RUSSIA'S EYE IS ON PERSIA.

The Approaching Visit of the Shah to Gatschina.

MANY PATIENTS FOR PASTEUR

Mad Dogs and Wolves Play Havoc at Kczan—Boy Murderers Sent to Sachaline Island—Gossip From St. Petersburg.

The Realm of the Czar.

ST. PETERSBURG, April 29.—[Special Correspondence of THE BEE.]—In Petersburg, the approaching visit of the shah to Gatschina is considered as a prognostic of a Russo-Persian alliance. Indeed, following upon the immense concessions obtained from the Persian autocrat by the Russian ambassador, Dolgoroukoff, it is significant, and should afford food for reflection in London as in Calcutta. In Russia the coquetting of the government in Asia, and its endeavors to extend the empire in the direction of India, are looked upon with extreme disfavor by all, except a handful of Yingoes of the most rabid order. Whilst so very much remains to be done at home, is the popular argument, what use is there in going abroad? Doloroukoff has done very well. Russia is authorized to protect militarily, the new commercial route which the Persian government has engaged to make from Teheran to the Caspian sea. The bay of Mourdab has been thrown open to Russian navigation. The shah has promised to construct a number of roads from various centers to the Russian frontier. In short, Dolgoroukoff's work amounts to a practical annexation of Persia to Russia. The shah will arrive in Petersburg on June 2, and not, as reported, May 22. A pamphlet entitled

"THE GERMANS IN RUSSIA,"

which has just been published in Berlin, and which is supposed to have been directly inspired by M. de Giers, is attracting considerable attention in Moscow and Petersburg. The author, who appears a strong supporter of the historical mot d' ordre of Germany, "Dang nach Osten," recognizing the hopelessness of any conquest of Russia, advises his compatriots to colonize Russia pacifically, and urges on the Germans in the Russian Baltic provinces to resist all attempts of the government to Russify them. Apropos of the Russification of the Baltic provinces, the fight between the government and the Teutonic element wages furiously. Quite recently the whole municipal council of Riga was hauled up, by order of the minister of justice, before the court of assizes, for rebellion, against the orders of the government. Exemplary punishment will be inflicted. The entire judicial system is to be changed, and trial by jury in open courts, which has now been established twenty years in all other parts of Russia, to be introduced. Moreover, all pleadings are to be spoken in Russian, which is also to be the language employed in all legal documents intended to have validity. At the same time, a clean sweep has been made of the pastors of Teutonic sympathies, who have criticized the measures of the government, and only at the beginning of this week, twelve of these ecclesiastics were sent to Archangel to stay. Poor M. de Giers may well look careworn. Some kind friend has sent de Giers a copy of the last book published by the celebrated German pessimist philosopher, Hartmann, and the chancellor has not been well since. Hartmann's book is the severest critique on Bismarck's policy, of which the petty chancellor is so servile a supporter, which has ever been made public. He declares that all that Bismarck has done of late is to make enemies to Germany on every side, and, as a crowning act of stupidity, has alienated the sympathies of the United States army. He adds that a war between Germany and Russia could injure Russia but little, and that in case of a Franco-Russian alliance Germany would be lost. He advises Germany to conciliate France by the cession, or at least, the

THE NEUTRALIZATION OF ALSACE-LORRAINE.

Vice-Consul Tvanoff, who was sent by the government to Suez to investigate the Atschinoff matter, has just published his report, which, on the whole, is favorable to the adventurous 'Cossack.' Admiral Olry and Captain Viron both speak well of him. The territory, it appears, did not belong to France at all. The bombardment was not preceded by any ultimatum. Atschinoff's comrades give quite a new version of 'his excellency's' conduct. 'His excellency,' by the way, asserts that the French robbed him of 45,000 roubles.

In one of its last seances the Russian Geographical society delegated Mr. Piewtzeff, one of the companions of the late traveler, Przewalski, as leader of the exploring expedition in the northeast of Thibet, towards the expenses of which the czar is contributing 70,000 roubles out of the privy purse. The expedition will last one year, and will be both dangerous and difficult, as it will have to cross the country inhabited by the Tanguites, who live exclusively by brigandage. Thibet has, in part, alseady been explored by Przewalsk, whose discoveries there were most interesting. His report is one of the most curious in the archives of the Russian Geographical society. According to this the descendants of the war like Mongolians, who at one time conquered Russia, are so poor a not that, says the explorer, 'a single Russian lad, armed with a revolver, could put a hundred of them to flight. Polyandry is common throughout the country for a reason akin to the Malthusian theory. The superstitious women take refuge in the innumerable Buddhist monasteries, and kill time in copying manuscripts. Interesting as are the results of these expeditions, the liberals in Russia disapprove of them, as forming merely a pretext for extension and annexation. "The more barbarians," it is argued, "that are made our fellow subjects so many more Russian subjects are there to support the absolute despotism by which we are governed. Science is made the lackey of tyranny.

It was understood that the money ($100,000,000), recently borrowed in Paris, was to be devoted to improving the arms of the Russian army and for the urgently needed repair of some of the more important fortresses. The money has now been some time in the treasury coffers, but nothing is being done, and nothing is being proposed. This suits the revolutionaries, whilst giving

HEART BURNINGS TO THE PANSLAVISTS.

The revolutionaries say: "If we go to war, as at present armed, we shall suffer a national disaster. So much the better, for it will show us what cowards we have been to stand an absolute despotism so long.

Pasteur just now is wanted badly at Kazan, where upwards of 300 persons are in danger of hydrophobia. Last week a large number of people in the outlying districts were bitten by mad wolves, the number of which, doubtlessly exaggerated, is put at sixteen, and at the same time a quantity of dogs were bitten, which in their turn have bitten people. Immediately a police order commanding all dogs in the city to be produced for veterinary inspection was issued and resulted in a perfect holocost of canines. Patrols of citizens armed with guns are destroying every dog that shows itself in the street. Most of those bitten were sent in a special train to Moscow, to be attended to in the hospitals there. The ignorant population of Kazan is panic stricken, looking on this occurrance as an omen of a great calamity to come. The calamity that has come is bad enough. The last gang of convicts embarked at Odessa on S. S. Petersburg, for transportation to Sachatine Island, numbered several boy-murderers. Kowalski, condemned to seven years, who killed a priest's widow with an axe, to rob her of 5 roubles, is twenty years old. Wacheiski, aged nineteen, killed a peasant in a forest, cut him up and buried the fragments in different hiding places, and was sentenced to seven years. Tara Kouchine, who beheaded his step-mother and goes away for fifteen years, is only sixteen years of age. Oumbo, a Finlander, convicted of six murders, sentenced to ten years, is nineteen. The leniency of the sentences appears extraordinary, even in Russia, but it must be remembered that even twelve month's hard labor in Sachaline Island means death in nine cases out of ten, for none but the strongest can stand the climate. "Yellow Jack" there does the work of the guillitone or gallows, more humanely, perhaps, but quite as surely.

A peasant named Fenine, fell a victim last week to the superstition which is very general in the agricultural districts round Kazan, that powdered glass taken with prussic acid is the safe cure for hernia. Every week such cases of death resulting from the household remedies among the peasants are reported.

A horrible murder is reported from the village of Teleneschta, in the government of Kischineff. Some months ago a young farm girl named Katharina married a young workman carpenter, Tvan Andreovitch. Katarina did not behave well and Tvan, to keep her in order, used the domestic knot. Katarina determined to have him bewitched into less severity and appealed to the local witch, Barbara, to do the work. Barbara, in exchange for eight roubles, gave her a pebble and bade her grind it into powder and give it to her husband with his food. Katarina made it into powder and put most of it into a cake, which Ivan got for supper that night. In the night he was taken violently ill, and, after suffering for two days, died. The post mortem established poisoning by arsenic. It came out that Barbara was a professional poisoner, who murdered

FOR THE PLEASURE OF MURDERING.

This old woman, whose appearance is described as revoltingly hideous, said to the judge at Kischineff assizes: "It's a great pity I have only poisoned nine men, and I had made up my mind to do for ten." By her confession, it came to light that she had poisoned her two husbands and six children.

An extraordinary case of the religious exaltation, produced amongst the peasant population in the Baltic provinces, by the anti-Russian crusade carried on by the Teutonic pastors, is reported from the village of Roumin, in the district of Talsen. Zomer, a peasant, appeared in the pulpit of Roumin church, on Sunday last, after the departure of the priest, and, announcing the end of the world as imminent, stated that their only chance of salvation lay in ridding themselves at once of all their earthly goods, "wife, child, house, money, clothes, all must go." Suiting example to precept he first emptied his pockets, and then began to fling off his clothes. The others were beginning to follow his example, when the Auriadnick, or village constable interfered, made them dress again and disperse. Similar extravagances taking place in various parts of the provinces, the action of the government in sending to take the air in Archangel and elsewhere, the clergymen, who in their zeal in service of the German barons have entirely demoralized their wretched parishioners with threats of wrath to come, seems an excellent measure. Less excellent is the plan decided upon by the Holy Synod in St. Petersburg of sending out a number of special preachers to harangue the peasants of the Baltic provinces back into their senses.

Zeal in denouncing nihilist conspiracies to the Petersburg police is by no means a paying business just now. The informer usually gets arrested pending inquiries as to his character and financial status. At one time it was as profitable as certain speculators in Paris found the sale of manufactured Fenian plots to the English Home office, but of late it has worn too thin, even for Herr Graesser. An Englishman, who last week had 10,000 roubles worth of information to sell, is now in jail, and will be kept there until his arrears at his hotel are paid off. Graesser knows now to his cost that no information about what the nihilists are doing can be had until they do. Ten thousand roubles, nor ten million, would not make it worth a man's while to sell any genuine information. As a matter of fact, the real nihilists are keeping quiet for the present, determined to give Alexander III. all time to act. As, however, he is using this time now,

THE WORST MAY BE ANTICIPATED.

Religious persecution, delay in the execution of all reforms, the imposition of irresponsible petty tyrants (crown prefects) in the district governments, the neglect of the army, the absence of all foreign policy but one of useless extension, have all been placed against him on the debit side. He is not, however, considered to have taken any line of conduct, but to be hesitating, and in extenuation of this hesitation the troubled state of Europe and the necessarily reactionary influence of the execution of his father are admitted. Hesitation for any protracted period will become dangerous, however.

A most interesting dog show is now being held in St. Petersburg. Many members of the imperial family are exhibiting the choicest specimens of their kennels. Specially noticed are the wolf hounds of Grand Duke Peter Nicolajevitch, the pack of the crown price and the magnificent sheep dogs of Prince Lichtenbergski. Prince Dolgorouki, Count Tolstoi and Prince Wolkonski are also prize-winners. The exhibition, which numbers 150 varieties, includes some curious canine specimens. The precious, bull-doggish, blood-shot-eyed, Persian sheep dogs, reputed lineal descendants of the lion-killing dogs of Babylon, the Finland fishing dogs, the Esquimaux sleigh dogs, the Siberian wolf hounds and Tashkent bull dogs. The exhibition includes all arms and apparatus used in hunting, and the various rooms are agreeably decorated with pictures of sporting scenes, trophies and stuffed specimens.

An Old Man's Dream.

All the Year Round.

Ah, child, I watch you with the firelight's gleam
Lighting the beauties of your golden hair,
Nestling within the glories of your eyes,
And kissing tenderly your cheeks so fair.
Your bright young life is stretching on before,
Whilst all my youth is in the far away;
I dream but of the time to come no more,
Whilst you have hardly ventured into day!

And yet I love you with a love as pure
As ever found its birth in human breast.
I love you with a love that will endure
And hold you ever as its first and best.
How I have watched, as one would do a flow'r,
Your many charms, my darling, soft unfold,
Longing to shelter you thro' storm and show'r—
But you are young, my dear, and I am old!

It would not do to place your slender hand
Within mine own, save for a little space;
It would not do for you and me to stand
Before the altar in God's sacred place.
Another one will come and woo and win—
A lover with a youth as bright as thine—
And I will keep my envious thoughts within,
And pray that you may taste love's joys divine.

May and December are not made to wed,
Spring's sun and winter's snow can never meet.
God bless thee! there is no more to be said—
And keep thee fair and pure for him, my sweet!
Dream in the firelight, I am watching near,
Weave all your tender fancies o'er again;
May all life's happiness be yours, my dear,
Only for me the solitude and pain!

WORTH THEIR WEIGHT IN GOLD.

A Single Set of Undergarments Which Cost $420.

The prevalence of the Directory and Empire fashions revives the fancy for fine hand-wrought braiding and embroidery. Why is it that we are able to get so little of such work done in this country?

All the best of it is imported, and must be imported until skill is greatly increased among American needlewomen. Knowing the wretched wages paid for slop sewing done on contract, some practical women are trying to discover what stands in the way of our workingwomen that they cannot put thought and intelligence into such dainty stiches as are taken by the French and Belgians, and so get the finer and better-paid grades into their hands.

Mrs. Annie Jenness Miller has a Directory gown in her Easter wardrobe, which she shows with some pride as an example of American braiding, but specimens of work as good as the imported are rare.

It is the same with the costly underwear. Yesterday one of the Easter brides-elect was choosing her trousseau, writes a New York correspondent. For a single set of under-garments in filmy linen, hand-embroidered till each article was little more than lily sprays held together by lace tendrils, she paid $420.

Would you suppose a woman would purchase a suit of that sort ready made? But she couldn't get it made to order unless she allowed months of time for the firm to get the work put out to needlewomen in Bordeaux or Marseilles.

We can't humor extravagant fancies in America. Our needlewomen would fare better if they could minister to luxury, even of such a senseless description.

'TWIXT CUPID AND THE CZAR

A Grand Duke's Life Was Made Very Miserable.

HOW BENONI WON SYLVINE.

A Poor Mountain Girl Falls Heir to a Million—Sad Tale of Rev. Tompkins—A Blind Bridal Couple.

Little Romances

"All's well that ends well!" is the exclamation in which the worthy country people, who crowded the Cher assize court, yesterday, would doubtless have indulged had they studied in the vernacular the productions of immortal Bard of Avon, says the Paris correspondent of the London Telegraph.

The prisonar was a young man—Benoni by name—who, unable to melt the heart of a fascinating maiden, Sylvine Gaudion, the pride of their little village, by repeated offers of marriage, one day revenged himself on this coy beauty by firing on her with a gun which he had borrowed from an obliging friend.

Posted behind a hedge, Benoni took aim at the girl as she was wandering down a rustic lane "fancy free." Fortunately, however, he missed her, but, curious to relate, the shot took effect in a very different manner, and from that hour the fair Sylvine relented.

On his return home Benoni was seized with an illness which kept him for two full months between life and death. When, however, he began to recover, the first person whom he saw at his bedside was the object of his flame, who had called repeatedly, and not only forgave him freely but promised him her hand on the sole condition that he should be acquitted at the trial.

Sylvine pleaded so warmly for her lover in court that the jurymen waxed lenient, and she and Benoni are to be united at no distant date in the bonds of wedlock.

The czar of Russia's second brother, the Grand Duke Alexis, now nearing his fortieth year, is not married, and will probably go unmarried to his grave. Few persons recollect or realize the conjugal tragedy that marked the early years of this intelligent and handsome prince. He fell in love, long years ago, with a young lady attached to the household of his mother, and, like an honorable man, he made the woman that he loved his wife. The fact of the marriage came to the knowledge of his father, who at once caused the young couple to be separated by the full exercise of his despotic authority. The grand duke was sent off on a voyage round the world, his marriage was annulled and his wife compelled, by threats of banishment to Siberia and of total separation from her child, a boy of extraordinary beauty and engaging qualities, to consent to a second union with an obscure physician. By this measure all possible reunion with her royal husband was rendered impossible. The subsequent marriage of Alexander II. to the Princess Dolgourouki, though only a morganatic one might, you will think, have taught him a little human feeling towards his son, and that son's wife and offspring. In this tragic story, it is said, is to be found the true reason why the Grand Duke Alexis, though legally unmarried, has refused all negotiations for a royal alliance. After the marriage of his younger brother, the Grand Duke Paul, he will be the only single one among the brothers of the reigning czar.

A clerical scandal, involving a Niagara love romance, is being tried in the courts at Buffalo. Rev. George Tompkins went to Niagara Falls from England six years ago and met Miss Lizzie Redhath, a dashing clerk in a cataract curiosity store. He returned to England with the intention of marrying her as soon as he could get a divorce from his wife. In 1885 the engagement was consummated, the clergyman having obtained his divorce. The bridal trip was in Europe. Rev. Mr. Thompkins was worth $80,000, of which he voluntarily gave half to his new bride. He claims that afterwards his bride's family squeezed all his money out of him except 49 cents, and then expelled him from the house and ill-treated him. The young wife charges that the dominie gave her the money and that she left him because he tried to shoot her for not giving false testimony in a church trial.

Fannie Ellis, a poor mountain girl, living with her aunt near Greenwood, Ala., has just learned that she is heiress to $1,000,000. She inherits it from her father, Franklin A. Ellis, who died in 1884 after leading a strange life, during which he passed under different names. The father, mother and child once lived at Marda, Ill., from which place the father fled, leaving the mother and child destitute. The mother remarried and soon after died. Her second husband also died and the went to live with her aunt, where she has since lived a life of drudgery. Stories are told of several attempts years ago to murder the girl. The recent discovery and identification of the young heiress were brought about by one Cleveland, of San Francisco, who formerly knew the family. On the death of Ellis one Allen Coffin was appointed administrator, and much of the property was sold. Suit has lately been brought to recover it.

One of the Danmark's passengers, Miss Winfried Bjorson, has at last been united to her lover, and is now in Aberdeen, Dak., enjoying nuptial bliss, after a storm-tossed journey of a month. When she reached St. Paul, Minn., she was in a sad plight, as she expected her lover to meet her there. She could not speak English, but her disappointment was soon made known, and a telegram to Aberdeen brought her fiance and they were married.

A case in which a young lady of Lee county, Texas, availed herself of the privilege of a leap year with a vengeance, is reported by a local paper. The young lady is the daughter of John A. Maxwell, a farmer and stock raiser, who lives sixteen miles in a northeasterly direction from Giddings, and who is one of the most prominent, highly-respected and well-to-do citizens of the county. The novelty about the elopement is that, instead of the young man stealing away the bride and assisting her in her flight, she actually went after and stole him away. At the dead hour of the night, after they had retired, she stealthily left the house, went to the lot and saddled a horse, and started to her lover's house in a blinding rainstorm. In order to reach his home she had to swim a creek. After accomplishing this brave feat, she was safe, for by the next morning the water was spread all over the bottom and pursuit was impossible.

Every pleasant evening, in that hour just before twilight, which we all love to idle away with inconsequential thoughts and observations, there passes my window a couple that greatly interests me, says a writer in the Toledo Blade. The lady is but a young girl, it seems, and she has such a pretty face, so white and peaceful, with something of a sadness in it, something of joy.

She has great eyes that stare strangely at you, and, at the sound of her companion's voice, their lids are drooped, and the long, graceful eyelashes fall upon her cheeks. The man reminds me of one of the old Saxons. He is big and strong, and has the curly golden hair and the big blonde beard of that race of men. His companion hangs on his arm, and yet he seems to depend upon her as much as she on him, for they cling very closely indeed together, while he carefully picks their way out with a light cane.

Both are blind. I inquired about them the other day. Neither ever saw the light of day. Neither can ever know how glorious the sunlight is, how prettily blend the beautiful hues of the flowers, how grand all nature looks. Neither ever saw the other and yet they are a bridal pair.

They only live in a world of darkness and in each other. They met long ago, became devotedly attached to each other and were married. And so now every evening, when the weather is fine, they go out for a little stroll, and as they slowly, carefully walk past my window I think—"it is a sad yet pretty sight—a blind bridal pair!"

A very romantic wedding occurred at Seattle, W. T., on the 12th of March. The interested parties were Miss Eva Helmick, daughter of Isaac Helmick, of this city, and niece of the late Hon. William Helmick, of Washington, and Frank Sparling, who owns a large cattle ranch in the territory. Miss Eva, just for fun had answered a personal in a Chicago paper. The gentleman disclosed his real name, and the correspondence, which was kept up regularly, ripened into a genuine love affair. Sparling finally proposed matrimony. Photographs were exchanged and matters became serious.

Mr. Sparling seemed perfectly honest and sincere, disclosing his occupation, standing, etc., which, of course, inspired the utmost confidence in Miss Helmick. He finally proposed to furnish her a transportation ticket and bear all traveling expenses if she would come and investigate for herself, and, if satisfactory, celebrate the marriage at once. Her parents thought the trip would be a risky venture, so the ticket and money were returned, very reluctantly, however, on the part of Miss Eva. The correspondence was continued, and in a short time the proposition was renewed, and this time accepted for better or worse.

The arrangement was that Mr. Sparling should meet his lady love at Seattle, W. T., on the fourth day of this month. Miss Helmick, with a brave heart, started on her long journey. After six weary days and nights, she arrived at the appointed place, and there met her affianced. The couple proceeded at once to Snohomish, a town where Mr. Sparling was well known, and, calling in a minister, they were married in the hotel in the presence of 100 well-wishers and friends of the groom. The bride is one of the most accomplished young ladies of New Philadelphia, O., and the husband stands very high in the community and is very wealthy. From beginning to finale the courtship and marriage was most romantic.

Our readers will remember that but a few weeks ago, says the Deadwood Pioneer, in the prairie fire that swept Pennington and a part of Lawrence county, a Miss Eloise Madison lost her life. Tragic as was her death, the romance developing subsequently only adds to the sadness of the occurrence. It seems the young lady had been betrothed to an energetic and worthy gentleman of Iowa. The latter, unaware of her terrible fate, came out to claim his bride. The terrible news was only broken to him on his arrival at her sister's ranch, on Elk creek. He was heartbroken, and fainted when he learned it. The next day he started home. Three days after reaching which, the telegraph brought news of his death—the heart strings were strained too hard and broke.

Eighteen years ago a family of Hollanders, conisting of father, mother and five daughters, arrived in the state of Michigan and located in the village of Schoolcraft. The parents were taken sick, the mother died and the father unable to speak a word of English, was not expected to live. The kind-hearted villagers not knowing what better to do, sent the children to the orphan's school at Ouldwater, from which each one was adopted by some family and taken to various parts of the United States. After a time the father recovered, and acquiring a knowledge of the English language, began a search for his children. His efforts were in a few years crowned with success. All of the children, except one daughter, whose whereabouts baffled search until a week or so ago, were restored to him. Hardly more than twenty days ago the father learned his daughter was a resident of Deadwood. Correspondence was at once opened with people who knew her, of separation and estrangement for years, are about to bereunited.

In the Woods.

Danske Dandridge in the Independent.

What is astir where the shadows are dense?
Something that baffles the curious sense:
Something that shimmers and whispers and sighs;
Something that glimmers to far-reaching eyes;
The shape of a song, or the soul of a stream,
Or a being awake from a beautiful dream
Is throbbing and glancing and making prelude
In the reverent heart of the reverend wood.
Is it a word that I never have heard?
Is it a hint of a jubilant bird
That never was hinted before?
Oh! what can it be that is new in the wood,
That thrills with its meaning, but half understood—
A rapture, and more?
A sound is created that never the breeze
Has carried till now through the city of trees;
Fresh tidings from God; a new messenger is sent
Through, I know not, what delicate instrument.

And I would I had senses as fine as a sprite,
To near and interpret the message aright;
But I think, Oh! I think, as I fall on my knees,
God is walking and talking again 'mid the trees.

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