THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: SUNDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1886 .-- TWELVE PAGES.

BAKER PLACE

### AMONG THE WITS AND WAGS.

The Prond Soaring "Bird" of the Prairies Postically Pictured.

PARSON BAXTER ON LOVE

Pugilistic Kids at the Bar-A Pair of Mittens-A Varied Assortment of Lung Testing Laughs and Seasonable Smiles.

The Picon of the Cowboy. P. T. Pensell in National Weekly. O.1 am the cowboy of legend and story, Whom all the back-eastern youngsters so creatly admire; The slaughter of pilgrims is ever my glory, And few have escaped when they drew

out my fire.

A stride of my broncho I speed o'er the prairie, A terror to all who my daring behold. I defy any civilized constabulary And all vigilantes the country can hold.

As free as the proud soaring bird of the

ocean, I skim on my way over mountain and plain; And no man dare make the least treacherous

That he lives for a minute to do it again.

The joys of existence I don't claim forever-Some day 1 must mizzle like other galoots; But the "Old Boy" will be most devilish

clever If he gets me laid out while I stand in my

When I'm roped at the roundup of judgment eternal. And corralled in a furnace forever to dwell,

I'll be able to show them some capers infer-

I won't be a tenderfoot in h-.

Porson Baxter's Discourse on Love. Texas Siftings: Berlubbed brederen and sistern: De subjec for dis ebinm's

discourse am "Lub." Who's dat snickerin' back dar near the doan<sup>9</sup> Ef I heahs any moah ob dat snick-erin' de Lord am gwinter pint me a committee ob one ter frow a few niggahs out inter de street and stomp 'em.

Ef yer visits a young coman, you am one, she am herble ter be won, and den you'll bofe be one. Den the trubble begins, for lemme tell yer dar's a big vein ob solid troof running from all dis heah newspaper talk about rollin' pins, murderin-laws, ets. Dar's so much troof in em dat I has come ter de conclushun dat de bes time ter marry am on or about de thirty-forf or thirty-fifth day ob February. Better nebber den late.

When hit comes ter courting dars one put whar de cullud luvyur has de advantage of the white luvyer. Yer nebber neered tell, did yer, ob a cullud gemman gittin a taste ob powdered chalk on his mouf from tastin' de mug ob de object of his affecshuns? De cullud niggah nebber comes home with enull pearl powder on his Sunday close ter make folks ask of he has been playin' checkers in a flour mill De proverb says lub am blind. Mebbe so, but I notices dat hit pulls down de windy curtains all de same, and hit ain't nebber too blind ter size up a bank account.

Men am like flies. Bote of em yield ter de 'tractiveness ob be lasses. Matri-money am like a cage. De bird what's outside wants ter git in, and dem what's inside wants ter git out.

Dar's a rollin' pin hangin' down from one eend ob de honey moon. I knowed a young married woman ter buy two rollin' pins. She kep one to remonstrate wid her husband wid when he cum home late from de lodge. Most ob you married niggabs knows what I'se a hintin' at. Den dars de murder in law queshon. De Bible explains why a mai has no use for his murder-in-law. Hit says stinctly no man can serb two masters.

Yes, bredren an sistern, at first lub makes de time fly, but after awhile time

makes de lub fly. Dar's a tribe ob Africans called de Caf-fres. Among de Caffres a man nebber sees de face ob his murder-in-law. I reckon dat's whar the toon started "Who

West of Orchard Hill and North of Walnut Hill

WITHIN FIVE MINUTES WALK

# Of the BELT LINE DEPOT

Advantageously Located on Military Avenue,

Prices Very Low. Terms, One Tenth Cash Balance to Suit Purchasers

These Lots are Now on Sale at the Office of

## W. G. ALBRIGHT, SOUTH FIFTEENTH STREET. 218

conundrum. The city editor fainted, and heel. He replaced his shoe after a moment, rose up and bowed courteously, and the pair walked off. They were at had to be revived by the application, where it would do the most good, of a pocket flask, when Blimly replied: "The off-spring."

least half a block away before the victim recovered sufficiently to say: "Vhell! vhell! I pays taxes in two wards und goes twice to Chicago, but yet 1 vhas some lunatics who ought to be led around Of the man who d id sing, we say that he mit a rope! Or we speak of the song he has sung;

Then permit us to say of the gun that can bang, It has often proceeded to bung. Foreign and Domestic. Rambler: "Pa, what's this that's al-vays in the paper headed 'Foreign and

of physical exercise takes the elevator when he might climb a flight of stairs. Inquisitive party-"And do you go up that ladder all day long?" Pat-"No, sur; half ov the toime Oi cum down." "This beats me," as the egg remarked

when it saw the spoon. Some Americans are too proud to beg and too honest to steal, so they get

trusted. Kate Field says she is tired of the world. and "would like to live apart from the fashionable bustle." Why don't you take

A STORY OF REMORSE AND SUICIDE. to see him about the matter the lawyer Atlanta Constitution: The people at

away from Red Top. The place had been

going down from the start, if it ever had

one It had no railroads, no commerce,

no industries, no past and apparently no

boom and they wero lucky in coming

Atter making the usual inquiries con

cerning the society, the water, and the

general health of the town, the Bradfords

known, leaving the newcomers to won-

along just in time to grow up with it.

future.

"That is all right. Keep the money another year and then come to see me." Bradford returned home in a state of Red Top could not imagine why Bart Bradford wanted to settle among them. mystification. It was the dream of their lives to get

words and reams of description. They have also the further advantage of being official and indisputable. The general mortality in Russia is from 35 to 37 per thousand a reac which exceeds the reaction of the second seco

Long before the year expired, however, the Red Top merchant received a visit from the lawyer. Bradford took him into his little office back of his store, and

sat down in great agitation. "No bad news, I hope," he said. "Both bad and good," replied th

mortality in Russia 1s from 35 to 37 per thousand, a rate which exceeds that of Norway and Sweden (countries possess-ing an almost identical climate) by 100 and 112 per thousand respectively; that of England by 64, that of Germany by 39, and that of France by 37 per thousand. It is a well-known fact and lies in the na-ture of things that the death rate S-suld be less in rural than in urban districts. be less in rural than in urban districts. In the rural districts of Norway and

will Caffre mudder now?'' Heah! heah heah! 'Scuse my levity. We will now pass de hat for de beneriit ob de bernighted Africans. Uncle Moses, please take charge of de head gear.

#### The Pair of Mits.

W. S. Pedlar in Detroit Free Press. A pair of mitts by clever wits, Were made and sent on duty. hands the woolly in forms of peauty. and hearts so ight, ioned nearty. With fungers quick the pair were fash-creetly. The left one with its promise hold; The right one made to a charm. And while An d bless our little Moder what The Free nd th t knits with tast and of one without a charm. And while wonder what The Free nd th t knits k s u 8. With fungers quick With fungers quick with its promise hold; nstend of One without shot inte of us Press is the ba u 8. u 8. u 8. W. S. Pedlar in Detroit Free Press.

#### For Printers Only.

Providence Journal: The Impecuni-ous Compositor presented Himself at the Counting-room on a recent evening and names in the directories. asked for Permission to "Go up-stairs. Being told that it was Against the Rule at that Hour, he asked that one of the Compositors be called Down. He was informed that it would be Necessary to turnish His Name, not as a guarantee of good faith, but that the Man above Stairs Might Know with whom he had to Deal. He at first demurred, but concluded to ompromise the matter by sending up a Note. In due course the note Returned, accompanied with a very Diminutive Package. The note was read, the package seanned, and the I. C., breathing Vengeance, hastily Departed. So Indignant was he that the note was left open on the Counter. It read as follows: FRIEND-+: Please send me down a " you want, so I send you an agate lower case, those being the most numerous in my coflection.'

Resp'y yours,

#### A Low Rate West.

Washington Critic: The crowd was talking on the subject of traveling on passes, cheap rates, etc. "Well," re-marked Major Stofah, when there came "I went from Washington clear to San Francisco once for nothing." "Th walking must have been good that year," "The suggested Roberts. "I rode all the way in a Poliman," said the Major, with a smile. "Did you have a pass?" asked Chambers. "No pass." "You knew all Chambers. "No pass." "You knew all the conductors, perhaps," said Leach-man. "Didn't know a soul," replied the Major, lighting a elgar. "Then how in thunder did you make it?" asked Knott, who was anxious to get a low rate west. "Easiest thing in the world," responded the Major, coolly; "I had a sweetheart in 'Frisco, and I went out to marry her. When I got there I found she had al-ready martied another fellow, and if you don't call that going to San Francisco for don't call that going to San Francisco for nothing you may have this \$15 suit I've got on for 10 cents, half eash and the bal ance at ninety days."

#### He Wanted to Know.

"What part of a wagon resembles a aby?" shouted Bilmiy, as he rushed baby?' into the office after ten months' absence yesterday morning. All his associates greeted him cordially

wanted to know where he had been and s thousand other things; but he answered some of their questions in an absent-minded manner and some of them not at all. After appearing bored by their cordiality for nearly two munutes, he shouted again "What part of a wagon resembles a babys"

Nobody could tell. So one of the re-

written, And also properly say that he wrote; So then, when a dog has another dog bitten, We can say he did bite, or else that he Of a man who has ridden, we say he can And twould also be proper to say that he Then why not remark of the boat that can

A Short Language Lesson.

Of the man who can write, we say he has

2

sang,

That it smoothly has glidden, or else that it glode.

#### Guessing on Beans.

"What's all this crowd doing here?" asked a stranger, as he found the pave-ment blockaded in front of a Broadway store. "Why," replied a bystander, "the proprietor offers a prize for the closest guess as to the number of beans in that bottle." "How are the guesses running?" "From 900 up to 15,000." "O, pshr.w! Why, there must be at least 100,000 beans in that bottle." "Where might you be from, stranger?" "I? O, I'm from the west. I've been out there estimating the population of cities from the number of

#### The Raison D'Etre.

Eleanor Kirk. The same old sea and the same old sky; The same old vessels sailing by; The same old farmer raking the sand:

The same old fisherman rowing to land; The same old lane and the same old mud; The same old cow and the same old cou; The same old coad and the same old tree; The same old ter rier barking at me. The same piazza, dusty and bare; The same old woman taking the air, With the endless stories of long ago, Of the same old ball and the same old beau; The same old dresses, uzly as sin, The same old dresses, uzly as sin, The same old rush when the mall comes in; The same old fools and the same wise men, The same old plgs in the same old pen. Old gobblers, old men, old work, old play, The same old night and the same old day; The same old fog to straighten the air, Antiouity's chestnut everywhere. And it's eat, and drink, and sketch and sew, And dress-for whom, I'd like to know? For strata and fossils, and hens and geese. Ano they call this health, and rest, and peace.

O, bother such rest and health, say I; I'd rather be ill, perchance to die— Than live in the days before the flood, Au antique clam in historic mud. But this I'll add, though 'twill prove me bold—

bold-One nice young man would atone for the old, And take the mildew from land and sea, And I guess that's what's the matter with

#### He Was Some Lunatics.

Detroit Free Press: A saloon-keeper on Gratiot street sat at his door the other afternoon, wondering why it was that so many men in Detroit preferred buttermilk to beer, when two strangers came along. One of them placed a penny on the sidewlak, placed his right heel on the penny, and then bent over to see how far he could reach and mark the flagstone with a nail. As he reached out he lifted his heel off the penny, and the other man picked up the coin, slipped it into his pocket, and winked at the saloonist. That's a long reach," said No. 1, as he

straightened up. "Yes, but you lifted your heel off the cent. "No, I didn't " "Bet you a dollar." "I'll take it." "Hold on, shentlemens," said the beer-seller, as he rose up. "I like to make some bets myself." I bet you \$2 my heel is on a penny,'

said No. 1 'I take dot bet awful queek," replied

the saloonist, and a couple of \$1 bills were handed to No. 2. No. 1 sat down on the walk, pulled off his shoe and held it up that the saloonist porters ventured to ask him to solve the might see a penhy screwed fast to the

Domestic.' Can't a thing be foreign and domestic, too?" 'No, my son, of course not."

#### "Yes, it can, too. Look at Bridget." He Quailed in the Face of Bare Facts.

Washington Critic: Dr. Bartlett preached at the New York Avenue Presoyterian church yesterday on the spread of the gospel and during his remarks on proportionate civilization he said that of he earth's population five hundred mil lion were clothed and two hundred and ifty million clotheless.

What did you think of the sermon? said Jones to Brown on their way home. "Excellent," said Brown; "only I thought the doctor was slightly off on his figures in saying there was more than half the earth's population only partially clothed. "I think he is right" said Jones re-

flectively. "How do you make it out? "Why, there's Europe and --'' "Hold on!" interrupted Jones. Com-

mence nearer home. Did you ever at-tend a full dress reception in Washing-Brown quailed in the face of the bare

#### facts.

#### He Doesn't Want Them Published. S. W. Foss in Tid-Bits.

He wrote tyrical effusions, and in rythmical luxuriance he bent to every passing whim of literary prurience; And his Muse would stalk and sidle Through epics sulcidal, For he rode a bareback Pegasus without a bit

or bridle! He poured his soul's profusion out in ron-deaus, odes and sonnets upon Seraphina's eyebrows or on Angelina's ponnets; And the wild, poetic spasm Swept his intellectual chasm As the midnight winds of Chaos swept through primal protoplasm

through primal protoplasm.

And the Muse's breath from songland in many a tuneful carol blew through his mental vacuum as the wind blows through

a barre A had, like pleas before a jury, Songs tilled up with sound and fury Came forth with a vast lung power, jungle-

jerk and too-roo-loo-ree! And he sent these songs and poems to the publishers and editors, but they all re-turned unwelcome, like his most solicit-

And now, since their declination, How he vows with indign tion: won't vulgarize my poems by promiscuous publication !"

#### Knocked Out by a Rid.

Texas Siftings: A nice little boy, reared in the intellectual and neterodox atmosphere of Boston, happened to be a witness in a case in Cincinnati, and the question arose as to his being old enough to understand the nature of an oath, so the judge investigated him. "Well, Wendall," he said, kindly, "do

you know where bad little boys will go when they die?" "No, sir," replied the boy, with conidence.

"Goodness gracious," exclaimed the judge, with shocked surprise, "don't you know they will go to hell?"

'No, sir: do you?' "Of course I do." "How do you know it?" The Bible says so." "Is it true?"

'Certainly it is." 'C an you prove it?'

"No, not positively; but we take it on faith," explained the judge. "Do you accept that kind of testimony this court?" inquired the boy, coolly. But the judge didn't answer; he held in hards and hard the boy coolly.

the board.

up his hands and begged the lawyer to take the witness.

Little Bits of Fun. The man who lectures on the benefits

it off, then, Kate, and give it to the hired girl?

The vital question, "What is a sausage?" is being discussed before a Nebraska court. It is believed that the jury will disagree.

It is no trouble to meet a bill. But to get out of the way of it is most difficult Catherine Owen has published a book called "Ten Doltars Enough." She may think so now, but by the time she gets all the jet trimming and stuff for the overskirt she will find that about \$10 more is necessary, not including the dressmaker's Ten dollars is enough for the ma-

decided to remain. Bradford had several terial, but the trimming and making cost thousand dollars with hum, and this he ike sixty. immediately invested in a grocery store Washington Critic: A certain civil engineer, now high in the paofession, is said to have got his start from his first and small cottage. The fortunate citizens who had converted their property report of a survey. He had been sent into eash straightway left for parts un-

out to inspect a river which a congres sional lobby wanted improved for navi gation, and when he returned he handed in this brief but comprehensive state ment: "The river is not worth a dam."

centric conduct, however, was a common thing in that neighbor hood, and the old **Baptist Educational Work in Ne** residents thought nothing of it. braska.

The convention called to meet in Lin-Although not an old man, he was not more than forty, if that, Bart Bradford coln, Neb., November 30, convened in the Baptist church and was called to generally wore a look of settled melanorder by the chairman, Z. C. Bush. choly, At times he had the look of a About fifty representatives of the churches hunted animal, but as a rule he was quiet were present. A constitution and by-laws and good-natured, and he soon became for an educational association were very popular. His wife was a mere girl, adopted. The object of the association and, the country folks said, "as pretty as is to foster education among our Baptist a picture." Despite Bradford's peculiar people of the state.

moods, it was plain that he loved his wife, A board of tifteen was chosen to re and it was equally apparent that she ceive propositions for the location of a college in the state, and to take charge of idolized him. conlege in the state, and to take charge of the same when located. A number of propositions were presented by different towns. Fairfield offered \$4,000 and a site valued at \$2,400. Fair-mont offered \$5,000 in money, a forty acre lot for a site and one half of forty acres more, laid out in town lots. The years rolled by and nothing oc curred to disturb the quiet course of events at Red Top. The Bradfords were not long in finding out that the alleged boom was a myth, but they did not seem to mind it much. The grocery kept Bradford busy during the day, and in the Ashland offered \$15,000 on condition that meantime the little cottage had been brightened and enlivened by the presence \$15,000 more were added. Nebraska City offered \$25,000 in money, a block in of two new inmates, a curly-headed eity with buildings or valued at \$25,090 more. ( nd offered, through Mr. on and a black-eyed, rosy-cheeked girl.

Grand a casual observer it was a happy Island offered, through Mr. C. W. Scarff, of that place, ten acres of land family. If there was a skeleton hidden somewhere in a closet nobody suspected for a site, \$1,000 toward the employment its presence. of a financial agent to canvass the country for the school, and to dupli-When the periodical spell of hard times came along Red Top suffered severely Several merchants failed ontright. Brad cate in money all that could be raised for that purpose during the next five years. ford found it impossible to make collec This proposition was presented to the board of trustees and discussed at contions, and saw ruin staring him in the face. His brave little wife cheered him siderable length. It was considered a very liberal offer but it was thought by some of our wise and conservative heads up. She made all sorts of suggestions, and just to humor her Bradford adopted one of them. He advertised in a daily paper published in the city where he pur

that we were not quite ready to accept any of these offers at present. The hased his goods, that he desired to borwhole matter of accepting and locating the institution was deferred to the next meeting of the board to be held in Lin-coln in February, at the time of the meet-ing of the board of the Nebrasks Baptist row three thousand dollars on a year' time, the mouey to be invested, the ad vertisement said, in a safe business. To the poor fellow's infinite surprise, few days later, he received a letter from state convention. From now till then a city lawyer asking him to call and see him about the desired loan. Bradford the subject is open to all places in the state to send in their propositious. The kissed his wife and babies and took the next stage for the city. When he returned Baptists of Nebraska are in earnest in the next day he was jubilant. He had the money. To his wife he said that he could this matter and any place that would like to put \$100,000 into an institution that will be worth to the place some ten or will be worth to the place some ten or fifteen thousand a year, besides the in-tellectual and moral benefit has the op-portunity of getting its offer ready by the 1st of February. The offer can be pre-sented to L. D. Holms, president of the board, Omaha, or Z. C. Rush, secretary. St. Edward, or to any other members of the board. not understand his luck. The lawyer had asked him a few questions about his busi-ness, and had let him have the money on his note for a year's time at the legal rate of interest. Little Mrs. Bradford did not see anything surprising in the transaction. She believed that her husband's tion. business reputation was known in the

big city, and it seemed to her a matter of course that people should be willing to Nebraska, growing at the rate of 60,000 lend money to such a man. Bradford met with another surprise inhabitants a year, building towns, cities and railroads at an unparalleled rate, opening up her rich acres by the million. At the end of twelve months he found is also alive to the great intellectual in terests of her people. Z. C. RUSH. that he could raise only about haif of the sum due the city lawyer, When he went terests of her people.

yer. "Let me hear the worst," groaned Still, the Red Top people were loyal to their town when they came in contact Bradford. with strangers. So, when Bart Bradford

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little

"I am not here," said his visitor, "to and his wife, after spending several days press you for money, but I have a story at the hotel, expressed a desire to make o tell that will interest you." their home in the community, the inhabi-

He locked the office door, and drew his chair close to Bradford. "The first Mrs. Bradford is dead," said tants, with irresistible unanimity, assured them that Red Top was about to enjoy a the man of law, in a harsh. rasping voice.

The man before him wrung his hands out said nothing. "I suppose you wondered why I let you have so much money without any secur-

ty, and were so easy with you?" Bradford nodded.

"Weil, it was not my money. It be-longed to the first Mrs. Bradford. Don't interrupt me. You know that in your trips west you fell in love with a pretty face. You basely deserted your wife, a good plain woman, and secured an Illi nois divorce from her. Again I must ask you not to interrupt me. You married der at their folly in abandoning a town your present wife and concealed yourself here, where I dare say you have never with a boom just ahead of it. Such cespent a happy hour.

"God knows it is true!" exclaimed Bradford.

"Your deserted wife," continued the awyer, "suffered untold mortification. She was almost heart-broken, but she bore up bravely. Shortiy after you left er the death of an uncle brought her a small fortune, some \$20,000 or so. She employed me to keep an eye on you and report your movements and your circum-stances 1 visited your town. I bribed the village photographer to give me pho tographs of your wife and babies, and sent them to the first Mrs. Bradford. wrote to her all about you, how charit ble you were to the poor, and I wrote also that your present wife, a young and babyish thing, was perfectly devoted to

Bradford said nothing but his eyes ought the floor and he breathed with difficulty.

"Now you understand it," said the attorney. "When you advertised for a loan I reported the fact to the first Mrs. Bradford, and she furnished the money for you

Still Bart Bradford did not utter a

word. "I was at her bedside when she died, a week ago to day. Her last utterance was a message of love and forgivness. She willed all her property to you. Have you any questions?

-I cannot talk now," said the wretched man, "have mercy on me and leave me."

The lawyer rose and unlocked the door, "I am a poor hand at delivering such essages," he said, "but I am glad to see uessages, that you do feel badly about it. Go home and compose yourself, and in a few days run up and see me, and we'll arrange the details of this business."

He bowed himself out, and leaping into his carriage, drove off in a hurry. Bradford's clerk thought that his em-

ployer remained a long time in the little office. An hour passed, and still the merchant did not come out. Darkness came, but no light was to be seen in the office Too impatient to wait any longer, the clerk carried a lamp back to the office and looked in.

Stretched on the floor, stiff and stark, lay the body of Bart Bradford, with his throat cut from ear to ear. The gory knife still clasped in the hand of the dead man told the horrible story only too well.

July wants to borrow 3,500,000 lires. A this is a very busy season with newspaper correspondents we are afraid this country

#### can't oblige her.

25c a vial.

#### SICK headache, wind on the stomach billiousness, nausea, are promptly and agreeably banished by Dr. J. H. Me-Lean's Little Liver and Kidney Pillets. live to reap the whiriwind.

Sweden the rate is 17 per thousand; in the rural districts of England 18 per thousand. And this, according to high authority, is as much as it ought to be. In England when the morality of a rural district exceeds 23 per thousand an offi-

ally prey on each other.

cial inquiry is ordered touching the cause of so abnormal a death rate.

A VERY SERIOUS QUESTION.

The Severe Oppression of Tenants in Eug-

124.

THE EXACTIONS OF LANDLORDS

A Startling Decrease of Population

-Some Suggestive Figures.

The present condition of things in Rassia-writes William Westall in the San

Francisco Chronicle-must be as discouraging to advocates of land nationalization

as to the more rational economists, who regard occupying ownership as the best of possible agrarian systems and landlordism as the worst. For Russia is fast

verging toward landlordism in its most

pronounced form, and the people are: being divorced wholsale from the soil

which their fathers tilled and by which alone themselves can live. In another

generation, at the present rate of pro-

gress (or degradation), there will be on one side an agricultural proletariat of sixty or seventy millions, on the other or class of koulaks and "mir-eaters," hold-

ing all the land and virtually ownings

those by whom it is cuitivated. The present system, as I have shown in pres

vious letters, is based on the bondage of

the peasants. Koulaks (usurers) and lands lords lend their money, taking as secur-

ity the hypothecation of the borrower's

future labor, and once in deabt the Rus-

sian peasant is never free. He becomes

the bondslave of his creditor, who exacts

his pound of flesh with Shylock-like fo-

GETTING EVEN.

it a great deal better, and for this evil

there is no remedy except one that is worse than the disease it is meant to cure -a well-paid overseer for every bondage-man. For the peasant who is working off a debt does not fear dismissal-wants

it in fact, and the government allows no one to use the rod but itself. The koular

or local usurer is in a better position than the big landlord. A peasant himself, he works in the fields with his bondsmen, und can see that they work. Being more-over a man of impostance in the village,

he is naturally more feared and better served than the absentee owner. It is

obvious that under these conditions agricultural progress and scientific farming

are quite out of the question. Bondage

labor is cheaper than any other, cheaper even than machinery. Besides, who would

invest money in labor-saving machines when he can lend it out at two or three hundred per cent per annum. So it

hundred per cent per annum. So it comes pass that landowners and nsurers grow rich, cereals are exported and the

peasants die. Hardly a year passes that parts of Russia are not devastated by local famines. Instances of anthropopo-hagy often occur, the wretched peasants being reduced to such straits that in their desperation they eat human flesh—liter ally orey on each other.

INTERRESTING FIGURES. Here are a few figures bearing on the same subject, figures which are more elo-

quent and significant than torrents of words and reams of description. They

But the debtor, when his creditor is a landlord, has a simple yet effective way of avenging himself. He works as little and metherently as he knows how. The free laborer does twice as much and does

rocity.

DECREASE OF POPLATION. In Russia, alone of all countries, does the reverse obtain. In the thirteen cen-tral provinces of the empire the death rate in the rural districts is 62 per thousand as compared with a general rate of 36 per thousand. As in the same provin-ces the mean birth rate is 45 per thousand, it follows that the population is dimin-ishing at the rate of 17 per thousand per year. The cause, as openly stated at a recent meeting of the Russian society of surgeons, under the Presidency of Dr. Botkin, body servant to the emperor, is deficiency of bread-in other words, starvation-and this in the most fertile and productive part of the country, where cereals are grown largely for ex-port. Where the earth yields its increase most bountifully, in fact, there Death reaps its richest harvest. A few more figures by way of emphasis and illustration. In England the town morality exceeds that of the country by 38 per thousand, in France by 24, m Sweden by 3 and in Prussia by 7. In Russia, on the other hand, the mortality of thirteen provinces having a greater area than the Austrian empire, deaths are relatively more numerous in the country than in the towns. According to Professor Jan-

cen's "Statistics," the mortality in the city of Moscow is 53 per cent less than in the rural regions of the provinces; in St. Petersburg the difference, as against the country, is 17 per thousand and in Kazan and Kieff 27 and 30 per thousand respectively.

A FEARFEL RESPONSIBILITY. And for all the misery and suffering which these figures denote, for the yearly holocaust of half a million lives, the Russian government is primarily and solely responsible. It is the government that is driving the peasants by thousands under the Juggernaut wheels of Koulaks, usur-ers and landlords, for it is to provide the wherewithal for paying the tax gatherer that the peasant porrows money and makes himself a slave. The tax gatherer has no mercy. Arrears are ruthlessly exacted, even in times of death. The man who fails to pay is first flogged and then sold out. In the winter of 1855-56 the tax inspector of Novgorod officially reported that 1.500 peasants in his district had been condemned to receive floggings for not paying their taxes, and that 500 had actually been flogged. The inspec-tor, more merciful than his masters, pleaded in behalf of those who had not vet suffered for a remission of their senences. The Russian millions, in short, are far worse off than ever were the slaves on the plantations of the south. Much as the educated classes of Russia have suffered by persecution, proscription and exile, by deprivation of liberty of speech and of action, and in other ways, their sufferings as compared with those of the masses of their countrymen are but as a drop of water to the ocean. And yet the peasants, with a faith which would be absurd if it were not pathetic, still behave in the goodness of their lord and master. To them the czar is still a semi-divine father, who would help them if he could, but whose good intentions on their be-half are continually thwarted by the malignity and incompetency of his agents. How long this illusion will endure heaven only knows, but it is now being rudely assalled by the stern logic of facts, and when it disappears there will be such an overthrow in "the country of the night" as the world has soldom wit-nessed. Let us hope that some of these who have beined to sow the wind will