

Quinn's Beacon.

LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 20, 1879.

VOL. XVI.

NO. 26

ST. MARY'S BEACON

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
J. F. KING & T. F. YATES.

Terms of Subscription—\$2.00 per annum.
No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months and no paper to be discontinued until all arrears are paid except in the case of the publisher.

Advertisements—75 cents per square for the first week; 50 cents for every subsequent week. Single lines of less than a square are charged at the rate of 50 cents per square.

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MARRYING A FARMER.

"There is no use in reasoning any more; my mind is made up! I will marry a farmer!" All your arguments are of no account.

"I am sorry, Jennie, you are so determined."

"Mother, do you want your child to go through life as you have done—till morning till night, and sometimes half of the night besides—sick or well, no odds—drive, work, all the time?"

"All farmers' families are not situated just as ours has been; you know your father—"

"Yes, I know all about it; he loves his cattle and horses far more than he does his children, and he is ten times more careful of his old mare than he is of his wife—the mother of his children."

"Jennie, Jennie Wells! You ought not to speak so."

"But, mother dear, it is the truth; you cannot deny it! Haven't I eyes? We girls can see the case as plain as day. Old Doll has nice colts and she must be worked. Bless me! it might hurt the colt to drive the old mare to the village, she must be fed high and live at her ease—but his wife; no danger of hurting her babies or her ether! No wonder the baby is sick and fretful, when poor mother is overworked, overworked from morning till night, not one hour to rest all day; and just as soon as we girls are large enough to help you, we have to run for the turkeys, drive the cows, feed the pigs, and leave you to toil on alone. It is a burning shame!"

"Jennie, your father does not look at it as you do."

"It is high time he did; and I am going to give him a chance, before I leave home, too."

"Leave home, child! Where are you going?"

"Somewhere. Yes, I shall be eighteen next month, and am going to see if there is a place where one can have an hour's rest, to enjoy reading."

"My child, how can I spare you—what will baby do?"

"If I am away, Etta will take my place, instead of working out of doors as much as she does now—it will be better for her. A man has no business to make a girl work as she has to. Don't you think it would be easier for her if I was away?"

"Oh dear, my child, I cannot say how I will be. I do not think your father will like it. Does George know how you feel?" And the poor woman sighed heavily.

"Yes, mother, I told him last night; he thinks his wife has the same right to a rest as you have had; but a farmer's wife is a slave; her work is never done. Mother, if George Hartwell was anything but a farmer, I think I could love him enough to marry him; but as it is, I would rather remain an old maid to the end of my life."

"You do not object to him—only his occupation?"

"That is all; I really think he is very pleasant." Just then Mr. Wells' voice rang out from the top of the load of hay which was being drawn into the barn.

"Jennie, it's time to get the cows. You girls will have to do the chores for us; we must get in three more loads of hay to-night."

after the cart over there; they have a good time."

"Etta had better take the cows, and rest on the seat, Jennie, while you are gone for the cows," said the mother softly from the sitting-room, as Jennie started from the door.

"Yes Etta, go in! He cannot see you in the house when he goes back—he won't set you to work."

The poor, tired girl went in doors, and Jennie walked with a brisk step towards the pasture.

Mr. Wells was a well-to-do farmer. He inherited from his father a snug farm, with a good cultivation.

He was a nice-looking man, and was considered the best man in town; so when he married the minister's eldest daughter, every one thought she was a fortunate girl—such a nice home, so smart a husband, and so well off too!

So thought the young bride for a while, but that was before she knew what was before her.

Though she never complained, she did not think so now, neither had she been of that opinion but a few months after her marriage. She was a perfect slave, both soul and body, held in bondage by Ezra Wells. He would have been astonished if any one had told him he was a tyrant in his family; that his children did not love him; that his wife was afraid of him. But yet this was the truth.

Property was all he cared for; to have the best crops, the fattest cattle, the best horses, and make the most butter and cheese, of any man in town, was his highest ambition, and every person and thing had to be subservient to this end. His four eldest children were girls; the two oldest were very pretty girls—the next two died in infancy; then came a boy, a delicate child always, with a spinal weakness that disabled him from labor. Two other boys followed, so frail that they passed from earth with their first breath, and the weary mother, who had followed them but for the strong mother love she bore to her living children. When Jennie was sixteen another little girl made its advent, and now was just able to walk when another son came into the household. Mrs. Wells was very delicate in health, and, as Jennie said, she was not half as well treated as the high-blooded mare that fed at leisure in the meadow pasture, with her beautiful colt capering around her side; that was worth money! A younger sister of Mrs. Wells, who had married a mechanic, had frequently paid her short visits and saw with deep regret the hard lot that had fallen to her sister. She even remonstrated with her brother-in-law when he told her he was going to purchase another farm as she saw it would increase the burdens of her poor sister, who was already loaded down with labor and care, and he did consent to let his invalid son go to live with her, so he could be benefited by the sea air and bathing, not thinking his wife wished him to go for fear his father would work him too hard and destroy what little vitality he possessed. It was to pay for this farm that Mrs. Wells was in debt. His family were pined in dress and comfort, every luxury was denied them, and it was as Jennie said, drive and drudge from morning till night. After the girls were old enough to work they were kept from school, and had not their aunt kindly sent them books, and their mother being capable of instructing them, they would have been deplorably ignorant. If they went to church, they had to walk, for the horses were too valuable to stand hitched; they might get frightened and break loose, and it would never do for girls to drive the mare, it would ruin the colt, or he would get cast, or hung, or something else would happen; so they seldom enjoyed the privilege of Sunday school or sanctuary. Mr. Hartwell, their nearest neighbor, used to come with regard to marrying a farmer, and held frequent consultations with his mother upon the subject. One morning he quite astonished his father by suggesting that he should like to take his sisters and go to Connecticut to visit some cousins, provided he could get some one to help mother while they were gone; he had been thinking of it for some time. The girls were delighted with the plan, and thought, perhaps, Jennie Wells would come and stay with them, and assist while they were gone. So after breakfast, Mr. Hartwell went over to see if it could be arranged. Mrs. Wells thought she could spare her if her sister could be allowed to take her place; and so, after a good many contrary arguments from their father, it was decided that for three dollars a week Jennie might go and stay with the Hartwells, while the young people went on their pleasant excursion.

These five weeks were the most delightful days of Jennie's whole life. She saw that all farmers' girls, or wives, were not slaves, and that the sunshine

that never illumined her own home beamed brightly in the kitchen and parlor of her new station.

"How I wish our home was so pleasant!" she exclaimed to Mrs. Hartwell, as she was watering the bright flowers that had been her care each day; "I do love flowers so much, but father will not allow us to have one in any place; and you have everything so easy and convenient about the work! You have no idea of the difference; my mother would so like to have things arranged as you have them, but father—"

"I know all about it, Jennie; it will love our home, and try to make it pleasant; and I am glad you have had a chance to see that farmers' daughters can be as happy as any girls; can have just as many pleasant things and just as good times, as any class of people in the world. Farmers are the most independent, and I think the happiest people in the world. There are exceptions, of course, but for myself, Jennie, I would rather be a farmer's wife than the wife of either a merchant or professional man, or be an old maid."

A bright blush mantled over Jennie's face as she bent it over a beautiful monthly rose; "George has told you," and the tears started in her eyes.

"Yes, dear, and I did not wonder you felt so either. The love of money has clouded your young life, and I thought if you could see day after day how happy we are, and how pleasant our home is, you would feel differently; so we planned the visit for the young folks for your special pleasure; I could think of no other way to get you here for a few weeks, and I think you are not sorry to have had a change."

"Oh, I have been so happy! Everything is so different from what it is at home. I shall never forget these pleasant weeks; such glorious rides with you; and going to church on the Sabbath; and so many pleasant things!"

"My dear, you will enjoy a great many more of our pleasures with us, now that you have learned there is so much brightness in a farm-house."

Mr. Hartwell left Jennie caring for the flowers in the window, and went into the kitchen. The next day the young people returned from their journey, but were so tired, and had so much to tell of the good times they had enjoyed, that they could not possibly let Jennie go that week, and she was quite happy to remain till they could spare her. When she went to Dorechester, on her visit, it was for a bridal trip, and George Hartwell rode beside her, having fully persuaded her that a farm house could be as delightful a home as any on earth; but she is very positive that he would never have persuaded her, had not his mother given her actual demonstration of the fact.—Country Gentleman.

THE LAW OF GRAVITATION.—Sir Isaac Newton was the first to demonstrate the law of gravitation. Seeing an apple fall from a tree, the question suggested itself to him: Why did that apple fall down and not up or in a horizontal direction? The great philosopher discovered that the law of universal gravitation acting on the apple brought it toward the earth; but further experiment showed that the earth also gravitated toward the apple. A cannon ball dropped from the hands of the earth by reason of the attraction of gravitation. The earth at the same time moves toward the ball, but through a space inconceivably small, in consequence of its vast superiority in size over the ball.

A stone falls to the ground owing to the attraction which the stone and the earth have for each other. In other words, the attraction is mutual. If you hold a stone in your hand, and thus prevent its falling, you simply resist a power which is pulling it down. If it were possible to suspend the mutual attraction of the earth and the stone you could release your hold on the stone and it would remain suspended in the air until the attraction had been restored.

The attraction, as before stated, is really mutual, but the earth is so immense in comparison with the stone, its motion towards the stone may practically be considered as nonexistent.

This may be clearly illustrated by a comparison of the force of attraction with the force of muscular action. Suppose a man in a boat pulls on a rope which is made fast to a ship lying loose at the wharf, and in this way draws his boat towards it. He does not consider that he moves the ship at all, but in reality he does, for, instead of one, a hundred men in boats pull upon the ship, they will make the motion apparent. In the case of the single boat, the motion of the ship is as real as when a hundred boats are pulling at it, but it is only the one-hundredth part as great.

Now let the ship represent the earth, and the little boat some object as a stone attracted by it. The earth and the stone move towards each other just as the ship and boat do. And if we should multiply the bulk of the stone till it is of an immense size, it would by its attraction have a perceptible influence on the earth's motion.

Observe that in regard to the action of the man in the boat, it makes no difference whether he pull in the boat or in the ship. In either case he exerts an equal force on the ship and the boat, making them approach each other. It is with the attraction between the earth and the stone, it is a force exerted equally upon both, but its effects upon the earth are not manifest.

By dint of controlling boys twenty years, the doctor had begun to look upon all mankind as his pupils. He would have liked to tweak the ears of the "Squire" or set him down to ninety lines of Virgil when he saw him going under the canvas cover.

The next moment the good old man stopped, appalled. There was the senior class—the three boys who were reading the liad—standing at the ticket-office—high hats, downy upper lips, canes and all.

"Young men, I thought better of you than this."

"We had a half holiday, you remember, Doctor."

"But to spend it in this scene of folly! You intend to become a physician, Mr. Maury. What confidence would a dying patient have in you, who had seen you staring at these painted creatures and human monstrosities? I do not exercise my authority. I only ask you to consider your own self-respect."

The boys grew red and angry. They had planned this visit for days. The Doctor stood looking anxiously into their faces.

Maury laughed. "We'll not go, sir. But out of respect to you; not to ourselves. Come, boys."

Maury, who was always spokesman and leader, had not the least doubt that the boys would follow him. The Doctor looked after him with friendly eyes. Judge Lloyd came up at the moment.

"It is easy to see who is your favorite scholar," he said.

"No, no, Charley is not my best Grecian, and is deficient in mathematics. But he is an independent, high-spirited lad. Good blood. I knew his father well—Jas. Maury."

"An orphan, eh?"

"Yes. His guardian sent him to me ten years ago. There was property enough, it seems, to educate him, and no more. The boy has had a lonely life enough. He has no kinsfolk nor friends. The other boys have letters, boxes, visits from their friends, and go home in the holidays; but Maury has nothing to give interest to his life—except, indeed, the wish not to disgrace the Maury name."

"If you please, sir, this is for you," said a queer-looking boy, running against the Doctor's legs, and handing him a note.

Dear sir—the note ran—I am the uncle and only living kinsman of your pupil, Charles Maury. As I wish to confer with you in reference to the boy, and cannot come to you, I shall feel myself greatly indebted to you if you will accompany the bearer, who will lead you to me.

Respectfully,
Wm. K. Sperry.

"Uncle! Maury! Most extraordinary coincidence. Ah! here is a postscript: 'You will oblige me by keeping this communication a secret, especially from my nephew.'"

"And where is Mr. Sperry?" demanded the Doctor, turning to the boy.

"I'll take you to him," he said, and he began to dodge through the crowd, the Doctor following him. Finally he entered a house with windows looking toward the circus.

The Doctor sat down, bewildered by the sudden summons, the beating of drums, and the clangor of cymbals.

"Mr. Sperry, being a stranger, has doubtless blundered into lodgings in this place. It must be exceedingly unpleasant for a man of refinement to be within hearing of all this vulgarities. I shall take him home with me at once."

"Sperry? Yes. Charley did marry a Sperry. Old Maryland family. Very strange I never heard of him before, though."

The Doctor's eyes, as he meditated, wandered to the window. Opposite was a large opening in the canvas tent. The interior was in direct view. The Doctor was human. He looked, rose, walked to the window.

The county had emptied itself into the circus. The massed heads rose, tier upon tier, from tan-bark to the roof. The ring-master strutted into the centre of the circle, whip in hand.

"I have the pleasure, ladies and gentlemen, of introducing to you, the world-renowned giant, Magog, measuring seven feet nine inches from head to heel. Step out, Magog!"

Magog entered the arena, clothed in scarlet, with nodding plumes in an immense chapeau.

"One of a family of giants," shouted the showman. "Father and mother both giants. Magog, feel his arms, gentlemen. Solid flesh. No deception."

The great creature stood still while a crowd of men and boys pinched and fingered his limbs. The Doctor turned away with a sudden feeling of nausea. If this monstrosity had any human feeling, what tortures he must undergo to be thus exhibited as a beast. "But it is possible," thought the Doctor, "that he is not a giant after all."

Whereas Mr. Sperry, he demanded impatiently of the boy. But that youth was staring through the windows into the tent.

"Circus is broke up. Magog's comin' this way," he cries.

"Magog?"

"He lodges here, sir."

The Doctor would have escaped, but it was too late. The door opened, and the great mass of flesh, scarlet, and nodding plumes entered. It filled the room. The Doctor gasped for breath.

"I will go elsewhere to meet Mr. Sperry," he said.

"Why?" he asked the boy, "this is Mr. Sperry."

Magog motioned the stunned Doctor to a seat, and waited until the boy had left the room before he spoke.

"I am Charles Maury's uncle," he then said, in a voice singularly low and then tremulous. "I know all that you would say," he hastened to add—"the disgrace, the misery to him. Perhaps the boy can be saved from knowing it. That is why I sent for you."

He leaned his head on his great staff, and was silent. The Doctor could not speak. The monster had some of the feelings of a man. That was plain; but this poor Charley—to find one of his family and kinsfolk in—this—a creature not only set apart by nature from his kind, but so degraded as to be willing to make a show of himself!

Charles does not know that he has any living kinsfolk," he said guardedly. "Is it necessary that he should know?"

"That is for you to determine, Doctor," said Magog, in the same low, humble voice. "I will tell you the circumstances."

"I was his mother's only brother. Owing to my—my misfortune—glancing hastily down to himself—I never was able to enter into any profession or trade. My father left me a small farm in Maryland—barely enough to support me and the old black servants who waited on me."

"It is a very pretty place," he said, his broad face brightening. "When Jenny died—that was Charley's mother—they brought the boy home to me. I was very fond of him, sir. He was a noble boy! He is very different from other boys, still?"

"Yes, no doubt."

"Well, sir, I used to think much of that boy's future. He had no chance of an education. I had a bare pittance; he had nothing."

"Pardon me—his father left some property."

"Not a penny. To cut the matter short, there was but one way to give him a chance to make a man of himself, and I took it."

"You have exhibited yourself to educate this boy. The money has come from you?"

The Doctor rose as he spoke. His voice failed him, but he held out his hands. "Sir, I honor you. You have done a heroic deed. And it was just now that I thought you—"

"A brute," said Magog, with a feeble laugh. "Many people feel that way, but not all—not all! God made us all with the same feelings, no matter how hideous our bodies. Many of the people who look at me remember that."

"This life must have been a terrible one to a man of sensitive feelings."

"I have not been pleasant," said Magog, quietly. "but the boy has been happy. He will take his place in the world; but we giants are not a strong race." He paused, with a faint smile on his face. "The exposure and fatigue has brought disease. The physicians say that my death will be sudden, and, if I continue in this life, I immediately I sent for you to ask what is to become of Charles. I have saved a sum sufficient to carry him through his medical course, which I will leave in your hands. The boy need never know it. When you have this money secure, I shall be contented. The end may come when God pleases."

"You do not wish to see the boy, or speak to him?" the Doctor asked, looking keenly at him.

The great creature trembled through all of his marvellous body, but he answered, quietly:

"I would give years of life to touch his hand. Why, sir, what has kept me up through the life of torture but the thought of him? But no, no. Do not bring him here; he would despise me. I could bear that from other children, but not from Charley."

"You have left the matter with me," said the Doctor, rising resolutely. "I am going to tell him the whole story. I shall bring him here to you. Not a word, Mr. Sperry, I know I am right."

But the Doctor went home in a sort of anxiety. He was by no means sure that the result would be right. Young Maury was a reticent, silent boy, proud of his name and blood. Was he capable of appreciating the noble self-sacrifice of his uncle's life? "If he does not, I shall be tempted to turn him out of my house," muttered the Doctor.

He told Charley the story that evening. The boy listened without a word.

When he had heard it all, he arose and took his hat. He was very pale.

"Where is my uncle?" he asked.

"I suppose at the circus. It is the hour for the evening performance," stammered the Doctor.

"You will come with me?" he said, going to the door.

The Doctor followed meekly. When they reached the street, outside of the circus, a great crowd was in wild excitement.

"The giant—Magog—he is dying!" some of them cried.

"Where is he?"

"In that tent there. He fell in the arena, poor monster."

A few moments later the crowd about the fallen giant was thrust aside, and Charley Maury rushed forward, dragging one of the most skillful physicians in the town to his side.

"You must save him. He is my uncle. He is the only friend I have in the world!" he cried.

"Uncle?" muttered tipsy Joe Hill. "Why I thought that young man was a gentleman."

Charley caught the words. "This is a gentleman," he said, laying his hand on poor Magog. "As noble a gentleman as ever God made!"

The Doctor drew the crowd out of the tent. When Magog opened his eyes they rested on Charley kneeling before him, and they gazed with sudden terror. He struggled to rise.

"Do you know who I am?" he whispered.

"Oh, why did you not tell me before?" cried Charley. "I have been so alone in the world! I will never leave you again, uncle. I know that there is one in the world who cares for me. I shall have a home now like other boys."

His uncle looked at him bewildered. Was the boy actually rejoicing to have found him?

"But you forget, I am a giant, and have followed this low business."

"There could not be too much of you," he said; "surely not too much of such an uncle as you."

"How do you feel now, sir?" asked the physician, anxiously.

"Better, Doctor, I can't afford to die now."

He did not die. Charley seemed suddenly grown into manhood. He hurried his uncle back to Maryland, took possession of the old farm, taught and studied by turns, until he had gained his possession. He is a physician now, with a loving little wife and two rowdy boys, who, like himself, declare every day that they have the best uncle in the world, and that there never can be too much of him.

Work, Waste and Wealth.

Professor Leone Levi, who in 1866 compiled a statement of the wages and general condition of the working classes in the United Kingdom, has renewed his investigations in view of the present depression and distress. He has already published a very interesting synopsis of his observations and conclusions. The number of persons engaged in the various industries of the United Kingdom he sets down at eleven million five hundred and nine thousand, and twenty-one thousand women in domestic service; six hundred and eighty-nine thousand men and sixty-one thousand women engaged as commercial carriers; one million seven hundred and twenty-one thousand men and one hundred and seventy-eight thousand women employed in agriculture, and four million nine hundred and twenty-six thousand men and one million six hundred thousand women in factories and industrial enterprises. There has been no material increase since 1866 in the proportion of women to men employed in productive labor. In a population of thirty-four million the laboring classes may be taken at twenty-four million, so that nearly fifty per cent. of these latter are actual bread-winners; a fact which has an important bearing on the family income of the British working population. Wages, Professor Levi says, have risen considerably of late years, and though in some cases there has been a reaction in many industries, the rise has been fully sustained. Assuming an average condition of British industry, the total amount of the gross earnings of the British working classes is set down at £509,000,000, of which the women contribute £113,000,000. From this £509,000,000 must be deducted for the account of masters not distinguished as such in the census, and of earnings lost from holidays and other suspensions of labor. A further deduction of the wages of two months in the year is made in the case of the laborers in textile manufactures, mines, metal manufactures and works of an indefinite character, such as always are the first to suffer from depression—£30,000,000. Dividing the net amount, £422,700,000, among the laborers, the average weekly wages of men below twenty years appear to be 8s. a week against 7s. 6d. in 1866, and of men of twenty and upwards 21s. 9d. against 19s. 6d., being an increase of 6% and of 61 per cent. respectively. Girls under twenty earn 9s. as against 8s., and women of twenty

ty and over, 13s. 8d. as against 11s., the respective increase here being of 13% and 24 per cent.

The wages of dressmakers and domestic servants have notably advanced. An average British family of five persons, therefore, is now earning £58 a year, or 33s. a week, after making a deduction for the depression of trade, and this the Professor considers "a simple allowance for comfortable living, having regard especially to the present cheapness of almost every article of food and dress as well as coal."

Within the last twelve years, he declares, the British laboring classes have had opportunities of laying aside a very considerable sum of money in the aggregate, and there ought to be no reason for the excessive distress complained of at this moment. That a certain amount has been saved by the careful is apparent, as the savings banks and friendly and building societies hold much larger amounts than they did. But the conclusion is inevitable that a very great amount of the extra earnings of the British working classes has been spent in maintaining "a standard of comfort higher, perhaps, than a man is warranted in looking for, unless he has first put by something for the rainy day."

Professor Levi's conclusion is reinforced by the contrast between the condition of the English laboring population and that of the more thrifty and forecasting working classes of France at the present time. It is no doubt true that the tendency to save is encouraged in France by the facility with which small holdings of lands can be purchased, while it is discouraged in England by the difficulties thrown in the way of purchasing land in such a manner. But apart from this it seems to be unquestionable that the French working classes as a rule take better care both of themselves and their earnings than the English do, have less wasteful or shall we say more civilized tastes, and habits; and few persons who have investigated this most interesting subject with any serious attention will be disposed to take issue with Professor Levi when he declares that "a wiser and more economical appropriation of wages is the great want of the British working population. In no other country are they more wastefully used."

Perhaps this observation is worth considering in the United States also, and by others than the so-called "working classes" among us.

Divorce in Russia.

Divorces are not allowed in Russia; but a marriage can be annulled for informality, and so divorces are pretty frequent. It is only a question of money, like most Russian things. In Lithuania and some parts of Little Russia it is the custom of the bride's nearest relatives to give her a slap on the face at the moment of leading her to the priest; the object of this being to establish in case of need, that the bride is married under compulsion—which would be enough to break the marriage. Even Russians themselves assure strangers that the slap is only a reminder to the bride to behave well in the future; but the true sense of it is that just stated, for otherwise the reminder would presumably be given by the bridegroom.

In some parts of the empire the date of the marriage is left blank on the certificate, and this again furnishes ground for a divorce. In the Chersonese the priest intentionally omits to register the names of the parties; but there is no real need for any of these precautions, for the marriage laws are so complex, and two parties willing to pay for the luxury of a separation can easily ferret out a clause whose prescriptions were not scrupulously observed at their nuptials.

It is the clergy who declare a marriage null and they will connive at any trick for this purpose. It is not by any means rare for a lady of fickle affections to get her new lover to pay her husband a sum of money that he may consent to a divorce; and this has been done even in social circles where a regard for decencies might have been expected.

Annulled ladies, whether remarried or not, are received into society; so are those who have annulled marriages two or three times; and indeed Russian morals as to the sanction of marriage are nothing if not lax. Russians make good husbands according to their own ideas of good—that is, they are indulgent, good tempered, and not jealous; but in the higher classes they are incorrigible flirt, and in the lower they drink and are being drunk, settle all connubial differences by blows.

It is a common sight in a village to see a mujic cuffing his wife with might and main; nor do her howls bring any of her own sex to her assistance. It seems to be admitted among all but the upper classes that a man has a full right to beat his wife, and she gets no sympathy whether she vociferates or is silent. In case of flagrant infidelity, a Russian may have his wife put in prison for a year, and if she is not of noble blood or of a priest's family, he may have her once flogged beside; but this prerogative is more honored in the breach than in the observance.

Women have no counterhold over their husbands, and herein appears the Oriental view still prevalent in the Empire as to the ascendancy of the stronger sex. A husband may appear as a witness in a lawsuit against his wife, but his wife is not heard against her husband;

(Continued on Fourth Page)