A SPANISH LOVE SONG. (From the Springfield Republican.)

No words of mine can tell you How I love you this morn, There is no charm or spell you Can name since love was born That holds such love as mine is Since love went first forlorn.

How can I leave you, only If it be for today? What cheer can speed my lonely Sad heart upon its way? And how can I, returning, Cheat longing with delay?

Ah, you may know the reason: That bid the tear-drops start! And you may time love's seasons And bid old love depart, But how bring back that moment We first stood heart to heart?

How swift the brief night pass The morn comes on apace That quickens your caresses With every fond embrace-Of kisses on my face.

The Abandoned House.

nearly every day, and some-times twice a day, through a little street situated at the extreme limit of the Faubourg St. Germain, and ending in one of those mag-nificent boulevards which radiate about des Invalides. It was one of those very rare Parisian by-

ways where there is not a single shop. I do not know a more tranquil spot. Several gardens, enclosed in long low, walls overhung with branches, shed over the deserted street in May the delicate odor of lilacs; in June, the heavier perfume of elderlower and acacias. Among these was one abode even

more isolated than the others. When the porte cochere opened to admit a landau or coupe, the pedestrian (who heard the echo of his steps on the sidewalk) saw only a gravelled road. bordered with a hedge which turned abruptly toward a house hidden amid the verdure. It would have been difficult to find a corner more secluded. The place contained neither gardner's house nor porter's lodge,-nothing but that nest in the foliage.

One could not glance at this bower without thinking, "How happy one could be here 'solus cum sola' with a grande passion!"

For the pavilion was inhabited. The garden, gay with flowers, always carefully attended to, was a proof of that. In winter, the smoke from the chimneys rose to the gray sky, and in the evening a light shone dimly the thick curtains, always closely drawn. Several times I saw going or coming through the latticedoor an old servant in sombre livery. and with a circumspect, even suspicious, air. Evidently I should gain nothing by interrogating him. Be-sides, what right had I to trouble with vain curiosity the unknown host or hosts of the closed house? I respected their secret, but the

enigmatical dwelling continued to exercise for me its singular attraction. One July night, a stifling night, under a dark, heavy sky, I came home about 11 o'clock, and, according to my usual babit, I mechanically turned my steps so as to pass before the tion!" cried the prince. "You were mysterious pavilion. The little street, charmed for an instant by this wolighted only by three gas jets far apart, which flickered in the heated air, was absolutely described. Not a jealousy of my poor friend. I own owner of the North German Lloyd represented in the tropics.

I was in front of the pavilion, when some notes were struck on a piano within and echoed in the motionless air. I noticed with surprise that, doubtless because of the heat, two of the windows were partly open, though not enough for one to see the interior of the apartment. Suddenly a woman's voice, a soprano of wonderful sweetness and power, burst

forth upon the silence of the night. She sang a short melody, of strange rhythm and the most touching melancholy, in which I divined instinctively a popular air, one of those flowers of primitive music which are never gathered in the gardens raked by professional maestri. Yes, it certainly was a folk-song, but of what country? I did not recognize the tongue in which the words were written. but I felt there the plaintive inspiration, and fancied that I detected in them the sad spirit of the North. The air was thrilling, the voice sublime. It hardly lasted two minutes, but I never felt in all my life such a deep musical sensation, and long after the song had died away, I felt still vibrating within me the final melodious note, sharp, penetrating, sad, like a long cry of pain. I remained there for a long time in the hope of hearing that delicious voice again, but suddenly a storm burst upon the city. The wind shock the trees. I felt a large drop of rain on my hand. I was obliged to make all haste to get

Casino at Dieppe with some jolly companions, and took part in an animated discussion upon music. I their way through the gravelled walk. praised popular airs, which spring The work of destruction had begun. spontaneously from an innocent sentiment. In aid of my theory, I related my adventure.

"What do you think of this air?" slan with whom I was very intimate. that even today the world is ignorant "I shall never forget it," I said warm of the fate of those brave explorers. ly. I proceeded to sing it indifferently well.

"Well," replied the young prince, treat. That melody is a song of the sailors of Dronthe'm, away out in Norway, and the becutiful voice must have been that of Stolberg, with whom we were all in love two years ago, when she made her debut in St. Petersburg,-that Stelberg who was the rival of her count ywoman Nilsson, and who would have become one of the greatest singers of the century had not been suddenly snatched from art, from the stage, from success of all kinds by her love time my comrade in the Guards, when we were both cornets in the cavalry. Yes, for two years we were without news of Basil. He had given up his commission, and left Russia without It was a gloomy spot! saying adieu to any one. And we only knew vaguely that he had hidit by chance.'

"So," said I, "the wonderfully giftfor a little love affair."

'Say rather for a great passion!" was presented to her, and I saw the interior of the disembowelled house.

startling, and I thought that she would carry off our young friend that same evening, pell-mell, with the triumphant bouquets, after the fifth act. abandoning myself to a romantic revwas always there in the front seats of the orchestra, and at each burst its restoration. They would have broken it open brutally, and let in the garish light of day, to desecrate That look seemed to express a desire face. Everything went wrong. Even when the czar was present, the prima donna had eyes for no one but Basil, -sang always to Basil. That caused trouble behind the scenes, and the ocor girl decided to leave the stage. She did so at the end of three months, at the close of her engagement. He married her-and since then they have hidden themselves in Paris, in the retreat which you discovered. They must be dead in love. But I will gladly bet a hamper of champagne Basil will get over it. He is built like the Farnese Hercules, and Here, through my pain, I feel the rain they say poor Stolberg is consumptive. They pretend even that it is disease which gives her voice its wonderful power and extraordinary sweetness and pathos. Her gift is the at Rome."

esult of disease, like the pearl. All the same, no matter how much in love with Lobanof theh poor girl is, she will die of weariness in that cage in which he keeps her. Then she must sing very rarely, since in the many times you have passed before their house you have heard her but once, that night of the storm. Well, it will end badly.' The conversation turned to other

things, and the next day I left Dieppe to go with some friends to Lower Normandy. I had only been there ten days when I read accidentally in a theatrical paper the following no-tice: "We announce with sorrow the death of Mlie. Ida Stolberg, the Swedish cantatrice, who shone briefly and brilliantly on the stage in Germany and Russia, and who renounced her lyrical career in the midst of her success and has been living quietly in Paris for two years She died of pulmonary conpast. sumption.

I had never seen Stolberg. Once only had I heard that incomparable voice. Still, the reading of this commonplace notice, which announced to me the fulfillment of Prince Khaloff's dismal prophecy, broke my heart. I knew now the whole mystery of the closed house. It was there that the poor woman had languished and been extinguished, deeply in love, no doubt, but stifled also by the captivity to which she was condemned by the jealousy of her husband. No doubt, also, she was full of regrets for the former triumphs of her abandoned art. The fate of Stolberg seemed so sad to me that I fairly hated the man who had sacrificed her whole life. He seemed to me a fop, an egotist, a brute. I an ironical smile, "is that with a large sole himself for the loss of his wife. that he would soon forget the poor dead woman, and that, unworthy of the love which he had inspired, he would also be incapable of grief or

fidelity. On my return to Paris, one of the first persons I met on the boulevard was Prince Khaloff. I told him how much I had been moved at the news of the singer's death, and I could not hide from him the instinctive antipathy which I felt toward Lobanof. "Behold, you people of imaginacharmed for an instant by this woous love for her, and a retrospective to you that I have always thought to the most horrible and sincere de-

on my shoulder, that he could live other professional strong men. no longer. And it was not pretence. He goes at once to Senegal, to join the Jackson mission,-a party of explorers who will bury themselves. probably forever, in frightful Africa. This is not common, you will own. In following the Jackson mission Basil certainly will be faithful to his poor love's memory, for he will meet out there only the most horrid monkeys of women, and it is to be feared If they could do this with the Bosthat fever or cholera, or a shot from the gun of a savage, will end the poor boy's life and sorrows. Take back, I beg you, your rash and premature judgment upon him. Besides, he had before his departure an around heavy weight athletes as this idea which should certainly seem affecting to you. That pavilion, where The fourth, Steinway, despite his 48 he has been so happy and so unhappy. years, can perform downright feats belongs to him. Well, he has closed it forever. Basil wishes that no living being should ever again penetrate that abode of love and sorrow. You

can pass there now, and see the house fall into ruin, and on the day when they put a notice upon it, on that day you can say, 'Basil Lobanof is dead." I left the prince, and the next day, reproaching myself for my injustice, I went to see the deserted house The shutters were closed; the dead leaves Some days afterward I was in the of the great plane tree, half-bare (it was the end of autumn), covered the grass of the lawn. Weeds forced

Months passed; a year; then another; then the daily papers were full of the great anxiety felt over the fate of Jackson and his companions, from I asked Prince Kha'cff, a young Rus- whom no news had come. You know of the fate of those brave explorers.

Living always in the same vicinity and passing every day before the abandoned pavilion, I saw it decay, "you can congratulate yourself, my little by little. The rain of two windear sir, in having had such a rare ters had lashed constantly the plaster of the facade and covered it with a damp mould. Then the slate roof was damaged by wind and rain storms. Dampness attacked everything. Lizards sunned themselves on the wall; the balcopy was loosened; the roof bent. The appearance of the poor house became lamentable. As for the garden, it had returned quickly to its savage state. The flowers were not cultivated; the rose-bushes were untrimmed, and had only leaves and branches; the gerauiums were dead. for Count Basil Lebanof, at that The grass had long since disappeared under the dead hay, and the high

stalks of the weeds were disdained

there but thistles and the pale poppy. Years rolled on. It was now impos sible to hope for the return of the den himself in Paris with his wife; Jackson party. Evidently those inbut we were ignorant of the place of trepid pioneers had succumbed to his retreat, until you now revealed hunger and thirst in some horrible desert or been massacred by the savages, and Count Basil Lobanof was ed artist has renounced everything dead with them, faithful to his Stolberg. The decerted house had fallen to another. Scourers are about out of absolutely into ruins. The great tree the prince. "Although very which was near the house, and whose young, Stolberg had had numerous foliage was no longer kept in check flirtations when she met Lobanof. I by trimming, had thrust one of its was there in the green room on the immense branches through the win evening when Basil-who, I should dow. The shutters had fallen off, and tell you, is as handsome as a god-the tree had pushed its way into the

of the salon. Each time I passed before the old ruin which had come to the last stages of decay, I thought,

But immediately he became as jeal-ous as a Mussulman—yes, jealous of the very public when she sang. He death, the heirs no doubt would have caused steps to be taken at once for The Queen of All the houses are a sight to be seen at meal those hallowed associations of love to slap the whole audience in the and sorrow. Basil Lobanof has done well to disappear, and nature lovingly destroys slowly this old love-nest

and keeps it from profanation."
The other day I saw the ruin again; the branches of the great tree came through the roof, and there were little trees growing in the rooms. Then I met Prince Khaloff, who had not been in France for a dozen years. We walked and talked together, and I told him all about the abandoned house, its slow destruction, and the thoughts it suggested. The prince

burst into laughter. "Decidedly, my dear fellow, you will never be anything but a poet. Basil is married again, the father of three children, and holds the office of first secretary to the Russian ambassador

"The Count Lobanof is not dead!" cried, stupified.
"On my last visit to Rome he was

as well as you or I." "He did not go with the Jackson party? Oh, the perfidious man!" I cried, furious at my wasted sympa-"I should have suspected him. thy. It seems that he forgot his dead love

"Oh, no," replied the prince. "Basil is not so guilty as that. Wild with grief after her death, he would, for good or bad, go with the party, and he set out for Senegambia. But on the sixth day of their march he fell seriously ill and was taken to St. Louis by a caravan, in the greatest agony. There he recovered—but it was not his fault. His friends profited by his weakness and lack of energy to carry him back to Europe, and since then, after waiting a long time, he has consoled himself."

"But then the deserted house? What loes that comedy signify?" asked I, in a bad humor.
"How severe you are, my dear!

replied the amiable Russian. "It is not a comedy, but it proves, on the centrary, that the count is a man of What did he promise? That as long as he lived no one should go under the roof which had sheltered his love. And he has kept his word though it has cost him a great deal. Besides, who knows if he does not always mourn his delightful singer, and regret bitterly the evenings passed in that closed house, listening to the divinely sad music of that roice which caused him so much happiness, so much sorrow? All that I can tell you," added the prince with was certain that he would soon con- fortune, a beautiful family, and a home in the Eternal City, a despairing love twelve years old ought to be endurable!"

> AMATEUR STRONG MEN. Herman Oelrichs Stronger Than San-

dow. William Steinway a Giant.

I know of four men who do not pose as sons of Hercules, and who their own with the quartet of foreign man's voice, and you feel a posthum- Romulus, in trials of strength. These Oelrichs, millionaire and clubman, is

> Two of these men, too, could come very near to giving Corbett or Jackson a trouncing in the squared circle -Oelrichs and Buermeyer. Both of competent experts fully capable of holding their own, even with the mighty John L. Sullivan when that renowned gladiator was in his prime. them, three-Oelrichs, Buermeyer and Curtis-were and are as good all or any other country has ever seen. of strength-not juggling tricks-that any of the professional strong men would find it hard to duplicate.

Once, on a wager with friends at a private trial, Oelrichs entered a lion's cage, and properly accoutered for the fray, of course, actually overcame and reduced to a state of exhaustion by his physical resources a full-grown monarch of the jungle. The lion was muzzled with a plain leather strap, but was not hampered in any other way. Oelrichs thus did better than Sandow, who only dared recently to try with a tame and crippled old lion

at San Francisco. When John L. Sullivan was in hi prime ten years ago, knocking out nen nightly in four rounds on his exmeet the great Bostonian in private and give him \$10,000 if he (Oelrichs) did not best him. Sullivan was not one whit afraid, but as he was making \$100,000 a year just then be listened to the voice of his manager, the famous sportsman, Al Smith, and deermined to take no chances, much to

Delrichs' chagrin. Father Bill Curtis and Buermeyer rank next to Oelrichs as strong men Another "strong man" in private ife is Giovanni P. Morosini. In early ife he was a sailor before the mast. He is over 50 years of age, yet he is a perfect Hercules in strength.-William Standish Hayes in Bowling and Cycling Gazette.

FOUR STAPLES.

Potatoes and Onions.-The market is merely steady for the best to weak for anything at all off quality. Sweets distance from the corners, and then are lower, onions steady.

even by the butterflies. Nothing grew Wool.-The market is quiet, some thing doing in a quiet way, but the theence of a rush. The clip is all in. and the stock of spring fleeces is nil, while of fall there may be about a courtyard in front of a rear tene-3,000,000 pounds left in the grease ment of the kind known as double insold. There are some good lots in this stock, and nice selections are possible by going from one warehouse supplies and may come into the market and take up a good deal of wool suitable for their purposes at any day. Hops.-For the best grades the market is firm at the ruling range of workingmen of the city. Mrs. prices, which is very low. At these Gunther has a large heart, as many

Plants.

An Immense Number of Varieties.

A Concise History of This Most Delightful, Useful and Varied Vegetable Product.

The question has been asked "What is the most remarkable family of flowering plants?" and a description of the family characters invited. With give the rose or Rosaceae family the lace of honor.

can rival. It is called the queen of the east side eye has been educated flowers, and among them reigns su up to that sort of thing and the preme; without it no garden, however form and color it is interwoven with truck stands beyond the curb of the all poetry and all art.

Robert Burns compares his love the "red, red, rose, that is newly sprung in June," and Tennyson sings sweetly, "She is coming, my life, my fate, The red rose cries, She is near she is near, and the white rose weeps

The rose was a great favorite with the Greeks and Romans. Nero caused showers of roses to be sprinkled on his guests at banquets, and Heliogabalus carried this to such an extent that several persons were suffocated before they could extricate themselves from the mass.

This flower was dedicated to the god Silence, and was among the ancients the symbol of secrecy. A rose hanging over a great table was a hint that conversation was to be "sub rosa." It was customary, too, for wreaths of roses to be worn by warriors, and rose leaves (petals) were often strewn on the dishes on festal occasions. In later times the rose was especially dedicated to the virgin, and n Dante's Paradise she is termed the nystic Rose

In English history, in the feud be-tween the houses of York and Lancaster the white rose was the badge of the former and the red rose of the latter. The rose still remains the flower of England. In most cases the rose of the poet

and the rose of the betanist is one and the same in kind, but popular usage has attached the name of the ose to a variety of plants whose kinship to the true plant no botanist would for a moment admit. The rose gives its name to the order Rosacea of which it may be considered the type. The genus consists of species varying in number, according to the never made a penny by spectacular diverse opinions of botanists of oppoexhibitions, who, I think, could hold site schools, from thirty to one hundred and eighty or even two hundred and fifty, while the garden varieties invaders, Sandow, Samson, Attila and are numbered by the thousands. The species are natives of all parts of the men are Herman Oelrichs, principal Northern hemisphere, but are scantily

To this Rosacea family belong the All rature was dumb in the quiet Basil a more sensual than sensible Steamship company; Tea Merchant Spiraece, the Rubus, or bramble, inman, more passionate than tender; Harry Buermeyer, Editor William B. cluding dewberry, blackberry, rasp but I have seen him since poor Ida's Curtis and Piano Manufacturer Wil- berry, mulberry, all fruit-bearing. death, and he is a prey, I assure you. liam Steinway. Of these Herman Then comes the delicious strawberry with its endless variety, and the blackspair. When I expressed my sympathy to him, he cast himself in my arms, and repeated to me, as he wept believe, than Sandow or any of the quince and "the apple," in whose stem springs the life never failing, which sin lost to Adam when he tasted knowledge forbidden, and found death

in the fruit of it. The rose has been grown for so many centuries and has been crossed these gentlemen were adjudged by and recrossed so often that it is difficult to refer the cultivated forms to their wild prototypes. The blossoms appear in all colors except blue, and this color may be produced in the near future. Many varieties are produced by budding or grafting on the stem of the brier or bramble, and it is not an uncommon sight to see a rose tree with three or four different kinds of roses on it.

For fragrance, what flower can compare with it? An essential oil of exceeding fragrance is distilled from the Rose Damascena and Rose Masclata, called Otter of Roses. It requires about 20,000 flowers to make half an ounce which sells at \$50.

The rose water of commerce is chiefly produced in Europe from the cabbage rose; conserves and infusion of roses are prepared from the petals of rosa Gallicia, and are useful for medicinal purposes, as are also the wild cherry and blackberry. The cherry, laurel, and seeds of the peach yield much prusic acid. But in no instance does the rose secrete honey.

For its fruit, variety of color, fragrance and beauty, and usefulness. t should stand for the most remark able family of flowering plants. As we are yet undecided as to the state flower for Oregon why not hibition tours, Oelrichs offered to adopt the Eglantine or sweet briar A. F. J.

A QUIET STREET IN NEW YORK.

queer place is Extra place, the little out of the way street from which Louis Weinhagen was taken as a cholera suspect. It is only one block long. It opens on First street, the rear end stopping abruptly at the back yards of the Second street houses. It is the oddest and quietest block in the lower east side. Green trees are rare in that section of the city, but a glance over the board fence at the end of Extra place reveals the tops of half a dozen oaks in the rear yards of the Second street houses, and their green foliage forms a pleasant contrast to the dull colored louble tenements on either side.

The side walls of the buildings at 10 and 12 First street run back some comes, on the left hand side, the rear walls of the rear tenements behind right hand side, however, immediately adjoining the side wall of 12 First street, are two five story tenements numbered 4 and 5. Behind them is decker. An alley between 14 and 16 First street leads to the open court and rear tenement.

These three tenements are probably the best known living houses on the east side, and their owner, Mrs. Gunther, who runs them as a gigantic boarding house, is well known by the low prices there is a steady demand. laborers who have been down with Fair to good Pacific coast, 1894. . 6@ 8 hard luck can testify. Her lodgers

vides accommodations for all honest workingmen, whether they have money or not. Her big dining rooms in the basement of the Extra place hours, although all of her lodgers do not eat at her table; some eat outside.

Without Mrs. Gunther's establish-

ment, Extra place would be in danger of sinking to the ordinary level. Peddlers rarely venture into the street Mrs. Gunther doesn't like them and lodgers will not tolerate them near by. The lodgers evidently appreciate this fact that theirs is the quietest spot for miles around, and woe betide the loud-voiced peddler who dares to venture around the corner. During the summer Extra place is a picturesque locality. Mrs. Gun-ther's lodgers, in their shirt sleeves, sit on the sidewalk during the evenings, smoke their pipes and swap stories. All is quiet and peaceful there, yet a walk of only half a minute brings one into the din and confusion of the Bowery. Everything is clean in the street and the tenements For years back Extra place has the aid of a friend I have decided to been as it is today. Before Mrs. Gunther's big venture drove the forner occupants out of the double-deck It has for all ages been the favorite flower, and as such it has a place in general literature that no other plant and ugly fire escapes are in sight, but straight and dignified lamppost is renumble, is thought complete, for its garded with as much suspicion as lignity, fragrance and infinitude of the bare walls of a tenement. The sidewalk at night. The rest of the street is clear. The truck is driven by one of Mrs. Gunther's lodgers, and it is by her special permission that it stands there. One word from her and Russia last April and that notice shall hundred men would hustle it into First street.-New York Sun.

NEW CZAR AND PEACE OF EU-

There is no safety in predicting any nonarch of Russia holds a strong and; but, though many rumors have probability of his undertaking any nflammable role. Russia has so much out of the mouths of big guns. No the fisheries question. doubt there is tension in many of the international relations; but that is which its ratification was effected in rue; and this should lead him to folator of peace.

No man will be rash enough to say that war may not come. Every one cited demand for reparation. It is people to enter into any compact ben-then that heads, if not thick skins, eficial to Russia and discreditable to are in demand; and it is then that the institutions of democracy. the effervescence of journalists in search of circulation or notoriety does contempt in violating the articles of most harm. The human animal, ac- the treaty guaranteeing to the Amer-: I know of no other that is capable an essential part of the treaty, it of such irrational freaks; and it is on demanded by self respect that the hair. But, to resume, I do not be strument altogether and without de ieve, despite all the talk, that there lay.-Chicago Herald. is in the present status of the world a set of conditions which will lead to early war.—Theo. A. Dodge, in the

CLEVELAND AND THE CANAL.

There is said to be a strong underleast receive very earnest attention amount of satisfaction and glory to during this session. Many democrats, it is thought, will favor it for the sake of rehabilitating their party in fact of our having "got there all the public estimation. For instance, same," is an open question. Cooper of Florida says that nothing could restore the popularity of the party so much as to authorize the construction of the canal; that the party added the Mississippi valley and the Pacific coast to the United States, and it should provide for this

great enterprise. Mr. Cleveland said nothing about the canal in his message. In that he disappointed the public. Some declaration was expected of him in view of expressions that he has dropped within the last year. A gentleman who has been prominent in the public service, and in connection with Nicaragua canal matters, is authority for a very interesting interview with the president during his outing last sunmer. Congress was at the time tinkering at the tariff. The president then remarked that the canal was the most important subject before the country, and that as soon as the tariff legislation came to an end he would send a special canal message to con-

Tariff legislation did not end until ongress adjourned. It is not quite ended yet, if Mr. Cleveland could have his way, as outlined in his message. But it is probable, in view of the recent election, that no tariff legislation will be enacted during the short session, perhaps none attempted. It is possible that the president ignored the anal in his message because he contemplates sending in a special mes sage on the subject. In that event the people will pardon the omission and welcome the special message, if it takes good American ground.

So far as party politics may be involved in the matter, the republicans of the Pacific coast, at any rate, will not grudge Mr. Cleveland or his party any capital which they can make by securing the prompt construction and control of the canal under government uspices. It is a matter of business which transcends any considerations of mere partisanship.—S. F. Bulletin.

CHRIST'S PERSONAL APPEAR-

Among the more modern paintings representing the Savor is that by Correggio, painted in the sixteenth century. It represents Christ with a short, curly beard, and long, waving hair, surmounted by a crown of thorns. There is a look of mute anguish on his face that is heartrending but, nevertheless, the face is rathe weak.

The most terrible likeress is that painted at about the same time as CIGARS::--that of Correggio, by Albert Durer. It represents a powerful face, with a Grecian cast of countenance, with eyes distorted by pain and anguish,

ROSE rier to the poor mechanic, and are and even a trifle of anger is apparent. The Christ of Raphael, a contemporary of both the above, is an established the contemporary of both the above, is an established the contemporary of both the above, is an established the contemporary of both the above, is an established the contemporary of both the above, is an established the contemporary of both the above, is an established the contemporary of both the above, is an established the contemporary of both the above, is an established the contemporary of both the above, is an established the contemporary of both the above, is an established the contemporary of both the above, is an established the contemporary of both the above, is an established the contemporary of both the above, is an established the contemporary of both the above, is an established the contemporary of both the above, is an established the contemporary of both the above, is an established the contemporary of both the above, is an established the contemporary of both the above, is an established the contemporary of both the above, is an established the contemporary of both the above. entially Italian work, the face being Italian, although the model for the forehead and upper face was evident-

ly a woman. The Rembrandt Christ, of the se enteenth century, wears an unpleasant expression about the mouth, and has too long a tace to be perfect, yet it is one of the great artist's last ef-

Perhaps the most fantastic picture of Christ is that painted in the fifeenth century by Leonardo da Vinci. It represents the Savor looking over his shoulder, a cynical smile on his face. A hand may be seen in his hair, evidently drawing the head to one side. It cannot compare in beauty. however, to the same artist's face of Christ in the famous "Lord's Supper." The noblest and the grandest is that by Titian, painted in the sixteenth century. It is a face of resignation, of firmness—strong, yet mild; mild, yet strong. Titian was 90 years old sidered as one of his masterpieces.

when he painted this, and it is con-Of the absolutely modern paintings of Christ those of Munkaczy, Ary Sheffer and Gabriel Marx rank highest; still, every one of these are imaginary productions, and the Savior will still continue to be the "Man of Mystery."-Home and Country.

THE TREATY WITH RUSSIA. Self Respect Demands That the United States Should Abrogate It.

Senator Turple introduced a joint resolution declaring that it is no longer to the interest of the United States to continue the treaty ratified with be given to the emperor that the treaty shall expire at the end of six months, the term prescribed in its text to precede nullification by either signer.

The immediate cause of the introduction of the resolution is refusal turn in a game in which a youthful by Russia to permit American citizens of Hebrew faith to travel or so journ in that country. We cannot tolerate this assumption by an abso been running around about the new lute despotism of the right to dis czar, Nicholas II., there seems no criminate among American citizens to the advantage of some and the injury of others.

There are clauses in the treaty more to gain by peace than war, which should have rendered it obnox Barely a third of her army has the lous to the senate and executive of the United States, who ought not to have approved it. It was approved two years before the other regiments under the illusion that in the Bering are so equipped. Her revenues are sea controversy, then unsettled, rat none too great. Russia needs her ification of the treaty would insure money for the trans-Siterian rail-way; and she ought not to blow it ship desirable in the adjudication of

always present; and diplomats are growing more reasonable. It is prob-United States, who did not submit able that what has been said of the to it the more willingly because of an character of Nicholas is in the main implied but improper and irrelevant argument or consideration for its rat ow in the footsteps of his illustrious ification. We gained nothing at Paris ather and make Russia still the dic- by the treaty. We were not entitled o gain anything by it.

So long as Russia continues an ab solute despotism, so long as human of the continents has spots where an rights in that country are utterly a accidental outbreak, the blunder of an the mercy of official caprice in the ver-zealcus servant, may work such highest ranks and subject to the cor hardship, actual or ideal, to some ruption or malice of officialdom in the creat power as shall call for an ex- lower planes, it ill becomes a free

Russia has treated us with oper cording to his kind, is the silliest of ican citizen equal rights within her all animals, if we measure him right-domain. As she has nerself broken these that peace or war hangs by a United States shall abrogate the in-

THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

A wild goose chase after the North pole surely seems, on the very face, to be a fool's errand. Perhaps it is for I doubt if any very startling fact will be added to science, even if the current of opinion among congress- North pole is indeed reached. Of men that the Nicaragua canal will at course, there is, or would be, a huge have been the discoverer of the pole, but whether science will be enriched thereby, or simply satisfied with the

The life led by explorers in these dreary regions, especially during the long winter's night, is so intensely monotonous as to scarcely warrant description, and yet no better idea of the hardships, sufferings and misery endured for the sake of science can be gained, than by a glimpse of the daily life of the Arctic traveller.

I chanced to be one of the members of a recent expedition, and was in charge of the winter quarters at the corthernmost portion of Nova Zembla, or Novata Zemlia, as the islands are called by the natives.

Imagine a night that settles down like a pall and an interminable darkness that is only relieved by dull, gray twilight for a few hours out of the twenty-four; then, added to this, a thermometer so far down below zero that the mercury often freezes, miserable quarters, poor food, and the monotonous existence, and you will scarcely wonder why so many intrepid investigators have given up the unequal battle and laid down to perish in the darkness of hopeless despair. You will also scarcely wonder that the most ardent enthusiasm is likely to be considerably cooled, morally as well as physically, under the circumstances. What matters it if the whole world

is watching the outcome of your investigations with keenest interest when you are so far removed from earthly comforts and earthly aid? And yet, in spite of all the bitter knowledge gained by the hardest kind of experience, the same explorers will ttempt expedition after expedition. I may woefully lack the proper enthusiasm, yet I cannot but admit that even the delightful prospect of discovering dozens of North poles would not tempt me to again undergo the hardships of that long Arctic night, even the memory of which I would gladly dispel as a fearful dream .- Home and

writes as wheat crop of 1893 that has resulted

in an export of 7,000,000 quarters in 1894, was grown under wonderfully favorable circumstances, because the ground was in such perfect condition for working that the absence of clod-

crushers and seed drills was scarcely felt, and after a few showers, the autumn and winter were dry and cold, so that the plant gained root strength and tillered wonderfully with the result that the average yield was in perhaps three-fourths of the country greatly in excess of former years. The present crop was very well got in, but the winter, though dry, was rather warm, and when I left Buenos Ayers in September it was not thought that the prospects were for a larger crop than in 1893, in spite of an estimated increase of 10 per cent in acreage and the steady mprovement in cultivation that will of itself make a very considerable increase of production as time goes on. The weather has since been very favorable, and I think that a large crop s to be expected, but it is not to be xpected that the increase of export or 1895 will bear comparison with

Goodwin, of Liverpool follows: The Argentina

the increase of 1894.

The remarkable crop of 1893 may easily cause exaggerated expectations to be made, and it is very difficult to form any accurate estimates in a thiny populated country where the statisties of acreage are really guesswork, and where it is very difficult to ascertain the actual yield until threshing is in full swing.

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