Allana, fair, your light brown hair Rests tangling on your mok so rare. Our Irish skies are in your eyes, My Ellenn ogo Hachren. Where'er I rossn, o'er land or fessa, With ms, for aye, abides one though That God, from out his heart of love For ms a joy has wrought.

Allana, dear, you're ever near;
You bring me hope, and love, and chees,
My Irish fay, my bloom of May,
My Elless oge Machros.
Where'er I stray, by night or day,
I know God's angels watch your elsep
And Ireland's fairles througing round
Sweet virgils over keep.

—C. O'Conner

THE IRISH OF CAROLINA

JACKSONS, COLQUHOUNS, M'DUFFIES,

M'KEMYS AND ADAIRS.

Wise Thing, to the Benefit of Ireland

and America—The Blood of Two Races Combined to Make a Splendid Third.

King James II. of doubtful memory.

did at least one very good thing, though some writers assert that it was done by

accident and because he was just then angry with his noblemen. The wars of Tirlogh O'Neill and other chieftains of

the north against Queen Elizabeth and the horrible retribution exacted had left

the horrible retribution exacted had left Ulster almost an uninhabited waste. King James refused to grant the abandoned lands to royal favorites and great soldiers as his predecessors had done, or to discarded mistresses and court sycophants as William of Orange afterwards did. (See Macaulay's account of the latter.) King James declared he would have the country settled with men, and that the cultivator should own the land or have some sermanent tenure.

or have some permanent tenure.

It was a perfect success. Some tracts were settled entirely with English and

Scotch, others with enterprising Irish, but still more with a mixture of the

two. Each race supplied what the other lacked, and the result is the

Scotch-Irish race. There is a theory that the true Irish came originally from a southern land and retain many of

the faults and virtues of a southern peo

the faults and virtues of a southern peo-ple. The Highland Scotchman, on the other hand, was almost totally destitute of wit and humor; poetry he had in rude abundance, but very little appreciation of art. His contribution to the common stock was the habit of untiring industry.

Both races agreed in undying opposition

What a pity there was not in Englan

wisdom enough to allow two such races to blend in peace—a pity for Ireland, but her loss has been America's gain.

"Their factions," says Sir Walter Scott,

they have such a flarrow ground to do their battle in, that they are like people fighting with daggers in a hogshead."

In Ireland their disposition to conten for what they believed right was turne

into a curse; in America they soon mad-

common cause against their common op-pressor. And the "how of it" is one of

the most curious things in history.

If any one had said in 1692 that a Brit-

ish parliament could succeed in exiling

300,000 Protestant Irish and perhaps as equal number of Catholic Irish in such

a way as to make them fight side by a de

with Catholic Frenchmen and non-see

CARRICKFERGUS

tarian colonists against the United King

dom, he would have been denounced a

a fool. The wise men would have told him that legislative folly might do won-

ders, but it could not work miracles

Yet that is just what parliament accom-plished; for scarcely was the ink dry on the treaty of Limerick (which provided that Catholies should enjoy in Ireland

'such rights as they had enjoyed in th

reign of Charles II"), when it was vio

lated by a series of laws that now make honest Englishmen blush. It is needless to repeat the black details. Says one Brit-

ish writer: "The laws were so many and

so atrocious that an Irishman could scarcely draw a full breath without

breaking a law."

At the same time they fell upon the

Presbyterians of the north, declaring all

their marriages illegal and arresting ministers for "living in adultery"—with their ewn wives! On top of this came statutes forbidding Catholic or Protest-

ant to manufacture or export to any

other country than England. The result was a general flight of the bravest and

best-the "wild geese," as they were called, from the south to France and

Spain (where such names as O'Donoju

talents and valor), and the men of the north to New England and Pennsylva

nia, where such local names as Antrim

and Derry, Sligo, Tyrone and Belfast show the origin of their families.

Later there was a combined movement of Celt and Saxon Irishman, Catholic,

Quaker and Presbyterian to South Caro

lina; and of all colonies sent out by the

largest proportion of talent, courage and

persistent energy. At any rate it may

challenge comparison with any other.

It is scarcely possible to make a list of the names of the emigrants to South

Carolina in 1750-70 without its seeming

to be a partial list of America's emine

patriots — Jackson, Calhoun, O'Kelly, McDuffie, Polk, Crockett, Houston,

Adair, McKemy, McWhorter, O'Farrell

O'Grady, McNairy. All these are of Irish extraction, and still (some of them

Americanized by dropping the O' or the Mc) adorn the annals of their states or

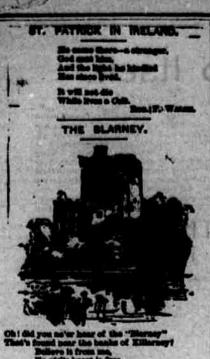
In 1765 a shipload of emigrants left

prolific isle this probably contained

O'Donnel and MacMahon still attest the

fighting with daggers in a hogsh

to tyranny.



believe it from ma, to girl's heart is free, I heart the sweet round of the Biarney, Biarney's so great a deserver, in thisks you're there, though you les

Oh! say, would you find this same "Blarney!"
There's a castle not far from Killarney.
On the top of its wall
(But take care you don't fall),
There's a stone that contains all this Blarney.
Like a magnet, its influence such is.
That attraction it gives all it touches.
If you kiss it, they say.
From that blessed day
You may kiss' whom you please with ;
Blarney.
—Banuel Low

MYLES O'HANLON.

A. TRUE STORY OF ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

dren of Erin. The good priest delivered an oration on their patron saint, and when the mass was over and the

usual good intentions made the rosy cheeked, gayly dressed country girls and

tall, broad shouldered young men, all "decked in their best," streamed out of

tle chapel yard, forming a splendid

grouping of the brawn and beauty of the

Many passed out through the chapel

gate and encountered the usual string of

beggars who haunt the roads that lead

to the churches on all holidays, but par-

ticularly on this one.

Among those who made such speedy exit was Myles O'Hanlon. He was not

in excellent humor, in fact he was un-

usually morose and ill tempered, and he passed quickly through the throng and

entered the public house of Terence Mur-

phy. In the "taproom" there was no

one but the lady of the house, and when

Myles entered she looked at him search

ingly,
"Wisha! Myles, an' is it going to break

your pledge, ye are?" she asked.
"Yes, ma'am," replied her visitor. "I'm

not feelin' well; an', if ye plaise, I'll take

hurry to serve her customer; she was

rather inclined for gossip, and asked

"Was Kate Connell at mass, Myles? They

tell me ye're pulling a string together. But if I were you I'd go slow. Dan Connell is a hard man, an' the boy that

gets Kate'll have to mind himself better

than to break his pledge."
"Mrs. Murphy," said Myles, "what's
between meself an' Kate is our own af-

fair, an' you'll oblige me by not mention-

in' it agin. I'm not breakin' me pledge.

to kill the pain. Sure Father Dunles himself would forgive me for takin's

This appeal was irresistible; the land-

lady poured out the whisky and Myles,

having taken the medicine, left the

house. He did not return to the chapel

yard, where a meeting of the athletic as-sociation was to be held when the priest had finished breakfast. And many an

inquiry was made for him, for Myles was

the president of the association.

Through the laneway that led to the

priest's house Father Dunlea could now

be seen coming towards the meeting, and

still the president did not put in an ap-

pearance. The committee could not un-derstand it. They had seen him at mass.

What had become of him? Boys were

sent to his home at Garrettstown, about

a mile away, and through the village,

and one member of the committee, know-ing of Myles' infatuation for pretty Kate Connell, hied him to her father's cottage with the hope of finding there the miss-

the meeting began and ended without the presence of their popular president.

In the afternoon there were to be athletic aports on the beautiful strand at

Garrettstown. All the country side was to be there. But 3 o'clock came and

passed, and he was still absent from his duties. His friends began to feel uneasy.

and his old father, who came to the

strand to see his boy win some of the prizes, was particularly anxious about

There were athletes from Kinsale and

Timoleague and other towns and vil-

lages; and on the sandy beach, beside the frowning cliffs of Kilcoleman, shel-

tered by the picturesque wooded hills of Garrettstown, and facing the ever heav-

ing ocean, were gathered together thou-sands of Ireland's prettiest daughters

and finest sons. There were there people

of every class of society, from the popu-

lar landlord to the laboring man, from

t where was Myles O'Hanlon?

The question was on a thousand

longues; but it seemed to be unanswer-able. He was considered to be the best

the parson to the priest's altar boy.

But I have the colic an' want someth

The old lady was not in a particular

a small tint of whisky."

little medicine."

sons and daughters of St. Patrick.

99

T WAS St. Pat-

rick's day at Bal-

air was crisp and

linspittle. The

the day bright, and the little

church was filled to overcrowding

bedecked chil-dren of Erin. The

something must have 'hippened to him. So thought everyhody. But, no one could suggest a solution of the myetery. Suddenly old Tim O'Handon, Myles' father, went to Father Dunies and said to him: "Begor, yer reverence, I'm thinkin' that maybe ould Dan Connell's daughter has somethin' to say to it."

"Why?" inquired the priest.

"Because, yer reverence, she refused "Because, yer reverence, she refused him last night. There was a dance up at Moll Daly's, the match maker's—sav-ing yer presence—an' I hear tell that ould Connell gave Moll tin shillin's to icks you're about, one haved —with your Blarney.

ould Connell gave Moll tin shillin's to make a match for Kate wid Johnny Hurley, the butcher."

This did not throw much light on the subject. But Father Dunlea knew well that Myles had "a tender spot in his heart for Kate;" he was looking forward to having a fine wedding at Shrovetide, and although Connell did not like to give his daughter to a man who had not a farm, he believed that this breach could be filled up, and he had decided to use his good endeavors towards that end. Turning to old O'Hanlon he said:

"Tim, when did you hear that Kate refused him?"

"I didn't hear it at all, your reverence; "I didn't hear it at all, your reverence

but be the signs of Myles' face last night an' this morning I guessed it. But 'twas himself told me that the ould fellow gave Moll Daly the tin shillin's. He was lookin' very bad, sir." Here the old man ceased talking, but

happened the boy I can't understand."
This silenced the evil thinking ones, and proved that at least it was the intention of Myles to be at the sports.

Something must have "hiteconed to

just as the priest was turning from him and about to leave the strand he hobbled up to him and said: "I beg yer reverence's pardin. But I didn't see Kate Connell at the sports, yer rever-

To Father Dunles there was more information in this sentence than in all the surmises that had yet been spoken, and he hastily questioned himself: "I wonder could they have run away?" He decided to have that thought speedily answered, and walked quickly in the direction of the village. Arriving there, he did not delay to go home and have dinner with the party he had invited at the sports. He went into Terence Mur-phy's public house and, asking the land-lady for a sheet of paper and an envel-ope, he wrote a short note to his sister desiring her not to delay the dinner for him, but if he was not there in time to explain to his guests that he was desent this letter by a boy, he said, good humoredly, to Mrs. Murphy:
"Well, Mary, you didn't do much busi-

ness today?" "No, your reverence; the boys were all

down on the strand at the sports. Sorra the wan had a tint of whisky but Myles O'Hanlon."

The priest started painfully, and in-quired: "Did he drink much, Mary?" "Oh, no, yer reverence. "Twas just after mass he came in an' told me he had a colic-savin' yer presence-an' he only took it for physic.".



A LITTLE MEDICINE. This allayed the pastor's fears a little;

but he went straightway from Terence Murphy's into every public house in the village, and was relieved to learn that Myles had not been in any one of them that day.

But he learned something else that

concerned him gravely and seemed to corroborate his first thoughts on hearing that Kate was not at the sports. Eddy Green, the keeper of the hotel, told him that when he was coming home from Kinsale, about 2 o'clock, he saw Myles and Kate at the cross near the Sandycove road, and that they seemed to be talking very earnestly about something. Quickly Father Dunlea went to Connell's house, but his surprise was as great as his joy when Kate herself opened the

"You're welcome, father," said the lovely girl, as she dusted a chair for the reverend gentleman. "I'll tell me father you're here."



533 DID YOU REPUSE TO MARRY MYLES O'HANLON?" "No, my child," interrupted her visitor, "I wish to speak with you. Now, Kate, I want you to tell me the plain

truth. Did you refuse to marry Myles O'Hanlon last night?"
The girl blushed and toyed with her apron and stood before the priest looking sepishly and silently at the ground.

"Why don't you answer me, Kate?"
"I did not refuse him, father, but"-"But what, Kate?" "Me father tould him that he would never let me marry him, as he hadn't a farm, and he gave Moll Daly ten shillings

to make a match for me with young Hur ley, the butcher." At this the young girl burst into tears and the good priest soothed her as best he could. When she had grown comparatively calm he said to her:

"Did you see Myles today?" "Yes, father; I met him after man

and we took a walk." The girl was answering his questions truthfully, he believed; but he was now

ertain that she knew something of the succe that kept Myles away from the ports, so he asked her:
"Do you know, Kate, that Myles was ot a' the sports today and that the parah relied on him to win the association him the meighbors relied to keep the laurels in Courcies; but the sports began and ended; not one prise remained in the parish of Courcies, and end were the lieure of the good people of Ballinspittle and Garrettstown. But now that it was all over, the friends of Myles gathered together in little groups and discussed the strangeness of his absence. Futher Dunies was as anxiously nervous about him as was his old father, and, in raply to a query from some uncharitable rival, he said indignantly:

"Myles O'Handon is not drinking. He has the pledge since he was a child, and early this morning, when the dew was upon the grass, he picked the shann ock I'm wearing and said to me: 'Father, I'm thinkin' we'll keep the association cup in Courcies today.' But what has happened the boy I can't understand."

This silenced the evil thinking ones,

"I do, father."
"Well, as you saw him last, do you know where he is?"
This question was a little too straight and Kate winced under the priest's keen gase. But he repeated it and she reluctantly answered, "He was sick today, sir, and maybe he went into Kinsale to the a doctor."

luctantly answered, "He was sick today, sir, and maybe he went into Kinsale to see a doctor."

"I have been told that he was feeling unwell and what you say is quite possible; but what I want to know is this—do you know where he is now?"

Again the girl lowered her eyes and nervously rolled up and unrolled her apron string and kept silent. Again Father Dunlea repeated his question, and Kate, timidly, yet with determination, replied: "Yes, father, I do; but I can't tell you." This reply was more than the good father expected; it was now his time to feel nervous, and he positively qualled before the superb beauty of this young girl as she stood there, in defiance of him, defending her lover's secret.

After a moment or two he said, "Kate, I do not think you are wise to withhold this from me. You know how I love that boy, and it was a pleasing thought for me, when I knew that ye were lovers, to loc't forward to marrying you. I was well aware that your father did not like Myles, because he has not a farm; but I hoped to be able to talk him into it. Now, my dear girl, please tell me where is he?"

The girl blushed furiously during this speech of Father Dunles; but abe had

The girl blushed furiously during this speech of Father Dunlea; but she had

speech of Father Dunlea; but she had promised to keep her lover's secret, and she was in a quandary of nervousners as to what she should say.

At last her Irish genius came to her rescue and she said: "I cannot tell you where Myles is, your reverence. But he'll be back again in a couple of days, and then he'll tell you himself."

And as she said this a flush of positive triumph covered her face. Father Dun-

triumph covered her face. Father Dun-lea was satisfied. He had as implicit faith in Kate Connell as had he in Myles O'Hanlon; and he went to his dinner party with a light heart.

The disappearance of O'Hanlon was almost the only topic of conversation in the parish of Courcies for three days. Rumors of all kinds filled the air. And among them was one that he had com-mitted suicide "because old Connell would not give him his daughter." a surprise was in store for them. On the morning of the third day Myles walked into the village hale and well, and looking as happy as a prince. There was with him a stranger—a foreign looking man—and they both at once proceeded to Father Dunlea's house.

In about an hour's time all three—the

priest, the stranger and Myles-were seen walking across the lawn that divided the presbytery from the landlord's demesne, and the busy ones of the village could not understand what was on the tapis. Some time afterward Mr. C- (the land lord), accompanied by Myles, the priest and the stranger, came down along the road towards the village, but stopped at the little laneway which led to James O'Brien's house.

The village was on the tiptoe of ex

citement to learn what all this meant

citement to learn what all this meant. Some said that perhaps the stranger was going to buy the farm, as O'Brien intended going to America.

But before evening they all knew what had happened. The farm was bought, but it was Myles who purchased it. It was the best farm in the parish, and everybody was secretly pleased that their favorite should "come into the place" when Jimmy O'Brien went to America. when Jimmy O'Brien went to America But everybody was anxious to know how or where Myles got the money to pay for it. Perhaps I had better tell it for him. His friend, Tom McCarthy, had be America for several years, and had at the gold diggings accumulated a large fortune. He came home to see his par-ents, but they were both dead, and Myles was the only friend of his boyhood



MERRY WEDDING WAS CELEBRATED. When on St. Patrick's eve old Connell refused to allow Kate to marry him "be cause he hadn't a farm," Myles made up his mind that he would get one. He ramembered McCarthy's offer to befriend him; and knowing that his friend was about to return to America in a few days about to return to America in a few days he decided to abandon the sports and go to Cork, where he would find the Irish-American. To him he unfolded his other and McCarthy was more than pleased to be permitted to help his friend. Myles told him that he only wanted it as a loan. But his friend said "very well," and looked serenely amused as he continued: "I won't sail until after your marriage, Myles, and I shall go with you to purchanse the farm."

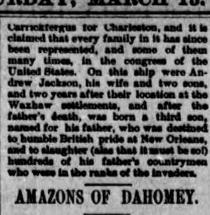
to purchanse the farm."

And so it happened that old Connell's objections were removed; a merry wed-ding was celebrated by Father Dunlea, and Tom McCarthy's wedding present to Myles and Kate was the lease of O'Brien's farm. ROBERT F. WALSE.



'Sure an' thim American bastes do bother me," said a newly arrived Hibernian; "speshilly the feathered koinds. The first wan I seen of the koind was forkentine (porcupine). I treed him under a hay stack an' shot him wid a barn shovel. The first time I shot him I missed him, an' the next time I hit him I hit him in the same place I missed him

Like many other birds, magpies live to be very old in a state of freedom, but do not reach over 20 or 25 years in cap-



FEMALE WARRIORS WITH WHOM THE FRENCH SOLDIERS MUST FIGHT.

Principal Part of Their Meanrch's Army, The Strict Bales with Which Their Lives

Here, indeed, is a novel state of affairs. France is at war with Dahomey, and the chivalrous sabreurs and tirailleurs of a nation noted for its politeness and deference to woman are to march inland from the west coast of Africa with the intenthe west coast of Africa with the intention of carrying Agbome by storm. Agbome is the capital of Dahomey, the residence of the king, and is defended by an army of 4,000 amazons. It will become necessary in the ensuing conflict for the French soldier to fight and fight hard, for the foe he is to meet, although belonging to what is known as the weaker sex, has as far as possible been kept from any knowledge of the foibles and frailties of femininity.

The amazons of Dahomey have a history and a record. Something like a century and a half ago the king of the country fied to his capital after sustaining defeat by a powerful enemy. His

ing defeat by a powerful enemy. His warriors were slain, his allies dispersed and the situation seemed utterly desper



ate. As a last resource the monarch armed 2,000 women and sent them out to do battle with the enemy. The female legion retrieved the fortunes of their king by the display of a valor which the men had not shown, and since the event men had not shown, and since the event-ful day on which they swept as victors through the dismayed ranks of Daho-mey's invaders the amazons of the house-hold guard have been the chief reliance

of the potentates who have succeeded King Agaja on the throne. The corps of amasons consists of 4,000 women who are sworn to chastity. No female of the country can marry until she has the king's consent, and if, upon view, he decides that she is better suited for war than for wedlock, her engage ment is annulled, and she is entered or the roll of soldiers. From that on till the day of her death she is more closely guarded from temptation than the fair-est bud in the highest social circles of civilization. It is death for her to violate any of the rules to which she is subjected, and she is more isolated from the other sex than a nun. The man who dares keep the road when a squad of amazons approaches, does so at the peril of his life. The tinkle of the amazon bell warns all males to retreat or dodge down some byway until the warrie women have passed on. Only the falion stick of the king dare meet his ma

jesty's body guard face to face.

Although the amazons can never wed married women who enter the regiments are allowed to keep up their domestic re-lations, but all their female children are amazons from birth, and the only future before them is the celibate life of the sol

Although it is a capital crime to ap proach or court a member of this famous body guard of Dahomey's monarch, love is the same the world over and laughs alike at locksmiths or the most dreadful penal-ties. Not along ago the king learned that 150 of his amazons had entered into matrimonial relations in violation of the laws and without his consent. All the guilty women were killed at Agbome, and their husbands shared their fate. On their march inland the French will find themselves much troubled by the

lack of water. It is scarcer and generally worse than the rum, being half mud. If they catch the king of the country they will secure a man who has a lor string of titles. He is described as "big ness with no way of lifting;" "a rock the finger nail cannot scratch;" "the lion of

In the French chamber of deputies re cently M. Etienne stated the cause of the disagreement between the two nations. He said that the king of Dahomey had refused to recognize the French protectorate over the slave coast, and had invaded that territory, but had been repulsed. He also said that if the king refused to satisfy the demands of France it would be necessary to take vigorous measures, not with a view to the conquest of Dahomey, but for pur-pose of giving a salutary lesson to the king and people.

The Coming Census. The count of people in the United States will be made for a certain day in midsummer, probably late in June, and experts are already giving some ingeni-ous estimates of the result. They vary from 64,000,000 to 68,000,000. One part of the latter estimate is of great interest. It is as follows: Since 1880 the number of immigrants in any one year has only twice fallen below 400,000, and that but a trifle, while it has risen as high as 788,993 in 1882. The registered immigration for the ten years is certainly above 5,000,000. Add the unregistere

from Canada and elsewhere, and the total cannot fall below 5,500,000, of whom

at least 3,000,000 were between the ages

of 10 and 40.

Of so many at the marrying ages (for a child of 10 in 1881 is now aged 19) there must have been at least 1,000,000 marriages, averaging five years duration each; and previous censuses show that of such newly formed families of foreigners the average is two children each living at the end of five years. Add, therefore, 2,000,000 for the native children of newly arrived foreigners. Total, 7,500,000 added by foreigners alone. Deducting their deaths—and the great mass of them come in the prime of life and health—the total would still remain above 6,000,000. It is assumed that the increas of the 50,000,000 and odd of 1880 has been at least 22 per cent., while some put it as high as 25 per cent. Thus they make the total 67,000,000 or 68,000,000. It will be interesting to see how the facts

A PLUCKY TELEGRAPHER.

SOME OF THE ADVENTURES OF GEORGE KENNAN.

> Three Years Beyond the Pale of Civilian tion-Bow the Catastrophe to De Long and Rie Comrades of the Jeanette Expodition Might Have Been Averted.

> [Special Correspondence.] New York, March 13,—So much at

Rew York, March 13.—So much attention has been attracted of late to the subject of Siberia and the Russian exile system by the writings and lectures of Mr. George Kennan, and there being a movement on foot in America to ameliorate if possible the condition of the unfortunate victims of Russian rule, that it seemed to me recently an interview with the new famous traveler might unearth some bits of his personal experience that are not known to the general public.

Mr. Kennan is apparently between forty and forty-five years of age, but possesses that peculiar elasticity of movement, not to say temperament, which makes him appear much younger. His figure is alight but sinewy, indicating a good deal of reserve power mingled with that peculiar nervous force that is often found in journalists and telegraphers (he belongs, by the way, to the latter school), and his face is strongly marked with the resolution that has carried him through so many difficulties. Withal, he is evidently a keen observer, retentive in his memory, exact in his facts and admirably descriptive in his style of narrative.

I asked him to give me off hand a brief story of his life and how as a young American he became so much interested in Russian travel. Plunging into the

American he became so much interested in Russian travel. Plunging into the subject, in medias res, as the lawyers

subject, in medias res, as the lawyers say, he answered:

My father is probably the oldest living telegrapher in the United States, being now 87 years of age. As the manager of an office on the Wade, Speed and O'Reilly line in Norwalk, O., where I was born—the first line built in the west—he taught me the Morse alphabet, and on my sixth birthday, before I was able to read manuscript, I sent my first dispatch. At the age of 12 I was regularly employed in a telegraph office. At the outbreak of the war, though but a mere boy, I went to Wheeling, Columbus, and finally to Cincinnati, being all the time anxious to get into the telegraph corps at the front, then under the control of Gen. Staeger, an old acquaintance of my father. In this, however, I

Mr. Perry Macdonald Collins mean-while had projected an overland line from America to Europe by way of British Columbia, Behring straits and Alaska to Siberia, the object being to obtain communication with Europe without employing the ocean cable, which at that time was not working with regularity. After surveying the route he came back, interested the Western Union company, and an agreement was made with the Russian authorities was made with the Russian authorities to construct a line to California, thence to Behring straits, up through Alaska and on to the mouth of the Amoor river. Here the Russian government was to meet us with its lines from St. Petersburg. This enterprise attracting my attention, I wrote to Gen. Staeger, asking tention, I wrote to Gen. Staeger, asking for a position in one of the exploring parties to be sent out. He did not reply to the letter, but one night came to the instrument in his office and, being a practical operator, inquired for me. I answered over the wires. He asked: "Can you get ready to start for Alaska in two weeks?" "Yes," I replied, "I can get ready in two hours." "You may get!" was the message that came hear.

go!" was the message that came back.

I was then 18 years of age. Proceeding to California with one of the parties of the expedition, I remained there until July, 1865, when with three others I started on a small trading vessel for Kamchatka, landing on its peninsula after a tedious voyage of forty-seven days. Then began a life of adventure and hardship which lasted two years, and took me over Siberia from Behring straits down to the Okhotsk sea, our ob ject being to locate the most desirable route to the mouth of the Amoor river. During this period I traveled six or eight thousand miles on dog and reindeer sledges, horseback and in canoes, fre-quently camping out of doors six weeks

at a time in winter.

After the successful laying of the secand Atlantic cable, I received notice in the autumn of 1867 that our enterprise had been abandoned. As the circum-stances have not been published, they may be of interest. We had a large force of men at work, and were cut off-from communications from the civilized world. Occasionally, however, a vessel would come into the Okhotsk sea, and every spring we would go down to the coast to watch the horizon for the smoke that rose while the crew were trying out their whale oil, hoping to get news from the civilized world. We had a whale boat in which we could go out a short distance to sea, and, in the summer of 1867, observing in the far distance a welcor cloud that indicated the presence of a whale ship, we manned our little craft and started to board her.

As we approached the captain paid little or no attention to us, thinking we were only a party of natives. Finally, however, we succeeded in climbing on deck, and walking aft I said to the captain: "Good day, sir. What is the name of your vessel?" You never saw a man look more astonished, for, being dressed in the costume of the country, he did not expect to find in me one of his own race or hear his own tongue spoken. As soon as he could catch his breath he exclaimed: "Good Lord! Has the universal Yankee got up here? Where did you come from? How did you get here? What are you doing?" And then followed a welcome the warmth of which you must imagine.

His name was Capt. Hamilton, and his bark the Sea Breeze, from New Bedford. On parting the captain gave us a bundle of newspapers, some of them a year old, and presented us with a liberal supply of provisions. As soon as we reached shore we built a camp fire and sat down to renew our acquaintance with the outside world. In the course of an hour or two one of the party stumbled upon a paragraph in a San Francisco journal stating that, in consequence of the success of the second ocean cable, all work on the Russian-American telegraph had been aban-doned. This was the first notification that our duties were at an end. During the following September one of our company's vessels arrived with orders for our return to the United States.

There being still some hope that the Russian government might be induced to build the line clear up to the Behring straits, in which case it was thought the American company would go on, I was left in Siberia, meanwhile collecting and

shipping to San Francisco the vast mais of material then on hand. About the beginning of winter I re ceived orders to return to the United States through Siberia, and with another American named Price made the journey to St. Petersburg, a distance of ner ly six thousand miles, using sleighs an reindeers, and traveling the last four thousand miles night and day. In that city we learned that the enterprise had been entirely abandoned, and ingly returned to the United States,

reaching home in March, 1868. . During these two years and a half I

become interested in Siberia and the Russian people. Since then I have make a number of trips to the Russian coming on my own account, made a critical study of the country and its institutions taken its periodicals, and remained in close touch, so to speak, with the principal events that have occurred there.

When the Jeanette sailed through Behring straits and disappeared in the Arctic ocean in 1882, I had an instinctive feeling that she would be lost, and strongly urged on Mr. Bennett the importance of organizing a system of relief whereby natives along the coast would be notified by the Russian government to keep a sharp lookout for the survivers of the expedition if any were found. Not only that, but I proposed to him directly, also through the manager of The Herald, then Thomas B. Connery, and through Chief Justice Daly, of the American Geographical society, to make a personal search along the northern coast and with the facilities which I knew I could command, do all that mea could do to rescue those in peril. The proposition, however, did not meet with approval and the matter was dropped.

Lieutenant Commander Gorringe, who brought over the Egyptian obelisk, then became so much interested in the subject that he proposed, not having the ready money, to sell his collection of Egyptian curiosities in order to provide the means for making a trip to the northern coast, but I declined to take the means for making a trip to the northern coast, but I declined to take the

the means for making a trip to the northmoney from such a source and at such a sacrifice when more wealthy people could easily stand in the breach.

After this Chief Justice Dally suggested the matter to Mr. Charles A. Dans, of

After this Chief Justice Daly suggested the matter to Mr. Charles A. Dana, of The Sun, and for a time there seemed to be a prospect that he would bear the expense of an expedition for the rescus of the survivors of the Jeanette, but while the negotiations were pending President Garfield was abot, and attention thus being diverted the idea was abandoned. In the meantime the living and dead were found on the Siberian coast after the disaster, as I predicted, and I shall always believe that if my plans could have been carried out the worst consequences of the

carried out the worst consequences of the catastrophe might have been averted.

The sad event, however, was not without its compensations. The letters to The New York Herald from Mr. John P. Leckers. Jackson, who was sent to Russia; his description of Siberian scenes along the route he traveled, the narrative of Regineer Melville and the investigation before the congressional committee, all served their purpose in making Americans more or less acquainted with a region comparatively unknown. My own public addresses showed in the popular interest they elicited that the people were eager to know more concerning this wonderful country and its institutions, expecially that part of its political system connected with the history of the Siberian exile, and the interest is by no means abating. Jackson, who was sent to Russia; his de

abating.

While there has been much exaggeration with regard to the treatment of Essain prisoners of state, it is not in many sian prisoners as it has been described. sian prisoners of state, it is not in mac cases as severe as it has been describe In all of my trips I have met political a iles who were in comparatively constru-able circumstances, and they are not I any means exceptions to the real Therefore I have defended the Russia Therefore I have defended the Russian government when it has been misrepearented, at the same time that I have assented the shadows of a most hater picture. That these efforts are bearinfruit is proved by the fact that concerns measures are now being taken by a number of philanthropic citizens of Philadelphia, who have begun the circulation a petition throughout the United States asking for an amelioration of the was evils of Siberian exile, and the document of the state of the sta will be presented some time next re to the proper Russian authorities through the International Prison association, its meeting in St. Petersburg. And my judgment, concluded Mr. Kennes the czar, who is not so bad as he i painted, will give heed to it. F. G. DE FONTAINS.

A Magie City of the West.

Sherman is a city built in a night. It lies opposite the town of Chamberlain, which is situated on the cast bank of the Missouri river, directly across from the Sioux reservation. News of the in



A TOWN TWELVE HOURS OLD. the president's proclamation opening the reservation to settlement r Chamberlain at 4 p. m. one day rec The boomers crossed the river at one and went to work. They selected a basite directly north of the Lower B

All night laborers kept at work, and in the morning what had been a level tract of prairie the previous afternoon was covered with buildings. The lowing day wagons were engaged haul-ing in goods, and in a short time the magic city had become a busy mart of trade. A municipal government was organized and the hamlet received the name of Sherman. The illustration shows the appearance of the place on the morning of the first day following the

A New Bridge Across the Hudson. The historic Hudson is to be spanned by a new bridge. It is to be located a short distance north of Peekskill, N. Y., and in crossing the river will exte from Anthony's Nose, on the east bank, to the site of old Fort Clinton, on the



tween the piers at the water's edge is 1,620 feet, which will be crossed by a single span in length 25 feet greater than that of the Brooklyn bridge. The structure will stand 163 feet above high water

mark.

This bridge is intended to be used chiefly for railway traffic, and the chief item of transportation will be coal for New England consumers. It will be completed in about two years.

Despite the fact that his first air ship went to wreck, no one knows where, that with it disappeared Professor Hog the Michigan aeronaut, Inventor P. C. Campbell has constructed a new vessel for navigating the air in which he has

so much confidence that he will make the trial trip himself. It is to be inflated with natural gas and will leave the earth at Niagara Falls. Where it will come down is problematical.