little book can be obtained from your druggist that will point out the way of relief at once. An investigation will cost nothing and will result in much good.

Children all hate to take Castor Oil, but not Laxol, which is palatable.

About Easter.

Easter will be late this year. Ash Wednesday will come on March 3rd and Easter Sunday will be April 18th, almost as late as it can possibly come. Easter may come as early as March 22nd and as late as April 25th. It depends, as every one knows, on the phase of the moon, but just the rule of commutation is not always known. Easter Sunday is always the Sunday that follows the full moon immediately following the Spring equinox March 21st. If the moon falls on Sunday, Easter is the Sunday next following.

A POINT TO REMEMBER.—If you wish to purify your blood you should take a medicine which cures blood diseases. The record of cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla proves that this is the best medicine for the blood ever produced. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures the most stubborn cases and it is the medicine for you to take if your blood is impure.

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——A good joke on a schoolma'am comes from Cumberland Gap, and is told by the Middleborough News. A lady teacher told one of the boys to name all the Presidents, and when he replied he couldn't, the teacher said: "When I was as old as you I could name all the Presidents in their order." The boy replied: "There were only a few Presidents then."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

——"Riches," said Uncle Eben, "doan' allus secure er man agin' de common vexations of life. De fack dat he paid fifty dollars foh er suit o' clothes ain' no positive 'surence dat de s'pender buttons ain' gwinter break off."—*Washington Star.*

Medical.

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