AN ASTUMN SONG. Ho! for the bending sneaves
Ho! for the crimson leaves
Fiaming in splendor.
Season of ripened gold,
Plenty in orib and fold,
Skies with a depth unfold.
Liquid and tender.

Far like the smile of God, See how the golden-rod Ripples and tosses! Yonder, a crimson vine Trails from a bearded pine. Thin as a thread of wine

Bright 'neath the morning blue Sparkles the frosted dew, Gem-like and starry. Gen-like and starry.

Hark! how the partridge cock
Pipes to his scattered flock,
Mindful how swift the bawk

Ho! for the keen, sweet air, Ho! now for rambles rare, Single and double! How like a millstream runs Like 'neath these frosts and suns, Crisp as the echoing guns Down in the stubble!

Autumn is here again— Banners on hill and plain Biazing and flying. Hail to the heaped-up corn, Hail to the hunter's horn. Swelling and dying!

—James Buckham, in Youth's Companion.

HUNKS.

N the grace 1 N the year of grace 1856 a baronet of mature years was matried with much pomp and ceremony at

and ceremony at St. George's, Hanover Square. The
arranged a few weeks before, and had
come with something of a surprise to the
bridegroom's large circle of acquaintances. 'Have you heard about Stanhope?"

red one. "No. What about him?" asked an-

her.
"He's going to be married."
"Married? Stanhope? Never."
"Fact, I assure you."
"But to whom?"

"Fact, I assure you."

"But to whom?"

"Oh! Some little parson's daughterout in the country, nobody ever heard of
before," was the reply. "She's not
twenty, I'm told."

"But Stanhope must be fifty."

"Eight-and-forty last month," said
the first man, casually. "I happen to
know, for his age came under my notice only yesterday."

"Blass my soul—it's incredible! Stanappe going to be marcied to a young
girl under tweaty that nobody ever
hear! of. Really, it's preposterous,"
and away he went to spread the news
he had received with suca consternation,
with an even more casual arr than his
informant had shown about the latest
bit of gossip. And the latest bit of gossip turned out

And the latest bit of gossip turned out to be perfectly true. Sir Henry Stanbope, grave and learned statesman that he was, rich, powerful and apparently a confirmed old backelor, who had been for years the hope and afterward despair of all the mothers in England who were of a class to expect to, secure Cabinet Ministers as their sons-in-law, had actually gone down in the country on a visit not unconnected with politics, and wisit not unconnected with politics, and had fallen a victim at eight-and-forty years old to the charms of a country parson's daughter, who had never been to London in her life, and who did not, moreover, care a button about him. But was very pretty, very graceful, and been what is called very well bought that is to say, with the strictest sible ideas of duty and obedience.

possible ideas of duty and obequence.

There had been in pretty Dorris Kevestan's young life a certain touch of romance; some tender and altogether idyllic love passages between her and one Norman Dare, a handsome and darticle little more than a year. one Norman Dare, a handsome and dar-ing lad of a little more than a year older than herself, who had come to read up for the army with her father's

wise touched by the tenderness of this idylic attachment when it came to his ears, as it very soon did, but promptly took vigorous means to put an end to it. Miss Kevestan was forbidden to leave her room while the dangerous young man remained in the neighborhood. To be sure, that was not very long, for the vicar took a hurried run up to the sure whort in the could be no Norman Dare, no fun, no life, no anything but a dreadful unknown and very tirasant store took a hurried run up to the sure whom and the door behind him, and Doris was left to face the awtiff facts of her future alone. Poor child, what a mockery his att words had been to her. "Pleasant and prosperous places"—places in which there could be no Norman Dare, no fun, no life, no anything but a dreadful unknown and very tirasant took a hurried run up to the door behind him, and Doris was left to face the awtiff facts of her future alone. Poor child, what a mockery his and to face the awtiff facts of her future alone. Poor child, what a mockery his and to face the awtiff facts of her future alone. Poor child, what a mockery his and to face the awtiff facts of her future alone. Poor child, what a mockery his and prosperous places"—places in which there could be no Norman Dare, no fun, and the door behind him, and Doris was left to face the awtiff facts of her future alone. Poor child, what a mockery his at words had been to her. "Pleasant and prosperous places"—places in which there could be no Norman Dare, no fun, and the door behind him, and Doris was left to face the awtiff facts of her future alone. Poor child, what a mockery his at words had been to her. "Pleasant and prosperous places"—places in which there could be no Norman Dare, no fun, and the door behind him, and Doris was left to face the awtiff facts of her future alone. Poor child, what a mockery his alone was left to face the awtiff facts of her future alone places in which the door behind him, and Doris was left to face the awtiff facts of her future alone places in which the door behind remained in the neighborhood. To be sure, that was not very long, for the vicar took a hurried run up to town and had a short interview with Norman Dare's father, the immediate result being that that young gentleman received instructions to leave his tutor at Wetheryl and take up his quarters quite a hundred take up his quarters quite a hundred

Thus the lovers were separated. Doris Thus the lovers were separated. Doris aever dreamed, well-brought-up little girl that she was, that in the matter of affection she was more vitally concerned than her father could possibly be. She received one last heart-token letter from Norman, berging, her to be fathful and true to him, and she seat him a reply by the same means as she had received his—areply which, unfortunately, her reverend parent happened to get hold of, and which naturally, never reached the destination for which it was intended. And so her girlish romance came to an end, so her girlish romance came to an end, and for years—two of them, as a matter of fact—she never heard word or sign to lead her to imagine that Norman Dare

lead her to imagine that Norman Dare had not utterly forgotten her.

So when she was nineteen, and the great Cabinet Minister, Sir Henry Stanhope, came down from London to stay a day or two at Wetheryl Court, and, to the delight of her reverend father and the utter astonishment of the whole neighborhood, was taken with a fancy that Miss Doris Kevestan's blue eyes were the prettiest of their kind, or for the matter of that, of any other kind the metter of that, of any other kind that he had ever seen in all his eight-and-forty years of life, no question was ever raised as to whether she would ac-

"I sent for you, Doris," said Mr. Kevestan, in quite a new tone, which Doris did not understand at all—a tone in which the usual severity of his paternal manner was distinctly tempered by respect for the future Lady Stanhope. "But you had better sit down, my dear; sit down."

Now all this was quite new to Doris; that she, the young person in whom the old Adam was so unfortunately strong, the special trial and anxiety of her father's closing years—she who at least once in each month of the year ran a mear chance of bringing his gray hairs in sorrow to the grave—that she should for no apparent reason be asked, as politely as he would ask the lady of the Court herself, to sit down in that sacred room, it was—well, it took her breath away.

away.

But she sat down on the least com-fortable canir she could find, and said:
"Yes, papa," in a weak voice of wonder.
Papa cleared his throat by a discreet

Papa cteared and little cough.

"The fact is, Doris, my dear," he said, ia a tone of much satisfaction, "the fact is I have a great piece of news for

you."

"Are they going to make you a bishop, papa?" cried Doris, responding to the kind tone as a rosebud responds to the warm sunshine.

"Not at the present that I know ot," returned the vicar, not displeased that his young daughter's first thought should be of advancement for him.

"No, the news entirely concerns your-self."

"Me!" cried Poris.

"Me!" cried Doris. "Sir Henry Stanhope"—the words came out each with their full value—thas been to see me this morning, and he does us both the honor to propose for

"For me-to marry me?" cried

"For me—to marry me?" cried Doris.

"To marry you," returned papa, in a tone so redolent of satisfaction and pride that the girl knew her fate was sealed. She sat for a moment staring blankly at her father, blankly and blindly, for she did not see him. Instead there floated before her eyes the vision of a young boyish face, the upper lip scarcely shaded as yet, the sunny hair all in confusion, the gray eyes dancing with light and love.

"Well?" said the vicar.

"He is very old," faltered Doris nervously.

rously.
"Not at all. He is just eight-andforty, in the very prime of his life." She wanted to marry Norman Dare, but she did not venture to say so.
"But he is a great deal older than I

im," she persisted.
"He will be all the better able to take

care of you," said the vicar.
"He's so stout," murmurred Doris,

"He so sous, Munimired Bors, after a pause.
"Sir Henry has a remarkably fine presence," said the vicar, relapsing lato his old manner of severity.
"But—but I don't even know him—

at least, scarcely at all," she burst out, with a last feeble effort to assert her-

self.

"That is a matter which. Sir Henry and time will soon remedy," replied the vicar, rising from his chair. "Pray, my dear, let us have no arguments about it. You have had a great honor conferred upon you, and you are about to make, a very brilliant marriage—'ar more brilliant than I ever hoped you would make, or than—I do not wish to pain you, Doris, but I am in justice compelled to say that your own deceitful past deserves. You have been greatly blessed, Doris, and I trust," he went on, lapsing from the severe and worldly parent to the more pious tyle, which he found most effective in the parish, "that you will be effective in the parish, 'that you will be grateful to the gool and all-wise Providence which has for given the past an least your lines into pleasant and prosperous places. Stay here a few moments, my dear."

drew her on to the sofa, where she sat, a poor, little, trembling, shivering slip of a girl, while he made lukewarm sort of love in a ponderous and unaccustomed way, such as brought back her brave young hot-headed sweetheart to her

love in a ponderous and unaccustomed way, such as brought back her brave young hot-headed sweetheart to her mind, and almost made her scream with a mingling, of real agony and genuine laughter as her thoughts contrasted the two. And by-and-by her father came back again, and blessing them both, and choked a little, and dashed away something from his eyes with his hand, very much to Doris's astonishment.

Thus the engagement became an accomplished fact. The news soon spread through the neighborhood, and the lady of the Court came down, as she tenderly put it, to offer her help and underlay not it, to offer her help and underly put it, to offer her help and underly put it, to offer her help and underlate those offices which Doris's dead and gone mother would have performed had she still been living—to take the child up to town at once to present her at the last drawing room of the season—so that the following year Lady Stanhope might be presented "on her marriage" to superintend the choice of a proper and suitable trousseau for the girl bride of a Cabinet Minister, and, in short, to get as much "kudos" out of Doris as if Sir Henry had been marriving her daughter instead of Doris Kevestan.

And when once matters were fairly set in train.

And when once matters were fairly set in train, there was but little delay.

Doris had her choice of everything—
except her husband. The great Stan-

cept the brilliant marriage that was offered to her or not.

Everything was managed in quite the orthodox, old fashioned way. Bir Henry conveyed his wishes to the reverend papa, and papa sent for Doris into his study, where she went in fear and trembling, expecting to get a wigging for some mistemeanor she had unthinkingly committed.

"I sent for you, Doris," said Mr. Kevestan, in quite a new tone, which Doris did not understand at all—a tone in which the usual severity of his paternal manner was distinctly tempered by respect for the future Lady Stanhope. "But you had better sit down, my dear; sit down."

Stanhops's wife.

I do not know that after the first shock of being suddenly thrown into an entirely new life was over that she was actually unhappy, not actively so, at

least.

In those days people had long honeymoons, and although Sir Henry was, owing to pressure of work, unable to remain very long in seclusion, he was yet free to take a honoymoon holiday such as now-a-days would be considered prepayerous.

as now a cusys posterous.

They had a castle in bounie Scotland lent to them by a noble duke, and there they spent three weeks by themselves, and as a true and fathrul chronicler.

They seeward times Sir Henry and as a true and fattural chromoter I must admit that several times Sir Henry yawned wearly during the last week, and finally with an excuse about important papers, shut himself up in the library, leaving poor little Lady Stanbope staining out of the window, saying in her heart, "If life is going to be all like this, I hope and pray it wont be long."

Well, at the end of three weeks they went a round of country visits, and then went to Sir Henry's own place in Devonshire, where they entertained a select party, and afterward Lady Stanhope went to town, while Sir Henry d'd his turn of attendance upon his sovereign—and from that day they neverspent three weeks—aye, and hardly three days—alone together again.

They got on very well—very well, indeed. Sir Henry was very much engrossed by his duties as a Cabinet Mininster—Doris by hers as a woman of fashion, which, like most woman who have the chance of becoming such, she very quickly became: and if ever a thought of Norman Dare came to disturb her, Sir Henry was never any the wiser for it.

wiser for it.

And in due time there came a babe to

the house—a son and heir.

"I should like him to be called Norman," said Lady Stanhope, the first time Sir Henry was allowed to enter her room.

Sir Henry was allowed to enter her room. Sir Henry looked more than doubtful, "My dear," he said, kindly, "I am sorry to seem so against you, but I must remind you that I am the fourteenth Henry Ughtred Stanbope in the direct line, and that it will be doing the calld positive injury if we do not make him the fifteenth."

But I should like to call Norman

"But I should like to call Norman after the other two names," persisted Doris, who had become very fond of her own way since leaving the rather stiff and rigid nest at Wetheryl.

"We have always called all the children by their mother's surname, immediately before the family name," said Sir Henry. "For instance, I am Sir Henry Ughtred Power Stanhope." "Then we will call him Henry Ughtred Norman Keyestan Stanhope," said his mother, smoothing the babe's fluffy head with her weak flagers.

So the heir of the Stanhopes was duly registered and christened "Henry Ugh-

registered and christened "Henry Ugh-tred Norman Keyestan Stanhope," and the initials thereof spelled "Hunks." Mr. Kevestan was a little curious adout the matter. "My dear," he said blandly, "the child's first and last names are intelligible enough—but why Norman?"

"I had a fancy for it," said my lady, colding.

coldly. "Ah, I thought perhaps it was one of Sir Henry's family names," he said care-lessly. "What made me ask was that the initials made such a dreadful com-

notice the initials," said Lady Stanhope rather crossly.

But they did! When young Norman was seven years old, Sir Heary died and was laid to his fathers with much pomp and ceremony. His widow was very sorry; she cried very effectively at the funeral, and wore the very deepest of crepe for twelve months. After that she began to wear rich silks and a few jet ornaments, to put an edge of white in collars and cuffs of her gowns, and to go to dinner parties and such-like quiet entertainments. Then when that period came to an end, and Sir Henry had been dead two years, she blossomed out into delicate silver grays and soft mauves, in which she positively looked younger and much prettier than she had done as a bride ten years before; and while she was in the silver gray and mauve period her boy showed some slight symptoms of chest delicacy, and she promptly took him off to Italy for the winter.

At Genca they stopped and made a long stay, partly because the climate seemed to suit young Norman, partly because two young English families of title, each with a goodly allowance of boys of Norman's age, were there also. Fine fun these youngsters had together, and unending was the mischief into which they managed to get. They ran fairly wild about the old streets, and up and down the terraces and steps with which La Superba abounds. Finally, however, their pranks came to an abrupt termination, for one day young Hunks, as the boys one and alt called him, either slipped or was tripped, and fell from top to bottom of a long flight of marble, steps, where he lay like a log, senseless and still.

Down the steps, in an agony of fright, came the half dozen youngsters, to find rather crossly.

But they did! When young Norman

Down the steps, in an agony of fright, came the half dozen youngsters, to had Hunks already litted from the ground by a stranger, who had been lounging near at the time.

"He's not dead, sir, is he?" gasped the eldest of the half dozen.
"Oh, no; a bit stunned, that's all," was the answer. "Get some water, or a

emon, anything to bring him around

again."

By the help of a few drops of water the boy opened his eyes.

"Hunks, old man," said the boy who had first spoken to the stranger, "fare you much hurt?"

"Not much. I've cracked my head a bit. It's not bleeding, is it, sit?" to the stranger.

bit. It's not obscuring, is it, sirrough stranger.

"A little," the stranger answered.

"The best thing you can do my friend, is to go home and lie down quietly for an hour or two. Where do you live?"

"Just up there," said one of the boys, pointing up the steps.

"Ah. Well, I'll go up with you," he

"And I'll go on and tell your mother Hunks," said the eldest lad.
"All right. Don't frighten her," Hunks replied.
"Hunks! Is that your name?" askel the stranger as they went up the steps.
"My nickaame, sir" said the boy, who as yet was young enough to be proud of anything so manly as a nickname, "My own name is Stanhope—my mother is Lady Stanhope."
"You are Lady Stanhope's son!" the stranger cried,
"Yes. I am Sir Norman Stanhope."
"Norman—you are called Norman—

"Yes. I am Sir Norman Stanhope."
"Norman—you are called Norman—
why—" but just then Lady Stanhope
herself came running along the terrace,
frightneed by the report of her boy's
play-fellows, and expecting to see a
battered corpse, or next door to it.
"Oh! you are all right," she cried
joyously; then looked up at the stranger.
"Why, Norman," she cried out. "Norman—Oh!"

"It's all right, mother," said Hunks, thinking she was-speaking to him.
"Yee," said Lady Stanbope softly, as
Norman Dare caught her hands. "Yes;
it is all right—now."—John Strange
Winter.

The Orange Free State.

The Orange Free State.

The African Republic known as the Orange Free State was originally occupied by the Huguenot exiles from Holland, Flanders and France, and. like many other lands, owes its first settlement to the spirit of religious intolerance which drove dissenters out of Europe. Following are a few leading facts concentration.

Following are a few leading facts concerning it:

The Orange Free Stale, the smaller of the republics of Boers or Dutch peasant settlers of South Africa, touches Grinqualand on the northwest, Natal and Basutoland on the southeast, the Transvaal on the north and Cape Golony on the south. Its independence was declared February 23, 1854, and a constitution adopted soon after. It is governed by a President, chosen for five years, and a Popular Assembly of fifty-seven.

seven.

-The State contains an estimated area of 41,500 square miles and a total population of 207,503, 77.716 being white and the remainder, 129,767, natives. It and the remainder, 129, 767, natives. It has about eighty churches, the Dutch Reformed sect chiefly prevailing. There are seventy-one government schools. The capital is Bloemfontein. Justice is administered according to the Roman Dutch law. There are no frontier defenses or fortifications, and only a small battery at the capital, but 17,381 burghers are quickly available for bearing arms at need. The country consists of undulating plains affording good grazing, so that besides the growing of wheat the inhabitants largely engage in the raising of horses, cattle, sheep, goats and ostriches. Diamonds, garnets and other precious stones are found, as well as gold. There are also very valuable coal mines. The exports and imports, which all have to pass through the Cape and Natal ports, are estimated respectively at \$5,000,000 and \$10,000,000. The principal exports are wool, hides, decreaded and extended the coal mines. The principal exports are wool, hides, diamonds and ostrich feathers. The telegraph connects Bloemfonten with Natal and Cape Colony, and there are extensive railways and good government

roads.

Many of the rich resources of the Free State still remain to be cultivated, and emigration thither is now steadily on the increase, mainly from Germany and England,—New York Mail and Express.

A Queer Wedding.

A queer wedding was solemnized in the month of October, 1784, in Alsatia. The Prince of Nassau-Saarbucken gave his twelve-year-old son in marriage with his twelve-year-old son in marriage with a lady of high nobility, a Countess von Montbarry, eighteen years old. It was stipulated that the young lady should return to her parents until the prince became tull-grown. Splendid festivities were carried on at the wedding. The whole neighborhood and especially all the princely courts were invited. The chases, excursions and banquet lasted three days. The twelve-year-old boy shed tears from morning till evening, and was furious to be the object of general attention and curiosity. He avoided his bride and pushed her away when she came near him. At the ball he refused to dance with his spouse. They had to threaten to beat him if he continued to cry and promise him candy if had to threaten to beat him if he con-tunued to cry and promise him candy if he took his spouse to the minuet dance. His father undertook to console him by showing him a large picture book, in which was illustrated a wedding pro-cession. As soon as he saw it he closed the book and exclaimed angrily;

"I don't want to know anything about weddings. They are too tiresome; and here in the picture the bride with the long nose looks just like minq."—Detroit Free Press.

Bird With a Human Voice.

Bird With a Humau Voice.

The mina, one of the grackle species of birds found in tropical and subtrepical countries domesticated, far excel the parrots both in picking up the the words and speech of those by whom they are surrounded and in the distinctness with which they speak the words and sentences learned. The hill mina is a small bird, shining black in color, with a bright orange stripe about its head, orange legs and a sharp, salmon colored bill, and can speak and laugh in perfect imitation of man, joining most intelligently in conversation.—Tid Bits.

A SLANDERED LAND.

TALMAGE PRAISES THE CZAR

Russia Not the Place of Darkness at Brutality That It's Painted.

Rev. Dr. Talmage on Sunday fulfilled his promise that he would again speak of his visit to Russia and correct many wrong impressions concerning that empire and its ruier. He took for his text II. Peter, is-10: "Presumptuous are they, self-willed, they are not afraid to speak evil of dignities."

Amid a most reprehensible crew, Peter here paints by one stroke the portrait of those who delight to slash at people in authority. Now, we all have a right to criticise evil behavior, whelher in high places or low, but the fact that one is high up is no proof that ne ought to be brought down. It is a bad streak of human nature now, as it was in the time of the text a bad streak of human nature enow, as it was in the time of the text a bad streak of human anture, that success of any kind extites the jealous antipathy of those who sannot climb the same step.

Out of this evil spirit grows not only individual but national and international defamation. To no country has more injustice been done than to our own in days that are past. Long before "Martin Chuzzlewit" was p inted, the literature of the world scoffed at everything American.

There is a sister nation on the other side of the sea now going through the process of international defamation. There is no country on earth so misunderstood as Russia, and no monarch more misrepresented than its En peror. If the slander of 12,000,000 people is 120,000,000 times more wicked.

You ask how it is possible that such ap-

wicked.

You ask how it is possible that such appalling misrepresentations of Russia could stand? I account for it by the fact that the Russian language is to most an immastila was I. Mailin the United States or mailing direct British and or Germany or France and by the next cablegram the diabehood is exposed for we all understand English, and many of our popele are familiar with German and French. But the Russian language, beautiful and easy to those born to speak it, is to most vocal organs an unpronounceable longue, and if at St. Petersburg or Moscow any anti Russian calumny were denied, the most of the world outside of Russia would never see or hear the using!

What are it-motives for misrepresentation? Commercial interests and international jealously. Russais as large as, all the rest of Europe put to-gether. Remember that a nat on is only a man or a woman on a big scale.

I bethought myself: Do the people in America h-id the Government at Washin-ion responsible for the Homestead riots at Pittsburg, or for railroad insurrections, or for the torth of the villiant that consumes a block of houses, or for the ruffians who arrest a real train, making the passengers hold up the arms until the pockets are picked? Why, then, hold the Emperor of Russia, who is as impressive and genial a man as thave ver looke 1 at ortaked with, responsible for the wrongs enacted in a nation with a population twice as large in numbers ashe millions of America? Would your faulds or yourselved. After awhile America would not have calledforth for all the desired would not have calledforth for all the desired with a population twice as large in numbers ashe millions of America? Would your faulds or your faulds or your faulds. There has not been an hour in the last 35 years that the shipwreck of free institutions in America would not have calledforth for all the desired with a subset of called us. Russia is America's best friend. There has not been an hour in the last 35 years that the shipwreck of free institutions in America would not

Are you an autocratin your factory, or an autocrat in your store, or an autocrat in your store, or an autocrat in your style of business?

Calumny the Second If you go to Russia you are under the severest espionage, stopped here and questioned there, and in danger of arrest. But my opinion is that if a man is disturbed in Russia if is because he ought to be disturbed. Russia is the only country in Europe in which my baggase was not examined. I carried in my hand, tied together with a cord so that their titles could be seen, eight or ten books. All of them cursing Russia, but I had no trouble in taking with me the books. There is ten times more difficulty in getting your baggage through the American Custom House than through the Russian.

Calumny the Third: Russia and its ruler are so opposed to any other religion, except the Greek religion, that they will not allow

the Russian. Catsom House than through the Russian of the Russian and its rules are so opposed to any other religion, except the Greek religion, that they will not allow any other religion, that nothing but persecution and imprisonment and outrage intolerable await the disciples of any other religion. But what are the facts? I had a long ride in St. Petersburg and its subtribe with the Prefect, a brilliant, efficient and lovely man, who is the highest official in the city of St. Petersburg, and whose cheft business is to attend the Emreore. I said to him. "I suppose your religion is that of the Greek church." "No," said he. "I am a Lutheran." "What is your religion? I said to one of the highest and most influential officials at St. Petersburg. He said: "I am of the Church of England." Myself, an American, of still another denomination of Christians, and never having been inside a Greek church in my life until I went to Russia, could not have received more consideration had I been bapt zed in the Greek Church. Thad it demonstrated to me very plainly that a man's religion in Russia has nothing to foo with his preferment for either office or social position.

Calumny the Fourth: Russia is so very grasping of territory and she seems to want the world. But what are the facts? During the last century and a quarter the United States have taken possession of everything between the Thirteen Colonies and the Padine Ocean, and England, during the same length of time, has taken possession of nearly 300,000,000 square miles, and by the

square miles and about 18,00,000 of population, against England's advance of domain by 250,000.000.

Calumny the Fifth: Siberia is a den of horrors, and to-day people are driven like dumb cattle, no trial is afforied the suspected ones; they are put in quick-eilver mines where they are whipped and starved and some day find themselves going around without any head. But what are the facts? There are no kinder people on earth than the Russans, and to most of them, cruelty is an impossibility. Siberia is the prison of Russia, a prison more than twice the size of the United States. John Howard, who did more for the improvement of prisoners and the reformation of crimina's than any man that ever lived, his name a synonym for nercy throughout Christendom, declared by voice and pen that the system of transportation of criminais from Russia to Siberia was an admirable plan, advocating open air punishment rather than endangeonment, and also because it was taking all offenders hundreds of miles away from their evil companions.

Russia is the only country on earth from

hundreds of miles away from their evil companions.

Russia is the only country on earth from which the death renalty has been driven, except in case of high treason. Murderers and desperate villans are sent to the hardest parts of Siberia, but no man is sent to Siberia or doomed to any kind of pinishment until he has a fair trial. After being in Siberia awhile, the condemed go to earning a livelihood, and they come to own their own farms, and orchards and vineyards, many of the people coming to wealth, and thousands of them under no Inducement would leave those parts of Siberia which are paradises for saiubrity and luxuriance.

which are paradises for salubrity and luxuriance.

But how about the knout, the cruel Russian knout that comes down on the bare back of agonized criminals? Why, Russia abotished the knout before if was abolished from the American navy. But how about the political prisoners hustled off to Siberia? According to the testimony of the most celebrated literary enemy of Russia on ly 443. political prisoners were sent to Siberia in 20 years. How many political prisoners did we put in prison pens during our four years of Civil War? Well I guess at least 100,000.

An Experience in the Charleston Earth-

After a few hours of pleasant conversation, one of my friends said it was time to leave. Taking out his watch, he continued, "six minutes of ten, and—what is that?" A low, deep, rumbling noise as of thunder, only beneath instead of above us, coming from afar and approaching us nearer and nearer, muttering and groaning, and ever increasing in volume—it was upon us in an instant. The massive brick house we were in began to sway from side to side—gently at first with a rhythmical motion, then gradually increasing in force, until, springing to our feet, we seized one another by the hand and gazed with blanched and awe-struck faces at the tottering walls around us. We felt the floor beneath our feet heaving like the deck of a stormtossed vessel, and heard the crash of the falling masonry and ruins on every side. With almost stilled hearts we realized that we were within the power of an earthquake. The motion of the house, never ceasing, became now vertical. Up and down it went as though some monstrous giant had taken it in his hands as a plaything, and were tyssing it like a ball for his amusement. Recalling our dazed senses, and staggering to our feet as best we could, with one accord we rushed down the steps leading to the front door, and, grasping the handle, turned it. In vain—the door was jammed, and we were compelled to wait like rats in a trap until the shock passed!

Concentrating its evergies into one final, convulsive effort, the huge earth-wave passed, and left the earth palpitating and heaving like a tired animal. There came crashing down into our garden-plot the chimneys from the house in front of ours. Fortunately the falling bricks injured none of us. Making another trial, we succeeded in opening the door and rushed into the street.

Now there came upon us an overpowering, suffocating odor of sulphur and brimstone, which filled the whole atmosphere. We were surrounded by a crowd of neighbors—men, women, and children—who rushed out of their houses as we had done, and wo all prepared ourselves for the w

not nearly so severe as the first. The earth became still once more, and the roaring died away in the distance How the people shunned in

earth became still ouce more, and the roaring died away in the distance.

How the people shunned their bouses, and spent that and succeeding nights in the streets, private gardens, and on public squares, is well known from the many accounts given in the daily and illustrated papers at the time.

So perfectly still and calm was the air during the night, that a lamp which was taken out in the open air burnt as steadily as though protected in a room, and no flickering revealed the presence of a breath of air.

Again, some strong and powerful buildings, in certain portions of the city, were wrecked completely, while others older and undoubtedly weaker passed through the shock unharmed. A house on one corner was perfectly shattered, while, just a few hundred feet away, the house on the opposite corner was not damaged in the slightest except that a little plastering was shaken down.—St. Nicholas.

Loss His Idea.

Raiph Waldo Emerson, having risen one night, unintentionally aroused his wife, who inquired:
"Are you sick, Waldo?"
"Oh, no, my dear," was his reply, "but I've got an idea. What's the matter with these matches? I can't make them ignite Let it go, now," sighed the philosopher, "my idea is gone."

gone."
The next morning, upon arising, Mrs. Emerson found all the teeth in her comb broken out. This is supposed to have happened in the days (or nights) when matches came in cards.

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