

"Its mighty hard to loose yo', Nell, but maybe its best. Maybe if I'd lived an' married yo' I might a' got old an' cross an' used to yo' some day, an' might a' swore at you an' beat yo' like the mountain folks round here does, an' I'd sooner die now, while I love yo' better'n anything else in Gawd's world. Yo' like me, too, don't yo' dear?"

"Oh Allen! more'n I ever knowed, more'n I ever knowed."

"Don't take on so, honey. Yo' will stay with me to-night? Yo' won't leave me even after I'm dead? Yo' know we was to be married an' I was to have yo' to-night. Yo' won't go way an' leave me the first night an' the last, will yo' Nell?"

The girl calmed herself for his sake and answered him steadily: "No, Allen. I will set an' hold yo' till mornin' comes. I won't leave yo'."

"Thank yo'. Never mind, dear, the best thing in livin' is to love hard, and the best thing in dyin' is to die game; an' I've done my best at both. Never mind."

He drew a long sigh, and the rest was silence.

"Russian Political Exiles."

The audience that greeted Mr. George Kennan, in the Lansing, April fifth, was not as large as had been expected; but, as far as culture goes, it was one of the best audiences Lincoln can produce.

The lecturer appeared under the auspices of the Palladian society, with H. G. Barber and F. F. Tucker having sole management and taking all financial responsibilities. Almost everyone is familiar with the work of Mr. Kennan in Russia among Siberian convicts. His work there was untiring, and he left nothing undone in his endeavors to obtain an account of the exact conditions and terrible sufferings of the exiles who are yearly sent to the mines of Kara, or to other places in Siberia. The adventures and narrow escapes Mr. Kennan had, and the vast amount of information he gleaned from under the noses of the Russian officials, furnish plenty of material which he

will be able to use in lecturing to English speaking audiences for years to come. He treats of a subject about which very little is known outside of Russian circles on account of a gagged press and threatened exile. But thanks to the efforts of Mr. Kennan, the nations outside of Russia are fast becoming aware of the atrocities committed in that anarchistic region. As Mr. Kennan said, where there are so many noble souls who yearly sacrifice their lives in an effort to bring Russia under a progressive form of government, there is much hope. A Czar cannot always keep his people in darkness when so many of his subjects have an appreciation of light. There will be a revolt there some day that will shake the whole of Russia, and the Czar will meet his just deserts by being sent, not to the mines of Kara, but to the mines of hell, where there will be no eternal snows or biting frosts, but where there will be eternal heat that will cause him ten times more suffering than his subjects suffered in their frozen forced marches in his cold dominion on the way to their Siberian convict homes. The work of Mr. Kennan in aiding the Russian exiles may be as a drop in the ocean, as one person has remarked, as far as bringing about a change in conditions goes, but if it were not for the drops the oceans would not separate the continents. We predict this, at least, that Mr. Kennan's work will so open the eyes of every progressive nation that when the opportunity offers, these progressive nations will, every one of them, step in and aid the progressive people of Russia in rebelling against a non-progressive, retrogressive, arrogant and despotic government.

The work is a noble one, and Mr. Kennan may well feel proud of his efforts. In his illustrated lecture in the Lansing on "Russian Political Exiles" the lecturer showed the effects of the cruelties practiced by the officials on the innocent suspected ones that are yearly sent to the Siberian prisons. Without any word painting or extra coloring, Mr. Kennan, by merely throwing the pictures on the screen, and giving a few words of ex-