## THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PITTSBURG, SATURDAY,

A Patent Upon Handles That Thieves Would Discard.

NEW IDEAS FOR UNCLE SAM

Splendid Water-Shed Handles for Ben and Other Notables.



he looks very much like Rev. T. De Witt Talmage. His umbrella is, however, more noticeable and noteworthy than himself. As he swings it idly in his long, bony

hand, or leans Gen. Harrison's Umbrella. upon it while sitting in the gallery, looking down on the frenzied ecene below, it attracts attention. It is of silver, but its shape is its peculiarity; that

> pear, prism, pillar or pothooks You have to get acquainted with the old mun himself to get any idea of it. That is not a hard matter, for he has got a patent on that queershaped handle, and inventors usually talk at a dog-trot. Colonel Sellers' investments are trifles compared with what our old friend of the umbrella expects to result from his disovery. Asking him to ex-

is neither round nor square,

convex nor concave-not like

plain it, he said: "This is what we might call an autograph hundle. Cleaver. You see it fits my hand per-fectly. Thumb, palm, joints—all are pre-cisely anticipated in its form. "Now, if you take hold of it you will see

that it will not fit your hand at ali." The experiment was tried with just the result the old gentle-man predicted. It felt like wearing a cont two sizes too big, or putting a No. 9 hat

on a No. 6 head. "It is a prime fact," resumed the enthusiastic old inventor, "that no two people in all the hundreds of millions on this footstool have hunds alike. The police of Paris many years ago seized on this great fact and made use of t in describing criminals. Every rogue who falls into their clutches is compelled to make an impression of his right thumb n plaster and this imprint is preserved, with a description of his bair, eyes, person and various pecu-liarities.

"Now, I have discov- A Practical Idea. ered an application of this differhands to a great practi-cal need. There are hulf a million umbrellas stolen every year. The United States imorts eight million every year, and as many country. Anything that will save your umbrella from thieves certainly ought to be wel-All there is of it is this: You make an impression in any kind of plasimpression is tro plate per or silver ighter com-

astened on VOUT UMwhole thing dollar. according to

the amount of metal it takes. This handle can be ornamented as much as you please." Here the old gentleman took from expanious overcoat pocket a package rolled

up in many tolds of soft tissue paper. Unrolling it as gently and awefully as if it were the Koh-inoor, he disclosed a superb silver handle sur-"This," he said, hold-

mounted by a lion couit up admiringly, "is one I made for Mr. Blaine. That is his prehensile auto-form, so to speak. You can look at this and imagine how the belm of State feels when he has his grip on it. Now, here is anothe I have made for the President, See the eagle. That is a beautiful piece of chordal shaped imprints of palm and fingers are not so large or decided as those made by Mr. Blaine. Do you think so? I will youth

take about them. There is Jean Jacques In-

for their accuracy

galls' fine Italian hand, as one of his critics might say. I put a grayhound's head on it. The grayhound is our most intellectual , and the snap with which his jaws come together remind one of the awfue crunching Ingalis gives the Democratic side of the Senate. Ingalls tried to apply th Latin name to this sort of handle.

called it the auto-mane, from Manus hand

"I have used the handle on other things. Here are hotographs of a hammer, the superb gavel I have made for Speaker Reed, and a cleaver I am going ter General Clarkson, who is the champion headsman of his administration. You see I am mixing a little tun in with my

That's all right, isn't it? With this the old man wrapped up his darling "auto - manes," stowed them softly in his pocket, gave the umbrells an ad-miring glance and trudged up out of the gallery as as fast and as gracefully as his rheumatism would Speaker Reed's allow.

Effective Weapon, JULIUS A. TRUESDELL. AMONG WEST ENDERS.

Items of News and Neighborhood Gossip of Local Interest. WAIT for the electric road (7).

MISS E. CARLIN, teacher at the West Lake

THE Volunteer Social will hold a ball at the Vest End Rink Monday evening.

ED. J. MONTGOMERY, F. Brehmer and Evan ones are the applicants for the West End On Washington's Birthday the Ladies' Aid ociety of the West End M. E. Church will old a "pink tea."

THE Green Leaf Social held their fourth anrual reception at West End Gymnasium Hall Thursday evening. MRS. J. H. HERSHBERGER and niece, Miss

L. N. Jackson, returned home Tuesday from a visit to Wheeling, W. Va. THE Mite Society of the Eleventh U. P. urch held their monthly social at the resi-nce of Mr. Ed Brass Monday evening.

MISS MAY L. MURBAY, of Steuben street, School of Design last week for a painting in oil. was awarded the gold medal at the Pittsburg clave No. 77 was held Thursday night, Mr.

Homer L. McGaw, President of the district, installed the officers. ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH will hold a fair at the

old church building, beginning to-night. It will continue for four nights. The proceeds to be applied to the new church fund. EVA FRENCH, aged 8 years, daughter of 8 H. French, died last Saturday of pneumonia. She was loved by all. Little Eva was flower girl a few months' since at her sister's wedding.

THE patrol wagon has not been kept very busy the past week. The only facts conceived must be the grand opening of the new police station. Then it will be a rush for first place, WILLIAM BELL, a roller at Singer, Nimick & Co.'s mill, who was recently burned about the face and breast by a muck iron flash, is rapidly recovering and will be able to work in a few days, MR. CHARLES PEDDER was agreeably sur-

prised at his residence, in the Thirty-fifth ward, Thursday evening, January 30. Dancing was the order of the evening. Supper was served at midnight. THE Scotch tea and coffee soiree to be given

at the Eleventh U. P. Church on Friday evening will be worthy the patronage of all. An in-teresting entertainment is being prepared, Prof. Andrews will be master of ceremonies. A SELECT party was given at the residence of A SELECT party was given at the residence of drou Charles and Stewart Hamilton. The merry group were: Messis. S. J. Mertz. George Lobart, Oscar Glickner, Joseph Henderson, William McMillin, Misses Eva Mertz, Minnie Lobart, Misses O'Hara.

Ar

MISS MIDA and Lizzie Haines gave a progressive euchre party Tuesday evening. A pleasant time was reported by all. The ladies' prize was won by Miss Emma Wettengel and Thomas Hawkins won the gentlemen's prize. About 40 were present.

THE fair given by the G. E. Church at West End Rink can be said to be one of the most successful of the season. The young ladies' society's booth is cozy and beautifully decor- the Portico de la Gloria is the Last Judgated, and thus tends to brighten the scenes of the evening. The fair closes Saturday evening, February 15.

MISS MARY A. HARPER daughter of Issue Harper, died last Saturday, the funeral taking place Monday. Born in England, she came to this country when but a child. She grew to womanhood, but affiiction came, and after a year of intense suffering she entered into rest.
During all her illness she had a smile of welcome for all who came to see her. The West
End mourns her absence.

THE Young Ladies' Industrial Sewing Society met at the residence of Miss Maggio Mitchell, Kerr avenue. The members present were: Misses Maggie Mitchell, Ida Powelson, Maggie Mawhinney, Mrs. Mawhinney, Neille Wettengel, Sadie Appleton. After sewing hours the gentlemen callers were: Messrs. William Richards, Harry Wettengel, John Mc-David and John B. McGaw. Dancing was the order of the evening.

PRIDE OF WELCOME COUNCIL, D. of L. invery year, and as many stituted January 22, is rapidly increasing in more are made in this membership. At their last meeting they had an enrollment of over 50 members. Officers were elected as follows: Councilor, G. B. Nesbitt; A. C., Susan Bryant; V. C., Arthur Fording; A. V. C., Annie Henderson; F. S., John H. Bryant; R. S., Sadie Llewelyn; A. R. S., Dora Shock; Treasurer, Mattle Bailey; Trustees, George Nesbitt, J. Fording, Edith Heaps; Jr. Ex. C., Frank Case; Jr. Ex. A. C., Emma Henderson.

> the latter is thrown the people of Chartiers into a fever of better - that excitement. It is reported that the ghost can be seen almost any time after dark. A gentleelectroplated | man who came within reach of the ghost dealt the object a blow from his gold headed cane, breaking the cane, but having no other effect. At the morning services of the church the following announcements are made: "Don't be afraid of the ghost. Come to the evening services." This does not seem to have the desired effect, for the attendance is small. It is be-lieved that Mr. and Mrs. Ghost will be brought to close quarters before long.

THE appreciation of the services of Miss Gertrude Mallasee by the teachers of the The Stevens school were suitably rewarded last whole thing monday evening, the event being the anniver-an be done sary of her nineteenth birthday. Miss Mallasee having voluntarily and faithfully rendered her services as accompanist at the school en-tertainments, the teachers decided to, in some way, amply repay her. On last Monday evening Miss Mallasee was given a surprise at the residence of her parents, Western avenue, and presented with a beautiful teaset. Mr. and Mrs. Mallasee were also the recipients of a China teaset in honor of their twentieth wedding anniversary. Those present were Prof. William McCullough and wife, Mr. Andrew Striet and wife, Mr. John L. Forester, Mr. John Phillips, Mr. William Keifer, Miss Ella White, Miss Mary White, Miss Cromviller, Miss Hogers, Miss Keifer, Miss Garbart, Misses Hlanche and Stella Mallaseo. Dancing and singing enlivened the pleasures of Monday evening Miss Mallasee was given a ing and singing enlivened the pleasures of Dancing and singing emissioned the pleasures of the evening. At midnight's dainty repast was served, after which the merry surprisers jour-neyed homeward, and an evening long to be re-membered by Miss Mallassee and her guests is now an event of the past.

SOME COAL SHIPPED.

A Rise in the River Bound to Follow the

Heavy Snow and Rais. Captain O'Neil returned yesterday from his visit to New Orleans. He reports business very dull in that section. The river bas fallen somewhat since the early part of the week, but the heavy snow and rain of resterday will cause it to rise again to its cas, where, hamlet though the place is, may

The Sam Clark went out yesterday with ten boats, and the Joe Walton with six boats me were some innocent enough looking peasand six barges, shipped by Joseph Walton ants, with a few bundles of wood, a couple and six barges, shipped by Joseph Walton & Co. O'Neil & Co. will sendthe Dick Ful-

THE DISPATCH to-morrow will contain tation pleasantly, whereupon I produce the intermediate on frontier an accomplished writer. Armstrong's attack on Kittanning and the last Indian outrage are "Arto!" ("Halt!") cried one in a low but firm voice of command. As I turned again,

## WAKEMAN'S BEST HI'

The Literary Pilgrim in Spain Strikes a Startling Coincidence.

ROBBED BY A RELENTING BANDIT,

Whose Brother He Had Befriended Before Execution in Cuba.

SANTIAGO'S SHRINE AND VALLADOLID

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. VALLADOLID, SPAIN, January 18 .-[Copyright.]--It had been a hard tramp rom Finisterre; we had not arrived at Santingo until about midnight, and it was nearly noon of the next day when I was awakened by a gentle tapping at the door of my old alcoba in the humble inn to which our Gallegan guide had conducted us. The tapping proceeded from the knuckles of a harsh-voiced criada, or maidservant, who, on my demand that whoever was knocking should enter, proceeded first to inform me that no such unpardonable conduct on her part could be tolerated, and then to say that one Pierre Floquet, having bargained for the jacas he stood in need of, had eaten his breakfast, dutifully kissed the sacred esclavina-the grand finale of all pilgrimages to the famous Cathedral of Santingo-was now patiently waiting to bid me a final adios, after which he must speedily depart to his own people, at desolate Fin-isterre. I asked that he be sent to my alcoba. He came lumbering and stumbling up the stairs, and, hat in hand, entered the room and approached my bedside. Poor Pierre! He was in tears. He sank upon his knees beside me, poured forth vehement and eloquent blessings, and sobbed like a child as we clasped hands for the last time. Finally breaking away, as if overcome with sadness, he cried repeatedly, "Quede usted con Dios!"—"Quede usted con Dios!" ("May you remain with God!")—and predisappeared into the courtyard and calle below.

HOW IT CAME TO BE BUILT. All there is of ancient Santiago worth templation is this wondrous old Cathedral where Pierre had performed his adora-tion. How it came to be buitt, and how for centuries it remained the most luminous shrine in Western Europe, are more strange and curious than can be told of any other of the noble though decaying sacred edifices of Spain. St. James, the elder, brother of St. John, the apostle, was stoned to death at Jerusalem. St. James is the tutelar saint of Spain, as is St. George, of Eugland, St. Denis, of France, and St. Patrick, of Ire-land. Over 1,000 years ago, in 835, Theodomir, Bishop of Ira, so runs the tradition, discovered the body of St. James, removed in some miraculous manner from Jerusalem surrounded by a wondrous light in dense forest, to which a star led the way; hence the name of the city, Sautiago de Campostella, or St. James of the place of the star, to which the body was removed by Leon III., from the chapel already erected at the place of discovery by Theodimir, and Santiago was raised to a sec. A corn-rent or El Voto of one bushel per acre was collected from all Spain, yielding a yearly revenue of nearly \$1,000,000, which was continued until 1835. The present cathedral is not a single creation of a single architect or period; but has been the result of untold votive offerings since the first won-drously splendid basilica was built by Alfonso the Great, between the years 866 and

RARE ECCLESIASTICAL ART. An entire page would be required to give adequate description of this noble edifice; and adequate description of this noble edifice;
A but the chair-stalls, carved by Gregorio lies' Espanol in 1606; the bronze pulpits, by Celma, in 1563; the massive, magnificent and unrivalled Portico de la Gloria, the mighty western entrance; and the tomb and efficies of St. James; are all unequalied examples in ecclesiastical art. The latter two are wonderful indeed. The sculptor's theme upon ment, with Christ proceeding from the root of Jesse. This representation is illimitably more than enough to have given Mateo immortality as "el Maesto" of Spain. Its vastness, grandeur, deep poetic feeling, and marvelous reality, in which the flinty stone glows with radiant life, are, I believe, be-yond comparison with any known sacred subject of the sculptor's art to be found else where in Europe. In the center of the Capilla Mayor or chief chapel rises a great altar of jasper and marble. Again St. James is represented at the battle of Clavigo slaying infidels, who are falling about him in hundreds. Four great columns rise near these effigies. Upon each is seated the figure of an angel. These four angels support the tomb itself, high in air, and an immense star of blazing gold is suspended

above the tomb. TOWARD THE INTERIOR.

But as entrancing as were the treasure f this most rare and wonderful ecclesiasical pile of Northwestern Spain, I was impatient to reach the interior. Securing the company of a band of Maragatos, ou their way with a drove of pack mules from Santingo to Astorga, in the province of Leon, I passed three days and two nrghts upon the mountain roads

with my strange fellows, mulet-eers, who are descended from the Moors and still wear long tassels, to their caps, and breeches as wide and corpulent with cloth as a Scotch Highlander's kilt; remained a night at ancient Astorga, the Auturica Augusta of Pliny, where the old Roman walls still exist in great massiveness and strength, linked here and there by gigantic cubos; and then set out afoot and alone down the valley of the Orbigo toward the lden capital of Spain, quaint and ruinous Valladelid. This impatience brought me a singular adventure, illustrative of the return bread cast upon the waters. At Villaando two roads, the northern via Medina the southern by the way of La Mota, lead Valladolid. The latter, dreary and unfrequented, breaks into numerous mountain foot paths in the southern spurs of the Montes de Torezos. Briefly, I was lost, and wandering for a half day in a wild and forbidding district, as good or bad luck would

over a vicious remark my unwilling hostess had made that the men of Montes de Torezos repaid the visits of strangers to their

homes when they were absent, with the "caress of the knife." SHE SENT HIM TO BANDITTI. When morning came, I gave her some coin, and received directions from her how to cross the mountains to Valladolid. The explicitness of these worried we as I trudged along. But surely she had told me the way tenth(nlly: for on turning through a shadowy gorge, there lay the great valley of the Pisuerga, with the spires and domes of Valla-dolid away to the cast, and, here almost at be found the richest store of ancient ar-chives in all Spain. Just a little way beyond & Co. O'Neil & Co. will sendthe Dick Ful-ton out to-day with 12 barges and 4 light as many mangy dogs; apparently a group of simple mountain patans, or peasants, resting idly by the way. They responded to my salutation pleasantly, whereupon I proffered each a cigarette. These were accepted with many "gracias" and I turned to go.

"Artol" ("Halt!") cried one in a low but

I was looking in the face of three rusty old trabucos or blunderbusses.

I am not sure, but had I run for it toward Valladolid, I could have out-distanced either the shots from their rusty trabucos or their much more dangerous legs. But I simply raised my hands, walked squarely up to them with a smile, and said:

"Most Excellent Senores of de Torezos, you are less poor than I, but still welcome

to all I possess."

They had it all—about \$7 in Spanish coin for my luggage and credit letters had gone from Astorga to Valladolid by rail—in a moment. I then claimed the privilege of resting a little time with them, and ques tioning them about their manner of getting on in the world. One old rheumatic villain, distorted, misshapen, almost; physically helpless, was the only genuine banditamong

A BACKWARD BANDIT'S COINCIDENCE. All the others, save one, were the most simple-hearted souls that live. That one was a brave, fine fellow, going wrong under a heart-heavy load of indignity and grief. His wife had been my unwilling hostess of the previous night. She had sent me across the mountains with a particularity of direction that made my acquaintance with her husband compulsory. To him I ap-pealed for the reasons why he should leave an honest peasant's life, and, under the in-fluence of the unhanged old wretch of his lit-tle band, start straight in this sort of life for the guarda's bullet or death at the garrote. His story was a long one, but, briefly told, His story was a long one, but, briefly told, he was becoming an incipient outlaw because his youngest brother, whom he had loved better than his own life, who had been sent to Cuba as a conscript, had been shot like a dog at Moro castle, for attempted desertion after suffering untold indignities.

"Shot at Moro?—And in 1886?—And had

he blue eyes, light hair and a fine, fair face?" Yes, yes, yes, and yes again. Then there in the mountain way, where I had been robbed of so mean a sum that I was ashamed of it, I told this man as best I could a fact of my own experience, which I will be pardoned for telling to you readers in a slightly different way:
"El desertar!" "El desertar!" were the
low toned ejaculations I heard all about me

one April morning, in 1886, in the cabin of the ferryboat, "Edonard Fesser," as it left the Regla side for the two-mile trip across Havana Bay to the city. The cabin was well filled, and in a moment there came fussing and fuming through the narrow passage to the forward cabin a Spanish Sergeant and a guard having in charge a man of most pitiful appearance.

THAT IMPRISONED BROTHER. I made room quickly so that two seats were vacant near me, in which the guard and his prisoner sat, the latter next to me, while the sergeant, bearing a paper with a dangling seal, strode forward a bit, pompous with the importance of his mission and charge. These ferries carry the gayest of crowds between Havana and the beautiful suburbs to the east, but the entrance of the party hushed the laughter and pleasant sallies of men and women instantly. All present seemed painfully exerting themselves to ignore the presence of the little group, but every one from time to time stole secret glances at the deserter, and, well for humanity, not a hard look fell upon him. Some old priests near seemed to be moving their lips that all exiles present were to come to the as if in prayer for him, and behind many a fan I could see the face of some beautiful senora or senorita in tears. I knew well enough what it all meant, having once been a soldier myself, but I did not catch the full the effect that the man had deserted from the forces at Moro castle some weeks before, than to receive the Governor's reply, but after a tremendous flogging for some slight intraction of discipline, had got so far as the Jaruco Mountains, where he baffled pursuit for some time, until finally run down by er Karamzin: 'What is the use of your talkblood-hounds-remarked airily: "Ah, yes; he will really not even need break astagain. The consejo de guerra (court martial) is already awaiting his arrival!"

This deserter was but a boy. He had a fair face too, round, almost boyish, even through the hunted look that had made him an old man in terror and desperate effort during those few weeks in the chaparral. His clothing was in rags, and his bare flesh, scarred and bloody, showed through. His feet were partly bound with rags and bark and bleeding. But he sat there with his hands clinched and his face like a piece of marble begrimed with mud.

PICTURESQUE YET PATHETIC.

Through the windows of the ferry the spars, rigging, and flags of a thousand ships whole earth with such splender kissed the mountain and made old Moro castle even beautiful. The deserter looked at Moro as with an awful fascination. Then, as if beyoud it and what he knew was waiting for him there, the poor fellow's eyes seemed strained to some point far, far away. Ah, his frantic soul vaulted the hated walls to old Castile, mayhap to his own peasant home, to the mother, the sisters, to a peasant girl's thatched-roof home by the vineyards, and brave as he was trying to be, his whole frame writhed, his breast heaved and surged, and, though he clenched his hands tighter and looked old Moro squarely in the face, his blue eyes filled and filled again with tears that scalded their way through the chaparral filth on his face like torrents. A dozen schemes for rescue shot through my brain. The sight and thoughts sickened me. I could scarcely remain in that cabin for the pity this man roused in me.

Having recently graduated from the editorship of a high-grade literary periodical of "Middle America," my sole helpful possessions in Cuba at that moment were a small piece of plug tobsecoo and a \$2 Bank of Havana bill. I quickly had these made in a compact wad. I got my knee against his leg. He started and looked me full in the lace. My hand was on the low iron division rail between the seats, and it touched his. God knows a soldier's human sympa thy to a soldier in some subtle way swept from my heart to his in that touch. His clenched hand relaxed and turned. The palm was next mine. Our hands clasped and there was a quick pressure. We were born thousands of miles apart, had never met until that instant, would never again meet unless in eternity, but we knew more each other in that one moment than some life acquaintances; and I somehow believe I will find the face that was then the second time turned on me somewhere in the undis covered country when I am set to travel there. But the ferry boat had bumped against the Havans wharves.

THEN THE LAST SEPARATION.

Through the clatter and clamor and crowds, the deserter was shoved and saber-prodded to the Pluza de la San Carlos; hurried into a victoria alongside which were two mounted guardas, and driven rapidly away. I could not work that day, and wandered along the walls of La Punta, restless, heartsick, and with the white face of that desper ate life ever before me. At 4 o'clock just across the narrow harbor entrance were heard some ominous drum beats. On the little plaza just over the sea on the heights at Moro there were movements of small squads of soldiery. We could see all this plainly from La Punta. I teared what it meant, could not bear it, and hurried away. Just as I reached the old Boquete wall there was a sound of musketry at Moro. I looked across the channel and saw the smoke from their pieces well nigh enfolding them all. But I saw through that cloud one face sealed in eternal rest, when some old fish-wives on the Boquete walls near, crossing themselves as if it were an old habit and for like occa sions, lazily muttered "El desertar!" "El desertar!"

"Maria Purissimal" exclaimed the mat who had robbed me in the Montes de Tore ros, flinging himself abjectly at my feet, "that man whom you be riended was my murdered brother!"

BILL NYE answers numerous correspondents in a humorous way, in To-MORROW'S 20-PAGE DISPATCH.

## THE CURSE ON WEIR ABBEY

George Kennan's Awful Arraignment of the Czar's Officers.

A MASSACRE OF POOR EXILES Who Simply Asked for Mercy at the Hands

of a Heartless Governor. PITIFUL NARRATIVES OF SURVIVORS

CHICAGO, February 7 .- Mr. George Kennan, now lecturing here on Siberia, furnishes the Associated Press with numerous letters, the truth in detail of which he vouches for, giving an account of the massacre of Russian exiles on April 3 last at Yakutsk. Mr. Kennan declares all the statements impartial and truthful.

"It appears," said Mr. Kennan, "that toward the latter part of February last, 33 political exiles on their way to Verkhoyansk and Stredni-Kolymsk were quartered temporarily at Yakutsk, the first named places being distant from St. Petersburg 6,398 and 7,518 miles respectively, in a part of Siberia so remote from civilization that it is seldom, if ever, visited by human beings. Verkhoyansk is the first village to which the survivors of the Jeannette came after they left Lena delta. Both places lay close to the Arctic circle. Communication is maintained between these two villages by means of reindeer sledges." The story of Mr. Kennan's correspondents gives many details hitherto unknown, and the language of the writers is at times most graphic. The Governor of Yakutsk, General Ostashkin, by

CRUEL AND ARBITRARY RULES, preventing the exiles from earrying a proper amount of clothing or baggage and withholding their two months' subsistence money, intensified their sufferings very greatly, as their march led through a sec-tion in which no supplies could be pur-

Under the Russian penal code it is a criminal offense for political exiles to unite in a petition for redress of grievances. Each exile, therefore, prepared a separate petition and presented it at the office of the Provincial Administration. The letters then go on to tell how they were directed to assem ble in the house of one of the exiles, and when there were told that the Governor re-garded their individual petitions as merely an evasion of the law, and their action o'clock the next day," writes one of the actual participants in the dreadful affair, "we numbered 33. Among us was Sergius Kapger and his betrothed, Anna Zoarvastrova, the latter quite a young girl, and a man who had come in from one of the Yakutsk settlements to make some pur-chases. These came to the house to see

police station. "A company of Cossacks, numbering over 100 men, under command of an officer named Karamzin, then appeared, battered a soldier myself, but I did not catch the full down the gates of the courtyard and 15 or import of the brutal celerity of Spanish military revenge until the guard—on closing a chippent register. itary revenge until the guard—on closing a others surrounded it. We tried to explain flippant recital to a passenger next him to our side of the case, and said that we had that we would go to the police station, only asking that Karamzin withdraw his troops. ing with them? Do what you were ordered to.' Karamzin then cried out to the Cos-

THE EXILES MASSACRED. "We were assembled in a room about 20

feet square, and had gathered in one corner, from which position the Cossacks endeavored to oust us by striking us with their ciubbed rifles and pricking us with their bayonets. Some women, being wounded guite severely, began to scream. Cartridges and thongs of the ribbon tree. He was had been served out to the soldiers the night bare-headed, his hair tangled and knotty, and in one place a saber cut was still open and bleeding. But he sat there with his Five exiles had revolvers which they had bought as a means of protection on their journey, and not for the purpose of resisting the authorities. Nicolai Zolof drew his revolver, sprang upon the divan and shouted: The firing then became gen-"Stop! Stop!" eral on both sides. After one or two volleys upon the peaceful bay gleamed and glowed as we passed. The sun that lighted the the whole Cossack force outside then poured in their fire through doors and Eschur, one of our number, rushed into the courtyard crying: 'We surrender,' but was shot dead a short distance from the steps. Podbetski, who heard the firing and ran to the house to see what was the matter, was shot dead at the courtyard gate. He was not implicated in the affair in any way, and was within two mouths of the termina tion of his exile. Joseph Estrovich, already wounded, rushed into the courtyard, fell and was repeatedly bayoneted as he lay on

the ground. "As a result of this affray, six of us, in-cluding one woman, were killed outright. The woman's stomach was all torn open by a bayonet; all the rest of us were more or less injured. The Government casualties were one soldier killed and the Governor and a soldier slightly wounded. The exiles killed were Sergius Pik, Sophie Gurevith, Paui, Potbetski, Peter Mokhanof, Gregory Shura and Jacob Notkin, Twelve others

were severely wounded." A SAMPLE OF BUSSIAN JUSTICE. Three months later the survivors were tried by court martial on the charge of armed resistance. This court martial was composed as follows: President, Lieutenant Colonel Savitski, Captain Korsakot, Captain Tiagunof, sub-Captain Yermakoff and one Fedorsf. The trial began on the 6th of June. The following questions were put to each of the prisoners at the trial by the presiding officer:

"What is your name, age and, religion?" and the prisoner replies.

"Do you observe the ceremonies of religion?"

"Since the day of our arrest, no."

"Do you adhere to your statements made at the preliminary examination?" (the statements were read over again to the prisoner). He re-

"You are accused of armed resistance to the authorities. What have you to say?"
"Upon what is this accusation founded?"
"The Court is not obliged to inform you."

The Prisoner—Presence in the house is not proof of the accusation. I was there, but I did not make any armed resistance. I do not know not make any armed resistance. I do not know why I have been implicated in this affair.

The Court—It is out of place to teach the Court. Seeak more briefly. Have you anything more to say? A. I think not.

The Officer—You can go.

"Beyond thin," says one of Mr. Kennan's correspondents, "the prisoners were allowed to say nothing in their own behalf."

Three of the prisoners were hanged. Kohan

Bersnstein, who had been severely wounded and was unable to stand, was taken to the scaffold on a bed from the hospital, the noose put around his neck and the bed taken from under him He was choked to death. Fourteen others, including four women, were sentenced for different terms ranging from 10 to The matter will probably be brought be-

fore the International Prison Congress. Mr. Kennan promises to furnish complete proof, and will bring witnesses from Siberia. He does not think that Russia wilt accept his The Route Changed.

The Pleasant Valley electric cars have ceased running to the postoffice, and now turn down Smithfield from Sixth instead. The difficulty experienced in getting in and out of the switches at that place is given as the reason for the change.

AIR nature boasts no lovelier spot. The August sun is shedding its giad light over a redundancy of foliage in the locks and getting thinner every day."

So one grilling hot midday, when the birds were silent from sheer exhaustion, the insect world had crept away to doze among the foliage four forced everyting sheat her foliage for forced everyting sheat her forced everyt

the foliage, four-footed creation slept be-neath the shady trees, and there was scarce wonder of the country a murmur to break the stillness of the sum-mer air, Colonel Clareford seized a knotty side, an especial richness of loam making stick, which was his constant companion in the grounds round the his walks, and with a glare in his eyes as though he defied the very sun itself, he started in search of the recalcitrant lover. Abbey on the Weir = Before he reached the abbey he saw Hago walking in an opposite direction, and, his mind on suspicion bent, he at once decided that he was being avoided.

"Ho! hullo there, Burnet," he shouted in a voice, the tones of which sounded like

men of the stuff young men of the present day are made of, then all I can say is give

me the old times when I was a youngster. Can not help it! Very soon I shall not be able to help breaking every bone in your

"If you only knew, Colonel, you would

not be so severe on me."
"Then why don't I know? Who else has a right? D—n all mysteries. Let us have this one cleared up, and speedily."

more prolific in vegetation than are those of any other lordly manor for many miles

As for the exterior of the old abbey itself, its structural design is faultless; the ravages of time have treated it lightly, and the mimie thunder in the still air, ruthless and destructive hand of the ma-Hugo, startled with the idea that som rauder has been stayed; while the interior thing was wrong, looked around suddenly, and on his usually bright face there was such a terrified expression that he bore no resemblance to himself. bears testimony to the advance which modern civilization has produced in luxury and beauteous craft. "What is it? What is it, Colonel Clare-

and bloom that is the

Who is the proprietor of this grand old favored pile? Surely he must be a very king in the realms of happiness. Whistling lightly as he walks with a buoyant step along the terrace, from which he can survey the county for miles round, in truth he looks a very prince. For he, too, has been favored—favored with the beauty of the gods and fickle fortune's smile.

But six months has Weir Abbey been his, and he revels the more in its possession from the fact that it has come to him in the most



unexpected manner by the death of a disant cousin who had only bought the place -giving a very large sum of money for it-

some two years ago.

Hugo Burnet has been forced till now to count his coins, and has, moreover, had but few to count, and a position to keep up in a regiment where most of his brother officer were wealthy men.

But he was light-hearted then. Poverty scarcely sits heavily on cheery natures. Is he as light-hearted now—even though he

whistles the last comic opera refrain? Scarcely. With the responsibility of wealth he has already found his first gray A gray hair at 25, with Hugo Burnet's

fortune and Annie Clareford's love-at

surd! Aye; and she loved him, too, before he was rich; had vowed that no adverse fate should part them—"adverse fate" being a somewhat highly strung epithet used by a prudent, flery old Colonel who claimed to be her father, and, having suffered from a rash, impecualous marriage himself, was resolved that if he could help it Annie should not follow in her mother's footsteps. But now that Hugo Burnet had stepped into the roll of landed gentry, and was the owner of Weir Abbey and several thousands a year to boot, why, of course, there could be no further reason to oppose the marriage and the Colonel thought he would only show his sense by giving in. Annie naturally was himself to be most grateful for the gift him; yet, somehow, he did not appear to be nearly as keen to become Annie's husband as he had been when three hundred a year at the very outside would have been the

sum total of their income. When he was in Annie's society he smiled on her and kissed her, and was as affection ately devoted as ever, but when he left her a cloud would sweep across his usually frank, happy face, and a connoisseur in whistling would have decided that the merry tones did not always ring quite

Could it be that Hugo Burnet had found some other maiden whom he deemed more worthy to be the mistress of the timehonored abbey? Let such an imputation on his honor b forthwith crushed. He was too stanch, to nonest, too much of a typical high-minde Englishman to waver one moment from his

allegiance. And yet though weeks had passed in months; and to the outsiders there appeared to be no possible obstacle, he always avoided bringing matters to a climax, and had never yet asked Annie to name the

Poor child, the roses were beginning to

fade out of her cheeks, and though she never complained nor would have allowed hersel to doubt Hugo's love for an instant, yet it was obvious that she suffered not a little. The Colonel was becoming as fussily irate about the marriage being deferred as he had once been that it should be contemplated a all, and would probably have called the owner of Weir Abbey some hard names if he had not been kept in check by his patient

Still, even she was puzzled by the delay Every one was puzzled. The world in gen eral-meaning all the country for mile round - was puzzled, and match-making mothers were beginning to think that per haps, after all, one of their daughters might have a chance, for Annie Clareford did not seem to be by any means as much in the runing as they had believed her to be. Yet the couple were engaged, and the en

long-suffering wife.

gagement had been given out quite officially. It was one of those society mysteries that give everybody something to talk about, "A sort of thing that nobody can understand," as Ralph Egerton, a quondam brother officer of Hugo's was heard to say to that inquisitive little monkey, Susie Scrivener. She had been told that Captain Egerton was Hugo's great friend and confident, and was consequently trying to pick his brains. Unlucky Egerton! he had not got very many, and the lew he had were not sufficient to solve the riddle of why Hugo was so dilaory about his marriage.

And whatever Hugo had done in his marching days, he did not help Egerton by any confidences now, but shut up his lips in a resolute manner, which there was no controverting, whenever Annie Clareford or anything connected with his engagement to her was mentioned. During the first few weeks after his accession to wealth, before his manner grew enigmatical, he had sug-gested that Colonel Clareford and his family hould pass the summer in a charming co tage which, being on the estate within a uarter of a mile of the Abbey, was a sort of appendix to the great house. Colonel Clareford had accepted greedily; he was always most avariciously ready to save

Had it not been for this the county would not have known by any means as much of Hugo Burnet's love affairs as they did. But August was waning. In September the Colonel and his family must return to their own small dwelling in West Kensington, and the flery old gentleman's fatherly instincts being thoroughly awakened, he told his wife "that he did not care what she said, he would have it out with that fellow loved her natural feelings to have vent, and, love and faith seemed to cast a shield over

Could coldness and silence any longer hold a place between these two? "Do you love me so much, Annie, that to

part from me would grieve you desper-She raised her head and looked into his

She raised her head and looked into his eyes with a wondering sadness in her gaze that was most touching.

"To lose you, Hugo," she said in low tones, "would be for me to die."

"To die, my Annie? No, it is in order that you may live that I would leave you."

"I do not understand."

Well might she be astonished. His words

Well might she be astonished. His words were as the words of a madman.

"As my wife, Annie, you are fated. As sweet Annie Clareford you may live and be happy for years."

"Never!" she answered. "What you say is a riddle past my comprehension. All I know is that without you there is no happiness in life for me."

Alas, alas! What could he do or say? The terrible secret that was prematurely bringing him gray hairs and making the



fiery Colonel look sad and aged must be shared with the gentle, loving Annie. To the vicarage, then, she, too, in turn was conducted, and an old parehment which the too erudite vicar kept carefully locked away in a drawer was produced for her perusal, as it had previously been taken out when the Colonel had accompanied Hugo to



HO! HELLO THERE, BURNET.

"Would you mind coming with me to the vicarage?"
"What! The parson is mixed up with it, is he? I thought he had been getting out of my way lately. Well, go on to the vicar-age; let us see the end of it. The sooner the

"If only there were an end," murmured Hugo, but in so low a tone that the Colonel, who was slightly deaf, did not hear him. Ten minutes' walk through the woods brought them to the modern vicarage, which lay nestling amid the trees as though it were hiding away, half afraid of showing itself, lest the shades of any of the old

nonks should pass that way.

The vicar was at home. He was an unmarried priest. For love of solitude and asceticism he might have been a very monk himself, only his religious proclivitie taken a Protestant turn, a fact, however, which had by no means deprived him of a strongly developed tendency to superstition.



He Saw the Two Men Coming In.

He saw the two men coming in at the gate. and closing a large folio volume which he was perusing, pulled himself together as a man does who is preparing for a contest.

It did not occur to him to refuse them admittance or in any way to defer the interview. Sooner or later he felt it must take place; since it must come, best have it over. What was revealed at that meeting was as great a mystery as what had gone before the revelation. The fiery Colonel went home a subdued and saddened man, and although by nature one who talked loud and long on every subject, yet he never men-tioned the interview in the vicar's study

And everything went on much as it had done before the three men met in conclave, only Annie drooped daily more and more, and it seemed as if some blight had touched

her. When she was with Hugo Burnet she smiled and tried to look as if all were well. She would not have him pressed for all the world, feeling so sure of him that she knew there was some good reason for his conduct.
At last the time came for the return to West Kensington. The days so pregnant with pleasure, strongly intermingled with pain, were nearly over.

Annie's simple girl's wardrobe was packed. With tears in her eyes she was standing by the window of the pretty parlor

at the cottage, from which there was a splen did view of the abbey.

She was wondering whether she should

ever see the old pile again. Something at her heart almost bade her doubt it. Without her having heard his footfall Hugo had come into the room.

She turned suddenly when he was close to her. It was the first time Hugo had seen a look of misery on Annie's face, tears in her

erst bright eyes.
"My darling!" he cried, his recent cold-

Annie looked the parehment down. It had for heading in old English letters "The Curse on Weir Abbey." Beyond this, not being a scholar as wanthe vicar, she could decipher nothing. So

with a wondering look on her face, she turned to Hugo for information. He was no cleverer in the reading of old lore than was Annie; nevertheless, he knew full well what that strange writing meant. Had not the contents of that parchment been to him as a nightmare for several

months past? "The Curse on Weir Abbey," repeated Annie; "what does it mean? Why should so lovely a place have a curse, and what has it to do with me and Hugo?"

The vicar took upon himself the office of explainer, for Hugo seemed as one bereft of "The monks," he said, "when in the reign of Henry VIII, they were ejected from this pile, left a curse behind them. Through the centuries that have passed since then, the curse has never failed to work the threatened ill on the possessors of Weir Abbey and their families. Some of these folios you see ranged on that shelf give 'the history of the monks' unfailing vengeance descending on those who have usurped their rights. Hugo Burnet, as the present possessor of the Abbey, inherits the

his wife, will have to take your share of the awful retribution." Annie did not blench or faint as Hugo expected she would have done, but she said very simply, "Please read me the paper." The vicar was scarcely loth; his love of expounding overcame his fear lest the knowledge he was imparting should wound

curse with the property; you, if you become

to the quick her tender woman's heart. He began to read pompously, translating from the original Latin, used by the monks. "The vengeance of heaven cries aloud. Fire, pestilence and water shall be the implements of wrath used in punishment of those who, having turned a religious house into a secular abode of sin, shall be the possessors of the abbey by the Weir. To the owner himself shall death linger and halt, but his hearth shall be desolate, no children shall live to gladden his declining years, and the woman and wife who shall desecrate by her presence the abode of monks and holy men shall suffer a terrible retribution at the hand of a just and angered God. Fire, pesti-

lence or water." When the vicar had finished his translation there was silence for a second or two. A rare light, as if some angel had touched her, overspread Annie's sweet face. She laid her hand in Hugo's.

"And shall God forget to be merciful?" she said. "I have no fear. It there be danger I will share it with you, but to those who seek to walk aright the curses of men are mere empty words."

Hugo caught the inspiration of her trust and faith, and pressed the little hand she had given him. But the vicar was relentless, perhaps because he was annoyed by Annie's want of awe. "Presumptuous child," he said, in a stern

"shall a curse, think you, that has never failed for centuries, be set on one side for a mere child like you?" "My trust is in God," she answered. "What shall I tear if He be on my side?"

The vicar seemed rebuked, for he made no reply, only folded the parchment and locked it away, as though to insinuate that he had untered the warning, and if it had fallen on an unheeding ear no blame could rest with him.

But what the vicar thought or felt this young couple did not analyze. With Annie's stauchness, Hugo's flagging courage and belief in the future had re-