



The Telephone-Register.



REGISTER Established August, 1881. Consolidated Feb. 1, 1889.
TELEPHONE Established June, 1886.

McMINNVILLE, OREGON, THURSDAY, JULY 24, 1890.

VO. II. NO. 25.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

H. BALLINGER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office in Fletcher building, Third Street,
McMinnville, Oregon.

DR. J. C. MICHAUX
Practicing Physician and Surgeon.
LAFAYETTE, OREGON.
Jas. 21, '89.

S. A. YOUNG, M. D.
Physician & Surgeon.
McMinnville, Oregon.
Office and residence on D street. All
calls promptly answered day or night.

J. F. CALBREATH, E. E. GOUCHER.
Calbreath & Goucher,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,
McMinnville, Oregon.
(Office over Braly's Bank.)

J. D. Baker, M.D.,
SURGEON AND HOMEOPATHIC
PHYSICIAN.
Office at B. F. Fuller's drug store. Resi-
dence, first house south of Baptist church,
McMinnville, Or.

The St. Charles Hotel.
Sample rooms in connection.

Is now fitted up in first class order.
Accommodations as good as can be
found in the city.

S. E. MESSINGER, Manager.
McMINNVILLE
TRUCK AND DRAY CO.,
CARLIS & HUGH, Proprietors

Goods of all descriptions moved and care-
ful handling guaranteed. Collections will
be made monthly. Hauling of all kinds
done cheap.

R. F. RHODES, M. D. L. RHODES,
(SOCIETY.)
RHODES & RHODES.

Real Estate, Insurance, Collection,
and Loan Crokers.
McMinnville Oregon.
Office in old Post-office Building.

McMINNVILLE NATIONAL BANK.
Corner Third and Centre, in Braly block.
McMINNVILLE, OREGON.

Transacts a General Banking Business.
President.....J. W. COWLES
Vice President.....LEE LAUGHLIN
Cashier.....J. L. STRATTON

Sells sight exchange and telegraphic
transfers on Portland, San Francisco and New
York.
Collections made on all accessible points.
Interest allowed on time deposits.
Office hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.

Eurisko Market,
J. S. HIBBS, Proprietor.

Fresh Meats of all kinds constantly on
hand. Highest price paid for Butcher's
stock.
THIRD STREET, McMinnville, Or.

TRIPLITT & BOND,
Proprietors of the
PEOPLE'S MARKET.

The nearest place in the city. Animals
carefully selected for killing—insuring the
best meat. Poultry, etc., bought and sold.
Highest market price paid for every-
thing.

WM. HOLL,
Watchmaker
and Jeweler.
Dealer in All Kinds of Watches, Jewelry, Plated
Wares and Spectacles. McMinnville, Or.

MONEY TO LOAN
—ON—
Improved Farm Property
On Short or Long Time in Sums to suit.
Lowest Rates and no Commissions.

INSURANCE NEGOTIATED.
Call on or address:
W. T. SHURTLEFF,
At J. I. Knight & Co.'s McMinnville, Or.

J. B. ROHR,
House, Sign, and Ornamental Painter

Homes fitted up in the Neatest and Most
Artistic Style.
Designs furnished for Decorations.

Remember Paper Hanging and Inside Fur-
nishing a Specialty.
Work taken by Contract only the Day. Ex-
perienced men employed.

Third Street, McMinnville, Oregon.

HEWITT BROS.
DEALERS IN

BOOKS, STATIONERY
AND SCHOOL SUPPLIES.

Musical Goods and Instruments
of all kinds.
In building formerly occupied by Mc
Minnville News Co.

Furniture Factory,
B. CLARK, PROPRIETOR.

Furniture of all the Latest Styles made to
order in Oak, Ash or any Wood
desired.

FINE WORKMANSHIP A SPECIALTY!
Orders taken for all kinds of work and
satisfaction guaranteed. Call at factory and
see specimens of furniture.

Do not buy without first seeing the furniture
manufactured here in your own state
and county.

Prices Consistent with Good Work.
Lots For Sale!

A SIX ROOMED HOUSE AND TWO
Lots, 10x100 feet, price, \$800; or with
three lots, 10x150 feet, \$900; or four lots,
10x200 feet, with barn, \$1100. A good
variety of fruit trees, new fence and sidewalk.
I also have fourteen other good residence
lots for sale at from \$75 to \$300 per lot, on a
good block for \$200, or a half block for
\$100. Call or address me on the premises,
three blocks north of the courthouse, Mc-
Minnville, Yamhill county, Oregon.
(April 10th) A. D. SIMPSON.

JOHN DEERY, JESSE EDWARDS.
Edwards & Deery,
Proprietors of The McMinnville

TILE FACTORY
Sited at the Southwest corner of the
Fair Grounds. All sizes of

First-Class Drain Tile
kept constantly on hand at lowest living
prices. EDWARDS & DEERY,
McMinnville, Oregon.

H. CLAY BURCH,
Real Estate, Collection, Insurance
and Employment Agent.

Money to Loan.
Any business entrusted to me will receive
prompt attention, and SATISFACTION
GUARANTEED.

OFFICE WITH W. T. SHURTLEFF.
Harness and Saddles.
ELSIA WRIGHT.

Carries the Largest Assortment of
Harness and saddles and also the
LARGEST STOCK IN YAMHILL COUNTY.
Harness of all kinds Made to Order. Re-
pairing Neatly Done.

Robes, Whips and all the Necessaries
are kept in Stock in Endless
Variety.
Call and See Stock. Store on Third Street,
McMinnville, Oregon.

The Leaders In
PLUMBING
And all kinds of

PIPE WORK,
IS GLENN & GRIFFITH.

Bath Tubs and Sinks,
Hot Water Boilers,
Wash Basins, Etc.

WE CAN FIT YOUR HOUSE
WITH HOT AND COLD
WATER.

All work done in first class order.
Give us a Call.
GLENN & GRIFFITH,
Third St. McMinnville

ADVERTISERS
—OR—
any person who wishes to advertise
on this paper, or whose estimate
on advertising space when in Chicago, will find it on file at
45 to 49 Randolph St.,
the Advertising Agency of **LORD & THOMAS.**

PETERSBURG TO MOSCOW.
A Road the Czar Made With Rule
Map and Pencil.

Having just ridden the length of Czar
Nicholas's famous "ruler-railway" be-
tween St. Petersburg and Moscow, a
few "impressions by the way" of Rus-
sian Railway traveling may not be out
of place. Every reader knows the story
of how the St. Petersburg-Moscow rail-
way was surveyed in one minute by
the emperor with a ruler, a pencil and
a map. A traveler once compared this
road to the pyramids of Egypt as a
monument of imperial will. Times
have improved, however, in the past
five thousand years. It is still possible
for a Czar of Russia to draw a line
across a map and order a railway built
along it, but these days not even the
Russians would stand a pyramid.

To the American popular mind this
railway is the latest gigantic freak of
autocratic power, toyed recklessly with
the resources of a great nation. Those
informed of Russian state affairs are
aware that the ruler-and-pencil survey
was the result of the czar's disgust at
the efforts of the officials entrusted to
draw up the plans to serve their own
personal ends. A gentleman in St.
Petersburg told me that the preliminary
survey as laid before the czar, twisted
about the country like a serpent's trail,
for no other reason than to enhance
the value of the estates of the survey
officers, and made the distance from
St. Petersburg to Moscow nearly five
hundred miles than five hundred. Like
many other things, moreover, which
from a distance assume fantastic pro-
portions, the "ruler-railway" turns out
to be less of a freak than one would im-
agine, upon closer acquaintance.

It runs through a country almost as
level as a floor, and with a population
of but twenty-five to the square ver-
g. Railways wind about to avoid engineer-
ing difficulties and to accommodate
cities and towns. As there were none
of the former and next to none of the
latter to consider, and as the termini
were the two greatest cities of the em-
pire, the czar was at least as much of
an economist as an autocrat in making
his famous survey.

For an hour prior to the departure of
the train the crowd at the station was
enormous. There is as much leave-
taking, kissing and shedding of tears
at the departure of a Russian train as
there is at the sailing of an Atlantic
liner. To nine-tenths of the Russian a
journey of a hundred miles by rail is a
tremendous event, and each passenger
has probably a dozen friends who have
come to see them off.

The hum, bustle, and buzz as the
time for the train to leave draws near
is astonishing to American. Rough
men and stout old women hug one an-
other with the fervor of bears, and one-
half the people are either kissing one
another or shedding tears. The average
Russian faces of the middle and
lower classes is singularly vacant and
devoid of sentiment. But at the de-
parture of the train is a revelation to
the foreigner. One is bewildered and
yet amused at the many ways the peo-
ple have of displaying their affection
one toward another, and the entire at-
mosphere is restrained.

Not the least amusing thing to the
beholder are the ludicrous mistakes of
the uninitiated. Several warnings are
given before the train leaves, and half
the people think each warning the last.
I remember one woman who was say-
ing words to her husband through the
open window of the car. The bell rung.
The husband's arms twined lovingly around
her neck; their lips met—one two! three!!!—ah! Between the first kiss
and the third the woman's mouth had
expanded from a tempting smile into a
grim so broad that a fourth was impos-
sible. So, drawing back into the car,
both expected the train to move off.

The train didn't move, however, and
an officer told the man that they had
fifteen minutes to wait yet, and that
there would be another signal. In-
stead of one, it turned out that there
were two. And so this loving couple
treated the subscriber and an English-
man who was seeing me off, to the
above delicious little tableaux no less
than three times, two of which were
the results of false alarms.

The Russian passenger coaches are a
compromise between the English and
American. You can pass from one end
of the train to the other, as with us, but
by closing a door, you can shut your-
self in a little apartment, as in England.
Only forty pounds of baggage is carried
free, but bundles are allowed to be taken
in the passenger cars. The conse-
quence is that every niche of the pas-
senger car is stuffed with bundles, hand-
bags, baskets and valises. Economical
old persons who have been to the
capital, perhaps for the only visit of
their lives, struggle into the car with a
dozen bundles and boxes to avoid pay-
ing anything for baggage. The train
is miles away ere the people get com-
fortably settled down.

Three-fourths of the people travel
third class. Second class is as comfort-
able as first, and your fellow passengers
here are military officers who live on
their salaries, well-to-do merchants
and the better class of citizens gener-
ally. First class passengers are foreign
travelers or natives of wealth, ostenta-
tious or distinction.

In a seat near me were a couple of
students going to spend their summer
vacation in the Valdai hills. Both
could speak English. They talked
freely. One of them gave me a new
version of the latest trouble with the
students—the latest outbreak in St. Pe-
tersburg and Moscow. One of the stu-
dents, he said, had received a letter
from a lady confined in Siberia, telling
of the miseries she and others endured.
The students thereupon drew up a
memorial to the emperor and pre-
sented it to one of the professors to be
delivered. The professor advised them

to trouble their heads with their own
business and tore it up. A row ensued,
the police and Cossacks were ordered
out, and two thousand students were
sent to Siberia.

Fortunately my experience of the
East has familiarized me with the
recklessness and unreliability of its
people's tongues in regard to figures
distances and time. The Russian is as
much an Oriental as the Persian in this
respect. The rest of the story was, not
unlike true enough, but the "two
thousand students sent to Siberia" was
worthy of the Persian, who, within a
stone's throw of the mud walls of Tehe-
ran, once told me they were of marble.

Many of the exaggerated stories that
reach us from Russia and the east are
the result of the European correspond-
ent taking the statement of natives too
literally.

If you are traveling in Turkey or
Persia the native believing you to be
anxious to get to your destination, will
assure you that it is but an hour away,
even though it be several days. In a
like manner these Russian students,
knowing that as an American, I would
probably be interested in the question
of students being sent to Siberia, from
their inner consciousness evolved the
story of the two thousand.

Neither Turk nor Russian expects
you to accept his statements literally. A
polite desire to please, to say some-
thing that will fall pleasantly upon the
ear, is the motif, in so far as there is
one; but with them both the tongue is
more often bent the vehicle for the ven-
turing of the vaguest imaginings. In-
tellectual apathy is the explanation.
Ask six different officials about a rail-
way station, as to time of departure of
a certain train, and, whether in Tur-
key or Russia, you will be very sure to
get a half dozen conflicting replies.

Too careless to remember and too lazy
of brain to reflect, the answer will be
the time they happen to think of first.
In our conception of the Russians, we
are, I think, too apt to neglect this
trait of their character.

If the Russian is lazy, however, he is
far from being dull. The number of
people one meets who understand sev-
eral languages is astonishing. Across
the aisle from us sat an officer and a
young lady companion. My attention
was attracted to the latter before our
train had gone far by reason of the
number of cigarettes she smoked. She
was almost a chain-smoker, lighting
one cigarette after another from the
stump of the one just consumed. The
students, seeing that I was interested,
made some remark about the custom of
smoking as indulged in by the ladies
of Russia. We talked on a while and
all agreed that the habit was more like-
ly to grow on a woman than on a man,
and that for a lady to permit herself
to become a cigarette fiend was a mistake.

At this juncture the fair smoker could
keep her countenance no longer. She
had understood all that we had said.
Before reaching Moscow I discovered
that fully one-half the people in any
city knew English! Now a Russian might
knock about the United States for six
months without falling in with any-
body who could talk with him in his
own tongue.

The idea these students had of Rus-
sia's international politics was that
everybody hated her except France and
the United States. It sounded queer
that despite Russia should find friends
only in these two governmental anti-
thetics to herself.

I asked them which they considered
the better government of the two, that
of the United States or Russia.
"Russia," they said.

"Because if one man kills another
you hang him. If a Russian commits
murder, we only put him in prison and
we don't care much if he escapes alto-
gether."

"But you send political offenders to
Siberia."

"It is true, for to plot against the
czar is treason, and treason in other
countries is punishable with death." Strange
to say, I have heard this several
times since I have been in Russia. It
is curious how often from our point of
view that a government is good because
it has a light hand on the murderer
and a heavy one on a political offender.

But I am wandering away from the
railway.

The result of the Emperor Nicholas'
arbitrary survey is that many of the
stopping places are nothing but the
platforms for taking on and putting off
of passengers and freight for distant
points. Such stations as there are, are
of wood, comfortable and artistic struc-
tures, where painters with yellow paint
seem to be always painting the sides,
and painters with red paint always
painting the roofs. Small parks and
gardens, and even fountains, em-
bellish the two or three more pretentious
stations along the route.

At all the stations the buffets are ex-
cellent, and the service reasonable.
The railway buffets are one of the best
things in Russia. In the larger cities
a great many people go there to eat
instead of to restaurants. The privileges
of the buffets are let out to large enter-
prises, like the Spiers & Pond railway
buffets in England. The results in
Russia are excellent.

The waiters are all Tartars—bright,
attentive young men—who, I believe
receive no salary, but depend on tips
for their remuneration. The Tartars,
who three or four centuries ago were
dominating the country, and at one
time enslaved and persecuted the Rus-
sians, have now become the table
waiters of the country. Nearly all the
hotels, as well as the railway restau-
rants, have Tartar waiters. They form
a guild, or artel, and their numbers are
regularly recruited by young boys who
are brought from the Tartar villages of
the eastern provinces. Making them-
selves useful among the young men, at
a big railway restaurant or hotel dining
room, you see two or three small boys,

yellow checked, oblique-eyed and black
haired. They are young Tartars, who
are learning to be waiters, under the
watchful eyes of their elder brothers.

All the tips are pooled and various
sources of income go into a common
purse, and the proceeds periodically ap-
portioned. An artel is a species of work-
men's commune, by which means the
welfare, honesty and earnings of each is
the concern of all. Some of the artels,
as the artel of bank porters and hotel
employees, among other functions in-
sures the honesty of its members. If
one of its members steals money or
property the artel makes good the loss.

Notices in the bedrooms of the hotels
advise guests to deposit their valuables,
not with the hotel clerk, as with us,
but with the agent of the artel, who has
a safe in the hotel, and is responsible
for any losses.

The grades of accommodation, to suit
the length or shortness of the passen-
gers' purses are admirable. You can
spend ten rubles on a dinner, or you
can carry your own provisions, tea and
sugar, and buy a pot of boiling water,
holding enough for six glasses of tea,
for one copeck. A gourmet's feast for a
moujik is a glass of vodka, a big salted
cucumber, a slice of smoked sturgeon,
a hunk of rye bread, a glass of tea with
a slice of lemon in it and a cigarette.

At every station is a gendarme, with
long sword and revolver, blue uniform
with tall white plume—as gorgeous an
individual as the rural carbiniers one
sees at the stations in Italy.

Girls selling beer bottles of milk, and
members of the "Orthodox" in ragged
tatters, humbly begging "for Christ's
sake" a copeck. All Russians are Or-
thodox, but the wan-faced wretch with
unkempt hair and bleary eyes, who
waits for alms as the train glides slowly
into the station, is peculiarly so. We
lost him once, he crosses himself half a
dozen times, calling down on you the
blessings of many saints, then moves to
the next window.

"For Christ's sake, a copeck for the
Orthodox," he repeats. The scene was
familiar to me in other countries and
alien religions. On the great pilgrim
roads of Persia the half-starved devotee
feeling his weary way a thousand miles
without means to pay his expenses
begs for alms in the name of Mahomet.

"I am a good Moslem on a pilgrim-
age to Mehed," says he, "therefore
give me alms."

"Give me alms," says the Russian
peasant, "for I'm a Christian."

In the north the Russian locomotives
burn wood, in the south refuse petro-
lum. Pine forest covers about half the
land between Moscow and St. Peters-
burg that has not been cleared for cul-
tivation or burned off. Tremendous
quantities of wood are piled up at the
stations for the railway company and for
shipment to cities. The piles are
built up like cordwood and at some
stations cover fifty acres of ground. St.
Petersburg and Moscow burn wood
more exclusively, and the provincial
towns and villages know no other fuel.
The quantity of pine wood consumed
in the long, cold Russian winter in two
cities the size of Brooklyn is enormous,
and the cutting and transportation of
the same gives occupation to a large
share of all the surrounding peasantry.

At nearly every station is seen the
inevitable drunken moujik, stupid and
happy. One of them attempts to pass
through our car. He stumbles over a
bundle. "Nitehevo!" he says in a
muddled voice, as he scrambles up.
"Nitehevo," say two or three sympa-
thetic souls; "never mind."

Nitehevo is the most frequent ex-
clamation one hears in Russia. It means
anything of a negative degree. Nitehevo
is never mind. Nitehevo—pray
don't mention it. Nitehevo—every-
thing will come out all right. Nitehevo
—the horse is dead, but God will pro-
vide another.

Our train plods along, slowly but
surely, like the tortoise in the race. It
takes twenty-three hours to carry us
something over four hundred miles.
We grow impatient as the day wanes,
and mentally wish we had taken the
"Courier train," which does it in twelve.
But the noise of the engine, which in
other countries seems to pant and puff
with exertion, bids us "Nitehevo" and
seems to remind us reproachfully that
time was made for man, not man for
time.—Thomas Stephens in New York
World.

Electricity in Agriculture.
From the results of a series of ex-
periments that have been undertaken in
Russia by N. Spence, extending over
a period of five years, it appears likely
that electricity may eventually play a
very important part in agriculture.
The experiments showed that by sub-
mitting different seeds to the action of
an electric current their development
is rendered more rapid and complete.
The seeds of hardiest beans, sunflowers,
winter and spring rye was used. A
second series of experiments was made
with pot herbs and flowering plants at
Kiev. The influence of the electrical
treatment was shown by a larger crop
and by the growth of vegetables of
enormous dimensions. In a third series
of experiments electricity on a
larger scale was applied, static elec-
tricity being used instead of current
electricity. The results were quickened
ripening and larger growth. Barley
ripened twelve days sooner with elec-
tricity. Potatoes treated in the same
fashion seldom showed disease, only 0
per cent. being bad. Instead of 10 to
40, which is the usual percentage. An
important factor in this treatment is
that vines which have been subjected
to it possess immunity from phylloxera,
and this points to a new means of com-
bating the microscopic diseases which
attack vegetable growth. It is sugges-
ted as a weapon with which to fight the
potato bug and the army worm. The
cost of the process is comparatively small.

Settling a Bad Man.

Now and then you will find a man
who will bully and fight at the same
time. Such a chap was "Lop-shoul-
dered Bill," as we called him in Mon-
tana. He was ugly quarrelsome and a
braggart, but he would have fought ten
men as soon as one. For two years he
had a revolver where he could drop his
hand on it in a second, and to get the
dozen chaps who were looking to get
the drop on him had to keep on watch-
ing. One day, however, Bill's shadow
got out of repair. Instead of waiting
for it he wandered down to a saloon
where the hard 'uns congregated, and
it wasn't a quarter of an hour before he
set out to pick a fuss with a new ar-
rival. He just ached to kill somebody,
and when he noticed the stranger in
"talking back" he reached for his gun
to pop him. His gun wasn't there.
When Bill realized it he turned as
white as snow, thinking his time had
come. The stranger had drawn on him
you see, and he carried a wicked look
in his eyes.

"Well!" he asked, as he raised his
hands.
"I haven't any gun."

"See. Leave it somewhere?"

"Yes."

"Very careless in you. I've got the
call."

"You hev."

"You are a bad man and I ought to
shoot you through the head, but I
don't like this cold-blooded business.
Hold up your right hand and spread
out your fingers."

"Stranger, don't do it."

"Either that or I'll put six bullets
into your heart. Spread!"

Bill held up his right hand and three
fingers followed each other like the
ticking of a clock. Each finger was
shot off at the first joint.

"That'll do," said the man, as he
lowered his weapon. "You can't pull
a trigger with nothing on that hand,
and before you can learn to shoot left-
handed somebody will bury you."

He went out and away, and Bill sat
for a doctor and sat there and cried
like a boy. Next day he left without a
word to any one, and we always be-
lieved he jumped off Horse Cliff into
the creek, which was then on a flood.

Our Trade With Mexico.

"Notwithstanding the many obsta-
cles with which American trade has to
 contend in Mexico," says the *Two Ze-
phirs* (City of Mexico), and the con-
siderable prejudice which prevails
against the United States, official sta-
tistics should be very satisfactory to
the friends of that trade. One-third of
the goods imported come from the
United States and two-thirds of those
exported go there. If this is the case
now, when the people of Mexico are ac-
customed to receiving the best of every-
thing from Europe, and have an idea
that everything of an American man-
ufacture is of inferior quality; when Eu-
ropeans are more popular than Ameri-
cans on account of the prejudice which
has been excited against the latter by
certain Mexican newspapers and by
various acts of the treasury department
of the United States, what might be
expected under the operation of a
policy of reciprocity, which would not
only remove obstacles to trade but
bring the people of the two countries
into more intimate contact, and there-
by also remove existing prejudices? As
yet Mexicans know very little concern-
ing American manufactures, and so long
as this country's principal products are
excluded from the United States by a
high tariff we cannot expect any very
great increase of that knowledge. Mex-
ico's market has long been controlled
by Europeans, but not withstanding
this fact and the many other advan-
tages which the latter enjoy, the proxi-
mity of American factories and their
connection with this country by rail
would tell for the artificial barriers
which have been raised by the United
States themselves. Even limited re-
ciprocities between the United States
and Mexico would be of immense bene-
fit to both countries.

A Presidential Possibility.

Mr. Whitney is as brown as a berry,
and he looks ten years younger from
the result of his European trip. He has
also grown much thinner, the result of
a good deal of hard riding in Europe.
Both he and Mrs. Whitney are exceed-
ingly fond of equestrianism, but they
get less of it in New York than any-
where else, though most of their horses
are here and their residence is very
near the park. In Washington the ex-
ecutive rode continually, and this is
true of London and Newport. He says
that he is always getting ready to ride
when he is in New York, but it is im-
possible to get the time. The pressure
of affairs is so great that the only trip
that is feasible in the morning is a
rapid one from Fifty-seventh street to
the Mills building. Once there Mr.
Whitney is practically looked till late
in the afternoon, and so his hunters are
nearly always ridden by his groom for
exercise. The Whitneys were promi-
nent in establishing afternoon rides as
the fashion in New York last winter,
and for awhile they led a little group
of society people who went out for a
five o'clock canter. Prior to that society
people did most of their riding in the
morning. Mr. Whitney stole time
enough from the Mills building to help
the fashion get under way, but he had
to give it up after a short time, although
the family was for a long time repre-
sented at the regular hour by Mrs.
Whitney on a sixteen hand sorrel, fol-
lowed at a distance of 100 feet or so by
a rather sedate looking groom.

The author of that grand national
anthem "America" is living at his
home in Norton, Massachusetts. He
composed the anthem in 1882, since
which it has been sung in every home,
school house and grove in America
where people meet and sing. The au-
thor's name is Samuel Francis Smith.

REVENGE OF AN EXILE.

**Driven to Despair by the Cruel-
ties of the Czar.**

It has been officially ascertained that
the nihilists who were convicted Satur-
day in Paris had no connection what-
ever with any political plots. They
were conspiring for nothing else than
to murder the czar, and that simply to
wreak their personal vengeance. Most
of them were persons who have suffered
much at the hands of the government,
some of them having endured Siberian
exile.

One of them is Prince Orloff, a mem-
ber of the famous family of that name.
He first fell into imperial distrust be-
cause of a love affair with one of the
daughters of the court. For this he was
exiled, and was so embittered by this
punishment that he became an avowed
revolutionist and would-be regicide. He
returned secretly to Moscow with the
intention of killing the czar, in the dis-
guise of a peasant.