JUST ONE YEAR OLD.

Just one short year ago he came, Our little son, God bless him! A heaven-sent treasure he is ours, To care for and caress him, No matter if the days be dreav, Our hearts he never fails to cheer.

When to my work I go away I stoop and softly kiss blm; And through the long, long hours of day, I sadly, sadly miss him; Until at last, at set of sun I go to him when work is done.

With outstretched arms and winning smile.

He coos a loving greeting: 'Tis hard to tell which one of us Is happlest at our meeting. This joyous frolicsome young elf, His loving mamma, or myself.

His dimpled arms around my neck Cling close in soft caresses: While 'gainst my bronzed and bearded cheek.

His dewy lips he presses. Oh, little love! Oh, baby mine! You closely round my heart-strings twine.

God grant that in the years to come He ne'er may know a sorrow; May peace and happiness be his, With every coming morrow, And may Thine everlasting arm. Protect and keep him safe from harm.

Oh, baby mine, when years have flown, And I am old and hoary. When you to man's estate have grown, And strong in manhood's glory, Oh, never may our hearts grow cold, Dear baby boy, just one year old. -Leisure Hours.

THE FORTUNE TELLER

"Oh ! papa, pfui! how can you?" The old high bailiff of Krohn pushed away the pretty little hand that his eldest daughter sought to place over

his mouth. "No," he said, "I will not keep quiet. I repent that the whole custom of sending New Year's cards is a d-n bad one, and it is time to put an end to it.

What are the results of such nonsense? "First, I get my mail bag later than usual, and, secondly, it is crammed so full with the stupid stuff that I can

hardly get it open!" At length the old gentleman's efforts were rewarded, the bag sprang open, and he emptied its contents with impatience on the breakfast table.

ToFraulein Katharina von Krohn, he read. "My God! are they all for you, Kathinka?"

"Don't be so unbearable, papa, and please don't call me Kathinka."

The old gentleman replied to his daughter's request with an unintelligible growl and went on drinking his cof-

"Just look what a lot there are for me!" cried Katharina, piling the letters upon the table in front of her and her face lighting up with pleasure.

"Are they all for you?" "Yes, all. Now you can see what it is to be known as a beauty."

"And an heiress," added the father. "Yes, and an heiress, she repeated.

thoughtfully. "But is there nothing there for my lit

tle Lill?" asked her father. Katharina shrugged her shapely

shoulders impatiently. "Why, of course not. If a girl ex-

pects to be shown much attention she must be a little more pushing and im-

"And an heiress, too," was the father's laconic addition to the sentence. "I really should be very grateful, father, if you would not allude so much

to my money," was the rather curt pro-"I can't help it, Katharina, when I see my little Lili here, as beautiful as the

flower that gave her the name, andwell, she is not an heiress, do you understand? That's the whole thing." Katharina made no answer. She

was busily studying the handwriting on the envelopes. A young girl who had hitherto sat op-

posite to her in silence left her seat, went up to the high balliff, and putting her fair young arms round his neck, gave him a kiss.

A world of love shone in his eyes as he looked at her with pleasure and stroked her soft cheeks.

"Never mind, Lili," he said, slowly, "I am glad that you don't get such a pile of letters. I'm grateful, too, that you're not an heiress. Perhaps then no one will take you away from me."

Tears came into the girl's eyes, for, though she said no word, yet the thought that no one had remembered her or cared enough for her to send her a New Year's eard made her sad. But she forced herself not to cry and tried to conceal the few tears that would not be kept back by kissing her father again lovingly on the eyes and lips.

The high bailiff of Krohn, the father of these two girls, had married twice. His first wife, a lovely, proud, but vain, woman, died soon after the birth of a little daughter, and left her the whole of a large fortune. His second wife, the daughter of a country clergyman. brought him no wealth but a sweet and beautiful disposition. When she, too, died after two years' married life he felt overwhelmed and had never since wholly recovered from the blow.

Katharina, the elder of the stepchilchildren, had just finished her twentieth year, and, as she was as proud, pretty, and just as vain as her mother, had already laughed at many proposals for her hand and money. No one had so far been able to take her fancy.

Lill was in almost every respect the opposite of h.r sister. Small of figure, quiet and retiring, it happened that she was often entirely overlooked. It certainly was not right of a father to love one daughter more than another.

Still he did so, and it was plain to everybody that it was the soft, sweet, patient Lili who was his favorite.

It made Katharina feel annoyed to see her father so gentle and affectionate | read the words: "Hast thou not often

toward her sister, for she said, with a heard it said-" He hesitated; then sharp look at them both:

"What! kissing again! I cannot understand how you find pleasure in always lying round each other's necks."

"You are out of sorts, Katharina," said her father. "One of the cards you expected has not come, perhaps. I those letters there is none from Baron Horn! Eh?"

Katharina grew a shade paler at

these words.

"I certainly expected a card from Baron Horn," she replied, trying to conceal her annoyance. "He surely has sent me one! Are you sure you emptied the mail bag thoroughly?" "Yes, I think so. But you ha. better

look yourself; it would not be the first time that a letter has remained stuck in one of the corners."

"Ah! I thought so," exclaimed Katharina, pulling a crumpled letter out of a deep corner of the bag.

She glanced quickly and sharply at the address, and then with an exclamation of vexation let the letter hurriedly

"Not from Baron Horn, after all?" asked her father, picking it up, "and yet -that is his writing. Heavens! why, it is for you, Lili; it's addressed to you." "Oh! impossible!" said Lili, quietly, while a faint blush rose to her pretty

cheeks. "It must be a mistake "By no means," returned her father, smiling. "Here, open it. Let us all see it. Oh, what a lovely card! Why, Katharina, where are you going?"

But the father received no answer. Katharina hurriedly gathered up her letters and left the room in a whirlwind.

The above-mentioned Baron Horn was a young nobleman who had just returned from Africh. It was well known that he took great pleasure in visiting the Von Krohn family, and under all manner of pretexts took every opportunity to be with them. Of course every one thought that the attraction was the rich and beautiful Katharina, and she herself took particular pains to spread this view of the matter.

Accustomed as she was to a large number of enthusiastic admirers, she had never for a moment imagined that the baron could interest himself in her quiet little sister until she was reminded to-day in a rather unpleasant manner of the possibility of such a thing. She read her letters through and be came better humored.

"How stupid of me to get so cross, she said, as she smiled at her lovely face in the glass. "It is not possible that he favors Lili when he knows me." There came a gentle knock at the door, and the servant girl came in and announced that the carriage was at the door

Katharina at once remembered that Baron Horn had promised to go for a drive with her, and with this thought her face grew bright once again. A charitable bazaar was to be open-

ed in a neighboring town, and, as the father was not able to go, Baron Horn had offered his escort to the two young

The baron was as punctual as most lovers-that is to say, he came half an hour before the time, and found Katharina quite ready, to his great astonish ment, for as a rule she kept everybody waiting half an hour, at least.

Her purpose of frustrating a tete-atete between Lill and the baron was completely successful, for she did not move from his side until they all three were ready to get into the carriage.

The father stood with beaming face on the doorstep and waved a fond farewell after them. "This Horn is a very sensible fellow."

his choice. It will be very hard to lose Lili, but I would let him have her rather than any one else." Although the bazaar was crowded the arrival of Baron Horn and his two

he thought to himself, "and I admire

lovely companions caused considerable excitement, and they were speedily surrounded by acquaintances. Among these was a Capt. Linke, a tall, blonde fellow, and one of Kath-

arina's most sincere and faithful ad-

"How glad I am to see you here," he said.

"Really? Why?" "May I show you why? Please come with me. At the other end of the hall there is a fortune teller, and I want you to see what she will tell you."

"May we join you?" asked the baron. "Certainly. Come, we will all go together."

The mysterious room that held the fortune teller was reached. The fortune teller proved to be a little figure in the middle of a disc.

Round the disc were figures and numbers and slips of paper arranged, Anyone who wanted to see into the future paid a mark, set the figure revolving, and took the slip of paper opposite

which it stopped. "Now, my genaediges fraulein," said the captain, taking out his purse, "won't you try your luck?"

But Katharina refused positively to be a party to such nonsense, and, inasmuch as Lill could not be persuaded either, the baron asked permission to inquire of the oracle himself.

He set the figure in motion and took the slip of paper opposite which it stop-

"Seek her hand and buy the ring. Thy life will then be full of joy," ran the words on It.

The baron tried to catch a glance from Lili, but she appeared to be absorbed in the nature and character of the floor and would not raise her eyes.

ing to Katharina, "that is famous; you really must be persuaded to try it now. Or, shall I do it for you?" "You may do it for me," she replied

"Potz Blitz!" cried the captain, turn-

in such sharp tones that everyone looked at her.

The captain turned the the figure and

tore the paper up and threw it on the floor. The conclusion of the sentence

seemed to suit the many proposals that Katherina had received too well for SHIFTLESSNESS AND IMPROVIhim to read it. "What was the rest, captain?" asked

the baron, in all innocence. But the capwould almost wager that among all tain looked so displeased that the ques- The Kind of People Who Trampled tion was not pressed. "I wonder what it was?" Lill whis-

pered to the baron. "We shall learn later, perhaps," he eplied. "But did you get my New Year's

card this morning?" "Yes," she answered softly, with a blush.

"And do you remember what the fortune teller told me just now? If I buy the ring will you wear it?" He drew a deep sigh of relief as he

She lowered her eyes and said: "I don't know. You must first speak to papa."-From the German.

A Polite Raider. A correspondent of the London Times has discovered, in the French archives. an original memorandum in which the famous searover, Paul Jones, told the story of one of the occurrences connected with his raid on the British coasts in 1778. Jones wrote:

"Returning on board the Ranger, the wind being favorable, I sailed for the Scottish coast. My intention was to capture the Earl of Selkirk and detain him as a hostage. Accordingly the same day, 23d April, 1778, about noon, having with me a single boat, only two officers and a small guard. I landed on that nobleman's estate.

"On landing I met some of the inhabitants, who, taking me for an Englishman, told me that Lord Selkirk was then in London, but that my lady, his wife, and several lady friends were at home. This made me resolve to return immediately to my boat, and go back to the Ranger. This moderate conduct was not to the taste of my men, who by the beneficence of the Czar were only were inclined to pillage, burn and devastate all they could. Though this would have been making war after the it fit to imitate them, especially on this occasion, considering what was due to a lady.

"It was necessary, however, to find ity of my crew and to spare Lady Selkirk. I had only a moment for choice, What seemed to me best to reconcile everything was to order the two officers to go to the mansion with my guard, which was to remain outside under arms, while they alone entered. They were then politely to ask for the family plate, to stay only a few minutes, to take what was given them without demanding anything more, and return immediately afterward without proceeding to any search.

"I was strictly obeyed. The plate was given up. Lady Selkirk told the officers several times over that she was very sensible of the moderation shown by me. She even wished to come to the beach, a mile from her mansion, to invite me to dine with her; but the officers begged her not to take the trouble to do

Coyotes Recovered Their Puppies.

An amusing incident occurred the coyote pups which had not yet opened their eyes. While they were examining them the old ones appeared and approached to within fifty yards. Mr. Lemon went to the house for a gun and a sack, and placed the young ones in the sack, which was tied up and left in the field until time to go in from work.

The old coyotes kept a respectful distance from the rifle, but hovered around. Several turns of the field were made with the plow, and, finally, when the men came in sight of where they had left the sack containing the young covotes, they saw one of the old ones with the sack, pupples and all, streaking it over the hill, and that was the last seen of them.-Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Deplorable Ignorance.

Gen. John McNell, who was a brother-in-law of President Pierce, and major-general of the New Hampshire militia at one time, is said to have been considerably incensed when he met any one who appeared to be ignorant of on the field of battle,

During the war with Great Britain he was shot while mounted on his faithful horse, receiving a severe wound in pire it is impossible that there should be the knee, which caused him to walk

stiffly for the rest of his life. "How did you hurt your knee, general?" asked a young man whom the old officer characterized as a "whippersnapper" one day, from a certain lack so wide is the dominion of this potentate of respectfulness in his air and man-

ner. "Did you have a fall?" "Yes, sir," snorted the general, indinantly. "I fell off a horse! You neveread the history of your country, did you, sir?"

A Wonderful Flower.

The most wonderful flower in the world, as well as one of the very largest "blossoms" known, is a native of the Malay peninsula. It is simply a gigantic flower without either stem or leaves, and has more the appearance of a fungus than anything else. It is about three feet in diameter and has a globular central cup which has a capacity of nearly two gallons. This cup is always filled with a fetid liquor which attracts an immense swarm of flies and other jusects. The pistils of this queer flower distill the liquid and it is believed that the rank odor attracts the flies in order that the flower may be fertilized.

When a minister takes "Woman" for his text, he never tells her anything that will make her more appreciative of her husband.

DENCE OF QUONDAM SERFS.

Each Other to Death at the Coronation Feast-Numbers and Variety of the Nationalities in the Empire.

Subjects of the Czar.

The awful panic in which over 2,000 persons lost their lives on the Hodynsky Plain, just outside the walls of Moscow, did not seem to mar the festivities of the coronation, for, although the Czar and Czarina went through the form of visiting the hospitals and speaking to those who, though maimed, were fortunate saw his answer in her happy, blushing enough to escape death, the dancing and rejoicings went on according to the gram already arranged, and the ghastly incident seemed to make little impression on the court circle. Those who perished in the terrible rush for the food provided



ESQUIMAUX IN RUSSIA.

peasants, and that the death of a few hundreds or even a few thousands of peasants should be permitted to interfere with the fashlon of the English, I did not think general joyousness of the occasion when a young Czar is crowned was not to be thought of for a moment, so the merrymaking and the funerals progressed at the same time, and while the strains of the waltz floated out from the windows of the some compromise to satisfy the cupid- Kremlin palaces, the wails of widows and is in vogue almost everywhere. The farmorphans went up from the plain outside, where the dead were being buried in great trenches, with scarcely more formality than would be shown in the case of so many cattle,

RUSSIAN PEASANTS. its profusion, with which the populace are always entertained at such an event, they came by hundreds of thousands, an undis ciplined, half-starved rabble, and when the signal was given to approach the tables prepared, there was a rush like that of a stampeded herd of cattle and whole-

sale death was the natural result. The wretched pensants who trod one another into the earth to get a meal were the product of ages of iron oppression. Historians paint graphic pictures of the condition of the commons, the farmers farm laborers and country people general ly in the days when all Europe was owned by kings and barons, and when the tillers of the soil were bought and sold with the estates on which they lived, but we do not need to go back five centuries to witness such a state of affairs, for it exists in Russia to-day. In the land of the Czar, the Middle Ages and their ideas still prevail; Russia has not yet emerged from the darkness of the feudal system. It is true that the Emperor Alexander issued decree abolishing serfdom, and thereby technically emancipated over 20,000,000 serfs, but emancipation, to men unprepared to take advantage of it, is a mockery, and to the present day the great masses of Russian peasantry are free only in name. They may not be sold with the estates, but without means to move elsewhere, without the knowledge that they can better their condition by moving, and under the belief that they would be brought back if they did go, the name of freedom becomes a hollow delusion. In fact, though they have the name, it is all n reality that they do have, and to all intents and purposes they are just as much in slavery now as before the Czar's

The bulk of Russian laborers are agricultural, and in this vast empire agriculture is carried on in a fashion only less primitive than in Palestine or Egypt. In our patent office may be seen over 10,000 models of plows; in Russia there is but one, and that one a clumsy affair which, from time immemorial, has been in use among the peasantry, nor can they be per-sunded to change it for a better, for of all human beings the Russian peasant is the most conservative. He is now what his fathers were 300 years ago; wears the same kind of clothing they wore, keeps himself warm in winter and roasts in summer under the same kind of sheepskin cloak that was in common use all over Europe in the days of the Empress Anna. and cannot be induced to make a change, for what was good enough for his father

is good enough for him. In the country districts a sort of commune system, apparently contrived with extreme ingenuity to keep the people poor, ers live in a village, having a sort of local self-government, which every year or two partitions out the fields among the population, making a reassignment so frequently that no farmer feels any particular in-



A TYPICAL PEASANT GROUP. Showing, as it does, the little esteem in | terest in the permanent improvement of An amusing incident occurred the which the mass of Russian population is other day on the Lemon farm, near held by the court and better classes, the farfield, Wash. Burt Lemon and an incident is painfully suggestive, for it in other field, and that the rewards of his imemploye of the farm were plowing, dicates that between the rulers and the when they came across three young ruled in that vast empire there is a great gulf fixed that hardly can be bridged even



conquered provinces, held together by the iron hand of despotism, the 120,000,000 human units which make up the population being regarded only as so many items of wealth or so much material for the the wounds and honors he had won merciless conscription when the Czar needs soldiers to fight his buttles.

In such a miscellaneous and heterogeneous mass of peoples as make up the emany cohesion. No State on the earth, not | Russian is not noted for his cleanliness. even the British, contains so varied a col- and, though he may take a vapor bath lection of nationalities as the Russian Empire. Over 100 nations, speaking nearly as many languages and dialects, acknowledge the authority of the Czar, and that he governs alike sealskin-clad Esquimaux of the polar circle and half-naked savages on the torrid plains to the east of the Caspian, where the heat of the sun, reflected from burning sands, renders life almost unendurable.

Between these extremes are crowded Russians, Poles, Lithuanians, Finns, Lapps, Germans from the Baltic provinces of Germany, Poles, Hungarians, Serbs, Slavs, Cossacks of a dozen tribes, Tchuds, Vots, Livs, Esths, Tartars, No. gais, Meshtcherjaks, Bashkirs, Kirghiz, Yakuts, Buriats, Tungusians, Ainos, Chinese, Calmucks, Samoyeds, Ostiaks, Uzbacks, Turcomans, Tajiks, Circassians Georgians, Lesghians, Grusians, Per-sians, Armenians, Turks, Jews, Greeks, besides scores of others, whose names are even less known than these. Some of these tribes comprise only a few hundred thousand of the population, but, on the annually send thousands of soldiers into the armies of the Czar. So far as Europe is concerned, however, the great bulk of the population is Russian, and it is probawere trampled to death at the coronation feast were of that nationality and of the antry. Attracted by the unusual occa-

provements, should be make any, will be reaped by another. The result is, no one improves the ground to which ne is assigned; each strives to get from it all he can during the season he holds it, and to put on it as little labor and expense as possible. All the agricultural community of Russia thus, after a fashion, lives from hand to mouth, no one feeling called on to make any especial exertion, for when a man grows old the community is bound to take care of him, and one of the strong est incentives to providence and self-denying exertion is taken away.

This system alone would be enough to account for the general poverty and misery of the peasantry in the Russian Empire, but there are others quite as potent. The people are grossly ignorant and superstitions beyond belief. There is a pretense of popular education, it is true, but to the peasant farmers it is only a pretense, for not one in ten can read a line The clergy of the Greek Church, always passively and frequently actively, oppose efforts at advancement, and the result is that schools, when they exist at all, are devoted rather to the devotional than to the intellectual training of the young and thus the ignorance is perpetuated.

The home life of the Russian peasant is exceedingly rude and primitive. In the country districts log houses, greatly re sembling those once in use in the early days of this country, are very common while in regions where stone is more easily obtained than lumber, the houses are of that material. The lower class every Saturday night, his company is no always rendered the more agreeable, b virtue of that fact, the rest of the week for his ideas of cleanliness do not always extend as far as clean clothing, and hi



MILKMAID. sheepskin jacket and cloak frequently swarm with vermin. Long beards and hair are the rule rather than the exception, despite the efforts of Peter the Great to abolish both, and these capillary attractions are usually so unkempt and other hand, several number millions, and cared for as to detract greatly from the personal appearance of the wearer. The home is no more attractive than its owner. Two or three miserably dark rooms, often shared with domestic animals, a big brick ble that most of the unfortunates who stove on one side, which, in very cold weather, serves as the bed of all the in-mates of the house, a bench, a table, a lowest and poorest classes of the pens- few crude cooking utensils and a sacred picture in the corner, constitute the fur sion and by the prodigality, barbarian in nishings and furniture, while pork, milk,

cheese and black bread, so coarse and illsmelling as often to be repulsive, form the leading articles of diet. Poor and insufficient as his food may be, however, every Russian peasant considers himself fully compensated if, on the frequent holidays, he has the means of getting an adequate supply of vodki, and of all the mean drinks that ever went down the human throat, this is probably the vilest. Imagine the worst possible brand of whisky, mingled with the stalest beer ever drawn by a bum from a three-day-old beer keg, tinctured with asafoetida, tobacco juice, a little essence of "jimson weed," a flavoring of wormwood and gall and a taste of liquid fire, and there is vodki. Only a Russian throat can stand it, and even a Russian throat can endure it only on holiday occasions. The Russians do not drink as incidental to occasions of sociability. The Englishman, Frenchman, German and American may get drunk, but it is generally because they are with friends, and, flushed with social emotion and conversation, transcend the limits of pradent drinking. The Russian gets drunk with premeditation and malice aforethought; deliberately goes to a shop where his favorite tipple is sold, pays his money, and in a moment swallows enough to make a beast of him for twenty-four bours, and even longer, for it is a peculiarity of vodki that it can make a man drunker for a longer time and for less money than any other drink known to the tippler. It is even said in Russia that after a vodki drunk has apparently run its course and gone the way of all drunks, the subject may revive it by going and lying in the sun, and in a quarter of an hour will be as drunk as ever. So the student of Russian political economics must take into account, not only the number of holidays, but also the number of days after the holidays, for working the day after a vodki drunk is an impossibility, and thus is the effectiveness of the Russian laborer still further reduced. If he can make enough to support his family and get drunk, too, so much the better, if not, the family goes hungry, for to the Russlan peasant a holiday without vodki is

but a barren ideality. Such are the ignorant, shiftless, improvident people who crowded the neighborhood of the ancient capital in anticipation of a free feast from the hand of the Czar. That they trampled each other to death at the tables, that they were drowned in the beer provided for their use, is not to be wondered at, for a herd of cattle would act quite as intelligently as the degraded creatures who starved themselves for a whole day that they might be better prepared to profit by the Czar's generosity. The future of this vast mass of ignorance may well be viewed with apprehension, The Russian peasants do not now know their strength, just as the equally ignorant and down-trodden French peasantry a century ago were ignorant of their power, but when they discover it, as some day they surely will, the aristocracy of Russia may fare as badly as did the bility that crowded the gay court of Louis XVI. The day of reckoning may be distant, for national movements are generally slow, but, on the other hand, the world moves faster and goes further now in a decade than it formerly did in a century, so there may be men living who will ee the social earthquake that will occur when the Russian peasants discover their. wrongs and rise to take vengeance on heir oppressors.

Wonderful things happen in this world, and many other things, possibly, more wonderful still, are said to happen. Thus the New York Tribune reports that a company of American travelers were telling stories in the smoking-room of a steamer. One thing led to another, till a member of the party capped the climax by parrating an odd adventure that once befell him in Ger-

тапу. "There is in Hanover, as some of you know," he began, "a beautiful garden, Herrenhausen, on which the kings of Hanover, when there were kings of Hanover, lavished much attention. Some years ago I visited Herrenhausen with my wife and children, and some persons whose acquaintance we had made on the steamer. It was a beautiful day in summer, and we all felt in the highest spirits.

"It happened that at the hotel some one had told me of the statue of a former margravine of Hanover, which was soon to be unveiled in Herrenhausen. It was to stand in a shell-shaped structure, the whole of which was boarded over at that time.

"When our party reached this shedlike affair, I began to tell what it was there for, who the margravine was, and so on, pretending a vast knowledge of the whole business. One of my children then wanted to know if we could not see the statue. In a joking way I said certainly, and going up to the gate of the shed, drew a bunch of keys from my pocket.

"I made as if I were going to open the lock, and actually put a key into it, taking the first that came to hand. I turned the key to carry out the joke, and was astonished beyond measure to find the lock yield and the door open

"My little daughter clapped her hands and exclaimed, 'Oh, papa's opened the door!' and rushed in to see the statue. The others followed, while I for a moment was too dazed to say a word. I began to feel more or less alarmed. I had heard a great deal about the strictness of German enforcement of law. and knew that technically I had committed burglary.

"The question also arose in my mind whether I could not be haled up for lese-majesty and sent to prison for six months. At the same time it would have been embarrassing and humiliating to confess to my children that I had made a mistake, and had no right in there.

The statue was covered with cloth, and so I managed to hustle the party out of the shed after a short time. One of the laborers chanced to pass, and he was evidently surprised to see us in there. He must have taken me for the sculptor or something of the kind, and

did not summon a policeman. "I was in the greatest trepidation until I relocked the door and finally got away with my family and friends. There were probably a million chances to one that my key wouldn't fit that particular lock, but I haven't liked to be too practical in my jokes since that