

RURAL RUSSIA.

VILLAGE LIFE IN THE CZAR'S DOMINIONS.

Russia is a Nation of Peasants—Peculiar Institutions of the Russian Villages—Improvident and Unambitious People.

RUSSIA, writes Frank G. Carpenter, in the Chicago Herald, is a Nation of peasants. We hear of this country only as the land of the Czar, or as the possessions of the autocrat of the Russias, and until this year few people have looked upon it as much else than an ordinary European country filled with an oppressed and rather turbulent people.

It was supposed and largely is supposed to-day to be filled with peasants who are plotting against their Government and who are dissatisfied with their condition. It is known as the land of nihilism, and it is thought by many that the peasants are among the nihilists. This is a mistake. Such nihilistic elements as exist do not belong to the peasantry at all, and the nihilists, the officials and the nobility form but a drop in the bucket of this great Russian population.

The town and the city people number but a few millions, and the great bulk of the people live in little villages. These villages constitute the real Russia and the Russia out of which is to come the Russia of the future. Of the 129,000,000 subjects of the Czar, less than 20,000,000 live in towns, and the towns of Russia are numbered by hundreds. There are comparatively only a few large cities. St. Petersburg is as big as Philadelphia, Moscow is about the size of Boston, Warsaw is as big as St. Louis and Odessa is a little bigger than Cleveland. In addition to these there are a few cities of 100,000 each, and then about 300 cities ranging from 10,000 up to 52,000, and about fifteen cities of from 50,000 to 100,000 in size. There are, however, more than half a million peasant villages, and these villages contain the vast population of Russia, which forms nearly one-tenth of the population of the globe. Only a small proportion of these many millions live outside of Russia, and the village system and customs are very much the same the whole empire over. Every Russian village is a little Russia in itself, and by the study of these people and by a look at one of their villages you get a fair idea of the whole empire and of this great Russian people. Of course there are Asiatic tribes, and some of the new territories, as Finland and Poland, are to a certain extent different from the pure Russian, but the great Russia is a village; Russia and the Russians as a Nation are the peasants.



RUSSIAN VILLAGERS.

Each of the 500,000 villages is a little republic. Its inhabitants elect their own officers by vote and its courts, for all ordinary offences, are managed by judges elected by it. Every village has a little assembly of its own made up of one member to every five houses, and these men manage the affairs of the village. The village, you know, owns the land and this assembly divides this from time to time among the people, giving each family a certain number of acres according to the number in it and according to



THE BRIBE OF THE COMMUNITY.

the working power. After such a division the lands are left with the families to which they are allotted until the next division, when they revert to the village to be given out to the same persons or to others as the assembly may see fit. This assembly fixes the dates of harvesting, the time of sowing seeds and it is the duty of the Government to collect

Czar taxes the village a lump sum, and this assembly apportions this tax among those who should pay it. No one can leave the village without leaving behind him a guarantee in some shape or other that his share of the imperial taxes will be paid, and a drunken, good-for-nothing is often voted out of the village entirely and his share of the village lands goes back to the village. Each village elects two petty judges, who settle all small suits relating to sums of less than three dollars and petty quarrels, and larger suits are settled up to a certain amount by a higher court elected by a fixed number of villages and formed into an assembly called "the volost." Every thousand people among the peasants have one of these assemblies and the different villages making up the thousand elect delegates to them, and all disputes among the people of these villages are brought before this assembly and tried.



FARMING IN COMMON.

The power of the volost, however, is limited. It cannot try cases of more than \$50, nor can it imprison for more than seven days. In addition to these two petty courts there are trials by jury, and these are courts made up partly by judges appointed by the Czar and partly by those elected by the people, and an appeal can be taken from them to the higher courts at St. Petersburg and Moscow. The village assembly is called the Mir, the assembly made up of enough villages to comprise 1000 population is the Volost, and above this there is in each district a third assembly of delegates elected by the nobility, the towns and the villages of the district, and this assembly is called the Zemstvo, and its business is to take care of the roads of the district, to see that proper provisions are made against famine, to attend to educational matters and to look after matters in which all the people of the district are interested. The Russian districts are a good deal like our counties, and there are a number of them in each province, which last is presided over by a governor and his council, appointed by the Czar. It will be thus seen that the people of Russia have a home rule system of their own like ours, only more so, in that the most minor matters are managed by it. A Russian peasant can buy land if he has the money, but the most of them

have bought land and hold it in addition to the village land. Such cases are, however, comparatively very few.

The Russian peasant is naturally improvident and unambitious. He has but few wants, and he lives as far as he can from hand to mouth. Naturally, however, he is physically and intellectually the equal of any man on the face of the earth, and when he is once roused up to his possibilities and shown how he can realize them he will develop into one of the strongest men of the future. No one can go among the Russian peasants without being struck by the wonderful strength of features of both men and women. I see every day scores of peasants whose faces would attract attention in any American crowd, and the women I meet are motherly, womanly looking women. There are very few villainous faces, and patriarchal men, who look as though they were men of authority and force, are to be seen on every side. I



RUSSIAN POLICEMAN.

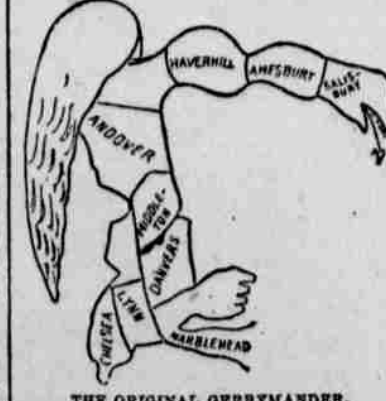
visited a Russian bath in Moscow, where I saw a hundred odd men, steaming, soaping and scrubbing their milk white skins, and I



RUSSIAN POLICEMAN.

was struck by the splendid physique which every one of them possessed. There was of the whole hundred not one who had not broad shoulders and big bones. All were tall and stout, and when I thought that these men were not picked athletes, but merely an average crowd at a public bath house, I felt the staying power of these hundred odd millions as I never had before. During the past few days I have been visiting these peasants in their fields and in their villages. I have gone into their houses and have talked with all classes of them. They seem to me like a vast Nation of grown up men who, with the strength of a giant, have all the simplicity and ignorance of a semi-savage child.

The First Gerrymander.
Elbridge Gerry was a signer of the Declaration and sponsor of the "gerrymander." He was Governor of Massachusetts in 1812, and his party majority was dangerously small in the Legislature, so he cut Essex County into two districts in a way the Federalists de-



THE ORIGINAL GERRYMANDER.

spised. A wit said it looked like a salamander. "Say rather a Gerrymander," said another, and the word was born. Governor Gerry that same year of 1813 was elected to the Vice-Presidency of the ticket with James Madison, and in 1814 died suddenly in his carriage in Washington City. But the gerrymander still lives.

Dates in the United States.
Some six miles from Yuma, Arizona, Hall Hanlon has a garden which contains twenty date palms, one of which is fifteen years old. It is thirty feet in height. The six oldest trees are bearing. By actual count one bunch contains 2500 dates. It weighs forty pounds. There are several much larger bunches, so thick that the fruit on them cannot be counted correctly, but it is estimated that there are 8000 dates in each bunch, and that they will weigh at least fifty pounds.

"HEADQUARTERS."

WHERE TWO PARTIES CARRY ON THE CAMPAIGN.

The Buildings Occupied by the Democratic and Republican National Committees in New York—How They Are Furnished.

FROM two unpretentious brown stone houses on Fifth avenue, the leaders of the two great political parties will conduct the Presidential campaign. Within the walls of these two houses there gather daily the most able campaigners, the greatest statesmen, the most brilliant orators and the trained leaders of each party, for the purpose of laying down plans for carrying on the battle.

From New York City and the respective headquarters the wires are laid which will traverse the entire country and which will daily convey to the managers of the campaign accurate reports of the situation in every nook and corner. The building from which Chairman W. F. Harrity and his staff of lieutenants carries on the battle for Democratic principles is situated at No. 130 Fifth avenue, between Twentieth and Twenty-first streets, on the east side of the avenue, and is readily distinguished by reason of the display of American banners with which Superintendent W. Duff Haynie has adorned the outer walls. It is a broad-fronted, high-stopped building of brown stone, with a wide balcony on the parlor floor.

The house is four stories high, with an English basement, and is a good type of the old-time fashionable residence on the lower section of the avenue. Of the interior, much has been said of the "\$3000 bronzes" and the "\$1000 mirrors." While these fixtures are undoubtedly exceedingly handsome and lend an air of general beauty to what would otherwise be prosaic business quarters, there is nothing really remarkable about them.

Ascending the stoop, entrance is gained to a wide hall paved with black and white marble. To the right are the reception rooms, consisting of three big parlors with a combined depth of seventy-five feet, and containing the much-talked-of mirrors. In the first of these rooms Superintendent Haynie has his desk and cordially welcomes the many Democrats who drop in daily to discuss the political situation. Mr. Haynie is a Dakota man and was Adlai E. Stevenson's right hand man in the Postoffice Department during the Cleveland Administration.

One of the parlors is set apart for the members of the press and is in charge of Colonel Tracey, a well-known New York newspaper writer. Returning to the hall the stranger would be instantly pointed out two of the conspicuous Democrats of New York in the persons of the Hon. "Jimmy" Oliver, the idol of Paradise Park, who fills the office of Sergeant-at-Arms, and the other the Hon. Frank Duffy, of Fort Hamilton, who revels in the distinction of being official messenger to Chairman Harrity.

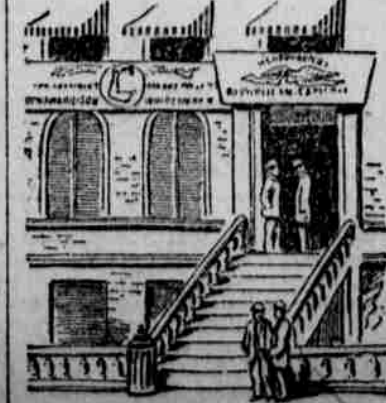


THE DEMOCRATIC HEADQUARTERS.

The approach to the stairway is guarded by a big railing of brass, with spikes along the top and little gates that shut with a click and a snapp. Just the same sort of an arrangement can be found at Republican National Headquarters, and the explanation given is that the wire partitions are to protect the leaders from the army of clam chowder and summer picnic politicians.

A broad, winding staircase leads up to Chairman Harrity's apartments. Chairman Harrity has a nice breezy room in the front of the house, where he sits at a desk in the southwest corner of the room. In a smaller room to the right have been placed a couple of dozen chairs and a table. This is Chairman Harrity's council chamber.

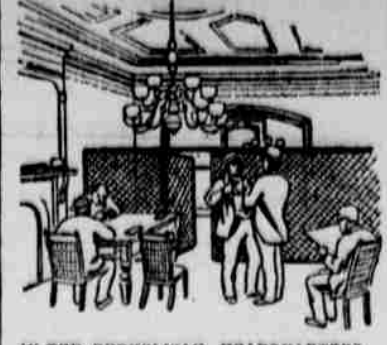
A large room in the rear is reserved for the use of Secretary Sherwin, and alongside of this is the headquarters of the Committee on Campaign Speakers.



THE REPUBLICAN HEADQUARTERS.

with Bradley B. Smalley, of Vermont, in charge. The two upper stories of the building

are devoted to the literary bureau, over which and a large force of clerks Congressman Josiah Quincy, of Massachusetts,



IN THE REPUBLICAN HEADQUARTERS.

sets, presides. The basement is devoted to the mailing department. The Republican leader, Mr. Thomas H. Carter, of Montana, has pitched his political camp at No. 518 Fifth avenue, just above Forty-third street, and on the west side of the avenue. This is more than a mile from the Fifth Avenue Hotel and the general haunts of New York and visiting politicians. It is near the Union League and Republican Clubs, and also near the Grand Central Station.

From the top story window floats an enormous flag, and all over the front of the building are big campaign placards and signs representing a sheaf of wheat and a sickle, a strong arm holding a blacksmith's hammer and a spread eagle clutching in its talons a scroll with the legend, "Protection and Reciprocity."

The reception rooms on the first floor are fitted up in similar style to those at Democratic headquarters, with the exception that there is a considerably larger proportion of wire fencing and spring lock gates. Colonel Swords, a veteran campaigner, is in charge, and carries around a big bunch of keys with which to let himself in and out of the myriads of iron gates.

Proceeding up one flight of stairs the visitor will find Chairman Carter's room in the front of the house, with a smaller room adjoining, for the purpose of holding conferences.

There is a desk, a table, sofa and chairs in the room, which is partly occupied by Jacob M. Patterson, the Chairman of the Republican County Committee.

The rear room is devoted to the occu-



IN THE DEMOCRATIC HEADQUARTERS.

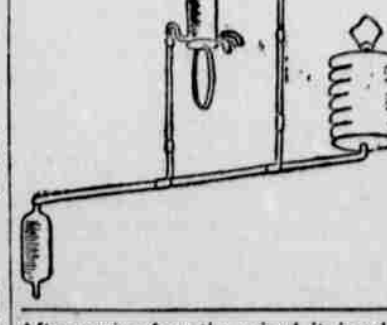
pany of Treasurer Cornelius N. Bliss. On this floor Secretary McComas, the Adonis of the Republican officials, has his quarters. Upstairs again is the literary bureau, and downstairs in the basement the mailing department.—New York Journal.

How to Rub.

People who rub their arms or legs for rheumatism should remember that the secret of the benefit derived from massage is that the operator always rubs up, that is, in the direction of the heart. The reason is found in the fact that the valves of the veins and capillaries all open toward the heart, and by rubbing in that direction the action of these vessels is assisted, the vessels themselves enlarged and circulation is more fully promoted. Rubbing down, that is, away from the heart, does harm, for it clogs the veins and capillaries by impeding the circulation, without in the least assisting the action of the arteries, which lie too deep to be affected by external friction, even if it could do them any good.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Another Automatic Milker.

An American inventor has secured a patent for the new form of cow milker shown in the accompanying illustration. It consists of a number of cups to be connected with the teats of the animal, an air exhaustion withdrawing the milk.



After passing from the animal it is collected in the milk reservoir shown in the cut. The inventor considers the device a great improvement over the present hand method, saving considerable time and doing the work more thoroughly.

Waiting for the Dead.

The coronach, or mourning for the dead, is still heard in many parts of Scotland, as well as of Ireland. It is a weird chant, cries of lamentation being mingled with remonstrances addressed to the departed for leaving his friends and relatives. In some remote country districts of Scotland as well as of Ireland professional "keeners"—that is, old women employed to sing the praises of the dead—are still to be found, though their services are by no means so often called in requisition as they were half a century ago.—Globe-Democrat.

Expedition Island, off the coast of Australia, has mysteriously disappeared from view.

SOLDIERS' COLUMN

PRISON EXPERIENCE.

A West Virginia Comrade's Account of What He Suffered.



Salisbury Prison, N. C., and Andersonville were second only in horrors to the Bastille in France. For instance, one bitter cold, freezing night in January, 1865, as our squad of 50 at first—but soon dwindled down to a Corporal's guard—sat huddled together for warmth, while longing and waiting, oh so anxiously, for the break of day (the agony of those long drawn-out nights even now still haunt me in my dreams) a young Frenchman named Rousseau began crying most piteously: "Oh, my poor feet. They are frozen." I immediately began to rub them for him. I also took off my poor rag of a blouse and wrapped up his feet, for he was barefooted; but to no avail, for they mortified, and in a day or two, after suffering excruciating pain, he died; and when dying looked at me and said: "Oh, comrade, my poor, poor mother."

On another very cold and dark night we boys held a secret caucus and came to the conclusion that to remain in there was certain death, for our comrades were dying by the hundreds nightly; so we concluded that on a certain day, at relief—just before dark, we would rush the big gate, overpower the guard, and make our escape. But some of our over-anxious boys on the day fixed upon began the attack at noon, which was a surprise to the majority of us. Thus the whole scheme was a failure.

Another very sad disappointment also awaited us on Christmas Day, 1864. We had been told that our rations would be doubled on that day, but, lo and behold, we received none at all; and a more dejected, ragged, downcast lot of starving and dying mortals never hailed a National holiday.

Our squad had two noble and great-hearted comrades in it, named William A. Perrin and Charles Montross, of Brooklyn, N. Y. They used (while their strength lasted) to work outside the prison for the rebels, for which they received a loaf of bread. They would bring in their loaf and divide it with us at night. God bless them.

The last Sabbath we spent in that death-pen a minister came in and announced that we were all soon to be paroled, and said: "Come, now, let's sing 'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.'" We all tried to do so, but found that our voices would not work at all, so we took off our pieces of caps and hats and threw them up as high in the air as our strength would permit at the thought, and for joy of once more seeing "Home, sweet home." —A. TURNER, in National Tribune.

A WAR PAPER.

Copy of a Vicksburg Journal Partly Printed by Rebels and Yanks.

W. B. Benny, an ex-Union soldier, residing in Richmond, Ky., is the possessor of a unique and at the same time a valuable relic of the late war. It is probably one of the most interesting of its kind in this state, as there are but four or five in the country. It is a copy of the Vicksburg (Miss.) Citizen, published at the above place, July 2, 1863, and printed on wall paper, because the supply of news paper gave out on the usual date. That it is printed on this kind of paper is a guarantee that it is genuine, since it would be a difficult matter to duplicate it. It is well preserved, being in a frame, and hangs in the parlor as an ornament. The following paragraphs were taken from its columns by our correspondent:

"On dit—the great Ulysses, the Yankee Generalissimo, surnamed Grant, has expressed his intention of dining in Vicksburg on Saturday and celebrating the Fourth of July, by a grand dinner, &c. When asked if he would invite General Joe Johnston to join, he said: 'No, I fear there will be a row at the table.'

"Ulysses must get into the city before he can dine in it. The way to cook a rabbit is to first catch your rabbit," etc.

It has long since been chronicled in history that the Generalissimo did get there in time, and his boys returned the following incisive rejoinder: "Two days bring about great changes. The banner of the Union floats over Vicksburg. Gen. Grant has caught the rabbit. He has dined in Vicksburg, and he did bring his dinder with him."

"The Citizen lives to see it. For the last time it appears on wall paper. No more will it eulogize the luxury of mule meat and fricasseed kitten—urge Southern warriors to such diet never more. This is the last edition on wall paper, and will be valuable hereafter as a curiosity."

Mr. Benny has had many offers for the old sheet, one party having such a desire for it as to offer fifty dollars for it, which was declined.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

The 700 school ma'ams of Cincinnati, Ohio, by a recent decision, must pass an examination in hygiene, physiology and the nature and effect upon the human system of alcoholic drinks. This law had been ignored and children happily drawn in the three years aggregate fully \$600,000.

The German military bill will provide for doubling the strength of military companies and that the consequent increase of expenditures for military purposes will exceed \$2,000,000.