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MARRIED IN A SNOW STORM.

Translated from the Russian of Alexander Pushkin. About the year 1811, memorable in Russian history, there lived upon his estate of Nemarodof, a rich landed proprietor, Gabrielovitch by name, noted for his affability and hospitality.

Marie read French novels, which naturally rendered her very sentimental and romantic. Under these circumstances love was not long in coming. The object of her affection was a Russian cadet, with scarcely a penny in his pocket, who resided in the neighborhood, and was then at home on leave of absence.

The approach of winter put an end to these stolen interviews; but their letters increased in frequency and warmth. In each of them Vladimir Nikolovitch conjured his beloved to leave the paternal roof, and consent to a clandestine marriage.

"We will disappear for a short while," he wrote, "come back, and cast ourselves at the feet of our parents, who touched by such constancy, will exclaim, 'Come to our arms, dear children!'"

Having made her preparations, and written a long apologetic letter to her parents, Marie retired betimes to her room. She had been complaining all day of a headache, and this was certainly no mere pretext.

Later in the evening a snow-storm arose. The wind howled about the house, causing the windows to rattle. The inmates had hardly gone to rest, when the young girl, wrapping herself in her clothes and furs, followed by the servant with a portmanteau, left the paternal roof.

Vladimir had also been active throughout the day. In the morning he had called upon the minister to arrange for the ceremony, and then he went to look up the required witnesses.

Having dispatched a trusty servant with a sleigh for Marie, he got into a one-horse sleigh himself, and took the road leading to Jadrino. Scarcely had he set off, when the storm burst forth with violence, and soon every trace of the way was gone.

The entire horizon was covered with thick, yellow clouds, discharging not flakes, but masses of snow; at last it became impossible to distinguish between earth and sky. In vain Vladimir bent about for the way; his horse went at random, now leaping over banks of snow, now sinking into ditches, and threatening every moment to overturn the sleigh.

The forest of Jadrino was nowhere to be discovered, and after two hours the jaded animal seemed ready to drop to the ground. At length a kind of dark line became visible in the distance.

faces of warriors, their gallant breasts covered with badges. A lieutenant of hussars, Wurmin by name, with an interestingly pale face, and decorated with the cross of St. George, having obtained leave of absence for several months took up his residence upon his estate, which adjoined Marie's present abode.

"What do you want?" he said. "Where lies Jadrino?" asked Vladimir. "About ten verstas distant."

"Can you procure me a horse to take me thither?" he asked. "We have no horse."

"Very well. My son can accompany the gentleman." After a little while, which seemed an eternity to Vladimir, a young fellow made his appearance, holding a thick staff in his hand, and they took their way across the snow-covered plain.

"What o'clock is it?" asked Vladimir. "It is already past midnight." And in very truth the sun began to gild the east, when they finally arrived at Jadrino.

At Nemarodof the night had passed quietly. In the morning the master of the house and his wife arose as usual, and proceeded to the dining-room, Gabriel Gabrielovitch in his woolen jacket and nightcap, Petrovna in her morning-gown.

"How do you feel this morning, love?" inquired her father. "Better," was the answer. The day passed by as usual; but, instead of the looked-for improvement, a serious change for the worse took place in Marie's condition.

Nothing transpired of the nocturnal flight; for the maid took good care to keep silence on her own account, and the others who knew of it never betrayed themselves with a syllable, even when under the influence of brandy, so greatly did they dread Gabriel's anger.

Marie, however, spoke so incessantly of Vladimir when delirious, that her mother could not remain in doubt as to the cause of her illness. Having advised with a few friends, her parents resolved to let Marie marry the young soldier, seeing that one cannot escape one's fate, and, besides, that riches do not always lead to happiness.

The patient recovered. During her illness Vladimir had not once showed his face in the house, and it was resolved to apprise him of his unexpected good fortune. But to the astonishment of the proud proprietor of Nemarodof, the cadet declared that he should never again cross the threshold of his house, begging them at the same time to forget utterly so wretched a creature as he, to whom death alone would give repose.

A few days after returned, they learned that Vladimir had again returned to the army. It was in the year 1813. No one uttered his name in Marie's presence, and she herself never made mention of him in any way.

to rise; she appeared to be very pretty. In a fit of unparadise, and now quite incomprehensible, levity, I readily stepped with her to the altar. Her maid and the three gentlemen present were so much busied with her as scarcely to throw a look at me.

"In a few minutes the nuptial ceremony was over, and the priest, according to custom, desired the newly-married pair to embrace.

"My young wife turned her pale, charming little face toward me, and was about to rest her head upon my shoulder with a sweet smile—when, suddenly, she stared at me as if turned into stone, tottered, and with the cry of 'It is not he!' fell to the floor.

"The young officer hastily walked out into the garden. Petrovna crossed herself, murmuring: 'God be praised! To-day, I trust his visit will have some result.'

Wurmin found his beloved, clad in white, sitting under a tree by the side of the pond, a book upon her lap, like a heroine of romance. The usual salutations over, Wurmin, who was strangely agitated, told her how he had long yearned to pour out his heart before her, and begged that she would listen to him a few moments.

"I love you," said Wurmin, "I love you passionately." Marie cast down her eyes. "I have been imprudent enough to see you, to hear you—badly. It is now too late to escape my fate. The thought of your lovely face, of your sweet voice, will henceforth constitute the joy and the anguish of my existence.

"I know," replied Wurmin, in a suppressed voice, "that you have loved before; but death—three long years of mourning—dearest Marie, do not deprive me of my last comfort, if the blissful thought that you might become mine, if—"

"Yes, you will grant me the comfort of knowing that you would have become mine; but, most wretched of men that I am—I am already married!"

"Yes, married for four years," continued the lieutenant, "and I do not know either who my wife is, where she is, or whether I shall ever meet her."

"I love you, Marie, and will confide in you. You shall know all, and you will not judge too severely in an act of youthful levity. It was in the year 1812. I happened to be on my way to Wilna, with the intention of joining my regiment. Late in the evening I reached a station, and had already ordered that horses should instantly be put to again, when a fierce snow-storm suddenly arose. My landlord and the postillion urgently advised me to postpone my departure; but I was determined to go in spite of the rough weather.

"Great Heavens! he said, 'how late you come! Your intended has fainted, and we were on the very point of driving home again.'

Horace Greeley's Letter of 1867 Good Reading in 1872. Greeley's Plea for Amnesty—They Stop His Paper—And Demand to Fight to the End.

Greeley's Plea for Amnesty—They Stop His Paper—And Demand to Fight to the End. (From New York Tribune, May 23, 1867.)

"The second point wherein I have an occasion or wish to address you is your virtual recognition that there is something novel, unexpected, and astounding, in my conduct, in the matter suggested by you as the basis of your action.

"I have been so blind! Marie, how can I have been so blind! Marie, was it indeed you?" "I am your wife!" was the only answer of the girl, who sank fainting into his arms.

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ident Lincoln, which seemed in an instant to curdle the milk of human kindness in twenty millions of American breasts. No one, insidious efforts were set on foot to turn this very thus engendered against me, because of my participation in the efforts of mercy to the vanquished.

"I give you fair notice that I shall urge the re-franchisement of those now proscribed for rebellion as soon as I shall feel confident that this course is consistent with the freedom of the blacks and the unity of the republic, and that I shall remain a recalcitrant of all now in exile only for participating in the rebellion, whenever the country shall have been so thoroughly purified that its safety will not thereby be endangered.

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Nearly three millions of letters were sent to the dead letter-office last year. Of these, four hundred thousand had no stamps, and three thousand had no address. They contained \$2,000 in cash, \$3,000,000 in drafts and checks, and over three thousand telegrams. People should be more careful in stamping and directing their letters—especially those that contain money.

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