

AN AUTUMN SONG.

Ho! for the bending sheaves, Ho! for the crimson leaves...

For like the smile of God, See how the golden-rod Ripples and tosses!

HUNKS.



IN the year of grace 1856 a baronet of mature years was married with much pomp and ceremony at St. George's, Hanover Square...

"Have you heard about Stanhope?" asked one.

"No. What about him?" asked another.

"He's going to be married."

"Married! Stanhope? Never."

"But to whom?"

"Oh! Some little parson's daughter out in the country, nobody ever heard of before."

"But Stanhope must be fifty."

"Eight-and-fifty last month," said the first man, casually.

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

Everything was managed in quite the orthodox, old-fashioned way.

"I sent for you, Doris," said Mr. Kevestan, in quite a new tone.

"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?" asked the stranger as they went up the steps.

"My nickname, sir," said the boy, who as yet was young enough to be proud of anything so manly as a nickname.

"You are Lady Stanhope's son?" the stranger cried.

"Yes, I am Sir Norman Stanhope," he said.

"Norman—just then called Norman—why—by then just Lady Stanhope herself came running along the terrace,

"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.

hoped diamonds were all reset, the little slender hands, that Norman Dare had loved and kissed two years before.

The boy opened his eyes.

"Hunks, old man," said the boy who had first spoken to the stranger.

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

"And I'll go on and tell your mother Hunks," said the eldest lad.

"All right. Don't frighten her," Hunks replied.

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lemon, anything to bring him around again."

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

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A SLANDERED LAND.

TALMAGE PRAISES THE CZAR.

Russia Not the Place of Darkness and Brutality That It is 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 ruler.

"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.

There is a sister nation on the other side of the sea now going through the process of international defamation.

"On 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 impassable wall.

"What are the motives for misrepresentation? Commercial interests and international jealousy. Russia is as large as all the rest of Europe put together.

I thought myself: Do the people in America hold the Government at Washington responsible for the Homestead riots at Chicago, or for railroad insurrections, or for the torch of the villain that consumes a block of houses, or for the ruffians who arrest a real train, making the passengers trip up and down until the pockets are picked?

It is most important that this country have right ideas concerning Russia, for among our neighbors on this side of heaven, Russia is America's best friend.

There was a vast relief of Russia as yet unoccupied. If the population of the rest of the world were poured into Russia, it would not be partially occupied.

And now I proceed to what I told the Emperor and the Empress and all the imperial family at the Palace of Peterhof, what I would do if I ever got back to America, and that is to answer some of the calumnies which have been announced and reiterated and stereotyped against Russia.

Calumny the First: The Emperor and all the imperial family are in perpetual dread of assassination.

Calumny the Third: Russia and its ruler are so opposed to any other religion, except of Christians, and never having been inside any other 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.

Calumny the Fourth: Russia is so very grasping of territory and she seems to want the world.

Calumny the Fifth: Siberia is a den of horrors, and to-day people are driven like dumb cattle on trial in a far-off corner, under a no kinder people on earth, cruelty is an impossibility.

extent of her domain has added 250,000,000 population, while Russia has added during that time only one-half of the number of square miles and about 18,000,000 of population, against England's advance of domain by 250,000,000.

Siberia is the prison of Russia, a prison more than twice the size of the United States.

Russia is the only country on earth from which a man is ever taken away, driven, except in case of high treason.

But how about the knout, the cruel Russian knout that comes down on the bare back of agonized criminals?

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