

FLOGGED TO DEATH.

The Siberian Atrocities Worse Than at First Reported.

A GOVERNOR'S BRUTALITY

A London cable says: The London agent of the Associated Press yesterday questioned Sergius Stepiak, the well-known writer of Russian political and social conditions, regarding the recent outrage in the political prison at Kara, Eastern Siberia. Mr. Stepiak said the reports already published gave only a hint of the horrible tragedy. Trustworthy information has been received in cipher letters that got through to Paris and London from exiles in Eastern Siberia. These letters, which are meagre scraps of paper, tell the story only in its main outlines. But one who knows about Siberian prison life does not need a circumstantial recital to understand the cruelty of discipline and the agony of suffering of which this horror was the culmination. Full details of the dreadful story cannot be long now in reaching the western world. Coming so soon after the publicity given to the Yakutsk atrocity, Mr. Stepiak thinks it can hardly fail to deepen the sense of horror already felt by the civilized world at Russia's treatment of political offenders.

A WOMAN FLOGGED TO DEATH.

The facts so far received are as follows: Mme. Sigida did not commit suicide as the earliest reports stated. She died from the effects of a cruel flogging. The flogging took place on Wednesday, November 6th. It was continued till the victim lost consciousness. She never revived from the shock, but grew weaker until Friday, when she died. The news of her murder produced widespread dismay and anguish among her fellow-prisoners, and three of them, unable longer to bear their wretched fate, committed suicide by taking poison. How they obtained the poison is not known, but probably they had long had it in their possession, and were keeping it as a last resort. The names of the women were Marie Kaluzhnaya, Marya Palouyna Karalefskaya, and Nadezhda Smirnitkaya.

THE VICTIMS AND THEIR CRIMES.

Marie Kaluzhnaya was arrested in 1884, when 18 years old, on a charge of disloyalty. Her father was a merchant at Odessa. Every means was tried in vain to extort from her a confession implicating her friends. At last Col. Katsauski brought her a forged statement, purporting to be the confession of her fellow-conspirators, and promising immunity if she also confessed. Marie fell into the trap, confessed, and her confession was used against her friends, who were sentenced to penal servitude. When she learned they had been convicted on her testimony alone, Marie called upon Katsauski and fired a pistol at him, wounding him slightly in one ear. For this she was sentenced by court-martial to twenty years' penal servitude.

Marya Palouyna Karalefskaya was a married lady 35 years old, daughter of a well-known landed proprietor in South Russia, Paul Vorontsov, and sister of Basil Vorontsov, one of the best known political economists in Russia. She joined a secret circle which was captured by the police in 1879, and was sentenced to thirteen years' penal servitude with exile to Siberia for life and deprivation of civil rights. Her husband, though not present, was sent by administrative process a thousand miles from the mines to which she was sent. The separation drove her insane. In 1881 she was allowed to join her husband in the hope of restoring her reason. She recovered, but a new Governor separated them again, and she was returned to the Kara mines.

Nadezhda Smirnitkaya was 33 years old and a student in a woman's college. She was sentenced to the Kara mines for 15 years, with penal servitude. Shortly after the suicide of the three women a brother of Marie Kaluzhnaya, a political prisoner, died suddenly. It is not definitely known whether he died by poison or whether his death resulted from grief at the death of his sister. Another exile named Bobokov committed suicide rather than submit to a flogging. He was a university student, and took part in a public demonstration which displeased the authorities. He attempted to escape from his prison, and for this was exiled to the mines of Eastern Siberia.

THE FLOGGING EDIT.

Mme. Sigida was flogged under the orders of Lieut.-General Baron Korff, the Governor-General of the Province of the Amoor. The orders directed that the secret edict of March, 1888, signed by Galkin Vrasckoy, Director General of Prisons for the Empire, should be unflinchingly enforced. This edict required that political convicts should be treated by prison officials in the same manner as criminals condemned for common law offenses. Political offenders were thus made liable to flogging for breaches of prison discipline. In what way Mme. Sigida transgressed the prison rules is not made plain. But flogging a sensitive and cultured woman to death for any breach of prison discipline, Mr. Stepiak thought, would impress the Western world with profound horror.

The political prisoners at Kara, Mr. Stepiak said, had learned that the political exiles at Seghalien had been cruelly flogged. They were constantly in dread of torture similar to that inflicted upon Mme. Sigida.

THE CENTRAL GOVERNMENT RESPONSIBLE.

Mr. Stepiak was asked whether he thought the Czar, now that the horrors at Kara had been made public, would interfere to mitigate the severity of prison discipline in the case of political convicts. He replied that it was not unlikely that the publication of the facts would force the superior officials of Russia to take some notice of the affair. But, he said, the flogging and the other brutalities were entirely due to the direct orders of the Central Government at St. Petersburg, namely, the edict of March, 1888. The Ministry of the Interior was directly responsible for the renewal of corporal punishment of political prisoners, which had been suspended in 1887 after Treppoff ordered Bogoluboff to be flogged.

Actor Vanderfelt who goes through a mock execution in "The Prince and the Pauper" in New York, was hanged by the neck until he was nearly dead last Thursday night. An improved hanging appliance has since been adopted.

A DRAMATIC SCENE.

Sentencing the Young French Pretender—His Address to the Court—A Great Tumult.

A Paris cable says: The Duc d'Orleans, oldest son of the Comte de Paris and heir to the throne of France, was condemned this afternoon to two years' imprisonment and to pay the cost of the trial. At his trial in the Palais de Justice President Tardiff began, "Monsieur le Duc d'Orleans, as to-day's tribunal is differently constituted from that before which you recently appeared, I am obliged to repeat the usual preliminary examination. Your name is 'Louis Philippe'?"

"Robert Duc d'Orleans," interrupted the young man, as if jealous of his title.

"You were born at Twickenham. You are the eldest son of Comte de Paris, grandson of Louis Philippe, who reigned in France until Feb. 24th, 1848?"

"I am."

"You are, doubtless, aware that the law forbids the heads and heirs of the houses which once ruled to set foot upon French territory, yet you were arrested in Paris on Feb. 7th, where your presence is unauthorized. Will you explain your action?"

The Prince, very pale and evidently controlling himself by a great effort, glanced nervously about him, and seemed to find encouragement in the multitude of sympathetic faces which met his gaze. Straightening himself with a proud movement of the head and shoulders, he made the following declaration. His voice sounded low as he began, but had he whispered every word would have been heard distinctly in the remotest corners of the room, so intense was the silence. As he went on, he spoke louder, his cheeks flushed, he looked at his judges out of a pair of eyes shining with old-fashioned courage. He made a pretty picture as he stood there telling his simple story, refusing to ask for mercy, ready to accept the consequence, in his boyish enthusiasm appealing to the soldiers of the nation to declare that he had done no wrong. These were his words: "Monsieur le President—I beg permission to address you with no display of fine phrases. I came to France to serve in the army of my country as a common soldier. I have nothing to do with politics—that concerns my father, whose respectful son and faithful servant I am. I did not go to the Chamber of Deputies, but to the enlistment bureau. I know the risk I am taking, but that did not stop me. I love my country. Is that a fault? I longed to serve France in the ranks. Is that a crime? No! Then I am not guilty. I need no defence. I thank my counsel for the devotion they have shown, but I request them not to plead for me. I have no favors to ask. I make no appeal for pardon. In exile I have learned to honor the magistrates of France. I shall respect their judgment. But if I am found guilty I know that 200,000 soldiers of my age will declare me innocent, and all fair-minded men and women will do the same."

As the Prince ceased speaking the hush which had settled over the chamber was succeeded by a tumult of cries and voices. Whether the speech was the result of his own inspiration, or, as the Republicans maintain, was written for him by more experienced advisers, there is no doubt that it was a distinct success as far as the audience was concerned.

Under the combined influence of the stifling heat and intense excitement, women became hysterical, and smelling bottles and handkerchiefs came into great demand. Even men gave way to emotion, and more than one pair of masculine eyes winked hard to keep back the tears.

After the sentence had been pronounced a thousand persons invaded the advocates' robing room. Many were Monarchists, and shouted, "Long live the Duc d'Orleans!" Their shouts were met with counter cries of "Down with the Duc d'Orleans!" "Long live the Republic!" The guards were powerless to restore order. After venting their feelings here for a time the crowd shouted, "To the statue; let us crown Henry IV." With one accord they rushed to the site of the statue, where there were cries of "Long live the King!" from the Duc's sympathizers, and counter cries of "Long live the Republic!" from his opponents. The police made twenty-five arrests.

Boulangist Victories.

A Paris cable of Sunday says: Elections were held in a number of divisions to-day for members of the Chamber of Deputies. MM. Naquet and Mery, two Boulangists, whose election was quashed by the Chamber last December, again head the poll in two divisions of the Seine department, but second ballots are necessary. M. Basly polled within 100 votes of M. Mery. The Boulangists Goussot, Revost and Laure are re-elected in three divisions of St. Denis. M. Belleval, Boulangist, is re-elected in the first division of Soaux, receiving 11,022 votes against 9,829 for M. Goblet.

A Progressive Teacher.

The New York School Journal says: "At the Ontario Normal School, Toronto, the Prince of Wales gold medal which is given to the teacher who ranks first in practical teaching, and on written examination, in a class of about 150, has for the two past years been won by graduates of the Hamilton Model Training School. Its Principal, Mr. S. B. Sinclair, B.A., is an ardent admirer, and enthusiastic exponent, of the new education. Progressive methods are taking firm root in Canadian soil."

INFLUENCE OF HEREDITY.

She was a toper's daughter, yet was I Her lover and the maiden fair would wed. I put the question to her. Her reply: "I don't care if I do," was all she said.

Poet Whittier had an agreeable surprise the other day in the shape of a check for \$1,000 from Bonner Brothers in payment for his poem published recently in their weekly entitled, "The Captain's Will."

The clean newspaper has, in the long run, the most permanent circulation and patronage. The paper which goes into the homes and is read by the families is the paper which counts its subscribers by the year instead of depending upon the fluctuating sales of the news companies, and it is, after all, the family paper which swings the power.—*Journalist*.

"I never saw a weather," groaned the ground hog, crawling back into its cage.

A GALLERY COLLAPSES

And Many Worshipers in a London Church are Injured.

A London cable of Sunday says: An accident of an alarming character, by which several persons were seriously injured, occurred to-night during divine service at Bromley Independent Church. Across the end of the building over the entrance was fixed a balcony capable of holding 60 or 70 persons. While the pastor was reading the lessons the gallery with scarcely any warning, suddenly collapsed, precipitating its occupants into the body of the church. A cloud of dust obscured the view of the remainder of the congregation for a few minutes, but when it cleared away it became obvious that numbers of persons were buried beneath the ruins of the gallery. The fallen debris caused an obstruction at the entrance and prevented any assistance being rendered from the outside, but willing hands were soon at work clearing away the fallen timbers and extricating the unfortunate occupants of the fallen gallery from their perilous position. The gallery was pretty well filled at the time, and about twenty persons were buried. The work of removing the debris occupied some time. When accomplished it was found that while most of the victims of the accident were severely bruised and cut, five had received serious injuries, which in some instances may unfortunately prove fatal. One young lady was unconscious when extricated. Two medical gentlemen in the congregation attended to the injured, of whom several had broken legs and arms, while others had internal injuries.

USED A BABY FOR A PILLOW.

Archbishop Fabre Institutes a Crusade Against Abuses in Cemeteries.

A Montreal despatch says: Archbishop Fabre has issued a circular letter on burial abuses, which enacts that "no one must take from coffins or caskets any ornaments or mountings once they are within cemetery gates." The custom has been introduced of stripping coffins of their ornamental mountings before final interment, and the spoils are taken home as souvenirs. The archbishop also forbids people to rent coffins and ornaments, as has frequently been done. The bodies were removed from one casket to a less pretentious one at the grave. As an instance of the abuses of undertakers the archbishop cites a case where a man, having lost a young child, was unable to attend the burial himself, but relied upon an undertaker whom he gave \$10. A few days later the father called upon the cemetery authorities to be sure that the child was properly buried. There was no such entry on register. The father then called upon the undertaker and forced him to produce the body of the child. The coffin of a grown up person was opened and there the little corpse was found serving as a pillow to the body of a woman with whom it had been buried.

THAT SON-IN-LAW.

Court Gossip About the Doings of Troublesome Battenburg.

A London cable says: Court gossip says that the quarrel between Queen Victoria and her son-in-law, Prince Henry of Battenburg, has broken out afresh with renewed violence, and the Princess Beatrice is having a dreadful time of it, as she loves her husband devotedly and is afraid of her mother, to whom she was always a submissive daughter. It is certain that the Queen is an exacting mother-in-law, and, while willing to allow Prince Henry to smoke pipes in the grounds and to have a separate allowance of money, she won't stand his bringing fellows home to dinner without leave, nor his slipping off to London every now and then and coming home disheveled. Battenburg is said to be willing to live out of England, but asserts that the British law gives him the custody of his wife, and he means to have it. The Queen is between two stools; she must either lose her favorite daughter or she must tolerate Battenburg's chums when he brings them home to take pot luck.

He Should Have Signed the Cheques.

A London cable of Wednesday says: Elizabeth Vincent, a young and attractive woman, was remanded at Richmond to-day on the charge of attempting to murder Lewis Henry Isaacs, member of Parliament for Newton, Waltham, in October last. Mr. Isaacs seduced Miss Vincent when she was fifteen years of age, and has since allowed her £400 a year. The prisoner inveigled Isaacs into her house and then ordered him to sign a number of cheques. He refused, whereupon she shot him in the arm. The bullet was not removed, and, in consequence of the wound, Mr. Isaacs's fingers are paralyzed.

Jury Bribers Plead Guilty.

A Chicago despatch of Wednesday says: When the case of the men indicted for attempting to bribe the Cronin jury was called to-day, the four remaining defendants pleaded guilty. The court told them what they were liable to in case he enforced the full penalty, but said he would hear evidence to determine what mitigating or aggravating circumstances there were. The work of selecting the jury was then begun. Public interest in the case has greatly lessened since the flight of Graham, who is supposed to have been near the head of the conspiracy to corrupt the jury.

So They Were Tied.

"Henrietta will you marry me?" "I will knot."

A BILL has been introduced into the New York Legislature enacting that every manufacturing, mining or quarrying, lumbering, mercantile, railroad, street, surface, electric or elevated railway, steamboat, telegraph, telephone and municipal corporation, and every incorporated express company and water company shall pay weekly each and every employee engaged in its business the wages earned by such employee to within six days of such payment. The Bill is meeting with considerable opposition from the incorporated bodies, but organized labor is working strongly in favor of its passage.

Queen Elizabeth of Roumania, known to literature as Carmen Sylva, is said to have broken down in health completely. This will be heard with regret by the whole literary world.

"WASN'T STINGY ENOUGH."

A Fugitive United States Banker Supposed to be Hiding Here.

A despatch from Middletown, N.Y., to the New York Herald says: There is an interesting sequel to the story told by the Herald of the disappearance of Banker Eugene B. Hemingway, of the town of Whitney's Point, leaving behind him only \$30 in silver and about \$5,000 worth of real estate with which to satisfy \$60,000 of indebtedness to depositors in his bank and other creditors. The defalcation was a great shock to people in the Chenango Valley. The fugitive had succeeded to a prosperous banking business established by his deceased father, and as he had no expensive tastes or vices, and was shrewd and close-fisted in business transactions, he was looked upon by the farmers and tradesmen of the vicinity as a thoroughly safe man. On Saturday afternoon, December 7th last, he locked the doors of his banking house and took a train to Binghamton, where he changed to a train for Buffalo, and that was the last seen of him on this side of Canada. It is presumed that the fugitive found a hiding place at or near Hamilton, Ont., where he is said to have an uncle living. He left behind him an interesting family, consisting of a wife and little blind daughter and an invalid mother, to all of whom he seemed devotedly attached. In so far as is known none of his family or friends heard a word from him until a day or two ago. One of his former business friends has now received a letter from him, mailed on this side of the Canada line, and affording no clue to his hiding place, which is in the nature of a plea in extenuation of his conduct. He denies that he carried off any considerable sum of money, and adds: "They called me stingy, but if I had followed my own interest I should have been more stingy. I am a wanderer and a culprit, but there are those at Whitney's Point who are to blame for it." He proceeds to name a number of prominent business men whom he accuses of having betrayed his confidence. The tone of the letter indicates that the fugitive banker is already sick of exile and outlaws and wants to compromise with his creditors in order that he may safely return to his family. The creditors probably see no other way of recouping any considerable portion of their losses, and it is understood that most of them are eager to open negotiations with the defaulter.

Free Education For Girls.

A most praiseworthy movement is about to be set on foot by the Ladies' Home Journal of Philadelphia. It proposes to give to any young girl of 16 years or over who will send to it, between now and January 1st, 1891, the largest number of yearly subscribers to the Journal, a complete education at Vassar College or any other American college she may select. To this is also pinned a second offer which guarantees to any girl of 16 or over who will secure 1,000 yearly subscribers before January 1st, a full term of one year at Vassar or any other preferred college, with all expenses paid, thus making it possible for any number of young girls to receive free education at the best colleges. Any girl can enter into the competition, and any such can be thoroughly posted by simply writing to the Ladies' Home Journal at 435 Arch street, Philadelphia.

Ten Commandments.

Here are the ten commandments of the Hindu Theological College of Madras, and very sensible ones they are: 1. Pray to God as soon as you rise from your bed—5, 5.10 a. m. 2. Wash your body and keep your surroundings clean—5.10, 5.30 a. m. 3. Prostrate yourself before your parents or guardians and take good exercise—5.30, 6.30 a. m. 4. Prepare well your school lessons—6.30, 9 a. m. 5. Attend school regularly and punctually and do the school work properly. 6. Obey and respect your teachers and the teachers of the other classes, and other respectable persons. 7. Read till 8 p. m. at home. 8. Pray to God and go to bed—9 p. m. to 5 a. m. 9. Keep good company and avoid bad company. 10. Practice righteousness at all times.—*New York Tribune*.

A Cure for Diphtheria.

The following remedy is said to be the best known; at least it is worth trying, for physicians seem powerless to cope with the disease successfully. At the first indication of diphtheria in the throat of a child make the room close; then take a tin cup and pour into it a quantity of tar and turpentine, equal parts. Then hold the cup over the fire so as to fill the room with fumes. The little patient, on inhaling the fumes, will cough up and spit out all the membranous matter, and the diphtheria will pass off. The fumes of the tar and turpentine loosen the matter in the throat, and thus afford the relief that has baffled the skill of physicians.—*Exchange*.

Slim Figures to be the Style.

With spring styles, slim figures will be introduced, and fat women ordered to wear stripes, long, straight draperies, and yokes for all underskirts. Already the yokes are in the notion stocks. They are made of canvas and silk, profusely gored to fit about the hips smoothly, and edged with buttons to which the petticoats can be buttoned.—*New York World*.

The extract given below is from "Knockout" in this week's *Canada Presbyterian*. Who he is hitting at we do not know, but surely it cannot be Hunter and Crossley:

The class of people who call themselves evangelists have correct ideas about empty casks. They get down near the bottom of the cask in about a fortnight, and as soon as they scrape the bottom they take their money, hold a farewell meeting and—leave. Some of the men who make a tremendous noise in a community for ten days could not hold out for a year if holding out were to save the community. The cask has just so many stories, so many startling incidents, so many addresses, so many allusions to the great work I have done in other places, and the moment these are taken out the good man wisely takes himself away. The idiotic portion of the community don't see the bottom of the cask, and the idiotic portion of some communities is large.

Daahaway—I think that Robinson is the best dressed man I know. Cleverton—Is that so? What does he wear? Daahaway—I never noticed.—*Clothier and Furnisher*. Cobwigger—I have the prettiest typewriter in town. Can she spell well? Cobwigger—Didn't I just tell you she was pretty?

France has escaped from the "Man on Horseback," but the Boy with the Tin Sword is still abroad.

The Man Who Has the Blues.

Some men we meet have faces that are bright and fresh as May; They seem to sort of cheer us up and frighten care away. It does us lots o' good to stay around 'em for a while; Its better'n any medicine to linger in their smile. I'd aint no use for dreamy eyes and sentimental slosh. But I know when a face is as it order be b'goosh. And while I'm willin' men shall wear, whatever looks they choose, It makes me sad ter meet the man who always has the blues. Some people think they're pious with their faces all distress. Their gloomy looks appear to me a case of biliousness. If faces sad and long's the ones ter climb the golden stair, There aint 'n donkey in the land but what'll gallop there. I have my sorrows, but I strive wherever I may go. To not make everybody else partake of all my woe. I'm charitable, I trust, and yet I flatly shall refuse To say I really love the man who always has the blues.

The Unelected Infant.

An Unelected infant sighed out its little breath And wandered through the darkness along the shores of death, Until the gates of heaven, agleam with pearl, it spied. And ran to them and clung there and would not be denied. Though still from earth rose mutterings: "You cannot enter in; Depart into Gehenna, you child of wrath and sin."

At last the gates were opened; a man with features mild Stopped down and raised the weeping and Unelected child. Immortal light thrilled softly down avenues of bliss, As on the infant's forehead the spirit placed a kiss. "Who are you, thus to hallow my Unelected brow?" "Dear child my name was Calvin—but I see things better now."

Proof Positive.

Hooker Crook (despairingly)—Do you think Bessie intends to marry Jack? Riton (unfeelingly)—I know she does. I saw her send for a copy of the divorce laws yesterday.

A Man of Family.

Prodley—I hear you've been getting married. Brown—Yes. "Whom did you marry?" "Milly Jones, her mother, her stepfather and two maiden aunts."

Why He Was Tired.

"Hello, old man! You look played out this morning. Does the cold weather make you tired?" "Well, rather! Sat up last night with a sick furnace."

INCORRECT TIPS.

Who cultivates the choicest plum May never be a plumber; And though a boy may "do" his sum He can't become a summer; And yet the lad who is a bum Will grow to be a bumper, And if one will not stay "ter hum" He will become a "bummer."

—The peel of a banana has a falling inflection.

—The Sabbath day is the savings bank of humanity.

—Dog, seal and goat skins all help to glove society nowadays.

—The button-shoe remains the favorite with Philadelphia girls.

—Walt Whitman will be 71 years of age on the 31st day of next May.

—Be useful to yourself first, your friends next and the world afterwards.

—It is worthy of remark that an oyster never gets into a broil while he's in liquor.

—The only way to be happy on five hundred a year is to live on four hundred, and ninety-nine.

—The world seldom looks to see the kind of tracks you left behind, provided you only get there.

—The man who never offends anybody can usually count his friends on the fingers of one hand.

—Many a coffin is covered with roses by hands that never before gave its occupant anything but thorns.

—Beer bottled in 1798 by an English firm was recently opened in a London restaurant, and pronounced sound and hearty.

"All the world's a stage" may explain why some people find it such a slow sort of a place.

At the funeral of a young married lady in Brazil the coffin, hearse, driver and horses are draped with bright scarlet cloth.

—The popularity of a young man in Atchison society is said to be attributed to the fact that he was never known to praise one young lady to another.

"Oh, you get the fat of the land at this boarding-house," said the mistress of the house. "Yes, that is true," assented Brown, as he thought of the oleomargarine.

"There is a great deal of character in the nose," said one travelling man to another. "Yes." "Did you ever notice how a large nose imparts dignity to a face?" "To be sure it's the 'scenter' of gravity."

The Methodists are not asleep on the educational question. Plans for creating a great university in Washington are now being incubated. An option for a site of 90 acres near Lake View, ex-President Cleveland's home, has been secured.

Mr. Farnell inquired in the Imperial House of Commons yesterday what action the Government proposed to take upon the report of the commission appointed to investigate the Times' charges. Mr. W. H. Smith said that, as the report had only been in the hands of the Ministers for a few hours, no decision had yet been arrived at.

Editor's Friend—I see you have a new reporter. Has he had experience?

Editor—He must have had a great deal. He insisted on getting his week's salary in advance.—*Texas Sittings*.

John D. Rockefeller's wealth is estimated at \$135,000,000. He devotes two hours daily—from 7 until 9 o'clock in the morning—to the examination of the pile of letters addressed to him, soliciting money for various purposes.

Says a miller to the ladies: "In selecting flour reject any with a bluish tint. The best flour has a very perceptible shade of straw color in it."