

THE NIHILIST ASSASSINS OF THE CZAR.

Andray Ivanovitch Jelaboff, a peasant's son, studied law in the Odessa University. In 1872 he was expelled for the arrangement of an inimical demonstration against one of the professors. Then he entered the ranks of the Nihilists, among whom he was regarded as one of the leaders. In October, 1879, he went to Alexandrovsk, where he made a mine under the railroad, and on October 30th tried to blow up the imperial train. The mine, however, did not explode, on account of the bad quality of the conductors used. Jelaboff was not seen again till March 11th, when he was arrested in St. Petersburg. In his possession was found a large quantity of dynamite and other explosives. The digging of the mine under the Malaja Sadovala (the Little Garden street) was conducted under his supervision, which fact he readily admitted, as well as the entire arrangement of the plot against the Czar. But he has undoubtedly to divide the fame and responsibility for that deed with a delicately nurtured girl.

Mlle. Sophy Perovsky (not Sophie Pleoffsky) was the daughter of a State Councillor and the granddaughter of a Minister of the Czar. She received the best possible education. She was of small stature, modest in appearance, and neat in dress. Twice in her life she waved her dainty handkerchief for the destruction of the Czar. On December 1, 1879, near Moscow, a train was blown up, having been mistaken for the imperial one. That was the work of Hartman and Sophy Perovsky. Mlle. Sophy was the soul of the Hartman party. Her tact and her wonderful self-possession repeatedly averted the discovery of the Moscow mine while it was in process of construction. The neighboring women many times called on Mlle. Sukhorukoff (the assumed name of Hartman) and inquired all about Hartman's business. But Sophy proved equal to the situation. Day by day she stood watching the approach of every stranger to the place where the mine was under way, and pulling the underground bell, thus warning the Nihilist miners to stop work. She kept under her bed over one hundred pounds of dynamite, and it was agreed upon that she should fire at the dynamite in case the house should be invaded by the police. When the Moscow mine was ready, Sophy was sent to signal the approach of the supposed imperial train. She made the sign, and the train was blown up. Sophy and Hartman both escaped. Now it appears that it was Sophy who on March 13th made the sign to Rysakoff and his comrade to throw the bombs that proved fatal to the late Czar.

Nicholas Ivanovitch Rysakoff (not Russakoff) was twenty years old. He studied in the St. Petersburg School of Mines, where he was admitted on the special recommendation of Count Vjazemsky, the late chief of the St. Petersburg educational district. He received thirty roubles per month from a scholarship founded by a wealthy lumber merchant. He was one of a dozen Nihilists detailed with bombs to meet the Czar, and it was his chance to throw the first bomb.

Hesse Helfman is an educated girl of Hebrew descent. It is supposed that it was she and her companion, Navrotsky (who shot and killed himself on March 13), that, in 1879, laid the mine for the Czar on the Odessa Railroad. Navrotsky at that time was employed as a switchman. Mlle. Hesse was once tried for a political crime and sentenced to be transported, but she managed to escape.

Kibaltshitch, a priest's son, the manufacturer of the bombs, was one of the most prominent Terrorists. Under different aliases he is known to have taken part in the most daring plots.

Mikhailoff, who was arrested in the rooms occupied by Navrotsky and Mlle. Hesse, but not before he wounded three policemen, was another member of the Terrorist faction.

MRS. GARFIELD.—The wife of the twentieth President of the United States is a daughter of a Maryland farmer, Zebulon Rudolph, whose uncle, tradition says, fought in the Revolution, and going to France, espoused the cause of Napoleon and became Marshal of France, the gallant and unfortunate Ney. She is fond of housekeeping, affectionate, yet decided in her rules of household government, and withal a well-balanced, sensible and interesting woman. She enters the White House with the good wishes of the whole country, and there is no reason to doubt that she will make the Executive Mansion a home as well as a palace, and inculcate in it the private as well as the public virtues which should adorn it.—Boston Journal.

A HORNED AND WOOLLY PIG.—James Kyle, brother to Sheriff Kyle of Eureka, has on exhibition on Heavenly Joy Knoll, Lower Ruby Hill, a genuine horned, woolly pig, weighing 294 pounds. Its horns are about four inches in length, and project from the animal's head in about the same style as grow the tusks of elephants; but as yet they are not hard, and can be twisted or doubled up with the hand. The head of the pig is well developed, with regular defined snout, but the eyes and ears are different from those of well-regulated hogs. The eyes are black, large, and very expressive, looking precisely like the optics of a sea lion. The ears resemble those of a Newfoundland dog, and are covered with a variegated glossy wool.—Carson Times.

An actress advertises the following letter to John McCullough, the tragedian, signed by the Rev. Dr. Henry W. Bellows: "Allow me to introduce my young friend, Miss —, a young lady of good principles, excellent character, great industry, and high aspirations. I had her for a time as companion for my wife's mother. She has the friendship of some of the most noted people in this country, among others the Rev. C. A. Bartol, the Rev. G. B. Frothingham, Henry W. Longfellow, James T. Fields."

THE MIRTHFUL MUSE.

THE MEN.

At the recent thirteenth anniversary of Sorosis in New York, as no men were permitted to be present, Miss Kate Field was called upon to respond to the toast of "The men—God bless them." Miss Field responded thus: "Shakspeare says that a low, soft voice is a most excellent thing in a woman, a sentiment so sympathetic to St. Paul that he absolutely commands women to keep silence. How, then, with the ghosts of these authorities rising before me, dare I open my mouth, except, of course, to do justice to the virgins of Sorosis? Why, I never made but three post-prandial speeches in my life—all in England—and all upon 'Women,' for whom I was called upon to return thanks, a subject far more fit to be embraced by men. If I must say anything, pray let me toast 'the gentle men,' so conspicuous by their absence. The gentlemen, God bless them! What could we do or should we be without them? Nothing!

"Who wollops us, and on our ears Bestows a box that draws forth tears? Our father!

"Who bullies us and calls us names, Makes life a burden with his games? Our brother!

"Who takes us home from singing school, And sweetly spoons and plays the fool? Our cousin!

"Who holds our hand in his, and kneels Until we heed his mad-appeals? Our lover!

"Who pays the bills and undergoes The discipline that Caudle knows? Our husband!

"Who give us spinsters good advice And take us out and are so nice? Our bachelors!

"Who, all in all, are none too good For human nature's daily food? The men—God bless them!"

FALSE FRIENDSHIP.

I do not tremble when I meet The stoutest of my foes; But Heaven defend me from the friend Who comes and never goes! —Saxe.

A MURMUR.

"Why," said the husband to his wife, "Do you thus murmur and complain? Do you not know that murmuring At adverse fate is ever vain?" "Nay," said the worn wife, "blame not fate; The grief I feel would not be felt Were't not for that which 'murmur' names Twice o'er when backward spell." —Neal Done in Cambridge Tribune.

SPRING.

Whereas, on certain boughs and sprays Now divers birds are heard to sing, And sundry flowers their heads upraise— Hall to the return of Spring! The songs of those said birds arouse The memory of our youthful hours, As green as those said sprays and boughs, As fresh and sweet as those said flowers. Oh, busiest term of Cupid's Courts, When tender plaintiffs action bring; Season of frolic and of sport— Hail, as aforesaid, gentle Spring! —Wm. M. Everts, Atty-at-Law.

HER THOUGHTS.

With her dimpled chin upon her hand, And her crimson elbow on her knee, It is not hard to understand What the maiden's thoughts must be: With her face with rapture beaming, And her eyes upon the floor, She is thinking, she is dreaming, Of the man she does adore. Then she lifts her eyes of blue To a dress upon a chair; But, although that dress is new, Sure, her thoughts cannot be there. Ah, a smile of pleasure flutters Gently o'er that face so pure, As her thought she softly utters: "I will cut it Pompadour." —Whitlaw Reid.

DREAMS.

I have dreams. Sometimes I dream of pie In the full meaning of that splendid word— The subtle mince pie, which few men can eat, Though all may tackle it—perchance to die. Its soggy crust, by countless raisins kissed, Buried in tallow that will make you pitch And dive around, and dream about the Witch Of Endor and some more unpleasant things. You wake at 4 A. M., and 'gin to kick As steers are said to do in current slang. —Victim of Ella Wheeler's Cookery.

ABRAM'S SOLILOQUY.

To funk, or not to funk, that is the question; Whether 'twere better on the whole to weaken, And now withdraw the vexing nomination Of Robertson, or stoutly stick to him, And fight it out with Roscoe. To fight, to stick; No more; and by this fight to get the bulge On Conkling, Grant, and all the stalwart crew, And win the second heat—a consummation Devoutly to be wished. To fight, to stick; To stick! perchance to wilt—aye, there's the rub! For in this mill for spoils what blows may come When I have shuffled off this coil of peace, Must give me pause. There's the respect That makes calamity of boughten peace; For who would bear sardonic smiles and shrugs, The quiet yet sarcastic utterances, The pressure of a treacherous bunch of eyes, The arrogance and insolence and stabs, That I, for instance, would from Roscoe get, When I myself, by merely bracing up, Might turn the tables? Who would Conkling bear, To wither under his tyrannic sway, But that the dread of something in a mill— Undreamed-of staying powers, science, game, Which in the end would tell—puzzles the will, And makes one think he'd rather water take Than stick to Robertson, and Roscoe brave? Thus office doth make cowards of us all; And thus the native hue of patronage Is sicklied with a sorehead stalwart's greed; And patriotic aims and purposes, With this regard, see from the main track switched, And shunted to a siding!

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