Kent News.

Vol. 48. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND: SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1887. No. 6.

The Kent News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT

CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MD.

OFFICE IN MASONIC HALL.

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.

PLUMMER & USILTON,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

SUBSCRIPTION: $2 PER ANNUM.

JOB-PRINTING of all kinds executed at short notice and at low rates.

Professional Cards.

DR. JAMES W. URIE,
HOMEOPATHIST,
STILL POND, MD.

DR. THOMAS H. COOPER,
HOMEOPATHIST,
Chestertown, Maryland, opposite the Voshell House.

DR. C. P. GILPIN, Dentist,
Office in the dwelling-house on High street, adjoining the store of Mr. A. J. Cahall. He will be pleased to see his friends and patients at his new location, where, having more room, he will be able to afford many more comforts than in the past. js-tf.

THOMAS N. FRAISER,
ARCHITECT,
No. 1027 MIFFLIN ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

HARRISON W. VICKERS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

JOHN D. URIE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office adjoining T. W. Ellason, Jr.'s Store.
Will practice in Kent and Queen Anne's Counties.

Commission Cards.

Established 1862.
SAMUEL M. LAWDER. FRANK LAWDER.
SAMUEL M. LAWDER & SON,
General Commission Merchants,
For the sale of Fruits, Fish, Wool, Poultry, Live Stock, &c., &c.
88 South Charles Street, BALTIMORE, MD.
jan5-y.

A. P. CREW. W. H. LOANE.
CREW & LOANE,
Grain and General Produce
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 4 Camden St., New Number 15, BALTIMORE, MD.
ja29.

JAS. W. STEVENS. R. NELSON STEVENS.
STEVENS BROTHERS,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
Grain, Fruits, Live Stock, Wool and Country Produce Generally.
Special attention given to the sale of GRAIN and FRUITS.
320 Light St., (old No. 114), Baltimore, Md.
Reference—Merchants National Bank.

JAMES W. JEROME & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
GRAIN, FRUITS, LIVE STOCK, AND PRODUCE GENERALLY.
No. 20 East Camden Street, (Old Number, 3,)
Near Light Street, Baltimore, Md.

T. H. WINPENNY & CO.,
SUCCESSORS TO GROVES & WINPENNY,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
All Kinds of Fruits--Peaches a Specialty.
Live Stock, Hides, Furs, Wool, Poultry, Eggs and Country Produce Generally.
No. 324 Light Street Wharf, Baltimore, Md.

PERCY T. McFEELY,
Formerly with Chester River Steamboat Company,
WITH
WRIGHT & LONEY,
Successors to Wright & Sparks,
FLOUR, GRAIN AND COUNTRY PRODUCE
Commission Merchants,
No. 215 S. Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.
REFERENCES.—Drovers and Mechanics' National Bank, cor. Eutaw and Fayette sts. [ja29.

ANDREW W. WOODALL,
Successor to Greenwood & Woodall,
Commission Merchant & Produce Dealer,
No. 53 West Pratt Street.
Special attention given to the sale of Grain, Dried, Evaporated and Green Fruits.

J. K. B. EMORY. F. W. NEAVITT.
WM. H. RUTTER,
WITH
EMORY & NEAVITT,
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
FOR THE SALE OF
Grain, Seeds, Hay, Fruit, Live Stock, Wool and all kinds Country Produce.
No. 68 South St., Baltimore, Md.
Reference—Citizens' National Bank, Agents for Wheeler line of Steamers. jel2-y.

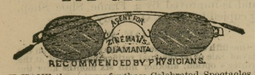
DAVID B. STEWART. GEORGE W. BERRY.
D. B. STEWART & CO.,
General Fruit and Produce
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
150 West Pratt St., Balto., Md.

We refer to our present shippers, among whom are many of the most successful fruit growers in this county, also The Peoples Bank of Baltimore.

PHILADELPHIA.

E. C. CROW,
No. 6 Vine Street, Philadelphia, Penn.
WHOLESALE
COMMISSION MERCHANT
IN
ALL KINDS OF FARM PRODUCE.
Market Price Guaranteed. d18.

R. E. BRICE. J. E. HENDRICKSON.
J. E. HENDRICKSON & CO.,
Produce Commission Merchants
IN ALL KINDS OF COUNTRY PRODUCE AND LIVE STOCK.
128 North Front Street, Philadelphia, Penn.
Consignments solicited. Returns promptly sent on sale of goods. Orders promptly filled and inquiries cheerfully answered. fel23-y.

"Diamanta" Spectacles
EYE-GLASSES.


I HAVE the agency for these Celebrated Spectacles and Eye-Glasses. They are ground on scientific prieples, perfectly colorless and do not fire the eye as common glasses do. If persons will call on me who need glasses I will test their eyes with an Optometer and give them glasses that will suit them.
I have also on hand a nice assortment of CLOCKS, WATCHES and JEWELRY, Rogers' & Bros.' SILVERWARE, &c., &c. Respectfully,
C. M. LUCAS,
mh12. Jeweler and Optician, Chestertown, Md.

STRAW WANTED!
HAVING Leased the Chestertown STRAWBOARD MILL, I am ready to BUY ALL THE STRAW that Farmers may wish to dispose of. Will clean up ALL THE STRAW from the stackyards sold me, rejecting only rotten straw, on the basis of 2240 pounds per ton for dry straw; only asking those wishing to sell to take a little extra pains in Stacking and not put the chaff with their Straw.
MR. JAMES BRICE is my authorised agent to buy.
WILBUR ELIASON.

ROBERTSON'S
$2.50 and $3.00
SHOES
Beats Them All!
Made to Order at Our Factory in Chestertown.

PRICE LIST:
MADE TO ORDER:

Men's Fine Buttoned Gaiters....	$2 50	$3 00
Men's Fine Lace Gaiters.....	2 50	3 00
Men's Fine Crimped Pegged....	2 50	3 00
Men's Fine Hand-Stitched Buttoned, Lace or Congress Gaiters.....	4 50	5 00
French Calf Boots.....	5 00	7 00
Men's French Kip Boots.....		5 00

May 14, 1887.

IMPORTANT!
For You to Know That
WROTH & ALDRIDGE
Have just opened a FINE STOCK of
Spring and Summer Goods
of ALL KINDS kept in a first-class store.
FINEST ASSORTMENT OF
GENT'S NECK WEAR
ON THE SHORE.
It gives us pleasure to show Goods and quote prices. Give us a call and be convinced that we stand up to our promises.
May 14, 1887.

CHESTERTOWN
FOUNDRY!
Wheelwright and Blacksmith Shops!
HARRY H. HYLAND,
(SUCCESSOR TO WM. A. HYLAND,)
Is now in full operation at the Chestertown Foundry conducting the Blacksmithing and Wheelwrighting business in all its branches. He is prepared to do all work in this line.
HORSE-SHOEING A SPECIALTY!
FARM WAGONS, DEARBORNS, &c., kept on hand and made to order.
Also as agent for W. A. Hyland is prepared to sell the celebrated
Deering Binder and Mower
in our opinion the BEST MACHINE ON THE MARKET. Also a full supply of BINDER TWINE kept on hand.
The Hyland Roller
TWO SIZES.
The Diamond State Wheel Cultivator!
The completest implement on the market for Corn or Vegetables. Manufactured by George W. Taylor & Co., Smyrna, Delaware. Please call and examine for yourself.
All work in my line first-class, and prices as low as the lowest. Give me a call.
ap30. HARRY H. HYLAND.

COOLEY CREAMER!
COOLEY CREAMER!!
THE COOLEY CREAMER and its products have been awarded more gold and silver medals than all other milk setting apparatus combined. It is made in four styles:
THE SENIOR, THE ELEVATOR, JUNIOR, and CABINET STYLE.
It is the only Creamer made which is allowed to submerge its cans, or have them water sealed, which advantage is only to be tested to be proven. The Cooley Creamer has more labor-saving conveniences than any other. By permission we refer you to the following parties who have used them satisfactorily:
Mrs. W. W. Stephens, Hanesville, Md.
" W. H. Stewart, Chestertown, "
" B. N. S. Wilkins, " "
" M. A. Wilkins, " "
" Wilbur Eliason, " "
" Frank Wilkins, " "
" James H. Baker, Pomona, "
" Hiram Brown, " "
" W. T. Nicholson, Chestertown, Md.
" Charles C. Wood, Edesville, "
" S. J. Fowler, Still Pond, "
" George A. Jessop, Lankford, "
Miss Maggie Shallcross, Locust Grove, Md.
Mrs. James W. Hurtt, " " "
and others.
Call and examine them and get their points of excellence at the Hardware Store of
J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.,
April 30, 1887. Chestertown, Md.

Don't trifle with any Throat or Lung Disease. If you have a Cough or Cold, or the children are threatened with Croup or Whooping Cough, use Acker's English Remedy and prevent further trouble. It is a positive cure, and we guarantee it. Price 10 and 50c.
C. F. STAM, Druggist.

IRON CULTIVATORS! IRON CULTIVATORS! and Extra Cultivator Points Complete at J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.'S.

TRUSTEES' SALE
OF
Two Fine Farms
In Kent County, Maryland.
BY VIRTUE OF A DECREE OF THE Circuit Court for Kent county, bearing date April 21st, 1887, and passed in a cause in said Court wherein Charles A. Rouse and others are plaintiffs, and John C. Jones and others are defendants, the undersigned, trustees, will offer at PUBLIC SALE, on
TUESDAY, the 14th of June, 1887
AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK A. M.,
At the "Voshell House," in Chestertown,
THE FOLLOWING
REAL ESTATE,
THE PROPERTY of the late ROBERT H. ROUSE, deceased:
First---All that VALUABLE FARM
KNOWN AS
"ELMWOOD"
and formerly the residence of the late Dr. Thomas C. Kennard, situated on the public road leading from Still Pond to Kennedyville, adjoining the lands of Frisby H. Boulden, Theodore E. Hayes and others, and containing
312 ACRES OF LAND,
MORE OR LESS.
This has been well-known for many years as one of the finest tracts of land and most desirable residences in the county, and is now in a high state of cultivation, and the improvements are in excellent condition.
The Dwelling
is a handsome BRICK BUILDING, with front of about 80 feet—press brick, containing 15 good rooms, and attic over the main building. This house is built in the most substantial manner—the petition walls being of brick, and the arrangement throughout being thoroughly convenient. There is a large cellar running the whole length of the building, and fine pump of water at the kitchen door. The house stands in a large yard, surrounded with fine shade trees, and has a large lawn running to the public road.
There is an unusually large and well-arranged vegetable garden and flower garden in the rear of the house running back to a
FINE ORCHARD.
All the enclosures are substantial and neat and there are many attractions about the place. There is a comfortable Tenant House conveniently located, not far from the dwelling, and all conveniences, such as Meat-house, Ice-house, Poultry yard and house, &c.
The Barn is unusually large and substantial and in good order. The first story is of stone, containing stalls and feed-room for a large number of horses and other stock. The superstructure is frame with ample room for grain and hay. Adjoining this there are other Stables and Sheds for Stock, also a pump of good water in the barnyard.
---SECOND---
All That SMALL, but VALUABLE
AND
PRODUCTIVE FARM
situated on the public road from Chestertown to Galena, adjoining the lands of Samuel A. Merritt, and immediately adjacent to the thrifty village of Locust Grove, and
Containing 58 Acres,
3 ROODS and 21 PERCHES,
of land, more or less. This has long been known as one of the most productive pieces of land in Kent County, and is now in a high State of cultivation and under excellent fencing.
The Buildings are only ordinary.
This farm is but 1½ miles from Shallcross' Landing, where is a daily steamer to and from Baltimore, and about the same distance from Black's Station on the Balto. & Del. Bay Railroad. It has every advantage of soil, location, proximity to rail and water carriage, and the whole front is available for building lots as the village extends. This is a rare chance for a home and investment for persons of limited means.
TERMS OF SAL
The terms of sale as prescribed by the decree are as follows, namely: One-fourth of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale, or in 30 days thereafter, at the option of the trustee, and the residue in three equal annual instalments in one, two and three years from day of sale, with interest from day of sale, to be secured by the bond of the purchaser with approved security. The wheat rent for the current year will be reserved from the sale; but the corn crops will go to the purchaser, and possession will be given January 1st, 1888.
The "Elmwood" farm will be sold subject to a mortgage of $10,000, now existing thereon, with interest payable semi-annually, the purchaser to pay the interest thereon from July 1st, 1887. This mortgage is due January 1st, 1889; but may be continued as an investment, with a prompt and desirable purchaser. Plots will be exhibited at the sale. Deeds at cost of purchaser.
JAMES A. PEARCE,
RICHARD HYNSON,
TRUSTEES.
JOHN H. GREENWOOD, AUC'R.
May 21, 1887—4s.

N. C. CROW
Is Still on the Corner of Kent and High Streets, Up Town,
Where you can at all times find a seasonable line of
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,
Gentlemen, Ladies and Children's Shoes,
CIGARS AND TOBACCO,
We keep the WM. LEA & SONS' FLOUR for sale by the barrel or sack, we think as cheap as you can get it from the city, and we think their flour has no superior. Come and see us and be convinced that our goods are good and cheap. Country produce wanted.
N. C. CROW,
m7. Up Town.

BOOTS and SHOES.
A large stock, carefully selected bought at lowest prices, which we offer at prices as low as can be found.
J. H. SIMPERS.

LOW ESTIMATES will be furnished on our Building Lime and Hair to large orders at
J. D. BACCHUS'
mh5-tf. Coal and Woodyard.

NEW STORE in CHESTERTOWN!
Under Kent News Office.
F. J. CARTER
HAS just opened under the NEWS office a FIRST-CLASS STOCK OF
WALL PAPER, PAINTS,
Putty, Glass, Kalsomines, &c.
I have 15,000 pieces of Wall Paper, to select from. Call and examine. My styles equal city styles and my prices cannot be beat anywhere.
Paper Hanging a Specialty!
Estimates on Painting and Paper Hanging furnished on application. m28-3m.

CHESTERTOWN
MARBLE, GRANITE
AND
STONE WORKS
A Full Line of
Monuments, Headstones,
Marble and Slate Mantels,
Cresting and Galvanized Tubing,
Iron Fencing,
ALWAYS IN STOCK AT
Lower Prices than can be Found in the City
Also, all kinds of Building Work in STONE carefully executed. Give us a trial. Orders by mail promptly attended to.
SHOW ROOM and Factory opposite Armstrong's Hotel, Cross Street, Chestertown, Md.
CHAS. H. MOORE,
May 21, 1887. PROPRIETOR.

To Farmers and Dealers in Kent and Adjoining Counties.
W. A. HYLAND,
GALENA, MD.,
Would respectfully call your attention to his celebrated
Peach Orchard Plows,
for one and two horses, which we believe the BEST implement on the market for that purpose. A thorough examination by any one convinces them of this fact. We also keep on hand
Landsides, Moldboards, Shares and Points
for all chilled Plows now in use on the shore, especially the following:
Oliver, Nos. 40, 20, 19, A and B; Advance, 13, 19, 32, 33 and 35; Ohio, 40; Imperial, 19, 25 and 10; South Bend, 3 and; Economist, 14 and 24; Acme, 83 and 84; Concave, 8, 9, 10 and 11; Wiley and Minor & Horton, all sizes and patterns.
OUR NEW ROLLERS,
two sizes, cannot be excelled.
WHEAT HARVEST
will soon be upon us again, and we flatter ourselves that it has been our good fortune to represent the
Best Binder and Harvester
ever sold in this country. None have given such general satisfaction in Kent and adjoining counties as the
"DEERING"
and we take great pleasure in announcing to our farmers that the Deering all-steel Binder is superior to all others in Lightness of Draft, Mechanical Construction and Durability, having been thoroughly tested in other sections and having been the VICTOR in every field trial in this country.
There are 119 Deering Binders at work in Kent county and all of them are settled for, and have harvested 10,000 acres of wheat, while every purchaser is delighted with the machine.
Do not buy until you have examined the Deering all-Steel Binder, and I am sure you will have no other. Sample Machines can be seen at my shops as well as at H. H. Hyland's shops in Chestertown.
WM. A. HYLAND.
Feb. 12, 1887.

OEHM'S.
Everybody knows the reputation of this house for supplying the public with the very best Clothing for Men, Boys and Children, at the very lowest of bottom rock prices; ready-made and made to order. This Spring Season we are way ahead of all previous exhibits. Come and see. You will be welcome, and it SHALL *pay you.*
Pratt and Hanover Sts.
BALTIMORE, MD.
SAMPLE AND MAIL ORDERS RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

If you would enjoy your dinner and are prevented by Dyspepsia, use Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets. They are a positive cure for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Flatulency and Constipation. We guarantee them. 25 and 50 cents.
C. F. STAM, Druggist.

HELD IN A PRISON OF ICE.

ROMANCES FROM REAL LIFE TOLD OF THE EXILES IN SIBERIA.

How a Russian Police Official Banished His Successful Rival in Love — Stories of Broken Lives and Futile Efforts for Freedom from the Frozen Ischl of Siberia.

At Verchoiausk, the coldest inhabited settlement in Siberia, 6,000 miles distant from Moscow, 3,000 due north from Irkutsk and the great imperial post road and caravan route that stretches from the Urals to the Pacific, I met a number of exiles who had been banished to within almost hailing distance of the Polar ocean. They were mostly "politicals," that is, men who had been arrested on suspicion of being agitators and had been exiled as persons dangerous to the welfare of the State. With four or five of them I became quite well acquainted and with the one who occupied the position of intellectual leader, whose name was Leon and hailed from Odessa, I had many interesting conversations about the ideas and theories of Russian Socialists and Nihilists. With Leon and his little group, who lived in one of the native Takat huts, I spent several pleasant half hours and felt especially interested in their attempt to learn English, which they were doing with the intention of eventually hoping to make their escape by way of Behring Straits to San Francisco.

I had heard all about Leon and his companions while in Irkutsk from the surviving members of the crew of the Jeannette, to whom the young leader had made himself especially serviceable as interpreter. It was there that I had first learned of their intention to make the attempt to escape. Their plan was to secure a large boat at Verchoiausk, in which, provided with guns and ammunition, they were to embark as if starting on a summer hunting expedition. Their departure would hardly create any surprise, as they had often gone on these hunting tours, though in a somewhat smaller boat. Leon often spoke to me about this plan, and one day he handed me a very interesting essay in English from his own pen, entitled, "The History of a Criminal Mistake," in which he sought to show how criminal had been the error of Russia in neglecting to open up Siberian territory to trade by way of the Polar ocean. He had also studied the voyage of Nordenskjold through the northeastern passage; and the success of the Swedish explorer had evidently set him thinking as to whether freedom could not be gained by way of Behring Straits.

ESCAPE FROM SIBERIA.

That escape from Siberia is possible is a fact, but it is attended with great difficulties and risks. That the unhappy beings condemned to exile in the snowy solitudes of northern Asia do now and again attempt to flee from their sorrows is certain, but it is seldom that success rewards their efforts. In journeying along the great Siberian post road in his sled from Orenburg to Irkutsk the traveler will occasionally be accosted by desperate, famished, footsore wayfarers who crave from him a few kopecks. He hands him the trifling sum requested, and the poor fellows disappear in the forest. These wretched creatures are exiles endeavoring to make their way back to European Russia. During the day they keep a little to one side of the great highway, fearing detection, but under cover of night they stealthily enter the villages and find shelter in the outhouses of the peasants' homesteads. Bread is often placed for them on the benches which stand before the doors of the villagers' huts; for the Siberian peasant has great sympathy with the banished ones. If not an exile himself, probably he is the son or the grandson of one. Thus it is that the fugitives can travel the thousands of miles without incurring much risk of death from hunger by the way. Siberians assert, indeed, that 33 per cent of Siberian exiles manage to escape, and official figures have recently been published to the effect that in 1877 of the 28,828 colonist exiles sent to the district of Torusk, 10,796 —that is, one third of the entire number—had escaped. As a matter, however, not 5 per cent succeed in returning to Russia, even from those districts nearest to the European portion of the empire.

For those, however, who are sent to the most northern part of Siberia, to within a few hundred miles of the Arctic ocean, there is but little hope of deliverance. That Leon and his companions should have wanted to escape from the desolate home to which they had been relegated was natural. Verchoiausk is considered to be the coldest inhabited place in the world, even though its position, surrounded by high wooded mountains, would have induced a Mme. de Bourbolon to have designated it in her poetic way as the Frozon Ischl of Siberia. It is a small collection of native huts and Russian log houses, planted near to, but not on the Yana river. The street —if so it may be called—extends on either side of a narrow sheet of water, a kind of creek formed by the autumn overflow of the Yana, and which in winter forms the frozen promenade or driving place for sleds. It is a dreary place enough. The summer lasts only four months, and during the other eight of the year it is bitterly cold, the thermometer sometimes indicating 86 degrees below zero and seldom going above 50 degrees until April 30. Corn will not grow in the desolate region. Barley and oats have been sown, but have always succumbed to the early frosts. Of vegetables there are only the radish and the turnip, with perhaps an occasional and very precarious crop of potatoes. Cabbages all run to leaf. The ground rarely thaws, even during the hot season beyond twelve or eighteen inches deep and in places most exposed to the sun never beyond a yard. Most of the dwellings are Yakut huts, built of fir trees reared against a square frame work and covered thickly with mud to keep out the cold. In one of these the four exiles, with whom I became acquainted, lived, together with a woman—the wife of one of them — who kept the little hut in order, cooked the meals and repaired the men's apparel.

Leon was a young man of superior intelligence, of an amiable, kindly disposition. He did not in any way strike one as being a "dangerous character." He was frequently invited to dinner by the Ispravnik, or chief of police of the place, at whose residence he always seemed quite at home. Leon had been arrested in July, 1878, committed to prison at Odessa, and in August, 1879, sent to Siberia by "administrative order," arriving in Verchoiausk in March, 1880. He had been arbitrarily imprisoned and had never been tried before any court. Neither was he guilty of any crime beyond that of being a Socialist — or perhaps an embryonic Nihilist. The Russian authorities did not treat him with any special severity; in fact, he and his companions employed themselves pretty much as they pleased. They hunted whenever they chose, subject to the consent of the Ispravnik. They could dispatch and receive letters on the understanding that these should be previously perused by the government officials. They were, in fact, as free as birds with their wings clipped could be. An allowance of $9 a month each was regularly paid them by the Ispravnik. As they were not permitted to work for remuneration, they had little else to do than to await the infrequent mails and to study the English language in the hope of the better time coming.

TORN FROM HIS WIFE.

There was another exile whom I sometimes met with Leon at the Ispravnik's house who interested me deeply. He was a dark-bearded, handsome man of 27 or 30, by profession a doctor, and originally had a good practice in one of the smaller towns of Southern Russia, where he had had a beautiful wife and a charming home. Before he had been ruthlessly torn away from them and sent to the dreary little town on the Siberian tundras. The story of his banishment was a very pathetic one. His name was Bayley. He was beloved by everybody in Verchoiausk, and those who knew him best said that he was perfectly innocent of the crime that had been charged against him and for which he had been sent into banishment. His fellow-exiles said he was not "one of them," that is, he was not a Socialist, but that his arrest and sentence of exile to Siberia had been entirely the work of a high police official, the Ispravnik of the little town where he had resided and carried on his profession in Russia, and where he had been made happy only a short time before by a true love marriage. To the beautiful wife of the young doctor the Ispravnik, who was a despot in his little realm, had made advances that had been indignantly repelled. She told her husband of the official's conduct and he threatened to have the offender punished.

But Ispravniks in Russia are absolute despots, and the result was that the officials determined to get the young husband entirely out of the way, so that his wife should be left without a protector. This was not a difficult thing to do. Arrests of Socialists were at that time the order of the day, and the young doctor was one night taken from the side of his sleeping wife, thrown into prison, and on charges trumped up against him of belonging to a secret society, sentenced to exile in Siberia for life. All the young doctor's protestations of innocence was in vain. All the efforts of his devoted wife to move the heart of the Ispravnick were fruitless, and the husband had to start out on his weary journey. His place of banishment was first of all said to be Irkutsk, the capital of Eastern Siberia, a journey of 4,000 miles across the steppes, that had to be made with some hundreds of other unfortunates. It was a sad journey for the poor fellow, and his fate was still harder to bear when, on arriving at Irkutsk, he found that his place of banishment was to be Verchoiausk, to reach which required a still further journey due north of 3,000 miles, 2,000 of which were to be made in the small steamers on the Lena river, and the last thousand on foot across the dreary tundras of the north. In due time, however, he arrived at Verchoiausk, where he lived for some months, bearing his grief and his wrongs in silence, until news came that whitened his hair and nearly broke his heart. The tears came into may eyes when I heard the story in the hut of the exiles of Verchoiausk.

After the doctor had been sent away from his native place his wife had devoted all her energies and the small amount of money left from the sale of her once happy home in the endeavor to secure a pardon for him. She might, had she consented to forget her vows, have lived a life of ease and comfort in Russia, for the Ispravnik, now that her husband had been put out of the way as surely as if he had been assassinated, grew bolder in his advances. But the wife was loyal, and to escape further persecution at home and to give comfort to him whom she had promised only a few months before to love until death, she determined to claim the right of every wife, even in Russia, to share her husband's exile. To this living death in Siberia many hundreds of ignoble Russian women have consecrated themselves. Soon the young wife received permission to follow her husband, whom she then supposed had been banished to Irkutsk. It was winter when the devoted woman left Moscow on her long journey of 3,000 miles across the dreary whitened steppes. She was, of course, not alone. Her journey was made in company with a number of other women, most of them the lowest of the low, some of whom had been themselves sentenced to exile for crimes committed, but most of them being the wives of criminal convicts, who had received the permission of the government to accompany their husbands into exile.

A TERRIBLE DISAPPOINTMENT.

For the young wife the journey must have been a terribly painful one, and how she, who had been gently nurtured, ever reached Irkutsk in winter must ever remain a mystery. It was the love in her heart alone and the knowledge of the life she bore beneath it, perhaps, that made the frail young wife a heroine. The journey took her over three months to accomplish, though fortunately it had not to be done on foot. Sledges always accompany the convoys of exiles, to carry the women and children and those who fall exhausted or sick by the way, yet even the frail women cannot always remain in the sleds. The cold is often so intense that they must get out and walk in order to restore their benumbed circulation. I have often seen the sorrowful pilgrims. Driving in my sled, suddenly the strange, chilling sound of the clank of chains would fall upon my ears. I would look out from my sheltered place of comfort, out upon the pitiless white plains, and there amid the drifting snowstorm I would descry the prisoners. The men would be tramping on slowly and painfully ahead, their knees hung about with clanking chains. Following them would come a group of women and even children, some of them not too warmly clad, making their way painfully through the snow and shivering cold. Following them came the sleds for the sick and the women, the entire cortege being guarded by a company of Cossacks with fixed bayonets, they, too, shivering with the cold, marching stolidly on and usually being as kindly disposed towards their prisoners as possible. For Cossacks are human beings, and the knout is not one of their weapons. With such a convoy of exiles as these whom I saw so frequently on their weary march, the wife of the poor Verchoiausk exile made her long journey, and finally, after three months, reached the banks of the frozen Angard. Then she saw the glittering domes of the many churches of Eastern Siberia's capital—of Irkutsk. There lay the city of promise to her. There she hoped to find her husband, and we can well imagine the joy of the fair young creature, as she wandered on in full view of the "beautiful city of the steppe," in the thought that in a few hours she would be once more clasped in the arms of him she loved so much, and that thenceforward the lot of each would be made more easy to bear in the sweet companionship of love.

But, alas, the poor woman was doomed to a cruel disappointment. Irkutsk is the distributing depot for exiles. It is for the officials there to say how much further and whither the exiles shall be sent, and either at the wicked instigation of the Ispravnik of the exiled martyr's place, or because a doctor was needed in the far northern settlement, the young husband had been sent on to Verchoiausk—3,000 miles nearer to the Arctic ocean. This was the news the young wife heard when she reached Irkutsk. It was as if after traveling in mid-winter over a distance as far as from New York to Montana on foot or in the sleds she had then to make a journey of equal length due north up to the Great Slave lake that feeds the Mackenzie river. The further journey would have to be made in sleds as long as the winter lasted, and then on horseback over the great Verchoiausk mountains in the springtime before she reached where her husband dwelt. The shock and the disappointment proved too much for the poor trusting wife's strength, which had been kept up so long by love and hope during her weary journey and which now completely gave way. The end had come, but the joyful meeting was not to be in this world. She lingered a few weeks and then died of a broken heart. She was buried, and with her the legacy of the love she had borne in blissful hope over the dreary desolation of the steppes.

It was many months after her death that the sad news reached the poor exile in Verchoiausk of the devotion and death of his beautiful wife. Poor fellow, he seemed to carry with him on his face the traces of a hopeless sorrow. He spoke little of himself, and his only consolation in his ended life, his life in death, was perhaps in attending to the wants of the sick and dying in his little world of desolation on the banks of the Yana, to which he had condemned by the plotting of a vicious official. A sad story, but a true one—the only one of a Siberian exile's sorrow that I learned while in the north, because my mission compelled me to travel quickly towards the dreaded delta of the Lena, where De Long and his ill-fated companions had miserably perished.

AN ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE.

But he had still more sorrows to bear. He, too, weary of waiting for release, had consented to join the four who had determined to make a dash for freedom by way of the Polar ocean and Behring straits to the Alaska and the Pacific slope, where he hoped to begin life anew. In this he differed from his fellow-exiles. I remember saying to Leon, "And when you get to America you will begin life anew, leave your socialistic dreamings and your life of opposition to the Czar?" "No," answered Leon, "I shall be back in Russia a year after my escape." The attempt was made, but ended in hopeless disappointment.

They left Verchoiausk as they had planned, ostensibly to go hunting, but after they had been away a week or two the Ispravnik's suspicions became aroused regarding the exiles, for whose safe custody he was responsible. Possibly Leon or one of his companions may have given a hint of their intentions to some of the other exiles. It is certain that although I and several other of the party which went in search of De Long were in the secret, not a word was uttered which could draw the suspicions of the authorities upon the intended movements of the poor fellows. The Ispravnik quickly summoned a company of Cossacks, and sent them with all speed down the river after the fugitives. The latter, presumably, had no idea that they would be so quickly suspected, and had not made any particular haste down the Yana, thinking it advisable to spend a week or two in hunting game or provisions for their voyage. They had reached within a hundred miles of the Polar ocean when suddenly the pursuers came into view. The order for the boat to stop was given by the Cossack captain, and Leon Bayley and his companions were ordered to surrender themselves as prisoners. They had no alternative, and in a short time they were once more in Verchoiausk under military guard. Poor fellows! I never heard what punishment they received. It is probable they were then sent to another settlement still further removed from civilization, from which escape would be an utter impossibility. They are presumably now immured in some native village, condemned for life to the dreary desolation of the tundras.

JOHN P. JACKSON.

GOD'S COUNTRY.

Dost thou not know God's country, where it lies?
That land long dreamed of, more desired than gold,
Which noble souls, by dauntless hope made bold,
Have searched the future, or with longing eyes!
Hast thou not seen in Heaven its hills arise?
Hast thou not viewed its glories manifold,
'Midst sky-wide scenery splendidly unrolled,
Ripe for heart's trust and godlike enterprise?

Yes, thou hast known it in familiar guise,
Its soil thy feet are keeping with fast hold,
And thou dost love its songs, its flowers dost prize,
The corn-land and thy wine-land are its mould;
'Tis here, 'tis here God's land lies, the divine,
America, thy heart's true home and mine!

All lands are God's lands, yet is this indeed
The home express of his divinity;
His visible hand redeemed it from the sea,
And sowed its fields with freedom's deathless seed.
He succored it most swiftly in its need:
In field and council men with awe did see
His arm made manifest almightily,
Scarce veiled in instruments of mortal creed.

He laid away here for the feet that bleed,
A space for souls that yearn for liberty
To grow immortal in; no more to plead
With Nature for their portion which should be.
'Tis here, O, friend! the land lies which shall grow
The vine of sacred brotherhood below.

—*O. C. Orcinger.*

Mary and Her Lamb.

Most of our young readers will be surprised to hear that the well-known nursery song of "Mary Had a Little Lamb" is a true story and that "Mary" is still living. Seventy years ago she was a little girl, the daughter of a farmer in Worcester county, Massachusetts. She was fond of going with her father to the fields to see the sheep, and one day they found a baby lamb which they thought to be dead. Kind-hearted little Mary, however, lifted it up into her arms, and as it seemed to breathe she carried it home, made it a warm bed near the stove and nursed it tenderly. Great was her delight when, after weeks of careful feeding and watching, her little patient began to grow well and strong, and soon after it was able to run about. It knew its young mistress perfectly, always came at her call and was happy only when at her side. One day it followed her to the village school, and, not knowing what else to do with it, she put it under her desk and covered it with her shawl. There it stayed until Mary was called up to the teacher's desk to say her lesson, and then the lamb walked quietly after her, and the other children burst out laughing. So the teacher had to shut the little girl's pet in the woodshed until school was out.

Soon after this a young student, named John Rollstone, wrote a little poem about Mary and her lamb and presented it to her. The lamb grew to be a sheep and lived for many years, and when at last it died, Mary grieved so much for it that her mother took some of its wool, which was "as white as snow," and knitted a pair of stockings for her to wear in remembrance of her darling. Some years after the lamb's death, Mrs. Sarah Hall, a celebrated woman who wrote books, composed some verses about Mary's lamb and added them to those written by John Rollstone, making the complete poem as we know it. Mary took such good care of the stockings made of her lamb's fleece that when she was a grown up woman she gave one of them to a church fair in Boston. As soon as it became known that the stocking was made from the fleece of "Mary's Little Lamb," every one wanted a piece of it; so the stocking was rolled and the yarn cut into short pieces. Each piece was tied to a card on which "Mary" wrote her full name, and those cards sold so well that they brought the large sum of $140 in the Old South Church.—*American Agriculturist.*

Forgot to "Beller."

An undemonstrative husband caused his wife some chagrin on board a train recently. A Chicago journal says that in a railroad accident near that city a woman was shaken very severely and could not speak for some time, although conscious of what was taking place around her. Some of the passengers thought she was dead. Her husband feared so too, but instead of giving way to unavailable grief he flew around doing all he could for his wife's recovery. When she was pronounced out of danger she said, reproachfully:

"John!"

"Well, Samanthy?"

"You didn't beller a bit there when they all thought I was dead."

"Well, Samanthy," said John, in some confusion, "yo see I was flying around trying to bring yo to. I didn't have no time to beller."

"Yes, John," said the old lady, feebly, with a suggestion of tears in her voice, "but couldn't yo beller a little bit now, John, jest for the looks of things."

"Why, Samanthy, if I was to beller now, folks would say I was doin' it 'cause you was going to git well."

"I never thought o' that," said the old lady sadly. "I wish to goodness, John, you'd bellered some at the right time! 'Twould have been real comfortin' to me."

Condensed Stories.

Here are some "condensed stories" which were sent to a London paper in competition for a prize. They are not bad:

A Business Romance.—1. Rash. 2. Dash. 3. Hash. 4. Smash.

A Commercial Story.—1. Trusted. 2. Busted.

1. A lassie dies. 2. Alas! he'd eyes. 3. A lassie dies.

A Night in the life of an ex-M. P.—1. Nailed. 2. Jailed. 3. Bailed.

1. He. 2. She. 3. They.

1. Two made one. 2. Divorced. 3. One made two.

A Love Idyl.—1. Adoration. 2. Alteration. 3. Separation. 4. Compensation.

History of Man's Life.—1. Man cometh into the world naked and bare. 2. He passes through it with trouble and care. 3. He takes nothing with him and goes no one knows where.

The Original of Species, a Scientific Novel. —1. One. 2. Two. 3. Three.

ACCORDING to the Oxford *Press*, the coat-tail flirtation is the latest. A wrinkled coat-tail, bearing dusty toe-marks means; "I have spoken to your father."

CHICAGO.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Chicago stands at the very head of American cities and is without a peer in the world. No other city, however busy, wealthy or prosperous, has won for itself such world-wide fame as a great commercial, manufacturing and railroad center. It is the center of all trade and the imperial granary of the world.

The great arms of its trade reach in every direction, and the product of its manufactories have made the circle of the earth. Such is Chicago to-day, marble built and magnificent, with its thousands of spires piercing the air and glittering in the sunlight, with its mighty streams of traffic flowing to and fro like the endless currents of the ocean, with its myriads of busy factories, whose unceasing hum, like the music of the spheres, goes on forever, with its splendid edifices and colossal business establishments, its great lakes and railroads, and hundreds of thousands of tireless, restless inhabitants who keep up with the march of time in making out the grand destiny of the youngest born, but the most wonderful city since the world began.

The city is situated on the western shore of Lake Michigan, covering an area of 36 square miles or 23,040 acres, with 654 miles of street, 50 miles of boulevard and pleasure