

A GIRL'S RETROSPECT.

The summer is over. The season was cold at the seaside, you know. This weather, perhaps, was the reason that none of us took a bath.

And I took much money with me, aware as I was that the magician gold, potent everywhere, is doubly potent in the West.

THE EMPEROR'S PARDON.

"You will not give up these people, then, Ivan dearest—you will not give them up; them and their wild, reckless schemes—not even for my Marianna's sake—not even for me?"

"It is very far to Siberia," said Paul, shaking his head, "and even with your strange success, Marianna, I feel uneasy about Carlotech, poor fellow."

"No, Marianna, no! Never, even for your dear sake, can I separate my hopes and my efforts from those of the comrades, who, at all costs to themselves, are striving to liberate Russia from a tyrant such as your happier, luckier land never knew."

"You are afraid of the Emperor's pardon," said I, "but I am not. I have had my answer—it is enough!"

A very brief space will suffice to explain our present position. I, Marianna Esmonde—an orphan, whose parents had died in India, and who had no near relatives surviving except my young brother, Paul, who lived with me in the big house, standing in its own grounds, as in my grandmother's time, amid tall trees and lawns and flowers—had rich, and I believe, admired in London, and it was with sorrow and dismay that I learned partly through the talk of others, but chiefly from his own lips, that Count Ivan Carlotech, whose father had been a favorite courtier of the late Czar, was leagued with the dangerous faction of nihilists, and had embraced their frantic doctrine with the fervor of a convert.

"They die like lambs in a snow-storm, the delicate ones do," said one talkative German inkeeper, between the puffs of his pipe, "plodding, as they do, for five months, sometimes, in their coats and ill-fitting, now shivering in the blast, and now scorched by the sun. Then, they get so little sleep, driven as they are, at the bayonet's point by the guards, into the stone towers that have been built at every score or so of versts, and where there is not even room to lie down on a bed of straw, that many of them die of those rough monuments of willow branches nailed together, of which, Fraulein, you must have noticed plenty, stand dotted all along the road across the steppes, from the Ural range to Irkutsk, and each of these marks out a convict's lonely grave."

"I can remember well how I stood alone in my own room, when my last appeal failed, and I saw the heavy medalion set with brilliant, which enclosed Ivan's portrait, and which was fastened to my neck by a golden chain of Venetian workmanship. I could scarcely bear to divest myself of this gift, and yet, how could I, a loyal English girl, whose ancestors had fought for blood in the ranks of the first Napoleon, and who consorted with men whose hourly study was best how to compass the cold blooded murder of their sovereign? Bad as the system of Russian rule might be, I had sense enough to see that it would never be remedied by such means as dynamite and daggers. And yet I hesitated, as to whether inclination should not prevail over duty, and I, as the wife of a desperate man, link my fortunes with those of Ivan—he be they what they might. Duty triumphed. I tore the gold chain from my neck, and flung the medalion, with Ivan's likeness, among the blazing coals of the first grate that was burning in the grate, and then throwing myself on my bed, sobbed passionately for hours, as it seemed to me, until my weeping ended in worn out silence and sadness.

"I refused to see Ivan again, and wrote but a few cold lines in reply to his, letters, and when my brother, Paul, came on his behalf to urge me to grant him an interview, I would not yield, and seemed, I have no doubt, hard and stern. The fact was that I dared not trust myself and my good resolutions again in the presence of my discarded lover, lest the tables should be turned, and I, who had been the wretched weeks of waiting, left England for his native country, and a month or two later—I learned it at a reception at the Austrian Embassy, where, of course, foreign diplomatic guests were numerous—Count Ivan Carlotech had been arrested in Moscow, tried by court-martial, and sentenced to a Nikhilist conspiracy to Siberia for life. And then it was for the first time I seemed to realize how I loved him—my poor, misguided boy—and to determine to make such efforts as woman never made before, to save him yet. My plans were soon shaped. I was my own mistress, had wealth, and my command, and Paul, the best of brothers, would have gone to the ends of the earth to serve me.

Within a fortnight from the time when the fatal tidings reached me, Paul and I found ourselves in St. Petersburg. That fortnight had not been wasted. I had obtained sealed letters of introduction to Russians whose high position might enable them to aid me,

"Keep back! keep back!" shouted the armed escort, as, rifle in hand, they drew themselves up across the rough road and presented their fire-arms. "In the Czar's name, hold me pass!" I called out in Russian, holding the pardon high as I stood up in the

"DROPPED DEAD."

The Fate that Overcame "Little Mac" and five other Governors. Apropos of the sudden death of Gen. Geo. B. McClellan, we note that the New York Sun, points out the singular fact that Governor De Witt Clinton, Governor Sir William Pitt, Governor William Marcy, Governor and Chief Justice Sanford F. Church, and Governor R. E. Fenton, all of New York state, dropped dead of heart disease, and under quite identical circumstances—each of them dying while reading a letter except Marcy, who was perusing Cowper's poems.

Hold your hand against the ribs on your left side, front—the regular, steady beating of the great "force pump" of the system, run by an unknown and mysterious Engineer, is a work in its impulsive life! Few persons like to count their own pulse-beats, and fewer persons still enjoy marking the "throb" of their own heart.

As a matter of fact the heart is the least susceptible to primary disease of any of our vital organs. It is, however, very much injured by certain long-continued congestions of the vital organs, like the kidneys, liver and stomach. Moreover, blood filled with uric acid produces a rheumatic tendency, and is very injurious to the heart's action.

There is a general impression that the medical profession is not at all fault if it frankly admits that heart disease is the cause of death in other words a cure of heart disease is not expected of them!

There was an exchange of papers and receipts, and signing and sealings and the formal attestation of witnesses, represented by two Cossack corporals, who could write their names, and more briefly, before I was quit of the captain and his myrmidons, all very civil, but as greedy for a little illicit profit as a cormorant for its flimsy spoils. And then we slowly drove back to the nearest post-house—the only so-called hosteries of the steppes—with my recovered treasure. Paul helped me to hold up Count Ivan's languid head. My poor, dear Ivan, seemed to take a sort of dreamy pleasure in my presence and my kindness, and he put his thin hand repeatedly into that of my younger brother, whom he had always liked.

"How good of you to come out here, and for me, who deserve nothing," he said twice, and in a sort of mournful wonder. But he was less surprised than might have been expected at the fact that I had procured him the imperial pardon. "These things do happen," he said, feebly. "I can fancy that the master of us all at times rolets. It was brave and noble of you, Marianna, my dear, and you were lucky in finding out so early of his milder mood. But for me it comes too late—ah, too late!"

"I never saw," said Dr. Strovonoff, "and I have had a pretty wide experience, such a complete wreck of a man. The only wonder is slightly made and delicately nurtured as he was, that the poor fellow lasted out till now. As it is, hardships and fatigue—there, my dear young lady, don't cry. At any rate, the patient has in you a most devoted and a judicious nurse, and sometimes care works miracles, as we surgeons know."

And after all that care and nursing could effect my darling died. In vain was the Emperor's pardon, in vain was my half frantic journey across the rugged Asiatic steppes, in vain was all that could be done. Ivan was grateful for what I had done for him, and his love for me seemed to have strengthened in the bitter period of imprisonment and exile, while he was able to see, at the last, how erroneous were those wild doctrines that had lured him to his ruin.

"I fear that I have been deceived," he said, more than once; "or, rather, we were all deluded; but you, Marianna, are an angel!" He died in comfort. I am thankful to remember, and wish my tears were wasted, hand clinging to mine in the last. A stone monument, which on the far-off steppes it needs much toil and cost to rear, marks the last resting place of Count Ivan Carlotech, while I returned, sorrowful and almost heart-broken, to England. I never returned to my former place in the world. Paul, my brother, is married now, and I trust and believe, happy. As for myself, I try to be unwearied in good works, while few who had once known me would recognize in the quiet sister who attends hospitals and sits beside the sick beds of the suffering, the once brilliant and married Miss Harwood.—J. Barwick Harwood.

THE FATE THAT OVERCAME "LITTLE MAC" AND FIVE OTHER GOVERNORS.

A committee appointed to represent the board of aldermen of Boston, a few days ago, at the funeral of a fellow member, spent \$100 for a "funeral tribute" and \$20 for hats and gloves for the six members of the committee. Their efforts to impart dignity to the occasion was appreciated, and the bills were approved by the proper officers.

The amount of crude opium produced in India in 1883 is stated in recently published statistics to have been 5,071,100 pounds. The number of acres of land used in its culture is given at \$7,454. The use of opium among the poorer classes is said to be rarely excessive, but the well-to-do people suffer greatly from overindulgence in it.

The Volunteer Firemen's Association of Philadelphia is to send for exhibition at New Orleans its antique hand engine, said to be the oldest in this country. It was built in England and brought to Salem, in this state, nearly a century ago and a half ago. It is extremely rude and simple in its construction.

Many cases of severe nervous shock have been caused by boys wearing masks, and recently, in Rio, England, the shock from this resulted in the death of a little girl. She lost her reason on the day after the occurrence, and collapsed soon following.

Dr. Richardson finds a scientific basis for saying that a cat has nine lives. If a cat and a dog are shut up together in a lethal chamber, the cat survives, on an average, three times as long, and sometimes nine times as long as the dog.

Herr Preiss's masterpiece, "The Brigands of the Desert," is the scene of the season on the other side. The picture, which is a large one, portrays a hungry lion and a lioness stealthily creeping in the wake of a caravan.

The death of Lord Strathmore reduced the number of British field marshals to four—the Duke of Cambridge, the Prince of Wales, Lord Napier of Jamn, and Sir P. Grant.

Many kindergarten teachers across the first year of age among children under 7 years of age is yellow. This admits of few exceptions.

There may be no help for a broken-down, worn-out, apoplectic heart, but there is a help for the kidney disorder which in most cases is responsible for the heart trouble, and if its use put money and fun into the treasury of the profession, it is not to be despised.

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Catarrh in the Head. Originates in a profusion of mucus in the blood. Hence the proper medicine is one that cleanses the blood, and drives out the mucus, and the danger of developing into a chronic (hereditary) disease, consumption, etc. is thereby removed.

Catarrh Cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. "I suffered three years with catarrh, and my general health was poor in consequence. When I took Hood's Sarsaparilla I soon found it the remedy. The catarrh is yielding, and the general tone of my system is improving."

Hood's Sarsaparilla. Sold by all druggists, at six for \$1. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar.

WE WANT THE EARTH. To yield bigger returns to our subscribers during 1886 than ever before, and accordingly are putting forth more brains and money into the American Agriculturist, English and German. The great work of the year is "The Year's Review," a large volume containing the best of the year's work.

FOR MALARIAL FEVER, TAKE HOP'S MALT BITTERS. BLOOD PURIFIER & HEALTH RESTORER. It never fails to do its work in cases of Malaria, Biliousness, Constipation, Headache, Nervousness, etc.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION. ANNOUNCEMENTS FOR 1886. The Companion itself hardly needs an introduction to the readers of this paper. Its subscribers number nearly 200,000. This is the fifty-eighth year of its publication, and during these years it has found its way into almost every village throughout the land.

Special Articles. CHANCES FOR AMERICAN BOYS, by DRAMATIC EPISODES in English History, by GLIMPSES OF ROMANIA, by A MUSIC LESSON, by the Famous Singer, OBSCURE HEROES, by THE VICTIMS OF CIRCUMSTANCES, by THE SPEED OF METEORS, by OUVRE FUTURE SHOWN BY THE GENIUS, by ADVISOR TO YOUNG SINGERS, by

Useful and Practical. BOYS WHO CAME FROM THE FARM, H. BUTTERWORTH. VIOLIN BOWING—Baying a Violin, by ROBEY D. BRAIN. LOCKS AND KEYS; or Wonders of Locksmiths, H. E. WILLIS. SMALL STOCK-RAISING for Boys, by LEMUEL PATTON. SHORT-HAND AS A PROFESSION, HERBERT W. OLESON. HOW TO FORM a Young Folks' Shakespeare Club, Prof. W. J. HOLPE. HOME-SEEKING IN THE WEST—Homesteading—How Land is Pre-empted—Farming and Irrigation—How to Secure Land by Tree Culture, by E. V. SMALLEY.

Illustrated Sketches. YOUNG MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, by AMONG CANNIBALS, by THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS BISHARAK, by LORD THURSTON AMONG HIS FAMILIARS, by FIGHTING THE ARCTIC COLD, by AN EDITOR'S EXPERIENCE IN THE WILD WEST, LIFE IN TURKEY, by the U. S. Minister to Turkey, TRICKS OF MAGIC AND CONJURING EXPLAINED, BITS OF TRAVEL IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA and Santa Fe, by