

THE AVERAGE BOY.

A's the green apple with bites all around. B is the boy that is lost on the ground. C is the one that is making him pale. D is the dog with a can in its tail. E is the er-rand that makes him look wry. F is the fish inz and Fatch on it. G is the game that made happy his days. H is the hooky from school that he plays. I is the Indians he's going to slay. J is the jack-knife he's trading away. K is the knife, in the sky scarce discerned. L is the licking of lessons unlearned. M is the lispies and lessons sublime. N is the novels that cost him a dime. O is the old man with a strap by the gare. P is the boy pistol which settles his fate. Q is the boy which makes him mad. R is the fish he makes to his clothes. S is the swimming, skates, snowball and sled. T is his tops and his toys painted red. U is the upbrae he makes when he's ill. V is the leading the way his so band, who's happy and X is the penses when he emits all the day. Y is the yell he shows at his play. Z is the zeal that H. C. Doage in the Hawkeye.

POLLY.

BY M. C. FARLEY.

Polly was my bosom friend. Together we stood behind the long counters of Sellem, Cheeter & Co., and measured off dry goods to the various customers who patronized that celebrated firm. Together we spent our annual two-weeks vacation fishing and hunting in the wilds of Wisconsin; and, being almost "one and inseparable," we would both have made love to the same girl but for the fact that I had a most ungovernable and unconquerable hatred for the other sex, being, in this isolated exception, the exact opposite to Polly, who doted on girls, and was noted for his gallantry. Indeed, it was his extreme susceptibility to the wiles of the fair sex that had saddled him with his sobriquet; for Polly, mind you, wasn't his real name at all, no more than it was mine. He had been duly christened Paul, after the apostle; and his paternal grandfather added two or three surnames beside; but, nevertheless, when he took up his place behind the counter in the store, and then there began to lavish his smiles with reckless profusion upon the young ladies, we soon shortened his name down to "Polly"—and so Polly he was called.

It's of no use to say how he soon monopolized all the trade from lady customers. There he was, always attentive, always polite, his cheeks as pink as a girl's, and his hands as white as the whitest. It seemed as if a perennial smile hovered round his lips, which were parted just enough to show his pretty teeth, and you could even smell the faint-sweet perfume of heliotrope, that he scented his handkerchief with, as he walked along behind the counter.

But there was no end to his flirtations. He had more strings to his bow than I could "shake a stick at" in a week, as the saying is.

I gave him some good, fatherly advice several times, but he only shook back his curly-brown locks, and said he "guessed he could stand it a while yet."

But I was older than Polly, and I knew that the first thing he would do some time would be to get entangled in a foolish engagement of some sort—and, sure enough, his time actually came, and sooner than I had expected.

But just then I was suddenly called home by the serious illness of a sister, and, in watching at her bedside, and occupied for some weeks after her death in settling up her business affairs, all lesser matters were passed over, until one morning I was surprised at getting a telegram from Polly announcing his marriage.

A letter came a day or so after, in which Polly explained the reason of his rather hasty action.

"You see, Old Pap," writes he—Polly always called me Pap, though my name is really Peter. "I was, oblige to marry, Annie, just when I did, or else another fellow would have taken her and come off with the spoils. The fact is, that old Brown—he's 60 years old if a day, and he can count \$1,000 for every year of his age—had laid his heart, hand and pocket-book, and more especially the pocket-book, at Annie's feet. And Annie's pa favored Brown's offer, you see. So I stood no show at all with the old folks, and the very decent was to pay all around."

There was only one thing we could do under the circumstances, for Annie wasn't of age—so we did it. She met me one evening on the corner of the street, and I took her in a buggy just out of the city a piece, and we went down to Hickory Grove—my old dad's place, you know. The clergyman knew me and he thought it was all right, though he did think Annie looked very young, and he asked her how old she was. She told him she "was going on 19," which was true you know, for she had—that number in her shoes. So if she wasn't "going on 19," what was she going on? Anything to beat the old folks. But you should see Brown's pa tearing mad, and Annie's pa actually made a face at me when I met him to day.

We are staying at Hickory Grove now. It's a fine old place if it does belong to my father, and I want you to pack your trunk and come right away. We'll have a fly time going a-nutting. The woods are full of 'em. So don't stop to write, but come down."

Yours in haste,

POLLY.

I was tired and sick, being worn down with watching and care, and, as I was on the point of returning to the city anyway, I determined to run down first to Hickory Grove and make my friend a short visit. As visions of leaf-strewn woods rose up before my mental vision, I half-packed the big Saratoga that usually accompanied my wanderings. But, reflecting that the newly-married pair was in the first flush of their honeymoon, I settled down to a modest grip, that at best would hold only a change of linen. When the train rushed into the little station at H—, who should I see but Polly, looking as fresh as a daisy, the same old smile parting his cherry lips, and the same white hands waving welcome at me through the car-window.

"And so you're went and gone and—"

"Yes, to be sure," broke in Polly, squeezing my hand affectionately. "Awfully glad to see you; where's your luggage?"

"Oh" said I, feeling a little ashamed now of the diminutive grip-sack that held my belongings, "I didn't fetch

anything much. I did not want to make a certain young married pair feel that while 'twas a company, three makes a crowd."

"Well, I'll be jumped up!" says Polly shortly, biting off the end of a cigar.

"I'll be jumped up" is a favorite expression of his, when he feels put out of humor the least bit.

"Come along to the house, Old Pap, and I'll let Annie scold you," said he presently, in his usual cheerful manner.

Well, we strolled along the wide, gravelled walk, up to the big, old-fashioned house, where Mrs. Polly stood on the veranda to welcome us. She was very pretty. I had to admit that at once, and her manners were everything that could be desired.

"Madam," said he, wrathfully, to his wife, "if this was the sort of amusement you meant when you promised this man here—" angrily jerking his thumb in my direction—"to do all you could to make him enjoy himself, why, all I have got to say is that the performance has been a pronounced success. To guard against anything of the sort in the future I shall return to the city to-morrow. No more Jersey Lilies for me, madam." And poor, outraged Polly kicked over a police pot that his wife was busying herself with.

As for me, I quietly picked up my grip-sack, thankful now that it was not the trunk I had first thought of fetching, and made my way back to the station in the dusk of the evening, my visit to the country being thus unexpectedly terminated.

We meet often since they came back to town; we meet often, I say, but we never speak. Polly cannot find it in his heart to forgive me for being an ungrateful witness to his memorable defeat in fetching home a cow.—*Chicago Ledger.*

My unfortunate friend presented a shocking appearance. His tight pantaloons were ripped in every seam; his cutaway coat was split up the middle of the back, and the natty hat, upon which he particularly prided himself, was lost entirely. Tears of rage and mortification streamed down his begrimed features.

Unable to restrain myself, I screamed with laughter.

Then Polly forgot his manners again and he muttered something that sounded like "Helen Blazes," as he caressed his lacerated legs and estimated the damages.

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What Kings Cost.

It is interesting to compare the expense of maintaining a monarch on a throne, and that of supporting a President in the executive chair of a Republic.

For many years the salary of the President of the United States was \$25,000 a year. This sum, indeed, did not represent the entire cost to the country of the executive office.

The White House was supported, to some extent, from the public purse; and there was sundry other sums spent on the President's office.

The salary of the President was raised to \$50,000 a year during Gen. Grant's term, and continues at that figure; and the whole expense to-day of the President's office is probably something less than \$100,000 a year.

The cost of Kingships in the various monarchies of Europe is much greater even in the smaller nations. The sovereigns, in the old days, used to spend pretty much what they pleased out of the public revenue. They were mostly absolute, and would impose taxes at will, and so raise an indefinite income for their own display and pleasures.

This is still the case with the Czar of Russia, whose expenditures are never reported and cannot be estimated. The Sultan of Turkey, too, has power to raise all the taxes he can squeeze out of his impoverished and indolent subjects, and cannot be called to account for his spendings.

But in all the other European monarchies the sovereignty is restricted. Absolute despotism with them has been replaced by constitutional systems. The Emperor or King can only spend what is voted to him by the Parliament of Congress. A device new to this country, called the "Civil List," has been adopted by nearly every monarchial country, and also by the French republic.

The Civil List is designed to provide the sovereigns with a fixed income. It comprises a number of items, or heads of expenditure; and these are discussed and passed upon each year by the several legislative bodies.

Of course, each sovereign has a greater or smaller private property of his own, as a family inheritance, with which his subjects have nothing to do. The revenues he receives from the Civil List, therefore, are what might be called his salary in his public capacity, and not by means show what his entire income is.

The English Civil List, for instance, provides Queen Victoria with an income of about \$2,000,000. But she has also a large private fortune, so that all her receipts for the year reach over \$3,000,000.

Germany provides the veteran Emperor William with a Civil List of about \$3,000,000 a year, somewhat larger than that of the German Emperor; while young Alfonso of Spain has only about a million and a half, so impoverished are the people of his historic kingdom.

The lessers are, of course, more economical. The sovereign of Denmark has a Civil List allowance of \$225,000 a year; which, however, is at least three times what our President costs, and much more, if we consider the difference in population between Denmark and the United States. The King of Holland gets \$300,000, and the King of Greece \$220,000.

Thus, it is evident that, without regard to any other aspect of the difference between monarchies and republics, at least the former is much the more costly luxury of the two to the masses of the people who have to pay the bills.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Knowing Child.

A girl of 4 years, who said she didn't remember much about her birth, but did know she was born in heaven, for she did 'member of walking in the golden streets, and didn't walk very well because she was so little, not only shews the best memory on record, but evidence of her heavenly origin in her elucidation of the subject of forgiveness. She had been punished by her mother, and confided her troubles to her father when he came home, who told her that God is not pleased with naughty little girls. "But," she argued, "he likes little girls who will forgive, don't he? And I am ready to forgive mamma."—*Editor's Drawer*, in *Harper's*.

Appropriate Inscription.

A Massachusetts book agent, who was wearing a small, circular piece of court plaster on his face, removed it while shaving and replaced it when his toilet was complete. Contrary to his usual experience as he went about his business during the rest of the day, he was everywhere received with smiles, which grew broader and broader, until at last somebody laughed in his face.

A RUSSIAN INQUISITION.

Barbarities Inflicted Upon Political Prisoners—A Statement from a Sufferer.

From a St. Petersburg Letter.

The following letter from a political prisoner in Siberia will be found interesting not only as coming from such a source, but also containing facts not generally known. The writer studied the English language from books while in exile, and without any opportunity for practice acquired such proficiency that his letter loses none of its interest from being presented exactly as he wrote it:

"Foreigners have such vague notions about Russia that they are as yet unable to understand the very reason and character of the revolutionary tendencies which prevail to such an extent in that vast country. I will tell here one fact which will show you clearly the character of the Russian Government.

In 1836, soon after the execution of Karakozoff, a young workingman, itting in an inn where two or three persons were present, was foolish enough to say of the Czar, 'You see he hanged now a man who was perhaps much better than he himself.' Immediately he was arrested and brought to St. Petersburg, where they put him in the well-known prison of Sts. Peter and Paul. Then, without any trial, merely by the order of the Czar, he was sent to be imprisoned at the monastery at Soodzall. There are in Russia two monasteries which have prisons for political or religious libres-penseurs—the monastery called Solovetske, on an island in the White sea, and the monastery at Soodzall. The chiefs of these prisons are the holy fathers—the Abbots themselves. The young man was locked up in a small room. Once he committed some insignificant offense against the rules of the prison. Then the Abbot submitted the prisoner to such punishment as the civilized world has not heard of since the times of the Inquisition. It is to make the world know this punishment that I decided to write this letter.

"The Abbot ordered a box to be brought into the room of the prisoner, just as high and wide as the prisoner himself. On the inside of the box there were fixed on every point strong, large iron nails. The prisoner was put into this box and locked up. He could not turn himself, he could not move at all, because everywhere he would meet the iron nails. He remained in the box two days. Finally he could not bear any longer this torture, and said to the guard he wanted to see the Abbot. The latter came. 'Do you wish,' said the prisoner, 'to kill me? I cannot bear any longer this torture. I swear to you that if you will not release me instantly from this box I will kill you.' Only then the Abbot released him. But no sooner had the prisoner left the box than he fell and fainted on the floor. His feet were so swollen they would not bear him.

"The holy fathers of the monastery use also several other kinds of torture.

For instance, they put upon a prisoner iron fetters of 120 pounds weight, and keep him thus during some days. Only a man of great physical power can

with these fetters on his feet, rise or at all change the position of his body, as while sleeping he might desire.

"Such are these monasteries prisons, in which they keep for many long years, without any legal trial, innocent people who dare have their own opinions about religion different from those of the State's church. I remember plenty of other facts of the same kind. Where, for instance, is now the well-known revolutionist, Naitsheff, sentenced in 1871 to twenty years' imprisonment at hard labor? Nobody knows exactly, but there are persistent rumors that he is kept in one of the fortresses chained to the wall and fettered with irons of 120 pounds weight.

"Where is the political criminal Tomen, sentenced in 1879 by the Martial Court to imprisonment for life?

Nobody knows, but they say, and it is probably true, that he is kept in one of the Siberian prisons—namely, at Tolbok—and that there are two special guards to watch him, who receive a greater payment for this honor.

"Why were the three newly-condemned revolutionists, Sheeriaeff, Tschonoff and Gessi Gelfman, not sent to the Siberian prisons, as the law commands, but are kept in Slusselbourg, this Russian Bastille? Because in the Siberian prisons they would not die so soon.

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