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## THE SISTER MONTHS.

[From St. Nicholas.]

n April steps aside for May,
e diamonds all the rain drops glisten:
h violets open every day;
some new bird each hour we listen.

hildren with the streamlets sing,
en April stops at last her weeping;
very happy growing thing
ughs like a babe just roused from sleeping.

April waters, year by year,
laggard May her thirsty flowers;
May, in gold of sunbeams clear,
s April for her silvery showers.

owers of spring are not May's own.
crocus can not often kiss her;
now drop, ere she comes, has flown;
earliest violets always miss her.

loes May claim the whole of spring:
leaves to April blossoms tender,
closely to the warm turf cling,
swing from tree boughs high and slender.

May flowers bloom before May comes
cheer, a little, April's sadness;
peach buds glow, the wild bee hums,
d wind flowers wave in graceful gladness.

are two sisters, side by side,
ring the changes of the weather,
ing at pretty seek-and hide—
far apart, so close together:

and May one moment meet,
farewell sighs their greetings smother.
breezes tell, and birds repeat,
w May and April love each other.

## THE RUSSIAN WAY.

### cial Statement of the Czar's Assassination—The Two Bombs.

[From the London Standard.]

e act of accusation drawn up by the Prosecutor Mouravieff is directed against Nicholas ff Reesakoff, 19, workman; Nicholas ew Ivanoff Sheliaboff, 30, peasant; Sofia Loofa Perofiskaya, 27, gentlewoman; el Timothy Michaeleff, 21, peasant, and e Miroff Heffmann, 26, *ouvriere*. After y stating the nature of the crime of h the prisoners are accused, namely, the sination of the Emperor Alexander II., t goes on to relate the circumstances in h it took place, as verified by official in-. As this is the first exact account of an which excited such deep and universal g, it will be as well to summarize it, at sk of repeating what has been already

rtly after 2 o'clock on March 1—13, the ror left the Michael Palace in his carriaccompanied qy the usual escort, and, g down Engineer street, turned to the along the bank of the Catherine Canal. d, in a sledge, came Col. Dvorjitsky, e Master, and behind him came Capt. and Major Koolibiakin. The carriage one only fifty fathoms from the corner gineer street, when, a quarter past 2 k precisely, a terrible explosion took beneath the carriage. Jumping from dge, and seeing that by the canal railome soldiers were holding a man, Dvorrushed to the carriage, opened the door informed his Majesty, who stepped out , that the assassin was caught. By orthe Emperor the witness accompanied the spot where the man Reesakoff was amid a gathering crowd of people. Rudikoff, not recognizing the Emperor e, exclaimed: "How is his Majesty?" ich the Emperor, standing ten paces Reesakoff, and glancing around, said: nk God, I am unhurt—but see!" pointa wounded Cossack lying near the carriage, and then to a boy crying with pain. Reesakoff hearing the words of the Emperor, said: "Is it thanks to God yet?" Meantime, Dvorjitsky took from the soldiers a revolver and knife found in the prisoner's pocket. The Emperor, stepping up to Reesakoff, asked if he indeed had fired, and receiving a reply in the affirmative, demanded his name and occupation. The prisoner answered: "Glazoff, workman."

As the Emperor turned and stepped a few paces towards the spot where the explosion took place, keeping to the railings of the canal, a second explosion occurred behind him, close to his feet. For a few seconds a cloud of smoke, powdered snow, fragments of cloth, etc., hid everything from sight, but when it cleared off a fearful picture presented itself. The Emperor leaned with his neck against the buttress of the canal, holding on to the railing with both hands, without cloak or cap, covered with blood and breathing with difficulty. His bared legs were shattered, blood poured from them, the flesh hung in pieces, and there was blood on his face. On the ground where the bloody fragments of his military cloak. Dvorjitsky, also wounded, raised himself from the ground as the Emperor said, scarce audibly, "Help!" and ran up, together with several others. Some one gave a handkerchief. The Emperor put it to his face, saying with a faint voice, "It is cold—cold." Then those around him took up the sufferer, who was already losing consciousness, and assisted by the Grand Duke Michael, who came dashing up, laid him on the sledge of Col. Dvorjitsky Lieutenant Count Hendrikoff placing his own forage-cap on the Emperor's head. The Grand Duke Michael, leaning over his brother, asked him if he could hear. The Emperor replied quietly, "I hear." To further questions how he felt he only answered, "Quicker—to the palace," and then, as if in answer to the proposal of Staff Captain Franks to carry him into the nearest house to to procure help, the Emperor said, "Take me to the Palace—there—to die." These were the last words of the dying monarch, heard by the witnesses. The sledge was chosen because the carriage was seriously damaged. Major Koolibiakin sat with the Emperor in it, and with the help of two Cossacks of the escort, conveyed him to the Winter Palace.

The Emperor died at 3:35. Of his personal following, nine were wounded, more or less seriously, of whom one has since died; and of the police and others eleven were wounded, two, including the boy before mentioned, succumbing within a few hours.

## Liquid Fuel.

The *Nautical Gazette* ventures the opinion that coal will soon be superseded by liquid fuel for the generation of steam, both on land and sea, and that this is the intervening step between the present fuel and electricity for the propulsion of motive power. It expects soon to be able to announce a wonderful stride in the mechanical devices for using liquid fuel, and says that the matter is in the hands of practical men who will soon demonstrate that they can make from 28 to 30 gallons of crude petroleum, costing 85 to 90 cents, do the work of a ton of coal, which costs from $4 to $4.25. All this is to be accomplished, too, without dirt or smoke. In the case of large steamers only a couple of men will be required to fire the room to keep up uniform steam, whereas each ocean steamship now carries from forty to fifty men for that purpose. The *Gazette* is so confident of its position that it says: "The firemen of the future can wear broadcloth in the fire room, while the coal-passer will have laid down his shovel and hoe to become one of the memories of the past." To this our cotemporary adds that this condition of things is near at hand. We see no reason why liquid fuel should not come into use, but we are at a loss to know why the *Gazette* denounces coal, which has played so important a part in both heating and lighting, as a relic of barbarism.

On the meeting of two friends the following colloquy ensued: "Where have you been?" "To my tailor, and I had hard work making him accept a little money." "You astonish me! Why?" "Because he wanted more."

Alexander Dumas: True love always makes a man better, no matter who the woman is who inspires it.

## TEACHING HIM THE BUSINESS.

### Rube Hoffenstein's Ingenious Device for Booming the Clothing Trade.

[From the New Orleans Times.]

"Herman," said a Poydras street merchant clothier, addressing his clerk, "haf ve sold all of dose overgoats vat was left over from last winter?"

"No, sir, dere vas dree of dem left yet."

"Vell, ve must sell 'em right avay, as de vinter vill not last, you know, Herman. Pring men one of de goats und I vill show you somedings about de piziness. I vill dell you how ve vill sell dem oud, und you must learn de piziness, Herman; de vinter vas gone, you know, and ve haf had dose goats in de store more as seex years."

An eight-dollar overcoat was handed him by his clerk, and smoothing it out he took a buckskin money-purse from the show-case, and, stuffing it full of paper, dropped it into one of the pockets.

"Now, Herman, my poy," he continued, "vatch me sell dat goat. I haf sold over dirty-fife uf dem shust de same vay, und I vant to deach you de piziness. Ven de next gustomer comes in de shop I vill show you de vay Rube Hoffenstein, mine broder in Detroit, sells his cloding und udder dings."

A few moments later a negro, in seach of a cheap pair of shoes, entered the store. The proprietor came forward smiling and inquired:

"Vat is it you vish?"

"You got any cheap shoes hyar?" asked the negro.

The negro stated that he wanted a pair of brogans, and soon his pedal extremities were incased in them and a bargain struck. As he was about to leave the proprietor called him back.

"I ain't ter gwine ter buy nuffin else. I'se got all I want," said the negro sullenly.

"Dot may be so, my dear sir," replied the proprietor, "but I shust vant you to look at dis goat. It vas de de pure Russian vool, und dis dime last year yer don't got dat goat for dwenty-five dollars. Mine gracious, clothing vas gone down to noding, and dere vos no money in de piziness any longer. You vant someding dot vill keep you from de yeather, and make you veel varm as summer dime. De gonsumption was going around and de doctor dell me it vas de yeather. More den nine peobles died 'round vere I lif last veek. Dink of dot. Mine frient, dot vas Russian voo, dick und hevy. Vy, Mr. Jones, who owns de pank on Canal street, took dat goat home mit him yesterday, und vore it all day; but he proughtit pack shust a vile ago. Dry it on, my dear sir. Ah! Dot vas all right. Misder Jones was a rich man, und he liked dot goat. How deep der pockets vas, but it vas a leetle dight agross de shoulders."

The negro bottomed up the coat, thrust his hands in the pocket and felt the purse. A peaceful smile played over his face when his touch disclosed to his mind the contents of the pockets, but he choked down his joy and inquired:

"Who did you say wore this hyar coat?"

"Vy, Mr. Jones vat owns de pank on Canal street."

"What yer gwine ter ax fur it?"

"Dwenty dollars."

"Dat's pow'ful high price fur dis coat, but I'll take it."

"Herman, here wrap up dis coat fur de shentleman, and drow in a cravat; it vill make him look nice mit der ladies."

"Nobber mind, I'll keep de coat on," replied the negro, and pulling out a roll of money he paid for it and left the store.

While he was around the next corner moaning over the stuffed purse, Hoffenstein said to his clerk:

"Herman, fix up anuder von of dose goats de same vay, und doan forgot to dell dem dot Misder Jones, vat runs de pank on Canal street, vore it yesterday."

A petulent old lady having refused a suitor to her neice, he expostulated with her and requested her plainly to communicate her relatives. "I see the villian in your face," said she. "That is a personal redection, madam," answered the lover.

The carpenter and the gambler are both known by their chips.

## ODDS AND ENDS.

Sweet are the abuses of osculation.

A grass widow is anything but green.

Victor Hugo: When love is dead there is no God.

Is it right for a temperonce man to accept a "cordial" invitation?

As a general thing young lawyers don't have many trying times.

When it comes to descending a ladder the bravest of us generally back down.

The plumber brigade are like the Balaklava Light brigade—thep can "charge" like thunder.

George Sand: Strength with men is insensibility, greatness is pride and calmness is indifference.

Archbishop Whateley: Woman is like the reed which bends to every breeze, but breaks not in the tempest.

John Ruskin: Nothing is ever done beautifully which is done in rivalship, nor nobly, which is done in pride.

Mlle. de Scuderi: Love is I do not know what; it comes from I do not know where; it ends I do not know how.

The Cleveland *Herald* puts it thus: Lucy—Your spring poem is accepted, but its publication is indefinitely postponed.

We have received a poem entitled, "I am Ready." All right; come in any day and the bull-dog will be here. He is always ready.

Perpetual motion is perhaps impossible to obtain; but you can approximate it by putting a boy on a chair at a funeral and telling him to sit still.

Seven Cincinnati editors occupy seats and worship in the "amen corner" of a Methodist church. That's where you can find journalistic "amen" ity in all its pristine beauty.

At a government office—(bells ringing furiously). Hall porter (chuckling to messenger): "Let 'em ring, Robinson, let 'em ring; they like it. They ain't allowed to ring no bells at home."—*Judy*.

Henry George: Man is an animal; but he is an animal plus something else. He is the mythic earth-tree, whose roots are in the ground, but whose topmost branches may blossom in the heavens.

If a girl has pretty teeth she laughs often, if she has a pretty foot she'll wear a short dress, and if she's got a neat hand she's fond of a game of whist, and if the reverse, she dislikes all these small affairs.

*Andrews' Bazar* says that a lady who owns an amiable husband was asked how she had ever brought him to such perfection, whereupon she sweetly answered that she did it chiefly with a croquet mallet.

## Before and After Election.

"The baby has got a new tooth, out the old lady is laid up with a cold in her head, and Johnny is down with the measles," remarked a Galveston gentleman to a defeated candidate. "What in thunder do I care?" was the reply of the defeated candidate, scowling furiously. "Well," said the gentleman, slowly, "before the election you used to take me aside every time you met me, and ask me how my family was coming on, so I thought you would like to know. As I was saying, Johnny is all broken out with the measles, and the baby—" "Go to Halifax!" roared the exasperated ex-candidate, producing a police whistle, all of which goes to show that the defeated candidate is quite as independent as the one who is elected.—*Galveston News.*

La Giroffe is the name of a new shade of brown.

Black Chantilly lace is coming again into vogue.

Puffed short sleeves are fashionable again for evening wear.

The poke bonnet in its modified shape is a decided favorite.

Dotted and flowered Swiss muslin dresses will again be worn.

Satin is still the most popular material for the dressiest toilets.

For children's hats the flowers most in vogue are daisies in clusters.