

RUSSIAN TYRANNY.

Something that Explains Nihilism and Assassination.

Prince Krapotkin in the Nineteenth Century.

I was sent to Vilno with 50 prisoners—men and women. From the railway station we were taken to the town prison and kept there for two hours, late at night, in an open yard, under a drenching rain. At last we were pushed into a dark corridor and counted. Two soldiers laid hold on me, and insulted me shamefully. I was not the only one thus outraged, for in the darkness I heard the cries of many desperate women besides. After many oaths and much foul language the fire was lighted and I found myself in a spacious room in which it was impossible to take a step in any direction without treading on the women who were sleeping on the floor. Two women who occupied a bed took pity on me and invited me to share it with them. . . . When I awoke next morning I was still suffering from the scenes of yesterday, but the female prisoners—assassins and thieves—were so kind to me that by and by I grew calm. Next night we were "turned out" from the prison and paraded in the yard for a start, under a heavy rain I do not know how I happened to escape the lists of jailers, as the prisoners did not understand the evolutions, and performed them under a storm of blows and curses; those who protested—saying that they ought not to be beaten—were put in irons and sent to the train, in the teeth of the law which says that in the cellular wagons no prisoners shall be chained. Arrived at Kovno, we spent the whole day in going from one police station to another. In the evening we were taken to the prison for women, where the lady superintendent was railing against the head jailer and swearing that she would give him bloody teeth. The prisoners told me that she often kept her promises of this sort. . . . Here I spent a week among murderers, thieves and women arrested by mistake. Misfortune unites the unfortunate; and everybody tried to make life more tolerable for the rest; all were very kind to me and did their best to console me. On the previous day I had eaten nothing for the day the prisoners are brought to the prison they receive no food; so I fainted from hunger, and the prisoners gave me some of their bread and were as kind as they could be; the female inspector, however, was on duty; she was shouting out such shameful oaths as few drunken men would use. . . . After a week's stay in Kovno I was sent on foot to the next town. After three days march we came to Maritupol; my feet were wounded and my stockings full of blood. The soldiers advised me to ask for a car, but I preferred physical suffering to the continuous cursing and foul language of the chiefs. All the same they took me before their commander, and he remarked that I had walked three days and so could walk a fourth. We came next day to Wolkowsk, from whence we were to be sent out to Prussia. I and five others were put provisionally in the depot. The women's department was in ruins, so we were taken to the men's. . . . I did not know what to do, as there was no place to sit down, except on the dreadfully filthy floor; there was even no straw, and the stench on the floor set me vomiting instantly. . . . The water-closet was a large pond; it had to be crossed on a broken ladder, which gave way under one of us and plunged him in the filth below. I could not understand the smell; the pond goes under the building, the floor of which is impregnated with sewage. Here I spent two days and two nights, passing the whole time at the window. . . . In the night the doors were opened, and with dreadful cries, drunken prostitutes were thrown into our room. They also brought us a maniac; he was quite naked. The miserable prisoners were happy on such occurrences; they tormented the maniac and reduced him to despair, until at last he fell on the floor in a fit and lay there foaming at the mouth. On the third day a soldier of the depot, a Jew, took me into his room, a tiny cell, where I staid with his wife. . . . The prisoners told me that many of them were detained "by mistake" for seven and eight months awaiting their papers before being sent across the frontier. It is easy to imagine their condition after a seven months' stay in this sewer without a change of linen. They advised me to give the jailer money, as he would then send me on to Prussia immediately. But I had been six weeks on the way already, and my letters had not reached my people. . . . At last the soldier allowed me to go to the post-office with his wife, and I sent a registered letter to St. Petersburg. Mmc. C. has influential kinsfolk in the capital, and in a few days the Governor-General telegraphed for her to be sent on instantly to Prussia. My papers (she says) were discovered immediately, and I was sent to Eydtkunen and set at liberty. . . . The public learns from the Russian official messenger that the Czar has commuted to hard labor for life a sentence of death pronounced on revolutionists; but nothing transpires either of the trial, or of the crimes imputed to the condemned. Nay, even the last consolation of those condemned to death, the consolation of dying publicly, was taken away. Hanging will now be done secretly within the walls of the fortress, in the presence of none from the world without. The reason is that when Rysakoff was brought out to the gallows he showed the crowd his mutilated hands, and shouted, louder than the drums, that he had been tortured after trial. His words were heard by a group of "Liberals," who, repudiating any sympathy with the Terrorists, yet held it their duty to publish the facts of the case in a clandestine proclamation, and to call the attention to this flagrant offense against the laws of humanity. Now nothing will be known of what happens in the casements of the fortress of Paul and Peter after the trial and before the execution. At least, the Government think so, after having sent to hard

labor the son of a jailer and a dozen soldiers accused of letter-carrying between prisoners and their friends in the town. But we know—and I have not the slightest hesitation in asserting the fact—that at least two revolutionists Adrian Mikhailoff and Rysakoff, were submitted to torture by electricity.

General Intelligence.

According to the Portland Oregonian, the fact is becoming daily more apparent that the days of San Francisco's monopoly of the northern trade are ended, and that much of this trade is rapidly concentrating at Portland.

The Supreme court of Vermont has discharged three persons serving long sentences, imposed by justice courts, for selling liquor, on the ground that the liquor law was unconstitutional when it allowed such commitment, not giving the accused the right of appeal.

Governor Pattison, of Pennsylvania, said in his inaugural: "I shall make it a rule to grant no pardon except for causes appearing since the trial and in cases of manifest injustice."

The New York Herald is gratified to learn that, though there were only two members of the national senate in their places on Tuesday morning when the chaplain began his prayer, the proceedings were altogether decorous, on the ground that wherever at the capital there are two senators gathered together there is some one who needs to be prayed for. But it notes as a bad sign that of the whole seventy-six there were only two who knew their greatest need.

Glass blowing is one of the most difficult of occupations, and the glass-making factories have much more work to do than they have capacity for. In 1882, \$35,000,000 worth of glass was manufactured, making a gain in fifty years of \$32,500,000.

One of the elephants sent as tribute from Burmah to China killed several persons in Pekin recently, having apparently become mad. The thickness of his skull and hide making it impossible to kill him, his keepers have disposed of him in an eminently Chinese fashion by digging a pit for him, in which he is to be allowed to starve to death.

The total abstinence movement is making progress in England which evidently causes uneasiness, not merely among the publicans but among the politicians as well. As foreign wines and spirits and the excise tax collected on beer and from brewers' and publicans' licenses constitute a very large proportion of the British revenues, the receipts from beer, wines and spirits alone being estimated at considerably over £30,000,000 in all recent budgets, the anxiety of English statesmen over the growth of the total abstinence movement is merely natural.

The Christian Register has found out that musical criticism as seen in the newspapers is often a parade of fine writing, a display of pedantry in the use of musical technicalities, a connection of unintelligible bosh. The most distressing musical critic is one who is always trying to make us believe that we have been imposed upon and that we ought to have been coldly and critically unresponsive at the music which our ignorance we thought quite enjoyable. If the critic does nothing else he can attack the tempo. That is an unfeeling resource, and it conveys the impression that the critic knows something about the piece of which he writes.

The late Artemus Ward, illustrating to his English readers the practical character of the American mind and its passion for political oratory, tells a story of an execution somewhere in Ohio, where the Sheriff, having led the doomed man to the scaffold, paused before putting on the rope around his neck and asked him the customary question whether he had anything to say before being swung off. The man hesitated a moment, probably to collect his thoughts, when a local orator pushed his way rapidly to the front of the crowd and said: "If our ill-starred fellow citizen don't feel inclined to make a speech and ain't in a hurry, I should like to avail myself of the present occasion to make some remarks on the necessity for a new tariff."

The New York Tribune says: "The local option method seems to be the plan most favored in the south of dealing with the liquor question. Three states have adopted it—Kentucky, Mississippi, and South Carolina. In the former state a number of counties have passed prohibitory acts. The right to sell liquor has also been refused in the neighborhood of some colleges and churches. In Mississippi about fifty different localities have forbidden the sale of intoxicants, while a less number have taken the same course in South Carolina. There has been less agitation of prohibition in the southern than in the northern states, but the former appear, nevertheless, to be making commendable progress in dealing with the subject."

Marcus H. Rogers, formerly a Berkshire country editor, is traveling in Spain, and writes that the ladies of that country surpass any he has ever seen for beauty, symmetry an fascinating air and action. They have eyes and hair as black as jet, and go without hats in the street wearing a bit of black lace on their heads. Their hair is abundant and dressed with fine taste, with numerous curls and "beau-catchers" over their foreheads, and, as they have fine forms, generally speaking, they are certainly superb creatures. In no other country of Europe or the east has he seen as handsome ladies as can be seen on Broadway, but he thinks that the ladies of Valencia or Seville can take the premium over the ladies of New York for good looks.

Thousands of that splendid strengthener Dr. Guyot's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla, have received thousands of letters praising their medicine. From the testimony of many ladies the fact is proven that as a female medicine it excels all others. It never fails to relieve that sense of bearing down, that feeling of great bodily exhaustion, that depressed and gloomy state of mind incidental to dysmenorrhea.

House and Farm Department.

Farmer's Miscellany.

No person must expect eggs in severe weather without a good fowl house for his stock. Another condition to be observed is not to overcrowd. No more than fifty or one hundred should be kept together in one house. With the requisite food added almost any breed of fowls will lay in winter.

"Waldo" claims that wheat sown during the fall "has not made half the growth it did last year, and I account for it from the fact of the extremely wet summer which washed the nitrogen out of the soil. I have little doubt that a dry summer like that of 1881 is a blessing in disguise."

D. M. Ferry & Co., seedsmen, Detroit, Mich., has sent us a copy of their seed annual for 1883. It is more beautiful and valuable than ever. The hints on the formation and management of gardens, as well as the agricultural directions it contains have evidently been prepared by careful hands, and cannot fail to be of great service to all who garden, whether for profit or pleasure.

The value of good unleached wood ashes is chiefly for the potash they contain, but there is some phosphoric acid, which is as valuable as the potash sometimes. Hard-wood ashes contain 10 per cent. of potash, worth 6 cents a pound; 61-2 per cent. of phosphoric acid, worth 10 cents a pound, and 39 per cent. of lime in the form of carbonate. Ashes are more valuable than mineral potash and phosphates on account of their organic character and solubility.

Mr. Andrew Barnett's farm, near Wellesley, Mass., embraces 110 acres—ten in wood, thirteen to eighteen used as tillage, and seventy to eighty used as pasture, though much of the latter would produce very large crops of hay. When he bought the place, twenty-four years ago, it would barely sustain three cows; the present stock is forty-six head of horned cattle, eight horses, five colts, and a number of swine. This is the result largely of "use of the plough and harrow" and of stable manure carted from Boston during leisure times.

Plants in Hanging Baskets.

Foreign and Fireside.

Some persons seem to imagine that almost any plant ought to do as well in a basket hanging in the window as it does in a pot on the plant stand. Acting on this belief they use whatever they take a fancy to for a basket plant, and generally meet with failure. The reasons are obvious to any one who has had much experience with plant growing. In the first place, a plant hanging as high as one's head gets a much warmer, dryer atmosphere to breathe than those four feet below it. In the next place a plant hung up is more difficult to get at when water is being given to the other plants, and generally such a plant gets an inadequate supply or is neglected, and on account of the dryness in the air all about it it soon suffers and the leaves drop. If the fact could be borne in mind that such plants need more water than those below it, and this need properly attended to, and with regularity, there would not be so much failure with basket plants. Once every two days is often enough to water plants on the stand, but plants in baskets should have water every day, and enough to thoroughly penetrate the earth in which it grows. In planting anything in a basket I always leave a hollow in the soil around the edge of the basket. If filled evenly with earth, the water applied to the surface of the soil will run off, or considerable of it, at least, before the crust is soaked enough to render it absorbent.

In putting up hanging baskets I would advise you not to have the cords or chains attached to the basket to the hook in the ceiling (if the hook to hold the basket is fastened there) in one piece. I would have the three or four chains or cords attached to the basket meet about a foot above the basket and there hook on to one chain dependent from the ceiling. My object in doing this would be to facilitate taking down the basket whenever occasion demanded. You will need to take it down quite often if you would have good success with your plants.

Hanging plants, like others, turn to the light, and unless the basket is shifted about they will soon present an unpleasantly one-sided appearance. If they are connected with a chain or cord as I have suggested, it is an easy matter, by mounting a chair, to unhook the basket, turn it about, and rehook it to its support. If your ceilings are high, or only moderately so, it is not so easy a matter to take down a basket attached to cords three or four feet long.

Another reason why they should be often taken down is they necessarily get very dusty from their elevated position, and in order to have good success with them they should be kept clean. If it isn't too much of a job to take them down and give them a good washing by dipping them in a tub of water, most persons who grow them, and really care for them and their welfare, will, at least once a week, give them this needed attention. But if hard to get at, as plants suspended from long chains or cords are, they will quite likely get only a sprinkling of water, and this, instead of washing off the accumulated dust, will only make it stick closer and help to make the poor plant uncomfortable.

Another source of failure with very many, especially with amateurs, in growing plants in baskets is that they do not use baskets which are large enough to supply the plant with the necessary amount of earth. Most of the baskets are too small—too shallow. They should hold as much as an ordinary six-inch pot if you would have your plants flourish. Remember that, while some plants bloom better when in small pots, no plant can be grown successfully for foliage unless its roots are given plenty of room and earth to spread in. Now, you always aim to have plenty of foliage and growth of vine in a basket plant; if you do not have you fail in reaching success.

Therefore, when you buy a basket for any hanging plant, be sure not to get a shallow one. Plants in a small basket will need watering twice a day in hot weather, while they may think themselves lucky if they get a drink once a day. On this account, as well as on that of room for the roots, you should not buy too small pots.

Effects of Cold.

While most solid substances are contracted by cold, a soil saturated with water expands the same as water itself. The greatest cold will not kill the roots of hardy crops like wheat, rye and grass, but the expansion of the wet soil one-eighth of its bulk rends and tears their roots. Two or three alternate freezings and thawings of the ground, if wet, will do far more harm to winter crops than the longest, severest steady winter ever known. The important lesson taught by this is, be sure to clear out the dead furrows and their outlets now, and again early in spring, so as to drain off all standing water to a point below the main roots of the plants. It also shows one great benefit of draining all cultivated land which holds water during winter and spring.—American Agriculturist

Nice Pressed Beef.

Take a piece of the brisket or of the thick flank, trim it and rub it well for three days with salt and saltpetre. Pound three ounces allspice, one ounce cloves, one ounce black pepper, two pounds of salt, and one-half pound of brown sugar in a mortar. Tie up the beef and put it in a pan, rub it with the above named ingredients every twelve hours for a week, drain it from the pickle, pour over it the juice of two or three lemons and one glass of brandy. Chop up two pounds or three pounds of beef suet, put a layer at the bottom of the dish under the beef, and the rest on the top, cover it with a paste of flour and water, and bake for six or seven hours.

When done remove the crust (drain off the juice), and put the beef to press under heavy weights. Glaze it, and garnish with aspic jelly. Aspic Jelly—Puck into a stewpan a couple of calves' feet chopped in small pieces, a few slices of ham, and the carcass of an old fowl, with a couple of onions and two carrots cut in slices, a head of celery, one shallot, some parsley, sweet herbs, and spices whole, pepper and salt to taste; fill up with common stock, and set the whole to simmer gently two or three hours; strain off the liquor into a basin, and when cold carefully remove all fat. Put the jelly into a saucepan on the fire, and when the jelly is melted add to it as much suc colorant or caramel as may be required to give it a proper color; then whisk into it the whites of two eggs and a wineglassful of tarragon vinegar; let it come to boiling point, and strain it through a jelly bag; if not quite clear, warm it again and strain the second time.

Foreign Customs Prevailing Here.

Wealthy New York families are fast forming their habits upon French and English models. Mothers and daughters each have their own maid, and the "own" maid never loses sight of her young mistress. She sleeps in an alcove, or small room, separated only by a portiere; or, if her quarters are in another part of the house, she is the last to leave her at night and the first to see her in the morning; for she makes her clothes, she prepares her toilet for the day, she superintends her bath, dresses and undresses her, accompanies her on all her walking, shopping and other little expeditions. The oversight exercised is constant, and so minute in the nature of the case that the young girl can do nothing, not even post a letter, except under surveillance.

In society, and especially in the ball room, this is removed. The maid may be in the dressing-room, the chaperon chatting with some other matron within a few feet of her, but in a measure perpetual restraint is, in a measure removed, and the joy in it, and the temptation to avail herself of it, is all the greater for its restriction with her daily life. That the restriction and scrutiny should be reserved for the home, and the freedom accorded in society, is one of those social inconsistencies which arise from the attempt to graft European customs on American stock.—Boston Times.

Bitter Bread.

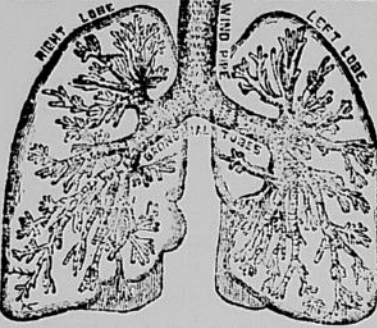
Complaint is frequently made by those who use baking powders that they leave in bread, biscuit, or cake raised by them a disagreeable, bitter taste. This taste follows the use of all impure baking powders, and is caused either by their containing alum (introduced to make a cheap article), by the impure and adulterated character of other ingredients used, or from the ignorance of their manufacturers of the proper methods of combining them. These baking powders leave in the bread a residuum formed of lime, earth, alum, or other deleterious matters, not always, though frequently, tastable in the food, and by all physicians classed as injurious to health. The Royal Baking Powder is free from this serious defect. In its use no residuum is left, and the loaf raised by it is always sweet, light and wholesome, and noticeably free from the peculiar taste complained of. The reason of this is because it is composed of nothing but absolutely pure materials, scientifically combined in exactly the proper proportions of acid and alkali to act upon and destroy each other, while producing the largest amount of raising power. We are justified in this assertion from the unqualified statements made by the government chemists, who after thorough and exhaustive tests recommended the "Royal" for governmental use because of its superiority over all others in purity, strength and wholesomeness. There is no danger of bitter bread or biscuit where it alone is used.

Mrs. Chapman, of the town of Echo, was looked by a cow on Friday, the horn entering her mouth on the right side, or rather caught her lip, and passing upward, broke the cheek bone, and laid her face open to her eye, just missing that member, and tearing the skin off above it, making a frightful wound.

Abram S. Hewitt, Congressman from New York, has been suffering for some weeks from a carbuncle on the back of his neck, and is at home for medical treatment.

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THE SPECIFIC FOR KIDNEY DISEASES, LIVER TROUBLES, CONSTIPATION, PILES, FEMALE WEAKNESSES AND RHEUMATISM.

PHYSICIANS ENDORSE HEARTILY.

"I have found Kidney-Wort to work like a charm, doing all that is claimed for it. After using it several years in my practice, I, a regular physician, can endorse it heartily. It has done better than any remedy I ever used."—R. K. Clark, M. D., South Hero, Vt.

DANGEROUS KIDNEY DISEASE.

"A stroke of paralysis prostrated me, also dangerous disease my kidneys. The doctors failed, but Kidney-Wort cured me."—E. Blade, 18 Cambridge St., Boston, Mass.

"My kidney troubles had lasted for 5 years. I often passed blood. Kidney-Wort cured me."—Michael Coto, Montgomery Center, Vt.

KIDNEY DISEASE AND RHEUMATISM.

"Two of my friends had my trouble," says Mr. Elbridge Malcolm, of West Bath, Me. "I was given up to die, by my physician and friends. We all had kidney disease and rheumatism. Mine was of 30 years' standing. Kidney-Wort has entirely cured all three of us."

"I had kidney troubles for many years. Kidney-Wort cured me."—J. M. Dows, of Diebold Safe Co., 28 Canal St., New Orleans.

CURED AFTER 20 YEARS.

"I devoutly thank God that I found out the virtues of Kidney-Wort," writes C. P. Brown, of Westport, N. Y. "It has cured me of a 20 years' case of terrible kidney disease."

KIDNEYS, LIVER AND CONSTIPATION.

"The most satisfactory results," writes Jas. F. Reed, of No. Acton, Me., "in cases of kidney and liver troubles and constipation, have followed from the use of Kidney-Wort, by members of my family."

Kidney Troubles and Rheumatism.

"My attending physician gave me up. I had rheumatism and kidney troubles for 30 years. Many doctors and numberless remedies did me no good. My friends, too, thought my death was certain. Kidney-Wort has entirely cured me."—so writes Elbridge Malcolm, West Bath, Me.

LIVER DISORDER.

"Please tell my brother soldiers, and the public, too, appeals J. C. Power, of Trenton, Ill., through the St. Louis Globe-Democrat and Home and Fireside, that Kidney-Wort cured my liver disorders, which I'd had for 20 years."—12-23-'82.

RHEUMATISM.

"I have tried a great number," truly remarks Mr. W. N. Gross, of Scranton, Pa., under date of Dec. 12, '82, "but there is no other remedy like Kidney-Wort, for curing rheumatism and diseased kidneys."

INFLAMMATION OF BLADDER.

"Chronic inflammation of the bladder, two years' duration, was my wife's complaint," writes Doctor C. M. Summerlin, of Sun Hill, Ga. "Her urine often contained mucus, pus, and was sometimes bloody. Physicians' prescriptions—my own included—and domestic remedies only relieved her pains. Kidney-Wort, however, has entirely cured her."

INTERNAL PILES.

"I had internal piles for several years," said J. E. Moyer, of Myerstown, Pa. "Nothing helped me except Kidney-Wort. I cured me."

LADIES' TROUBLES.

Respect the confidence reposed in you by ladies. "It has helped me in intricate diseases," writes Mrs. Annie Rockbald, of Jarrattville, Md. "This lady correspondent wrote us about Kidney-Wort's curative effects."

RHEUMATISM.

"Nothing else would," tersely says Justice J. G. Jewell, of Woodbury, Vt., "but Kidney-Wort did cure my three years' rheumatism."

DYSPEPSIA.

Our correspondent, Mr. Josiah Kenney, of Lansburg, Pa., says: "Kidney-Wort cured my dyspepsia. I had it in its worst form, too."

A WILLING OATH.

"I will swear by Kidney-Wort all the time," writes Mr. J. R. Kuffman, Lancaster, Pa. (All its patrons do the same, Mr. K.)

DELICATE COMPLAINTS.

Another lady, Mrs. J. B. Clark, Amitee City, La., writes us: "Kidney-Wort has cured me of habitual constipation, pain in the side, as well as some other delicate complaints."

HOPBITTERS
Invaluable for health and spirits in chronic dyspepsia, or suffering from the terrible exhaustion that follows the attacks of acute disease, the testimony of thousands who have been rescued as by a miracle from the prostration state of Stomach Bitters, is a sure guarantee that by the same means you, too, may be strengthened and restored.
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