

THE RUSSIAN DOCTOR.

A Tragic and Romantic Story from Real Life.

(ADAPTED FROM THE GERMAN OF MME. ELISE FORSKER.)

BY MRS. FRANCES A. SHAW. Translation Copyrighted, 1897, by A. N. Kellogg Newspaper Company.

treating whippers of which he understood only "A demain. Au revoir."

He again sought his wonted place in the forest, and threw himself upon the grass. But though he lay there for a long time he did not study one word—"A demain—au revoir!" kept echoing in his ear.

Upon reaching home he hunted up a French grammar and a French-and-German phrase-book hidden away in the depths of the family library.

Tomorrow he would return the handkerchief with thanks, and assure the thrower of the ball that his eye no longer pained him.

His swollen eye did not escape his mother's notice, but the limb of a tree was made answerable for the little French girl's awkwardness.

They both to the laughing spring and to the laughing roses, the two youthful ones. How musical rose and lily's clear laugh amid this twitter of birds!

He went forth into the quiet moonlight, timidly, as if about to do some wrong, and looked over the latticed gate into the garden.

The idyl was played out. Deathly stillness lay over all. How cold seemed the silvery moonlight upon the path!

Light waves of perfume from the roses were wafted over to him; mortally weary seemed the plash of the fountain; cool breezes rustled through the tree-tops, and as in a dream he murmured the refrain of the little poem that had been so dear to the absent one:

"As if within that garden Of roses, white and red, She still for me was waiting, My darling years dead."

It was indeed a final separation. They never met again. No tidings passed from one to the other.

He had scarce graduated when he made the acquaintance of a wealthy Russian, ill with inflammation of the lungs.

His heart remained strangely untouched by love. Not that he had striven against the charm of woman's beauty or gone out of the way of that spell old as creation itself.

When he pondered over this unusual reality, "I have no time for love," was the refrain of all his thoughts, "and without love there is no happiness in marriage."

A woman had always presided over his bachelor household. Ivan clung to him with canine fidelity, and years passed without his noting the swiftness of their flight.

Another curious vein of modern civilization that has cropped out on the island is the desire for some place where one can get a rest and change from the ordinary routine of life.

The condition of the islanders has lately been considerably improved by the numerous visits of English and American ships. The population is increasing slowly.

elegant man in the prospect of an engagement with his son, although the mother's head ominously talked man ever of the dire events of their campaign of 1812.

The Germans were not given in the usual manner. Teacher and pupil went out into the garden, and seated themselves comfortably in the air by the fountain.

Sometimes Mlle. Fifiine was in good humor, sometimes she was in the forest, a meadow or to the temple on the top. Arnim soon got over his fear of the old French governess, very day cursed the lot that forced her to remain far from la belle France's stupid Germany.

None quest which learned most of the foreigner, Arnim or Hortense, but found the allotted hour much wiser, and Arnim remained longer, not leaving until Mlle. Fifiine from the depths of her novel, gave signal for departure.

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In 1820, the Marquis Duvois, having come, and will take me with her to Paris. She is the mother of my cousin René, whom papa and Fifiine say I am one day to marry.

CHAPTER II. OR long weeks Arnim could not muster courage to go over to the vine-wreathed house.

One day his mother said: "Those French people have left. The old sexton of St. Mary's Church has engaged to keep the garden in order until their return. Believe me, my son, this is best for you."

PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.

CRIME THAT RESULTED IN THE EVOLUTION OF A NEW PEOPLE.

Meeting on a British Man of War Leads to the Development of a New Race. The Advantages of Civilization Without Its Attendant Vices.

The ship Bounty, Dec. 23, 1787, sailed from Spithead, England, bound for the South Sea. The ship was under a commission from the British admiralty to visit the Society and other islands and collect a number of the bread fruit plants, which were to be taken to certain of the British West Indies for the purpose of stocking those islands.

Christian, with the twenty-four others who had remained in the ship, steered for the Society Island, and sixteen of them finally decided to remain at Otaheite, while Christian and the rest, taking with them twelve Otaheitean women and seven men, set sail in the ship for any place that chance might take them.

Nothing was heard of Christian or those who had gone on the Bounty for twenty years. At the end of that time an American ship, happening to touch at Pitcairn's Island, found there an Englishman called Alexander Smith whose name was afterward changed to John Adams, who said he was the sole survivor of those who had sailed on the Bounty.

Christian, thinking the island a place where there would be little chance of their being discovered, had landed there and burned the ship. Things went smoothly for two years, when one of the men, having lost his wife, insisted on taking one of the Otaheitean women.

The Otaheiteans rebelled and killed three of the whites. The rest of the whites, with the aid of the women, then killed all the Otaheitean men. Only four men were now left on the island. One of these succeeded in making an intoxicating liquor and drank himself to death, another was executed by his companions, and a third died of consumption.

Adams, now an old man, became at last impressed with the responsibility resting upon him of teaching the descendants of himself and his companions the truths of the Bible. The result was a model community.

In 1820 the inhabitants moved to Norfolk Island, but in 1856 a part of them returned to Pitcairn. This colony has since been remarkable for the purity in which it has retained the principles inculcated by the patriarchal Adams.

Between the years 1820 and 1880 a number of ships called at the island. In 1881 the American ship Harry Mills visited the place, and one of the inhabitants, named McCoy, accompanied the ship to Liverpool.

In the same year another American ship, the Wandering Jew, stopped at the island and on leaving Capt. Talpey, the commander, took with him another one of the inhabitants. This was Earnest Heywood Christian, the great grandson of Fletcher Christian.

Until his arrival at Hull, England, Earnest Christian had never seen a horse, or any quadruped. His delight and astonishment when he first saw a steam engine and train were unbounded. On his arrival Christian was treated with the greatest kindness, and when he left England took with him many valuable presents for the islanders.

Christian spent three years on the ship, visiting San Francisco, and going completely around the world before he returned to his island home. On her second visit to Pitcairn Mrs. Talpey had with her a young English girl, 17 years old. She was the youngest person who had ever visited the island, and great was the interest and admiration she excited among the girls of her own age.

One in particular, Miss Emily McCoy, kept close to her all the time, asking her all manner of questions about the outside world. "You are the first girl of my own age, untouched by this island, that I have ever seen," she said. "Tell me all you can. What do horse cars look like? And the churches—do you have people enough to fill them?"

Among the island women who visited the ship on this occasion was Miss Rosalind Young, one of the most attractive and enterprising on the island. She was at this time about 23 years old, had never had a shoe on her foot, swam like a fish, played the organ in the little island church, assisted her father in teaching the "village school" and was the leader in everything among the women on the island. She has written an account of the island for The Century, and she told Mrs. Talpey that she never had an idle moment.

Another curious vein of modern civilization that has cropped out on the island is the desire for some place where one can get a rest and change from the ordinary routine of life. On an isolated island only a few miles in circumference, in midocean, and containing only one village of less than 100 inhabitants, "summer residences" would seem to be hardly practicable or desirable. Yet these people have already begun to build a little way from the main settlement, a small "summer colony," where the older ones may go away for a little while every year and be more retired than they can in the village. They have named their retreat "Happy Valley."

The condition of the islanders has lately been considerably improved by the numerous visits of English and American ships. The population is increasing slowly. In 1879 it was 94. In December, 1882, it was 108, of which number 2 were shipwrecked sailors who had settled there. The colony consists of about 20 families, who live in single story cottages formed of bamboo, with thatched roofs. The islanders are still noted for their strict religious conduct, grace being said before and after each meal, and swearing or anything of a similar character being absolutely unknown. When any dispute arises among them the settlement of it is laid over till the next arrival of a man of war, when it is referred to the captain, and his decision is final.—New York Press.

Girls Who Ride Tricycles. A Detroit lady in Washington writes to a friend that upwards of 100 young women at the capital are habitual riders of the tricycle. The smoothness of the streets there makes this a pastime rather than a laborious and tiresome exercise. Most of the women tricyclists have a special costume in the nature of a riding habit minus the train. Nevertheless they are a long while getting over their nervousness and their self-consciousness so as to really enjoy the exhilarating pleasure. Many girls own the machines they ride, but a large proportion of the cyclists hire them by the hour. The steady work required is really beneficial exercise—enormously so, in fact—and there ought to be more of it done wherever the conditions will permit.—Detroit Free Press.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

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RUSSIAN FANATICS.

A BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF AN INTERESTING RELIGIOUS SECT.

The Idea of Nihilism Pushed to the Extreme Limit—Some Strange Beliefs—Popular Social and Financial Methods—A Curious Specimen.

The interesting sect of "Negators" offers to us the spectacle of a strange religious pessimism. The doctrines of this sect push the idea of nihilism and of negation to their extreme limit. The members lead a life of vagabondage, and pass the larger portion of their existence in prison. The government thinks their doctrines dangerous to public safety, and subjects them to the most rigorous punishments. Let us take as a type of this sect a certain merchant named Shishkin. In his search for truth he four times changed his sect, and finally became persuaded that all religion was error and lying. He addicted himself to the study of the sacred Scriptures, and thought he perceived that they were not in accord with human nature, and then he came to repudiate all ideas of God and religion, as well as all human institutions, all authority, government and society. He was promptly arrested and imprisoned, and all his property confiscated. He refused to justify himself or to avail himself of legal help for his defense, persisted in his opinions, and continued to preach in the prison. Here is a curious specimen of his answers to the judge's questions: Judge—Who are you? Prisoner—Don't you see I'm a man? Are you blind? J.—What is your religion? P.—I have none. J.—What God do you believe in? P.—I don't believe in any God. God belongs to you—to you people. It was you who invented him. I don't want him. J.—Do you worship the devil, then? (with some irritation.) P.—I worship neither God nor devil, because I have no need of prayer. The devil is also an invention of yours. God and the devil are yours, as well as the czar, the priests, and government officials. You are all children of the same mother. I am not one of you, and I wish to know nothing of you. Each for himself, say these sectaries; there is neither right, nor duty, nor social or political or religious hierarchy. Man, abandoned to his natural instincts, without hindrance from government, will be irresistibly impelled toward truth and equity. They deny, without exception, all rights of property, and recognize no form of social organization. For them, marriage, the family, social duties, do not exist; they live in a fantastic world of liberty without limit, and despise all that surrounds them. For example, if any one asked Shishkin for anything whatever, he would give it them at once, only it absolutely must be something useful, food, clothes, or money for vital needs, etc. But he would not give a half-penny for tobacco, wine, or such like things. "I should prefer to throw the money out of the window rather than help you to poison yourself with tobacco," he answers to those who ask him for money to indulge in that habit. If any one thanks him, he answers: "What a stupid world! You have received what you wanted; you have eaten; well now go!" These sectaries do not allow of all that is natural; they never shave or cut their hair, they drink no spirits and do not smoke, so as not to spoil the natural beauty of the intellectual faculties. They dream of a life in which each should work for himself, satisfying his wants with the productions of the earth, and making for himself all necessary articles. What is over ought to be given to those who are in want. They entertain a profound hatred for all compulsory work under all forms. They never go into service, even if threatened with death, and they employ no servants. When Shishkin was in prison they shaved him and tried to compel him to work, but he utterly refused, saying: "You have taken me by force. I did not ask you to shut me up. So now you ought to feed me and work for me." It was of no use to slug him, to chain him to a wheelbarrow, to shut him up in a dungeon, to give him only bread and water; it had no effect. He remained immovable. These sectaries do not allow of the exchange of products or of trade. "If I want anything and I can give it you, take it. When I in my turn want anything, you will give it me." They preach free love and do not recognize marriage. They consider women to be independent beings, equal to men, free to choose lovers and occupations according to taste. They replace the word wife by friend. A man, a woman and a child were brought before a judge, accused of belonging to the sect of Negators. "Is this your wife?" asked the judge. "No, she is not my wife." "But you live with her?" "Yes, but she is not mine. She is her own." "Is this your husband?" "No, he is not my husband," answered the woman. "But how is it, then?" asked the judge, astonished. "I need him and he needs me, that is all, but we each belong to ourselves," answered the woman. "And this little girl, is she yours?" continues the judge. "No. She is of our blood, but she does not belong to us, but to herself." "But are you mad, then?" cried the magistrate, out of patience. "This cloak that you are wearing, is that yours?" "No, it is not mine," answered the sectary. "Why do you wear it then?" "I wear it because you have not taken it from me. This cloak was on me last week of some one else, now it is on mine; a rumpus to-morrow it will be on yours. How can you expect me to know to whom it belongs? Nothing belongs to me but my thought and my reason." And so on. The words "faith," "power," "law," "usage," inspire them with profound horror. Under no pretext do they have recourse to the protection of the magistrate, preferring to suffer with patience. To appeal to the law for protection would be to recognize it, to submit to social institutions, but to submit to law is to destroy one's individuality, which should rest for its support only on the individual conscience and personal convictions. It must be added that they do not believe in the life of the other world and the rewards of the future life. They hold that man is immortalized only in posterity, in behalf of which he spends his moral and physical forces.—Nineteenth Century.

A little child in one of Albany's public schools was rebuked the other day for using a slang expression and excused herself by replying: "Well, my brother brought that into the house." The teacher said: "Your brother ought to be more careful of his language." "Oh," said the little one apologetically, "you know you can't stop boys from bringing slang into the house. Can you?"—Albany Journal.

A little pugilistic cousin, who persisted in running in and out, despite the fact of his having a heavy cold, was reproved by me. I said: "The first thing you know you'll be taken out to the cemetery." "I don't care," he replied, with the utmost nonchalance; "I would like a ride, and, anyway," he added, "I could live up in heaven." A little playmate said, eagerly: "Oh, my two brothers is up there." "They are, are they?" my cousin said, fiercely; "well, you just wait till I get there, and I'll smash their nose!"—Philadelphia Record.

Philip, 7 years old, is proud of his standing at school. "Well," said his uncle, who had heard the boy speak rather delightfully about his school triumphs, "what is your relative rank in your class?" "I—I don't know what you mean, uncle." "Why, I mean where do you stand in your class?" "Oh! in the reading class I stand on the black just in front of the big desk, and in the arithmetic class I don't stand at all, 'cos we just sit on the recitation bench!"—Youth's Companion.

Appropriate. A New York merchant, who does an extensive business in Cuba, had been entertaining a wealthy citizen of Havana for several days. On a recent Sunday the Cuban and his wife were to sail for home. At the last moment, the merchant thought it would be the proper thing to send some flowers to his departing friends on board the ship. So he hastily dispatched an office boy to a florist's to purchase some flowers. "Get about \$25 worth, and I will leave the selection to you," were his instructions to the boy, after telling why he wanted the flowers. He then accompanied his friend to the steamer, and just as "all ashore" was cried, the office boy rushed up the gangplank carrying two broken columns—one bore the inscription: "We mourn your loss," and the other, "Gone to another shore."—The Argonaut.

Probably. "Papa, what is patrimony?" "It is what is inherited from a father, my dear." "Oh—and then is matrimony something inherited from the mother?"—Life.

Fair Play. A colored woman entered a prominent dry goods store a few days since, and wanted to look at some work baskets. The clerk, a young man, showed her several, and she selected a small one, which she thought was worth about a quarter. "Wrap this up for me," said she. "Oh, that's all right," said the clerk, "you just imagine that it is wrapped up." "All right," she answered, as she picked up the basket and started from the store. "But you forgot to pay me," said the clerk. "Oh, that's all right," she answered, "just imagine I've paid you."

Caged With a Lunatic. First Baker—Just opening I see. I suppose you will join the bakers' trust. Second Baker—I have no use for a trust, sir. "Ah, ha! I thought so. You intend to cut in prices. We'll just show you, sir, that—"

"I have no intention of cutting under in prices. I shall charge the full market rates, whatever they are." "Oh!" "Expect, sir, to gain custom by the superior excellence of my bread."

First Baker (springing for the door and dashing into the street)—Heaven preserve us! What an escape! He's mad, mad as a March hare!—Omaha World.

Japanese Art. A magazine writer says that Japanese art is declining. Any one who has seen the average Japanese oil painting will not be surprised. A long haired and wild looking female, fearfully and wonderfully made, jumping a half mile into space and grabbing a mud hen by the off hind leg, appears to be the favorite motif in Japanese art.—Norristown Herald.

Where the Shoe Pinches. "You ought not to have punished the boy so severely," he said reprovingly to the woman. "The dog belongs to a neighbor, and, besides, tying a kettle to a dog's tail is not such a wicked thing for a boy to do." "The kettle belongs to me," said the woman, still mad.—New York Sun.

This Is Too Much. "We have heard a great deal about the reckless extravagance of the far west," says The Chicago Times, "but we cannot go quite so far as to believe the yarn that there is a hotel in Deadwood where they change the napkins every time they change proprietors."

Frightened Off. Wife—I am sure, John, that burglars attempted to enter the house last night. Husband—You don't say so! What do you suppose frightened them off? Wife—I think it must have been your snoring.—Epoch.

He Walked Back. "Murphy, might of ax yez whadder it's natural or artificial fur yez to be dat bog legged?" "Artificial, Moider, of rode up in a blood wan toime an' walked back."—Harper's Bazar.



READING.

Once—sum was already passing with light foot through the land—when Arnim, his pupil's request, had recited the dreary verses, Hortense rose sady, and with feverish haste plucked away from the red roses and whistles, which bloomed in wild luxuriance in the garden, and laid it on those before him. He carried it in hand as he went home, delighting in beauty and fragrance. What a dear, hearted creature she was, this little! Even his mother, spite of the thomascences of 1812, could but love.

The next when Arnim returned from the gymnasium, he found a letter from the Maré. It contained a check and some oblique words of courtesy, expressing in regret that the lessons must be continued for a season, as his daughters about to visit Paris.

Arnim perished himself that a brief pause in the his would be the best thing for him; his examinations were near at hand; also decided that he would make attempt to bid Hortense farewell, thence visits to the forest he would chae path not leading by the latticed gate.

If the roses lilies in that glass of water had been less enchanting in their perfume he came to this conclusion! He about to throw them out of the way; but why make the poor flowers waver for reminding him of the gardeners they grew?

He kept his resolution until evening, then he went again along the dear old path, to the garden gate. He wanted to see his pupil that in her absence he did no longer pass this way. To let go without one parting word was discourtesy. But no shimmer white dress greeted him; all was silent and empty. The window of chamber looking on the garden was closed; he saw figures

moving to and fro, and heard faint sharp voices. He lingered long, awaiting the silvery laugh of Hortense—she laughed so often and so merrily when he was near! But to-night if she laughed it was not aloud, and he slowly returned home.

The next evening just as he was setting out for the forest, an unknown had appeared bringing him a note with a perfume of violets. "From the French young lady," the boy said. "No answer required."

With a strange feeling of apprehension he broke the seal. Awkward German characters confronted him. He read: "DEAR TEACHER: My aunt, the Marquis Duvois, has come, and will take me with her to Paris. She is the mother of my cousin René, whom papa and Fifiine say I am one day to marry. I do not know whether we shall return here. I have wept very much at the thought of leaving. If we do return, I shall at once resume my lessons with you. They have been so beautiful and so joyful! I shall never forget you—never! Au revoir. Please remember your sad, HORTENSE."

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