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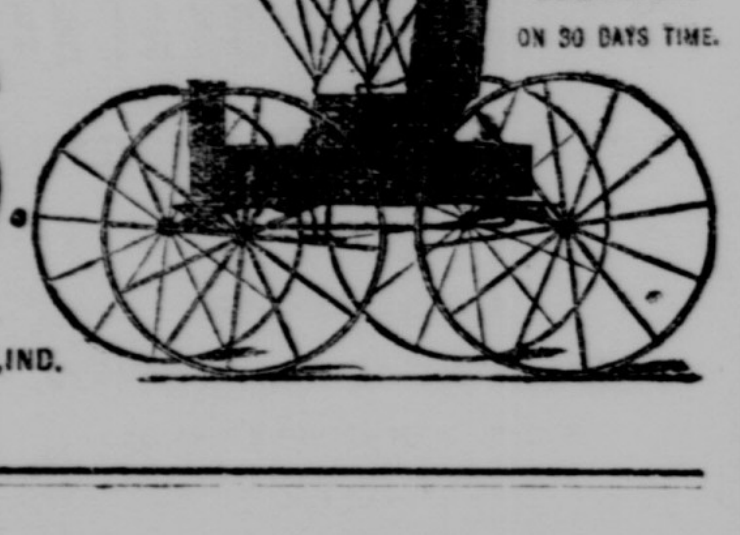
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MARYLAND STATE NEWS.

The Latest Happenings in Various Parts of the State.

WILLIAM COX, colored, was committed in the Circuit Court for Carroll county to four months in the House of Correction for disturbing the peace.

CAPTAIN L. C. HOOK, of Calvert county, commander of the oyster police sloop E. O. Groome, died of typhoid fever.

THE scarcity of money in the Baltimore county treasury is attributed to the inability of farmers to pay taxes promptly, owing to low prices of their products.

NEARLY $15,000 of the stock of the proposed national bank at Catonsville has been subscribed.

THE bark Copesfield, of Glasgow, which went ashore on Green Run beach, Worcester county, has been hauled off by wreckers.

THE court of inquiry is making a strict investigation into hazing at the Naval Academy.

THERE have been three fires in Harford county within the last few days.

CAPT. GEORGE D. LYLES died at Dunkirk, Calvert county.

THE Court of Appeals rendered decisions in eight cases, including the Sloat case, where the judgment of the court condemning the appellant to death was affirmed.

THE Naval Academy is preparing a comprehensive exhibit for the World's Fair.

A DISPATCH from Birmingham, Ala., says that the locomotive engineers on the Birmingham Railway and Electric Company's dummy lines have gone on strike against a reduction of five cents an hour in their wages.

MAIER HANGED.

A West Virginia Wife Murderer Dies on the Scaffold.

William Maier, the wife murderer, was hanged in the jail yard at Wheeling at 11:12 o'clock, and was pronounced dead in 14½ minutes and at the expiration of 38 minutes the body was cut down.

Kaier's neck was broken by the fall, and about two seconds afterwards the rope slipped causing his toes to touch the ground. Sheriff Steenrod thereupon ran upon the gollows and held him by the rope until it was tightened.

The crime for which William Maier suffered the death penalty was the murder in cold blood of his young wife Marie at 2 o'clock on the morning of April 5, 1892, by shooting her four times as she lay in bed at their home in this city. At the same time he wounded his little sister-in-law, Kate Yoho, who was lying at his wife's side in the bed.

On the night of the murder, Maier did not go to his work at 10 o'clock, as was his custom, but instead, remained at home playing on his cornet until a late hour. He did not go to bed at all, though his wife and her little sister retired at their usual time. About midnight Maier began to change his clothes, putting on his best suit, and when his wife asked him the meaning of the strange proceeding, he told her it was none of her business. He then went out and returned about 1 o'clock in the morning. He had been in the room but a few minutes when he approached the bed and asked his wife to kiss him, and he said "if you don't kiss me now it will be your last chance."

Mrs. Maier begged him not to hurt her, saying she would never speak cross to him again, but her husband, crazed with anger, reached for his revolver, and after deliberately lighting a match to guide his aim, he fired four shots at her in quick succession, every ball taking effect in her head and breast, one of them also wounding the little girl. Mrs. Maier died almost instantly, but Maier, without waiting to see the result of his awful work, fled from the house closely followed by Katie Yoho, who gave the alarm.

Though diligent search was made for the murderer, he was not caught until the 13th of the month. The circumstance of capture were dramatic. He was seen kneeling by his wife's grave in the cemetery and his actions were those of a man frantic with grief. Officers were informed of his presence in the cemetery, and he was captured after a short chase. Maier was tried in July and sentenced to be hanged in August. After a stay of execution and an argument for a new trial and refusal for a further hearing he was resentenced. Strong efforts were made by friends to secure a commutation of the sentence on the ground of insanity, but the governor was deaf to all appeals.

DISASTERS AND CASUALTIES

EIGHT persons were poisoned at a Bangor, Maine boarding house by eating diseased pork.

SMALL-POX has broken out in the Connecticut State Hospital at New Haven, and the institution has been quarantined.

A PASSENGER train ran into an electric motor car, in Cleveland, Ohio, injuring six persons, none of them mortally.

MRS. LOCK TREUX, a prominent young society women of New Orleans, was killed by falling down stairs at the opera.

JESSE SYKES, an old farmer near Newport, Indiana, was seized with an epileptic fit while feeding hogs and was partially devoured by those animals.

ALBERT RUTH, an inmate of the jail at Sunbury, Penn., who has manifested symptoms of hydrophobia, ate some glass which he broke from the cell window. It is stated that he cannot recover.

ANDREW VAN TASSELL, one of the "oil princes" of the early petroleum days in Pennsylvania and a noted horseman, was killed in Erie by falling from the third-story window of his lodging house.

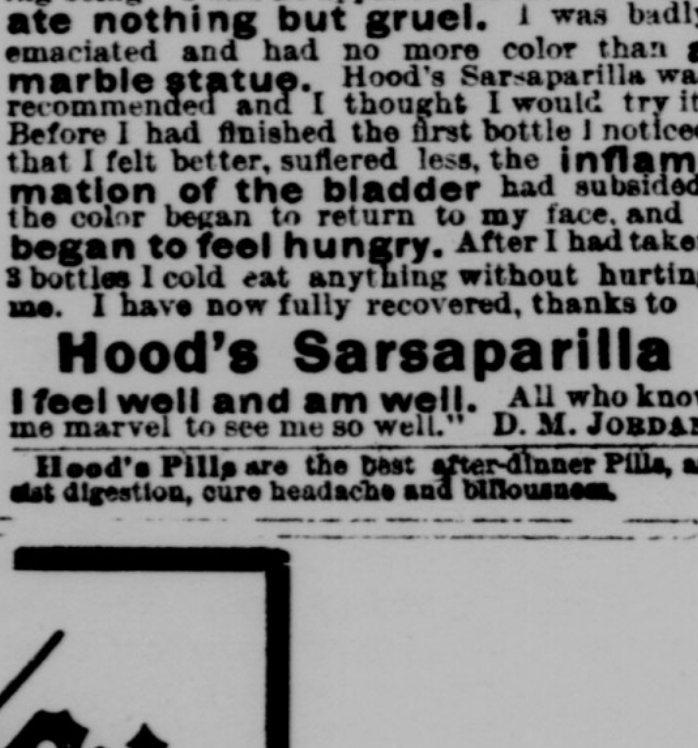
A TELEGRAM from Lima, Ohio, says a wreck occurred on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad at Nevada, Ohio, a west bound mail and express running into a freight. An unknown tramp was killed and an engineer and brakeman were seriously injured.

A DISPATCH from Boise, Idaho, says that there is grounds for the belief that Mrs. Anna Maynard, a bride of a month, was buried alive. Friends declare their belief that she was living, but the physician decided otherwise and the funeral took place. Now the disinterment of the casket is demanded.

A BOSTON dispatch says that the three-masted schooner, Phoebe J. Woodruff, of Harwich, Captain Watts, from Philadelphia for Portland, with about 800 tons of coal, has been abandoned at sea. The crew was rescued and landed at Fernandina, Florida. The Woodruff was owned by J. B. Baker, of Harwichport.

A BOISE, Idaho, dispatch says that "Wilson Garber, long suspected of being a moonshiner, met a violent death while fleeing from a party of men whom he thought was officers of the law. He and two Indians got into a canoe and paddled up Big Creek. The Indians were drunk and started down stream. The canoe entered the rapids, when the Indians both fell out and were drowned. The canoe dashed over the cataract and Garber was also drowned."

A MAGAZINE containing 166 pounds of dynamite near the main wheel pit of the Cataract Construction Company's tunnel, at Niagara Falls, New York, exploded, killing John Hogan, a machinist, and several other workmen were injured. The concussion was sufficient to demolish several adjacent buildings, and to smash a large amount of window glass. The explosion was caused by a fire in the powder house, and most of the workmen heard the alarm and fled precipitately, thus saving their lives.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A Complete Cure by HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA.
This is from Mr. D. M. Jordan, a retired farmer, and one of the most respected citizens of Otsego Co., N. Y.
"Fourteen years ago I had an attack of the gravel, and have since been troubled with my
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gradually growing worse. Three years ago I got down so low that I could scarcely walk. I looked more like a corpse that a living being. I had no appetite and for 5 weeks I ate nothing but gruel. I was badly emaciated and had no more color than a marble statue. Hood's Sarsaparilla was recommended and I thought I would try it. Before I had finished the first bottle I noticed that I felt better, suffered less, the inflammation of the bladder had subsided, the color began to return to my face, and I began to feel hungry. After I had taken 3 bottles I cold eat anything without hurting me. I have now fully recovered, thanks to
Hood's Sarsaparilla
I feel well and am well. All who know me marvel to see me so well." D. M. JORDAN.
Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache and biliousness.

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REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Truth About Russia."

TEXT: "*Presumptuous are they, self-willed; they are not afraid to speak evil of dignities.*"—II Peter ii., 10.

Among 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, whether in high places or low, but the fact that one is high up is no proof that he 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, that success of any kind excites the jealous antipathy of those who cannot climb the same steep. There never was a David on the throne that there was not some Absalom who wanted to get it. There never was a Christ but the world had saw and hammer ready to fashion a cross on which to assassinate Him.

Out of this evil spirit grow 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 Chuzzlewitt" was printed the literature of the world scoffed at everything American. Victor Hugo, as honest as he was unequaled in literary power, was so misinformed concerning America that he wrote: "The most singular thing is the need of whittling, with which all Americans are possessed. It is such that on Sunday they give the sailors little bits of wood, because if they did not they would whittle the ship. In court, at the most critical moment, the judge, whittling, says: 'Prisoner, are you guilty?' and the accused tranquilly responds, whittling, 'I am not guilty.'"

Lord John Russell called us "a bubble bursting nationality." But our country has at last recovered from such caricature, and there is not a street in any city of Europe or Asia where the word "America" will not win deference. But 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 emperor. Will it not be in the cause of justice if I try to set right the minds of those who compose this august assemblage and the minds of those to whom, on both sides of the ocean, these words shall come? If the slander of one person is wicked, then the slander of one hundred and twelve million people is one hundred and twelve million times more wicked.

In the name of righteousness, and in behalf of civilization, and for the encouragement of all those good people who have been disheartened by the scandalization of Russia, I now speak. But Russia is so vast a subject that to treat it in one discourse is like attempting to run Niagara Falls over one mill wheel. Do not think that the very naked courtesies extended me by the emperor and empress of Russia have complimented me into the advocacy of that empire, for I shall present you authenticated facts that will reverse your opinions, if they have been antagonistic, as mine were reversed.

I went last summer to Russia with as many baleful prejudices as would make an avalanche from the mountain of fabrication which has for years been heaped up against that empire. You ask how is it 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. Malign the United States or malign Great Britain or Germany or France, and by the next cablegram the falsehood is exposed, for we all understand English, and many of our people 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 unpronouncable tongue, 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 denial.

What are the motives for misrepresentation? Commercial interests and international jealously. Russia is as large as all the rest of Europe put together. Remember that a nation is only a man or a woman on a big scale. Go into any neighborhood of America and ask the physician who has a small practice what he thinks of the physician who has a large practice. Ask a lawyer who has no briefs what he thinks of the lawyer who has three rooms filled with clerks trying in vain to transact the superabundant business that comes to him. Ask the minister who has a very limited audience what he thinks of the minister who has overflowing audiences.

Why does not Europe like Russia? Because she has enough acreage to swallow all Europe and feel she had only half a meal. Russia is as long as North and South America put together. "But," says some one, "do you mean to charge the author and the lecturers who have written or spoken against Russia with falsehood?" By no means. You can find in any city or nation evils innumerable if you wish to discourse about them.

I said at St. Petersburg to the most eminent lady of Russia outside of the imperial family, "Are those stories of cruelty and outrage that I have heard and read about true?" She replied: "No doubt some of them are true, but do you not in America ever have officers of the law cruel and outrageous in their treatment of offenders? Do you not have instances where the police have clubbed innocent persons? Have you no instances where people in brief authority act arrogantly?" I replied, "Yes, we do." Then she said: "Why does the world hold our government responsible for exceptional outrages? As soon as an official is found to be cruel he immediately loses his place."

Then I bethought myself, Do the people in America hold the Government of Washington responsible for the Homestead riots or for railroad insurrections, or for the torch of the villian that consumes a block of houses, or for the ruffians who arrest a rail train, making the passengers hold up their arms until the pockets are picked? Why, then hold the emperor of Russia, who is as impressive and genial a man as I have ever looked upon or talked with, responsible for the wrongs enacted in a nation with a population twice as large in numbers as the millions of America? Suppose one monarch in Europe ruled over England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Germany, Spain, Italy, Austria, Norway and Sweden.

Would it be fair to hold the monarch responsible for all that occurred in that mighty dominion? Now you must remember that Alexander the Third reigns over wider dominion than all those empires put together. As a nation is only a man or a woman on a big scale, let me ask, would you individually prefer to be judged by your faults or your virtues? All people except ourselves have faults.

The pessimist attempting to write your biography would take you in your weaker moods, and the picture of you on the first page of your biography would be as you looked after some meanness had been practiced on you and you were tearing mad. Now, as I am an optimist, I give you fair warning that if I ever write your biography I will take you as you looked the day your dividend came in twenty per cent. larger than you ever anticipated, or the morning on your way to business after your first child was born, or the morning after your conversion, when heaven had rolled in on your soul. The most accursed homunculi of all the earth are the pessimists, who, whether they judge individual or national character, and whether they wield tongue or pen, are filled with anathematization, and who have more to say about the freckles on the cheek of beauty than of the sunrises and sunsets that flush it.

It is most important that this country have right ideas concerning Russia, for among all the nations this side of heaven Russia is America's best friend. There has not been an hour in the last seventy-five years that the shipwreck of free institutions in America would not have called forth from all the despotisms of Europe and Asia a shout of gladness wide as earth and deep as perdition. But whoever else failed us, Russia never did, and whoever else was doubtful, Russia never was. Russia, then an old government, smiled on the cradle of our government while yet in its earliest infancy. Empress Catherine of Russia in 1776 or thereabouts offered kindly interference that our thirteen colonies might not go down under the cruelties of war.

Again, in 1813, Russia stretched forth toward us a merciful hand. When our dreadful civil war was raging and the two thunder clouds of northern and southern valor clashed, Russia practically said to the nations of Europe, "Keep your hands off and let the brave men of the north and the south settle their own troubles." I rehearsed some of those scenes to the emperor last July, saying, "You were probably too young to remember the position your father took at that time," but with radiant smile he responded, "Oh, yes, I remember, I remember," and there was an accentuation of the words which demonstrated to me that those occurrences had often been talked of in the imperial household.

I stood on New York Battery during the war, as I suppose many of you did, looking off through a magnifying glass upon a fleet of Russian ships. "What are they doing there?" I asked, and so every one asked. "What business have the Russian warships in our New York harbor?" Word came that another fleet of Russian warships was in San Francisco harbor. "What does this mean?" our rulers asked, but did not get immediate answer. In these two American harbors the Russian fleets seemed sound asleep. Their great mouths of iron spoke not a word, and the Russian flag, whether floating in the air or drooping by the flagstaff, made no answer to our inquisitiveness.

William H. Seward, secretary of state, asked the Russian minister at Washington the meaning of those Russian ships in American waters and got no satisfactory response. Admiral Farragut said to a Russian officer after dining in the home of the eminent politician, Thurlow Weed, that maker and unmaker of presidents, "What are you doing here with those Russian vessels of war?" Not until the war was over was it found out that in case of foreign intervention all the guns and the last gun of these two fleets in New York and San Francisco harbors were to open in full diapason upon any foreign ship that should dare to interfere with the right of Americans, north and south, to settle their own controversy.

But for those fleets and their presence in American waters there can be no doubt that two of the mightiest nations of Europe would have mingled in our fight. But for those two fleets the American government would have been to-day only a name in history. I declare before God and the nation that I believe Russia saved the United States of America. Last July I stood before a great throng of Russians in the embarrassing position of speaking to an audience three-fourths of which could not understand my language any more than I could understand theirs. But there were two names that they thoroughly understood as well as you understand them, and the utterance of those two names brought forth an acclamation that made the city hall of St. Petersburg quake from foundation stone to towers, and those two names were "George Washington and Abraham Lincoln."

Now is it not important that we should feel right toward that mighty, that God given friend of more than one hundred years? Yea, because it is a nation of more possibilities than any other, except our own, should we cultivate its friendship. There is a vast realm of Russia as yet unoccupied. If the population of the rest of Europe were poured into Russia it would be only partially occupied. After awhile America will be so well populated that the tides of emigration will go the other way, and by railroads from Russia to Behring straits—where Asia comes within thirty six miles of joining America—millions of people will pour down through Russia and Siberia, and on down through all the regions waiting for the civilization of the next century to come, and culture great harvests and build mighty cities.

What the United States now are on the western hemisphere Russia will be on the eastern hemisphere. Not only because of what Russia has been to our republic, but because of what she will be, let us cease the defamation of all that pertains to that great empire. If Russia can afford to be the friend of America, America can afford to be the friend of Russia. And now I proceed to do what I told the emperor and the empress and all the imperial family at the palace of Peterhof 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. They are practically prisoners in the winter palace, and trenches with dynamite have been found dug around the winter palace. They dare not venture forth, except preceded and followed and surrounded by a most elaborate military guard.

My answer to this is that I never saw a face more free from worriment than the emperor's face. The winter palace, around which the trenches are said to have been charged with dynamite, and in which the imperial family are said to be prisoners, has never been the residence of the imperial family one moment since the present emperor has been on the throne.

The winter palace has been changed into a museum and a picture gallery and a place of great levees. He spends his summer in the palace at Peterhof, fifteen or twenty miles from St. Petersburg; his autumns at the palace at Gratschna, and his winters in a palace at St. Petersburg, but in quite a different part of the city to that occupied by the winter palace. He rides through the streets unattended; except by the empress at his side and the driver on the box. There is not a person in this audience more free from fear of harm than he is. His subjects not only admire him but almost worship him.

There are cranks in Russia, but have we not had our Charles Guiteau and John Wilkes Booth? "But," says some one, "did not the Russians kill the father of the present emperor?" Yes, but in the time that Russia has had one assassination of emperor America has had two presidents assassinated. "But is not the emperor an autocrat?" By which you mean, has he not power without restriction? Yes, but it all depends upon what use a man makes of his power.

Are you an autocrat in your factory, or an autocrat in your store, or an autocrat in your style of business? It all depends on what use you make of your power, whether to bless or to oppress, and from the time of Peter the Great—that Russian who was the wonder of all time, the emperor who became incognito a ship carpenter that he might help ship carpenters, and a mechanic that he might help mechanics, and put on poor men's garb that he might sympathize with poor men, and who in his last words said: "My Lord, I am dying. Oh, help my unbelief!"—I say from that time the throne of Russia has, for the most part, been occupied by rulers as beneficent and kind and sympathetic as they were powerful.

To go no further back than Nicholas, the grandfather of the present emperor. Nicholas had for the dominant idea of his administration the emancipation of the serfs. When it was found that he premeditated the freedom of the serfs he received the following letter of threat from a deputation of noblemen: "Your Imperial Majesty—We learn that the council and senate of the empire have before them for deliberation, with your sanction, the plan to abolish serfdom throughout the Russian empire. We are perfectly willing to abide by your majesty's decision in this matter and to loyally support your will, but there are in Russia a large number of small owners of serfs who are dependent for actual subsistence on the labor of those serfs, and who consequently will be left wholly penniless and without any resource by the operation of emancipation. They will then undoubtedly resort to desperate measures, and in the extremity of their despair will put the life of your majesty in jeopardy."

The emperor replied in words that will last as long as history, "Gentlemen, if I should die because of my devotion to such a cause, I am willing to meet my fate." When, under an attack of pneumonia from exposure to severe weather in the service of his people, that emperor put down his head on the pillow of dust, Russia lost as good a monarch as was ever crowned. Then came Alexander the Second, father of the present emperor. Amid the mightiest opposition and innumerable protests, he, with one stroke of his pen, emancipated twenty million serfs, practically saying, "Go free. Be your own masters, and this is for you and your children forever."

On the day he was basely assassinated (and I will parenthetically say that I saw his carriage in splinters, as it looked when he stepped from it, not to save himself, but to look after some poor people of the street who had been hurt, and I saw the bed on which he died, the mattress yet crimson with his life's blood)—on the day he was assassinated he had on his table, found afterward, a free constitution that proposed to give the right of suffrage to the people of Russia. If it had not been for the assassination he would have soon signed that constitution, but that horrible violence put things back, as violence always does.

What a marvelous character of kindness was Alexander the Second, the father of the present emperor, so that the present emperor, Alexander the Third, inherits his benignity. Alexander the Second, hearing that a nobleman had formed a conspiracy against his life, had him arrested. Then the eyes of the criminal were bandaged, and he was put in a carriage, and for some time traveled on, only stopping for food. After awhile the bandage was removed, and supposing that he must by that time have been almost in Siberia, he found that he was at the door of his own home. But this punishment was sufficient.

The same emperor, having heard that a poet had written a poem defamatory of his empress, ordered the poet into his presence. Expecting great severity, the poet entered the palace and found the emperor and empress and dukes and duchesses gathered together. "Good morning," said the emperor to the offender. "I hear you have written a most beautiful poem, and I have sent for you that you may read it to us and we may have the pleasure of hearing it." The man cried out, "Send me to Siberia or do anything with me, but do not make me read this poem in your presence." He was compelled to read the defamatory poem, and then the empress, against whom it was aimed, said: "I do not think he will write any more verses about us again. Let him go." And so he was freed

And now comes in Alexander the Third, doing the best things possible for the nation which he loves and which as ardently loves him. But what an undertaking to rule one hundred and twelve million people, made up of one hundred tribes and races and speaking forty different languages! But, notwithstanding all this, things there move on marvelously well, and I do not believe that out of five hundred thousand Russians you would find more than one person who dislikes the emperor, and so that calumny of dread of assassination drops so flat it can fall no flatter.

Calumny the Second—If you go to Russia you are under severest espionage, stopped here and questioned there, and in danger of arrest. But my opinion is that if a man is disturbed in Russia it is because he ought to be disturbed. Russia is the only country in Europe in which my baggage was not examined. I carried in my hand, tied together with a chord so that their titles could be seen, a pile of eight or ten books, all of them from lid to lid cursing Russia, but I had no trouble in taking with me the books. There is ten times more difficulty in getting your luggage through the American custom house than through the Russian. I speak not of myself, for friends intercede for me on American wharves, and I am not detained. I was several days in Russia before I was asked if I had any passport at all.

Depend upon it, if hereafter a man believes he is uncomfortably watched by the police of St. Petersburg or Moscow it is because there is something suspicious about him, and you yourself had better, when he is around, look after your silver spoons. I promise you, an honest man or an honest woman, that when you go there, as many of you will—for European travel is destined to change its course from southern Europe to those northern regions—you will have no more molestation or supervisal than in Brooklyn or New York or the quietest Long Island village.

Calumny the Third—Russia and its ruler 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 suburbs with the prefect, a brilliant, efficient and lovely man, who is the highest official in the city of St. Petersburg, and whose chief business is to attend the emperor. 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 baptised in in the Greek church and all my life worshiped at her altars. I had it demonstrated to me very plainly that a man's religion in Russia has nothing to do with his preferment for either office or social position. The only questions taken into consideration are honesty, fidelity, morality and adaptation.

I had not been in St. Petersburg an hour before I received an invitation to preach the Gospel of Christ as I believed it. Besides all this, have you forgotten that the Crimean war, which shook the earth, grew out of Russia's interference in behalf of the prosecuted Christians of all nations in Turkey?

"But," says some one, "have there not been persecutions of other religions in Russia?" No doubt, just as in other times in New England we burned witches, and as we killed Quakers, and as the Jews in America have been outrageously treated ever since I can remember, and the Chinese in our land have been pelted, and their stores torn down, and their way from the steamer wharf to their destined quarters tracked with their own blood. The devil of persecution is in every land and in all ages. Some of us in the different denominations of Christians in America have felt the thrust of persecution because we thought differently or did things differently from those who would, if they had the power, put us in a furnace eight times heated, one more degree of caloric than Nebuchadnezzar's. Persecutions in all lands, but the emperor of Russia sanctions none of them.

I had a most satisfactory talk with the emperor about the religions of the world, and he thinks and feels as you and I do, that religion is something between a man and his God, and no one has a right to interfere with it. You may go right up to St. Petersburg and Moscow with your Episcopal liturgy, or your Presbyterian catechism, or your Congregationalist's liberalism, or your Immersionist's Baptistry, or any other religion, and if you mind your own affairs and let others mind theirs you will not be molested.

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 Pacific ocean, and England, during the same length of time, has taken possession of nearly three million square miles, and by the extent of her domain has added two hundred and fifty million population, while Russia has added during that time only one-half the number of square miles and about eighteen million of population—England's advance of domain by two hundred and fifty million against Russia's advance of domain by eighteen million. What a paltry Russian advance of domain by eighteen million as compared with the English advance of domain by two hundred and fifty million! The United States and England had better keep still about extravagant and extortionate enlargement of domain.

Calumny the Fifth—Siberia is a den of horrors, and to-day people are driven like dumb cattle; no trial is afforded to the suspected ones; they are put into quicksilver mines, where they are whipped and starved, and some day find themselves going around without any head. Some of them do not get so far as Siberia. Women, after being tied to stakes in the streets, are disrobed and whipped to death in the presence of howling mobs. Offenders hear their own flesh siss under the hot irons.

But what are the facts? There are no kinder people on earth than the Russians, and to most of them cruelty is an impossibility. I hold in my hand a card. You see on it that red circle. That is the government's seal on a card giving me permission to visit all the prisons of St. Petersburg, as I had expressed a wish in that direction. As the messenger handed this card to me he told me that a carriage was at the door for my disposal in visiting the prisons. It so happened, however, that I was crowded with engagements and I could not make the visitation. But do you suppose such cheerful permission and a carriage to boot would have been afforded me if the prisons of Russia are such hells on earth as they have been described to be?

I asked an eminent and distinguished American, "Have you visited the prisons of St. Petersburg, and how do they differ from American prisons?" He replied, "I have visited them, and they are as well ventilated and as well conditioned in every respect as the majority of the prisons in America." Are women whipped in the street? No; that statement comes from the manufactory of fabrication, a manufactory that runs day and night, so that the supply may meet the demand.

But how about Siberia? My answer is, 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 criminals than any man that ever lived, his name a synonym for mercy throughout Christendom, declared by voice and pen that the system of transportation of criminals from Russia to Siberia was an admirable plan, advocating open air punishment rather than endungeonment, and also because it was taking all offenders hundreds of miles away from their evil companions. John Howard, after witnessing the plan of deportation of criminals from Russia to Siberia, commended it to England.

If a man commits murder in Russia he is not electrocuted as we electrocute him, or choked to death by a halter as we choke him to death. Russia is the only country on earth from which the death penalty has been driven, except in case of high treason. Murderers and desperate villains are sent to the hardest parts of Siberia, but no man is sent to Siberia or ordered to any kind of punishment in Russia until he has a fair trial. So far as their being hustled off in the night and not knowing why they are exiled or punished is concerned, all the criminals in Russia have an open trial before a jury just as we have in America, except in revolutionary and riotous times, and you know in America at such times the writ of habeas corpus is suspended.

There are in Russia grand juries and petit juries, and the right to challenge the jurors, and the prisoner confronts his accuser, and, mark this, as in no other country, after the prisoner has been condemned by juries and judges he may appeal to the minister of the interior, and after that to the senate, and after that to the emperor, who is constantly pardoning. As I said, the violent and murderous are sent to the hardest part of Siberia, but the more moderate criminals to propitious parts of Siberia, and those who have only a little criminality to parts of Siberia positively genial for climate, for you ought to know, if you do not know, that Siberia is so large and wide and long that it reaches from frigidity to torridity, from almost arctic blast, to climate as mild as that of Italy.

Run your finger along the map of the world, and you will find that the lowest part of Siberia is on the forty-fifth degree of latitude, and the richest part of Italy is on the same forty-fifth degree of latitude, so that Siberia reaches from the furs at the north to the palm leaf fans at the south. It has been demonstrated that ninety per cent. of the Russian criminals colonized into Siberia go into a climate milder than New York—a land songful with birds and embroidered with flora enough manifold to confound the botanists. Much of the soil is a rich loam, and harvests wait for a plow to liberate them.

When a criminal is sent to Siberia, in the vast majority of cases it gives him an opportunity to make a new start under the best possible circumstances. The criminal is allowed to take his or her family along, and that is a mercy no other country grants. In the quicksilver mines of Siberia—the hardest place of expatriation—only one-fourth of the miners are criminals. The other three-fourths go there because they choose it as a place to earn their living.

After being in Siberia awhile the condemned go to earning a livelihood, and they come to own their own farms and orchards and vineyards, many of these people coming to wealth, and thousands of them under no inducement would leave those parts of Siberia which are paradises for salubrity and luxuriance. Now which do you think is the best style of a prison—Siberia or many of our American prisons? When a man commits a big crime in our country, the judge looks into the frighted face of the culprit and says, "You have been found guilty; I sentence you to the penitentiary for ten years." He goes to prison. He is shut in between four walls. No sunlight. No fresh air. No bathroom. Before he has served his ten years he dies of consumption or is so enervated that for the rest of his life he sits with folded hands—a wheezing invalid.

In preference to the shut in life of the average American prisoner, give me Siberia. Besides that, when offenders come out of prison in America, what chance have they? Ask the poorly supported societies formed to get these people places for work. Ask me, to whom the newly liberated come from all the prisons imploring what they shall do. No one will commend them. The pallor of incarceration is on their cheek. Who wants to employ in factory or store a man or woman who, in answer to the question: "Where did you live last?" should make for reply: "State's prison at Auburn or Moyamensing?" Now in Siberia they have a better chance. They are never spoken of as criminals, but as unfortunates, and they are allowed every opportunity of retrieving their lost reputation and lost fortunes.

I talked with the President of the National Society of Russia for the Education and Moralization of the Children of Siberian Convicts. The president of that society, appointed by the emperor, is a lady of great accomplishments and much sympathy, which illumines her face and makes tearful her eyes and tremulous her voice. The evening I passed at her house in St. Petersburg was one of the memorable events of my lifetime. I will not attempt to pronounce the name of that noble woman appointed by the emperor as the President of the National Society of Russia for the Education and Moralization of the Children of Convicts. Please to name any such national society in our country, supported by government, for taking care of the children of convicts.

You know, if you know anything, that there is no chance in this country for a man who has been imprisoned, or for his children. God pity them and hasten the time when we shall by some national institution established by the congress of the United States, imitate the mercy of the Russian government toward the innocent children of imprisoned offenders. He who charges cruelty on the imperial family and the nobility of Russia belies men and women as gracious and benignant as ever breathed oxygen.

The merciful character of the present emperor was well illustrated in the following occurrence: The man who supervised the assassination of the father of the present emperor, standing in the snow that awful day when the dynamite shattered to pieces the legs of Alexander the Second—I say the man who supervised all this fled from St. Petersburg and quit Russia. But after awhile the man repented of his crime, and wrote to the emperor asking for forgiveness for the murder of his father, and promising to be a good citizen, and asking if he might come back to Russia. The emperor pardoned the murderer of his father, and the forgiven assassin is now living in Russia, unless recently deceased.

When I talked to the empress concerning the sympathy felt in America for the sufferings of the drought-struck regions of Russia, she evinced an absorbing interest and a compassion and an emotion of manner and speech such as we men can hardly realize, because it seems that God has reserved for woman as her great adornment the coronet, the tear jewelled coronet of tenderness and commiseration. If you say that it was a man, a divine man that came to save the world, I say yes; but it was a woman that gave the man. Witness all the Madonnas—Italian, German, English and Russian—that bloom in the picture galleries of Christendom. Son of Mary, have mercy on us!

But how about the knout, the cruel Russian knout, that comes down on the bare back of agonized criminals? Why, Russia abolished the knout before it was abolished from our American navy. But how about the political prisoners hustled off to Siberia? According to the testimony of the most celebrated literary enemy of Russia, only four hundred and forty-three political prisoners were sent to Siberia in twenty years. How many political prisoners did we put in prison pens during our four years of civil war? Well, I will guess at least one hundred thousand. America's one hundred thousand political prisoners versus Russia's four hundred and forty-three political prisoners. Nearly all these four hundred and forty-three of twenty years were noblemen or people desperately opposed to the emancipation of the serfs. And none of the political prisoners is sent to the famous Kara mines.

For the most part you are dependent for information upon the testimony of prisoners who are sent to Siberia. They all say they were innocent. Prisoners always are innocent. Ask all the prisoners of America to-day, "Guilty or not guilty?" and nineteen out of twenty will plead "Not guilty." Ask them how they like their prison, and how they like sheriffs, and how they like the government of the United States, and you will find these prisoners admire the authority that arrested them and punished them just about as much as the political prisoners of Russia like Siberia.

But you ask how will this Russophobia, with which so many have been bitten and poisoned, be cured? By the God of Justice blessing such books and pamphlets as are now coming out from Professor de Arnaud, of Washington; Mr. Horace Cutter, of San Francisco; Mr. Morrill, of England, and by the opening of our American gates to the writings of some twenty-four of the Russian authors and authoresses, in some respects as brilliant as the three or four Russian authors already known—the translation of those twenty-four authors, which I am authorized from Russia to offer free of charge to any responsible American publishing house that will do them justice.

Let these Russians tell their own story, for they are the only ones fully competent to do the work, as none but Americans can fully tell the story of America, and as none but Germans can fully tell the story of Germany, and none but Englishmen can fully tell the story of England, and none but Frenchmen can fully tell the story of France. Meanwhile let the international defamation come to an end. Cease to speak evil of dignities merely because they are dignities, and of presidents merely because they are presidents, and of emperors merely because they are emperors.

And may the blessing of God the Father, and God the Son and God the Holy Ghost be upon all the members of the imperial household of Russia, from the illustrious head of that family down to the princess, seven years of age, who came skipping into my presence in the palace of Peterhof last summer! Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men!

NAVAL EQUIPMENT.

Report of Captain Dewey, the Chief of the Bureau.

The annual report of Captain George Dewey, chief of the Bureau of Equipment, Navy Department, shows that it cost $405,675 to maintain the cruising vessels of the navy during the last fiscal year. More than half of that sum was expended for 35,017 tons of coal consumed. Then 38,450 tons of coal were purchased at home ports, making the total expenditure on account of coal $559,451.

He estimates that $1,000,000 will be required for the equipment of vessels during the next fiscal, besides $539,625 necessary for the completion of the equipment of new vessels authorized by Congress, and $15,680 for equipping an armored cruiser.

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE.

GRAIN, ETC.

FLOUR—Balto. Best Pat.$	4 75	@$ 5 00
High Grade Extra	4 00	4 80
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	72	74
CORN—No. 2 White	47	49
Yellow	49	50
Ear Yellow per brl	2 30	2 40
OATS—Southern & Penn.	37	41
Western White	39	42
Mixed	36	37½
RYE—No. 2	58	60
HAY—Choice Timothy	14 25	14 75
Good to Prime	14 00	14 25
STRAW—Rye in car lds	12 00	12 50
Wheat Blocks	6 00	7 00
Oat Blocks	8 00	8 50

CANNED GOODS.

TOMATOES—Stnd. No. 3.$	90	@$ 95
No. 2	70	72½
PEAS—Standards	1 10	1 20
Seconds		90
CORN—Dry Pack		1 10
Moist		1 00

HIDES.

CITY STEERS $	8¼	@$ 8½
City Cows	4	4½
Southern No. 2	3¾	4

POTATOES & VEGETABLES.

POTATOES—New Irish $	68	@$ 70
Va. Yellow	2 00	2 50
Yams	1 00	1 25
ONIONS	77	80

PROVISIONS.

HOGS PRODUCTS—shlds.$	7	@$ 8¼
Clear rib sides	8	8¾
Bacon sides		10
Hams	11¾	12¼
Mess Pork, per bar		13 50
LARD—Crude		9¼
Best refined		10

BUTTER.

BUTTER—Fine Crmy $	30	@$ 31
Under fine	28	29
Roll	23	25

CHEESE.

CHEESE—N. Y. Factory.$	11¾	@$ 12
N. Y. flats	11¾	12
Skim Cheese	7	9

EGGS.

EGGS—State $	24	@$ 25
North Carolina	21	22

POULTRY.

CHICKENS—Hens $	8	@$ 9
Old Roosters	25	30
Ducks, per lb	9	10

TOBACCO.

TOBACCO—Md. Infer's.$	1 50	@$ 1 50
Sound common	3 00	4 00
Middling	6 00	8 00
Fancy	12 00	13 00

LIVE STOCK.

BEEF—Best Beeves $	4 50	@$ 4 75
Good to Fair	4 00	4 25
SHEEP	3 00	4 25
Hogs	5 50	5 90

FURS AND SKINS.

MUSKRAT $	10	@$ 11
Raccoon	40	45
Red Fox	—	1 00
Skunk Black	—	80
Opossum	22	23
Mink	—	80
Otter	—	6 00

NEW YORK.

FLOUR—Southern $	3 15	@$ 4 60
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	75½	75¾
RYE—Western	58	60
CORN—No. 2	49⅜	50
OATS—No. 3	37	38¼
BUTTER—State	18	26
EGGS—State	25½	26
CHEESE—State	7½	10½

PHILADELPHIA.

FLOUR—Southern $	3 60	@$ 4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	72½	72¾
CORN—No. 3	51½	52
OATS—No 2	41	41½
BUTTER—State	31	31
EGGS—Penn. fst	25	26

One of Grant's Arabian Horses.

One was a magnificent jet black stallion, but in riding him the minister thought he discovered a fault, and he insisted that the dragoman should take him back to the Sultan and ask him to send a better horse. The dragoman replied that he could not do this; that the horses were a gift, and he used the proverb about "not looking a gift horse in the mouth." But the minister insisted, and the dragoman went to the Sultan and asked for audience. He is, by the way, a man of fine sensibilities, and as an interpreter of the legation he is the most important of all men to Americans in Turkey. Said he: "I felt very much ashamed of myself and my mission, and I did not know what I could do until at last a thought struck me that the horse was a jet black one and that black was the color of mourning in America. When I entered the palace the first thing that the secretary asked me was as to how the minister and myself liked the horses, and I replied that they were the finest horses that we had ever seen, and that our President would feel very proud and would be delighted with the gift. I then went on to praise the horses, and especially the black one, which I said was magnificent in every respect, but—here I stopped and the secretary anxiously asked: 'But what? Is there anything the matter with the horse?' 'No,' said I, 'but you know black is the color of mourning in the United States. It means death with us, and I just wondered if such a gift might not be considered ominous if sent by the Sultan.' The secretary saw the point at once. He spoke to the Sultan, and I was thanked for my suggestion, and the horse was changed to one of another color and as sound as a dollar."—Rider and Driver.

The Finest Railway Station.

It will surprise most people to learn that the finest railway station in the world is in India, in Bombay, which cost $1,500,000, and took ten years to build. The finest in Europe will be, when completed, the new central station at Frankfort-on-the-Maine. A very costly station is also to be erected by the North British Company at its Edinburg terminus.

GOODNESS! Here is the Homeopathic Society suggesting a law for the prevention of unwise matrimonial unions! Such a law might be good for the constitutions of the human race, but would it be constitutional?

Complexion cleared with *Small* Bile Beans.

One of the most beautiful sights on earth is a happy child.

If you want a positive cure for Bilious Attacks and colds use Bile Beans *Small*.

The only heavy burdens are those we try to carry ourselves.

Will do good in almost every case of sickness—*Small* Bile Beans.

False worship will kill the soul as quick as no worship.

Fame is a bright robe; but it soon wears out at the elbows.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of $100 for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.
FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON
Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
☞ Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The indispensable servant is master of the situation.

"If You Want a Cook Book"
Send ten cents in stamps to E. O. McCormick, G. P. & T. Agt. C., H. & D. R. R., Cincinnati. The Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton R. R. have issued a special edition of the Martha Washington Cook Book, 320 pages and fully illustrated. This Cook Book is in use on the dining-cars on the C., H. & D. between Cincinnati and Chicago, on which are served meals unequalled for their perfect cooking. The Book will be sent prepaid to any address on receipt of the ten cents in stamps. The C., H. & D., in connection with the Monon, is the "World's Fair Route" to Chicago.

Clothes may not make the man, but suits make the lawyer.

Have You Asthma?
Dr. R. Schiffmann, St. Paul, Minn., will mail a trial package of Schiffmann's Asthma Cure *free* to any sufferer. Gives instant relief in worst cases, and cures where others fail. Name this paper and send address.

What is done cannot be undone, especially if it is a hard-boiled egg.

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ONE ENJOYS
Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.
Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.
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MONEY IN CHICKENS
—IF YOU—
KNOW HOW
To keep them, but it is wrong to let the poor things Suffer and Die of the various Maladies which afflict them when in a majority of cases a Cure could have been effected had the owner possessed a little knowledge, such as can be procured from the
ONE HUNDRED PAGE BOOK
we offer, embracing the PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE of a man who devoted 25 years of his life to CONDUCTING A POULTRY YARD AS A BUSINESS, not as a pastime. As the living of himself and family depended on it, he gave the subject such attention as only a need of bread will command, and the result was a grand success, after he had spent much money and lost hundreds of valuable chickens in experimenting. What he learned in all these years is embodied in this book, which we send postpaid for 25 cents in stamps. It teaches you how to Detect and Cure Diseases, how to Feed for Eggs and also for Fattening, which Fowls to Save for Breeding Purposes and everything, indeed, you should know on this subject.
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Did you ever see a sickly baby with dimples? or a healthy one without them?
A thin baby is always delicate. Nobody worries about a plump one.
If you can get your baby plump, he is almost sure to be well. If you can get him well, he is almost sure to be plump.
The way to do both—there is but one way—is by CAREFUL LIVING. Sometimes this depends on Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil.
We will send you a book on it; free.
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THE GREAT KIDNEY, LIVER AND BLADDER CURE.
Pain in the Back,
joints or hips, sediment in urine like brick-dust frequent calls or retention, rheumatism.
Kidney Complaint,
Diabetes, dropsy, scanty or high colored urine.
Urinary Troubles,
Stinging sensations when voiding, distress pressure in the parts, urethral irritation, stricture.
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No Alkalies
—OR—
Other Chemicals
are used in the preparation of
W. BAKER & CO.'S
BreakfastCocoa
which is absolutely pure and soluble.
It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
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Containing Lithia. Send analysis. State price. Give name and distance of nearest railroad station.
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Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use Piso's Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has not injured one. It is not bad to take. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere. 25c.
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