

THE TRAITOR'S FATE.

BY NICKOLAUS NORENSKI.

The scene is the private office of General Garashinin, the chief of the secret police of St. Petersburg.

The general has just been questioning one of his spies, Peter Radovitch, a young student of twenty-four, who has given him information regarding a coterie of nihilists, he himself being one of the coterie.

"And what do you say your numbers are?" asks the general. "Twenty-two, your excellency, myself included."

"The general took the paper handed to him, and silently compared it with one in his desk. 'Bardin, Loubanoff, Sobotin—I was not aware of these last. You have done well, Radovitch, and you will find that the Czar's government is not unmindful of those who serve it well.'"

"My life will not be worth a day's purchase if it is known, that it is I who have furnished this information."

"You should have thought of that before joining their society. I see you have something to suggest. What is it?"

"That when the arrest by the police takes place, no distinction be made between me and the others."

"Of course you will be apprehended with them."

"And tried?"

"Yes, if you wish it, and condemned, too, for that matter. Anything further?"

"And pardoned along with the less guilty of the others, so as to avoid all suspicion?"

is sounded on a score of bugles, and the troops march off the ground. The prisoners are informed that the Emperor has been graciously pleased to grant them their lives.

They are unbound, and, as in a dream try to realize all that has happened, and to congratulate one another ere the last couple has been reached.

One of these had fallen forward on his face as far as his bonds permitted. It was Radovitch.

"He has fainted," said the soldier. "Bring me some water quickly."

"No need to trouble," said the doctor, who had rapidly examined him. "He is dead. The fright has killed him."

It was too true. The chief of the secret police had carried out his promise only too literally. The spy had no longer any reason to fear his betrayed comrades' revenge.

Poetry Fred—She (sentimentally)—"What poetry there is in fire!" He (sadly)—"Yes; a great deal of my pretty poetry has gone there."

Just the Same Thing.—"Say, loan me \$10 for about a week?" "Can't; haven't got but five."

As the hurricane swept the deck and upset a few yachtsmen it breezily remarked: "I guess I can turn myself an occasional summer-salt myself."

YOUNG FOLKS.

GREAT GRANDMOTHER'S DEBUT.

"Tell you a story?" said dear old grandma. "Dear me! dear me! I think I've told you all I know. Shall I tell you 'Cinderella' over again? or—"

"No, no, grandma," says a chorus of voices; "tell us something about when you were young."

"Well, if you wish, I'll tell you about my mother's first party. It was a winter night, and mother was to go at 8, and that was considered very late; but Uncle Robert, who was to take her, couldn't get home before. Her dress was beautiful—a peach-colored satin, with lace on it already a generation old, and the hair-dresser was to come out from town to arrange her hair, and she was to take with her Abigail, our poor, half-witted maid, to put on the finishing touches after they arrived."

"Now Abby had, as some poor weak-brained creatures have, a passionate admiration for anything particularly bright and showy, and she had one treasure which she guarded as the apple of her eye. It was a very large bow of arsenic green, golden yellow, and tartan plaid, fastened in the center by a huge buckle of green and white glass. She also adored mother."

"Well, the evening night came, and mother at last was dressed and ready. They say she looked beautiful, and she was a very handsome woman in her day. The satin gown went on just right, and did not even ruffle the powdered hair, and mother, Abigail, and Uncle Robert departed in the sleigh at 8 precisely."

"When they arrived they were ushered up stairs to unlaclock. Just as mother turned to go down stairs, one of the maids came running in and said, 'Miss Dolly, Mr. Robert has forgotten a very important message he was to give Mr. Grey, and he says he will come back as soon as he can, and for you to go to his room, but first to make her first entry alone, but still mother mustered up courage and went down. The host and hostess received her very kindly, and she was soon enjoying herself very much. There was only one drawback to her happiness: wherever she passed, the people slightly turned, looked rather surprised, and they hastily looked away, in vain trying to suppress a smile. At last mother began to get seriously worried, and running up stairs, asked Abby what the trouble was. 'Why, nothing, Miss Dolly,' said she; 'it looks beautiful.' So mother, satisfied, went down again. But now it was worse than before. Audible titters and looks of surprise greeted her wherever she turned, until from excitement and vexation she was ready to cry; so you may imagine it was not long after Uncle Robert came before they were on their way home."

"As they entered the parlor poor mother dropped her cloak, and sinking into a chair, was on the verge of a deluge of tears, when a burst of laughter from the assembled family made her spring to her feet, pale with anger. 'What are you laughing at?' she demanded. 'I never was treated so before. I never knew there were such rude people in the world.' And fairly overcome, she sank down and cried as if her heart would break. And then, in the midst of sobs and laughter, grandmother moved forward and unpinned from the middle of my mother's back Abby's green bow, to which was added a long string of artificial pines! The poor girl had felt hurt that she could do nothing for mother's first party, so when they arrived she had added this decoration, thinking she put the crowning touch to the costume."

"And this is the story of 'My Mother's Debut.'"

This is applied at bedtime and washed off in the morning. A sore skin should never be rubbed with coarse towels. It is usually tender and is apt to be greatly irritated. Complexion is largely controlled by careful attention to cleanliness, diet, ventilation and exercise.

A PRECIOUS GIFT. Hamburg was besieged, Wolff, the merchant, returned slowly to his house one morning. Along with the other merchants of the city, he had been helping to defend the walls against the enemy, and so constant was the fighting that for a whole week he had worn his armor day and night. And now he thought bitterly that all his fighting was useless, for on the morrow want of food would force them to open the gates.

As he passed through his garden he noticed that his cherry-trees were covered with ripe fruit, so large and juicy that the very sight of it was refreshing. At that moment a thought struck him. He knew how much the enemy was suffering from thirst. What would they not give for the fruit that hung unheeded on the trees of his orchard? Might he not, by means of his cherries, secure safety for his city?

Without a moment's delay he put his plan into practice, for he knew there was no time to be lost if the city was to be saved. He gathered together three hundred of the children of the city, all dressed in white, and loaded them with fruit from his orchard. Then the gates were thrown open, and they set out on their strange errand.

When the leader of the enemy saw the gates of the city open, and the band of little white-robed children marching out, many of them nearly hidden by the leafy branches which they carried, he at once thought it was some trick by which the townspeople were trying to deceive him while preparing for an attack on his camp. As the children came nearer, he remembered his cruel vow, and was on the point of giving orders that they should all be put to death. But when he saw the little ones close at hand, so pale and thin from want of food, he thought of his own children at home, and he could hardly keep back his tears. Then, as his thirsty, wounded soldiers tasted the cool, refreshing fruit which the children had brought them, a cheer went up from the camp, and the general knew that he was conquered, not by force of arms, but by the power of kindness and pity.

When the children returned, the general sent along with them wagons laden with food for the starving people of the city, and the next day signed a treaty of peace with those whom he had vowed to destroy. For many years afterward, as the day came around on which this event took place, it was kept as a holiday, and called "The Feast of Cherries." Large numbers of children in white robes marched through the streets, each one bearing a branch with a cluster of cherries on it. But the old writer who tells the story is careful to say that the children kept the cherries

CHILDREN SAVED HAMBURG. "It does me good to see her bright pretty face." The speaker was an old, gray-haired woman and, following the direction of her gaze, I saw the smiling, happy face of a young girl of perhaps sixteen or seventeen. She seemed quite unconscious of her beauty, which gave to her face an added charm, but I could not help wondering how long it would be before she changed that look of girlish innocence for the self-conscious composure so often seen on other pretty faces.

God gives everyone some gift for the use of which they are responsible. To some it is that very precious one, a pretty face. Every gift is more or less susceptible of abuse; none so much as this. The girl who possesses an attractive face has much to answer for. She can make it a blessing to others or use it for the satisfaction of her own selfish desires. She should be taught to consider it a factor for doing good, a bright sunbeam given to her to use in cheering the lives of others.

There is another gift within the reach of every pure-hearted girl—a sweet smile. Did you ever think how few are really capable of that unconscious brightening of the face? I do not mean the curling of the lips or the mere contortion of the mouth, but the lighting up of the whole countenance with the goodwill we should feel for all humanly.

Have you ever studied the faces of the hundreds of girls to be seen in any large city on their way to work in the morning? Some have a settled look of care, pitiful to see on faces so young; others wear a weary, discontented expression, and only now and then one sees a face half-wreathed in smiles.

SOME FAMOUS FIRES.

- Record of the Great Conflagrations of Ancient and Modern Times. In 1736 over 2000 houses were burned in St. Petersburg. Valparaiso, in Chili, was almost totally destroyed by fire in 1862. In 1212 the central districts of London were totally destroyed by fire. In the year 1700 over one-half of the City of Edinburgh was destroyed by fire. In 1826 the prosperous City of Troy, in New York, was almost blotted out by fire. In 1865 there was a fire in Constantinople which destroyed 2800 buildings, shops and bazaars. In 1877 St. John, N. B., suffered from a fire which destroyed \$12,500,000 worth of property. The insurance of buildings against fire loss was practiced in Rome in the time of Augustus. In 1828 Havana was desolated by a fire, which destroyed 350 houses in the best quarter of the city. The great fire of New York took place in 1835. The value of property destroyed on this occasion was \$15,000,000. In 1758 the town of Christiania was almost destroyed, property exceeding \$1,000,000 in value being blotted out. In 1866 a great fire occurred in Quebec, in which 2500 dwellings and seventeen churches were destroyed. In 1878 Yeddo, Japan, suffered from a fire which destroyed 10,000 houses and left over 1,000,000 persons homeless. In 1877 occurred the great riots and fires in Pittsburgh, in which over \$3,000,000 worth of property was destroyed. Albany, N. Y., was visited by a fire in 1848; 600 houses were destroyed, their value being estimated at \$8,000,000. The business portion of St. Petersburg was seriously damaged by fire in 1862, the property lost exceeding \$5,000,000. In 1892 there was an enormous conflagration at Liverpool, which destroyed more than \$5,000,000 worth of property. In 1805 St. Thomas, V. I., was devastated by fire, Government and other property to the value of \$30,000,000 being destroyed. In A. D. 70 the greatest part of Jerusalem, including the temple, was burned when the city was stormed and taken by Titus. In 1760 the English Government lost through the destruction of its dock yards at Portsmouth, England, over \$2,000,000. In 1897 St. Johns was almost destroyed by fire. The estimated value of the burned houses and their contents was \$5,000,000. In 1845 a great fire occurred in New York, in which thirty-five persons were lost and \$7,500,000 worth of property consumed. Insurance against fire in the case of residences, shops, ships and warehouses is in general use in Italy as early as A. D. 1194. In 1784 an explosion and fire occurred in the Government dock yards at Brest, in France, which occasioned a loss of \$5,000,000. Spanish Town, in 1808, was blotted out by a terrible conflagration, which destroyed property estimated to exceed \$7,500,000 in value. Montreal suffered from fire in 1852, 1200 residences and stores being blotted out of existence, the property loss exceeding \$5,000,000. In 1751 Stockholm was visited by a fire which destroyed 1000 houses, and in 1759 another, in the same city, ruined 250 houses and stores. In 1866 Portland, Me., suffered from a great fire, which destroyed over half the buildings in the city and occasioned a loss of \$11,000,000. In 1106 the island city of Venice was almost destroyed by fire. Before that time the city was built of wood, after that principally of stone. In 1838 Charleston, S. C., was swept by a fire. It is estimated that on this occasion 1158 buildings were destroyed, whose value was \$3,000,000. In 1764 all the public buildings at Konigsburg, Prussia, were destroyed by fire, while in 1769 the town was almost blotted out by a great conflagration. In 1728 Copenhagen suffered severely from a great fire, in which 1650 houses were burned, and the business portion of the city entirely destroyed. Jerusalem has been partly or wholly burned seventeen times, each great conflagration being kindled when the city was taken by a besieging force. On the hill where stood ancient Troy, Schliemann found, in successive layers, the ruins of four cities, each of which had evidently been destroyed by fire. In 1842 Hamburg was burned; 4219 buildings were destroyed, their estimated value being \$35,000,000; 100 lives were lost by falling walls and similar accidents. The excavations made on the site of Nineveh prove that the city was burned and then deserted by its inhabitants, who were probably deported after the last great siege. Babylon was burned by Cyrus when taken B. C. 538, but the city was rebuilt with greater splendor than before. Its final destruction was by fire after a siege and capture. In 1865 Carlstadt, in Sweden, was destroyed by fire, and it was noted as a singular circumstance that all the buildings in the town were consumed except the Bishop's palace, the City Hospital and the jail. In 1848 a great fire raged in Constantinople along the shores of the Golden Horn. It is said that on this occasion 2500 dwellings, shops and bazaars were destroyed, their value being estimated at \$15,000,000. In 1845 the lower portion of Pittsburgh was blotted out by fire, which specially passed beyond the control of the defective apparatus then employed. On this occasion there were 1100 buildings burned, whose value was \$10,000,000. In 1729 over 12,000 houses were burned in Constantinople, and 7000 lives were lost in the fire. In 1745 a fire again raged in the Turkish capital, during five days, and a series of terrible conflagrations also occurred in the year 1750. In 1866 Yokohama, in Japan, was almost destroyed by fire, only the palace of the Emperor and a few temples escaping. The loss was not great, most of the burned houses being of light wood or matting, with straw or thatched roofs.

SPRING SMILES.

None Too Cordial.—The hostess—"I suppose there is no use asking you to stay to dinner?" The caller—"Not in that way."

"Big words an' fine clothes," said Uncle Eben, "is berry frequently alike in not kibberin' much dat re'ly mounts ter anything."

Ignorance, bliss; knowledge, blisters.—She—"When you married me you said you were well off." He—"I was, but I did not know it."

Poetry Fred—She (sentimentally)—"What poetry there is in fire!" He (sadly)—"Yes; a great deal of my pretty poetry has gone there."

Just the Same Thing.—"Say, loan me \$10 for about a week?" "Can't; haven't got but five."

As the hurricane swept the deck and upset a few yachtsmen it breezily remarked: "I guess I can turn myself an occasional summer-salt myself."

Wizward—"What is meant by a passing regard?" Juzby—"The regard in which you're held by people who bow to you, but don't stop to speak."

"Got on your husband's cravat, haven't you?" asked a neighbor of Mrs. Bilkins. "Yes," replied Mrs. B. sadly, "and it's the only tie there is between us now."

"Oh, mamma," said little Willie, as he made his first close inspection of a bicycle, "this machine has got rubbers on to keep its wheels from getting wet!"

Mulman—"I often hear people speak about brain work being so awfully hard; it doesn't appear to me so." Cutter—"Of course not; to men of your caliber brainy' work is easy."

THE COMPLEXION.

One is apt to give the country girls precedence where the complexion is concerned. As a rule they are healthy, rosy-cheeked beings, not because they bestow any more care on their persons than the city girls, but because of the pure, sweet air, the pure food, and the consequent good digestions. Complexion, it is known, is very largely a matter of digestion. Where there is good digestion a good complexion should be certain to follow. If plenty of good ripe fruit and vegetables could be procured they should be eaten. Hot breads are to be avoided always. The woman who can assimilate fruits, milk, soft-boiled eggs, dry toast, onions and other vegetables and rare beef is aiding her complexion wonderfully. The use of stewed fruits, figs and lemons have many times proved beneficial to the system. Medicines should not always be resorted to. Very few, unless prescribed by a physician, are reliable and safe.

Not always is the unsightly appearance of the complexion due to the digestion, and diseases of the skin should receive attention before they have taken a firm hold. Blackheads and pimples are two of the most annoying affections. Good soap is the first requisite for their removal. Cheap soap contains many poisons which are harmful to the skin. If they are bought, however, the pure white or pale brown are the best. The genuine white castile soap is the only thing to use. Colored and highly perfumed soaps are always odious. For the removal of blackheads the following simple remedy has been found effectual. Take two basins of water, one with as hot water as can be borne, the other very cold, but not icy. With a sponge or soft cloth bathe the face thoroughly with the hot water, especially where the blackheads and wrinkles most commonly appear; then bathe in the cold water. Rub in a little of the following lotion: One-quarter drachm of sulphur ether and three ounces of rectified spirits of wine mixed. This should be applied every night for three weeks and the face should be washed the following morning with warm water and carefully dried. The blackheads should then disappear and never return. Sulphur baths are often recommended and can be taken at home by the addition of one ounce of sulphuret of potassium to each ten gallons of water. A simple cure for pimples is melted castile soap applied at night. Dissolve the soap in a little boiling water. Apply at night, letting the soap dry on. Another well recommended remedy is as follows:

- 1 drachm of sublimed sulphur.
- 5 drops of oil of eucalyptus.
- 1 ounce of zinc oxide ointment.
- 1 ounce of ointment of rosewater.

BOARDING-HOUSE AFTERMATHS.

Mrs. Slimdick—"Have some more of the mackerel, Mr. Boarder?" Mr. Boarder—"No, thank you. I have a piece of the liver?" Mrs. Slimdick—"No, thank you. How strange you are! Why, I am so extravagantly fond of mackerel and liver I could eat them all the time. Perhaps you are late this morning, and must hurry?" Yes, I am a little late. Good morning.

JANE!

Jane—Yes, mum. Mr. Boarder has gone down town. You can broil me that piece of tenderloin now.

AN ANOMALY.

Agitator—"Don't you know, sir, that in this country the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer?" Patrick—"Then it's rich Oi must be fur Oi'm a moighty sight better off than Oi was when Oi landed."