

EMELYAN'S WIFE.

Emelyan was a laborer living in his master's house. Emelyan was going to his work in the fields one day when a frog, upon which he had almost trodden, jumped up in front of him. Emelyan carefully stepped over it. Suddenly he heard some one call him. Emelyan turned around and saw a beautiful girl standing behind him, who said:

"Why do you not marry, Emelyan?"

"How can I marry, my girl? I have nothing except myself; a woman will go with me."

"Marry me."

The girl greatly pleased Emelyan.

"If," he replied with delight, "but where shall we live?"

"Is that worth bothering about?" said the girl. "It only means that we shall have to work a little more and sleep a little less, and then wherever we are we shall find ourselves clothed and fed."

"Very well, then, we will marry; but where shall we go?"

"Let us go to the city."

Emelyan and the girl went to the city. The girl led him to a small house at the farther end of it; they were married and started housekeeping. The governor drove out one day, and as he passed their house Emelyan's wife ran out to look at him. When the governor saw her he was struck with astonishment at her beauty, and said to himself, "Where could such a beauty have come from?" He stepped up, called her and began to question her.

"Who are you?"

"The wife of the peasant Emelyan."

"How came such a beauty as you to marry a peasant? You should have been a princess."

"Thank you for your kind words. I am well content to be a peasant's wife."

The governor made a few more remarks, drove away and returned to his palace. He could not get the wife of Emelyan out of his head. He did not sleep all night. He thought of how he should take away Emelyan's wife and get her for himself. He could hit upon no way of doing it, so he called his servants and ordered them to find a way.

The servants said to the governor:

"Take Emelyan as one of your laborers. We will then kill him with hard work. The wife will be left a widow and you can have her."

The governor sent for Emelyan to become a man of all work and to live with his wife in the palace. The messenger went and gave Emelyan the message. The wife replied:

"That is good. Go. You can work during the day and at night you can return to me."

Emelyan went. He arrived at the palace. The governor's foreman asked him:

"Why did you come alone, without your wife?"

"Why bring her? She has her house."

They gave Emelyan work in the governor's yard that would have been a hard task for two men. Emelyan set about his work and was afraid he would not be able to finish it, but before night he had finished it all. The foreman saw that he had done all of it and gave him for the next day four times as much.

Emelyan went home. There he found everything swept clean and tidy; the stove lit; the baking and cooking all done. The wife was sitting at the table and sewing while she waited for her husband. She met him, laid the supper, gave him his meat and drink, and when he had finished began to ask him about his work.

"There is no use talking; it is bad. They give you more than you can do. They will kill me with work."

"But you—you must not think about the work. Don't look to the one side or to the other; how much have you done or how much is left. Only work. All will be done in time."

In the morning Emelyan returned to work. He started work, never looking to one side. Lot by the evening it was all finished, and before it was dark he was at home. They put more and more work upon Emelyan, but he always finished it in time and went home.

A week has gone by. The governor's servants see that they cannot kill Emelyan with rough work. They begin to give him skilled tasks, but with this they cannot kill him. Carpenter's mason's, roofer's work—all that they gave him he finishes in time and goes home to his wife and to sleep.

Another week goes by. The governor calls his servants and says:

"Do I feed you with bread for nothing? Two weeks have passed, and as yet I see nothing from you. You wanted to kill Emelyan with hard work, and from my window I observe him going home every day, singing. Did you intend to make a jest of me?"

The servants began to excuse themselves.

"We tried," they said, "with all our might to kill him with hard work, but we could not do it. When he sweeps with a broom he does it without fatigue. We then began to give him skilled work, thinking he would be short of brains, but with that we could not break him down. Where does he get it from? Everything he approaches he does. It must be that there is witchcraft in him or in his wife. We ourselves are tired of him. We want to give him a task beyond his powers. We thought of giving him an order to build a cathedral in a day. Do you call Emelyan and command him to build a cathedral in front of your palace in a single day, and then, if he fails to do it, his head can be cut off for disobedience."

The governor sent for Emelyan.

"Now, then," he said, "this is my order to you. Build me a new cathedral in front of my palace in the square. It must be ready by tomorrow. If you build it I will confer honor on you. If you do not build it you will lose your head."

Emelyan listened to the order, turned round and went home. "Now," he thinks to himself, "my end is come." He went to his wife and said:

"Get your things together, wife; we must fly—anywhere. If we do not we shall be lost, and all for nothing."

"What!" she asked. "Have you become so frightened that you want to run away?"

"How can I be otherwise than frightened? The governor has ordered me to build a new cathedral, and all in one day. If I do not build it he threatens that he would cut off my head. Only one thing is left—to run away while there is time."

The wife did not accept this suggestion.

"The governor has many servants, and wherever we go we shall be caught," she said. "You cannot escape him, and so long as we have power we must obey."

"But how to obey when it is beyond me?"

"Little father! do not grieve. Take your supper and go to bed. In the morning you will get up and everything will be all right."

Emelyan went to bed. The wife awoke him.

"Go," she said, "go quickly and get your cathedral built. Here you have nails and a hammer, and there is only one day's work left for you."

Emelyan went to the city, arrived at the palace and behold! there was a new cathedral standing in the middle of the square, wanting only a little of being finished. Emelyan started to give it the finishing touches where they were required, and by the evening everything was complete. The governor awoke up, looked out from the palace and saw—the cathedral, with Emelyan walking around it, merely putting in nail here and there. The sight of the cathedral did not gladden the heart of the governor. He was furious at having no opportunity of beheading Emelyan and taking his wife. The governor called his servants again.

"Emelyan fulfilled this task also," he said. "We must invent something more complicated for him. Invent it. If you do not I will behead you first." His servants contrived that the governor should order Emelyan to make a river flowing around the palace, with large vessels floating on it. The governor ordered Emelyan to perform this new task.

"If," he said, "you could build a cathedral in one day, you can do this also. All must be ready tomorrow, as I have ordered it. If it is not ready your head will be cut off."

Emelyan became more dejected than ever, and returned with the gloomiest of faces.

"Why," she said, "are you so gloomy? Has something new been ordered?"

Emelyan told her all.

"It is necessary," he said, "to run."

"It is impossible to run away," she said. "We shall be caught wherever we go. We must obey."

"But how obey?"

"Oh, little father, do not trouble about anything! Take your supper and lie down to sleep. Get up earlier and everything will be in time."

Emelyan lay down to sleep. In the morning the wife wakes him up.

"Go," she said, "into the city. All is ready. There is only a little hillock left beside the harbor. Take your spade and level it."

Emelyan went and arrived at the city. Round the palace ran a river; vessels were floating on it. Emelyan went to the harbor and saw there a hillock, which he started to level. The governor wakes up, looks out and sees—a river where previously there had been none. On the river vessels were floating, and Emelyan with the spade is leveling the hillock.

The governor was astonished, and he was not pleased with either the river or the vessels, being vexed to think that he could not behead Emelyan. He thinks to himself: "There is nothing that he cannot do. What is it to be now?" He called the servants and began to consult with them.

"Invent for me," he says, "a task that Emelyan cannot fulfill, for all that we have hitherto invented he has done, and I cannot take away his wife."

The servants thought and thought, and at last they found something. They went to the governor and said:

"Call Emelyan and speak to him thus: 'Go there, without knowing where, and bring that, without knowing what.' Wherever he goes you can then say that he has not gone where he was needed, and whatever he brings you can say that it is not what is wanted. He can then be beheaded and his wife taken."

The governor was delighted.

"This," he said, "you have invented wisely." He sent for Emelyan and said to him:

"Go there, without knowing where, and bring that, without knowing what. If you do not bring it I shall cut off your head."

Emelyan went to his wife and told her what the governor had said. The wife pondered.

"Now," she said, "they have taught the governor a lesson that he himself will suffer by. The thing has to be managed wisely."

She sat down, reflected, and spoke to her husband as follows:

"You will have to go far—to our grandmother—to our old peasant mother. You must implore her kindness and you will receive something from her. You must then go straight to the governor and I shall be there. This time I shall not be able to escape from their hands. They will take me by force, but it will not be for long. If you do all the grandmother tells you, you will soon free me."

The wife prepared her husband for the journey, giving him a small bag and a spindle.

"Give this spindle to our grandmother," she said. "By this she will know that you are my husband."

The wife showed him the way and Emelyan started on his journey. After leaving the city he saw some freeshooters (strelitz) practicing. Emelyan stopped and looked on. The freeshooters practiced for awhile and then sat down to rest. Emelyan went up to them and asked:

"Don't you know, brothers, which is the way to go one knows not where,

and how one is to bring one knows not what?"

The freeshooters were astonished at the question.

"Who," they said, "has sent you to find that?"

"The governor."

"No," they said, "we cannot help you."

Emelyan, after sitting awhile, got up and went on farther. He journeyed on and on, and came to a forest. In the forest was a hut. In the hut sat an old crone—the old peasant mother—spinning flax and crying. The old woman saw Emelyan and screamed out:

"What have you come for?"

Emelyan gave her the spindle and said his wife had sent him to her. The old woman immediately became milder in her manner, and began to question him. Emelyan started to tell her all his life—how he married the girl; how he was taken on as a man of all work; how he served the governor; how he built the cathedral; how he made the river with the vessels on it, and how the governor had ordered him to go there, without knowing where, and bring that, without knowing what.

The old woman listened and stopped to weep. She began muttering to herself.

"All right," she said; "sit down, little son, and eat."

Emelyan ate, and the old woman started giving him instructions.

"Here," she said, "you have a ball. Roll it before you, and go after it wherever it runs. You will have to go a long way—to the ocean. You will get to the ocean, and there you will see a large city. Enter the city, and ask in the farthest house for a night's lodging. There you must search for what you need."

"But how, grandmother, shall I know what it is?"

"When you see what people obey better than father or mother that will be the thing. Catch hold of it and carry it away. You will bring it to the governor; he will tell you that you have not brought what was needed, and you must then say, 'If this is not the thing it must be broken in pieces.' Beat upon it and then take it to the river; break it and throw it into the water. You will then get back your wife."

Emelyan bade the grandmother goodbye and departed, rolling the ball before him. The ball rolled and rolled and brought him to the ocean. By the ocean was a large city. At the far end of it was a big house. Emelyan asked for leave to sleep in the house and was admitted. He lay down to sleep. Early in the morning he awoke and heard the father going up to his room to chop wood. He might send him to chop wood. The son does not obey.

"It is early yet," he says; "there is time."

Emelyan hears the mother getting down from the oven, and she says:

"Go, my little son; the father's bones are aching. Must he go himself? It is time."

The son merely smacked his lips and slept once more. While he slept there arose a terrible noise in the street and a beating, as of drums. The son jumped up, put on his clothes and ran out into the street. Emelyan also jumped up and ran after him.

"What is that which the son obeyed better than father or mother?"

Emelyan ran out and saw a man going along the street carrying a round thing on which he beat with sticks and which rumbled. This thing the son obeyed. Emelyan ran toward it, began to examine it and saw—a thing that was round, like a barrel, and had both ends covered with skin. He began to ask what it was called.

"A drum," the man said.

Emelyan was surprised and he asked that it should be given him. It was not given. Emelyan gave up asking and commenced to walk after the man. He walked all day, and when the man lay down to sleep Emelyan snatched the drum away and ran off with it. He ran and ran and came home to his own city. He thought that he would see his wife, but she was no longer there. She had been taken off the next day to the governor.

Emelyan reported to the governor: "He who went there, without knowing where, has brought that, without knowing what."

The announcement was made. The governor ordered that Emelyan should come the next day. Emelyan started to announce himself again.

"I have come today," he said, "and have brought what was ordered. Let the governor come out to me; if not, I will myself go in."

The governor went out.

"Where," he says, "have you been?"

He answered.

"You have not been there," said the governor. "But what did you bring?"

Emelyan wanted to show him, but the governor did not want to look.

"That is not it," he said.

"If it is not," said Emelyan, "it must be broken, and the devil with it."

Emelyan went out with the drum and beat upon it. As he beat upon it all the military of the province collected around Emelyan. They saluted him and waited for orders from him. The governor began shouting out to his soldiers that they should not follow Emelyan. They paid no attention, but all marched after him. The governor saw it and ordered that Emelyan's wife should be brought out before him. He asked that Emelyan give him up the drum.

"I cannot," said Emelyan; "I have orders to break it and throw the pieces in the river."

Emelyan went with the drum to the river, and the soldiers followed him. Near the river Emelyan broke the drum skin. He broke the wood into small fragments and threw them into the river. And all the soldiers ran away.

Emelyan took his wife and led her home. From this time the governor ceased bothering him, and Emelyan began to live comfortably, gathering around him the good things of life and ridding himself of the bad.—Count Tolstoi in *New York Sun*.

GEMS IN VERSE.

Musical.

The programme, she informed me, was a charming one indeed. From the splendid Wagner overture (which nothing could exceed) To the lovely little scherzo and the minuet for strings, And the latest bit of Dvorak, which made her sigh for wings.

Throughout the Grieg concerto her emotion was intense. It seemed to me at times she held her breath in deep suspense; She raved of opus this and that, of Schubert, Bach and Liszt, Beethoven, Brahms, Tschakowski and a score whose names I missed.

But when at last 'twas over and I led her down the stairs, I noticed that beneath her breath she hummed a little air; It was not upon the programme, being commonplace and tuncy.

And I wondered at the sudden drop from Bach to "Annie Rooney."

—Judge.

Nameless.

Judge, I plead guilty; he speaks the truth; I am what I am, and what you see, So old in a diamond, unhallo'd youth! That your wrinkled years seem young to me. Don't preach—don't lecture; I know it all; The easy canting, the fluent words, The solemn drivels from Paul, And a mangled phrase or two of the Lord's.

Moreover, you err if you suppose That a harlot, soaked in sin, Slides down the darkness without some throes Of the marred purities within.

Oh, sir, you wrong even with disgrace To call me a harlot, and bid me fly Out from the foulness, with lifted face, To an awful something up in the sky.

Do you think I never dream of home? Of a weary man with whitening hair; Of a missing wife in a vacant room, And the sob a-choke in a woman's prayer? That night has ever prompted flight, Swift as my hungry feet could fly.

Fatherward, motherward—that I might Fall on their necks, break heart and die!

My God! my God when the masked brow must Be clothed to a false, forged radiance, while The bloom of the soul is baken to dust— And straight through your fabricated smile Dread ghosts of murdered innocence fling Perpetual javelins from their eyes, And babes' shrieks chirruping away, Scars like thunder out of the skies—

When the sweet sanctities set to guard The tower whiteness from our stain, Tricked of their holy watch and ward, Moan and madden in heart and brain; And a howling fury hunts and hounds The babe's shrill cry through the night sky, And a dreadful voice of dooming sounds Through the haunted chambers night and day;

And a something mocks you when you laugh, And a something jeers you when you weep; And hellfire lurks in the wine you quaff, And a fiend grins at you in your sleep; And a chilling horror sucks you down Through a black and bottomless abyss— Judge, do you think your legal frown Can a purg punishment worse than this?

Bah! what an infinite fool am I To talk like this to a man like you! Some day the touch of your rusted die— And we shall be sifted through and through, Sifted and sorted. Judge, have you thought This possibly to the Sorter, then, Something that now is may be naught— When the coward's shrieks steam up from men?

The Village Politician.

Sit on a cracker box, a barrel or a keg, Chaw on terbacker he has been obliged to beg; Whittin' of a splinter while a-workin' of his jaw, Sayin' what a pity his opinions ain't the law; Runnin' the hull country as 'twas never run before, Turnin' out the rascals while he spits upon the floor; Showin' of the president exactly what to do, Keepin' things in general from gettin' in a stew; Grumblin' over Wall street, monoply and work— Wife at home a-hoel in the cornfield like a Turk. Givin' lays congressmen a needed rakin' over, Settlin' there in Washington like well fed pigs in clover; Givin' Gould and Vanderbilt a point here and there, Showin' jest how surely one can be a milliaionaire; Payin' off the nation's debt as easy as a wink, Borrowin' a dime to get himself another drink, Spankin' little Chili jest to show her how it feels, Sassin' back Great Britain for pesterin' our seals, Tellin' of the czar to let them nihilists alone, Helpin' Kaiser William to prop up his shaky throne, Buildin' a great navy with an hour or two of guff, Lettin' the hull world know that we're rabid, Gettin' off his high horse, though, when home he goes to dinner, Dodgin' creditors like an ordinary slunner; Jumpin' to hear his first-born yell: 'You'd better watch out, dad, or I'll bet your flour 'nd coffee's plum give out, 'nd mother's mighty mad.' —Yankee Blade.

In hope the plowman sows his seed; Thus hope heeds thousands at their need. The faint not, heart, among the rest; Whatever chance, lope thou the best. —Richard Allison.

The Mendicant.

Sakya-Muni, Gautama Buddha, what dost thou proffer of hope or of mirth? "What shall I do to be saved" from the sorrow, passion, terror and madness of earth? What is thy gospel, O prophet of India? What has thou left to me, child of the staff? What is the balm for my pain, thou has promised me? What is the crown when the race hath been run?

"What shall I do to be saved?"—Thou hast answered it. "Labor not ever, but beg for thy bread; Live as a mendicant; marry not; mortify flesh; Let a life of Nirvana be led. So shalt thou find in the death of thy passions, growth of thy spirit, composure and rest. Passing through unclouded days of humanity on to inflexible joys of the best."

Sakya-Muni, Gautama Buddha, bending I heed thee, but find in thy law Something that baffles me, doubtful consistency—in the veer of thy wisdom a flaw— Look to it, Gautama! Sakya-Muni, sweet is the balm, but hollow her egg. How shall thy gospel suffice for the many? If all men are beggars, from whom shall men beg? —George F. S. Armstrong.

Loss and Gain.

When I compare What I have lost with what I have gained, What I have missed with what I have attained, Little does it find for pride.

I am aware How many days I have been idly spent; How like an arrow the good intent Has fallen short or been turned aside.

But who shall dare To measure loss and gain in this wise? Defeat may be victory in disguise; The lowest ebb is the turn of the tide. —Longfellow.

Love.

Love's best language is unspoken, Yet how simply known; Eloquent in every token, Look and touch and tone. —D. E. McCarthy.

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Preaching.....6:00 P.M.

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Love Feast.....3:15 P.M.
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High Mass.....10:30 A.M.
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Vespers.....7:30 P.M.
Mass on Weekdays.....7:00 A.M.

S.T. JAMES' EPISCOPAL. South and Washington Streets. Rev. J. P. Buxton, Pastor.

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