

IN THE CZAR'S LAND.

Carpenter Reaches St. Petersburg on His Way to the Famine Districts.

EASY TRAVELING SO FAR.

Passports Always Required, but That's the End of Trouble.

RUSSIAN CUSTOM HOUSE METHODS.

Magnificent Horses That Don't Know What It Is to Go in a Walk.

FIRST MEAL IN THE GREAT EMPIRE

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.)

St. Petersburg, July 3.

AM a prisoner in

in the land of the

Czar. Not in jail,

nor in a prison, nor

arrested, but I am

one-seventh of the

whole world as my

prison yard, and

one-tenth of its in-

habitants as my

companions. Every

man in Russia, whether

born there or a

stranger, must have

a passport, and if he

goes from one part of

Russia to the other he

cannot stay in a town

without his passport. He

cannot leave the

country without his

passport has been

visited by the authori-

ties, and their permis-

sion must be taken for

his departure.

All this looks very

hard. It is really

very easy, and I find

it so far but little

trouble. The hotel

authorities attend to

everything, and a few

cents of a fee is the

only charge. I entered

Russia from Ger-

many. The ride from

Berlin to St. Peter-

burg takes 36 hours

and the first-class

fare is \$53. I took

a sleeper and found

the roads good and

the accommodations

fair.

How the Trains Compare With Ours.

There was nothing

of the fine woods,

the silver-plated

vestibules and the

gorgeous fittings

of our limited

express trains, but

the cars were

box-like affairs

divided up into

pigeon-hole

compartments, entered

from a narrow

passageway that

ran along the

whole side of the

car. Each compart-

ment had two

upper and two

lower berths, and

the lower opposite

mine was occupied

by a German

colonel, who

spoke four

languages and

spoke English, French,

Russian and German

and he was

dressed in more

style than one

of our army

generals. Still, he

accepted the

quarter I gave

him with more

grace than I

have ever

gotten from a

negro on a

plantation, and

carried my

trunks to the

Russian Minister

at Berlin

my trunks were

not opened at

all, and my

passport was

taken, carried

away, registered

at the port and

my boots were

not blacked,

though the

man expects a

fee, as our

porters do.

The conductor

spoke English,

French, Russian

and German

and he was

dressed in

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