

# The Price Paid For a Wife

By EUNICE BLAKE

"Father," said Paul Alexandrovitch, "will you not buy Tatiana for me? We love each other. Tatiana is a serf, while I am free. I cannot marry her unless her master will sell her."

"I fear, my son," replied the father, "that the count will not sell Tatiana. I have never been on friendly terms with him, he being a rich landowner and I a small farmer. Besides, there was that trouble about the woodcutting. No, I do not believe he will grant any request of mine. But I will go to him and offer him a good price for the girl."

That was a time when a large proportion of the Russian people were serfs. Paul and Tatiana had played together as children when the little ones of other nations were at school, for education of the lower classes has never been permitted in Russia, and after they were old enough to work they continued the intimacy. And now that they had reached a marriageable age the fact of Tatiana's slavery loomed up a great barrier between them.

Alexander, Paul's father, counted up the money that he might spare to buy Tatiana and found by straining a penny he could gather 1,000 rubles. He went to Count Korloff and very humbly told him of the affection between the boy and the girl and asking him if he would not make them happy by selling the latter so that they could be married. "I will give them a slice off my farm," he added, "and, as for the price, I will pay you 1,000 rubles."

"I cannot spare Tatiana," replied the count. "The countess needs her to dress her hair."

The refusal came so curtly that the farmer dared not pursue the matter. He went away and told his son the result of his mission. Paul was crushed by the news, for in Russia the autocratic system has prevailed for so many centuries that the weak—until the recent revolution—did not think of resisting the strong. Paul told Tatiana of the reason given for refusing to sell her, and she said that she had never dressed the countess' hair.

Paul had a great many friends, and Tatiana was also much beloved. All the world loves a lover, and their case excited a good deal of sympathy. A few of those who heard of the case clubbed together to add to the price that Alexander could raise to buy Tatiana, and one of them went to the count and asked him if he would not fix a price on the girl. He was a very avaricious man, and, thinking this might be an opportunity to get a good deal of money for what was not worth very much to him, he replied that if 5,000 rubles were offered he would accept them.

An effort was made to raise 4,000 rubles, which was the amount required in addition to what Alexander could give. But there is no great wealth in Russia except among those connected with the government, and the subscriptions came in such small sums that the amount finally subscribed was far below what was required.

The matter looked hopeless when Paul went one day to do some work for one Mourienstieff, a well-to-do man of the middle class. In talking with Paul he learned about his love affair and how he and Tatiana were made miserable by Count Korloff's meanliness. Mourienstieff asked Paul how much was lacking altogether of the fund to buy Tatiana, and Paul said that it was 1,000 rubles (\$300). Then Mourienstieff told Paul that he would lend him the money at the legal interest and he could pay off the loan in eight years, or 200 rubles a year.

Paul accepted the proposition gratefully and sent word to the count that he was ready to buy Tatiana, paying 5,000 rubles for her. Count Korloff was astonished that so much money could have been raised for such a purpose, and it occurred to him that, after so much had been got together, a little more might be added. He replied that he had found a new use for Tatiana that made her much more valuable, but, since he did not wish to stand between her and Paul Alexandrovitch, he would complete the bargain for 5,500 rubles.

Paul's disappointment was all he could bear. He went to Mourienstieff with tears in his eyes to tell him of the failure.

"It would be of no avail," said the latter, "to continue to follow such a man up the scale of his prices. Let the matter rest for awhile."

Paul took this to mean that he would never possess the girl he loved and went away sorrowful.

A few weeks after this when Paul was working in a field a messenger from Count Korloff came to him and said that the count had decided to accept 5,000 rubles for Tatiana. Paul replied that he did not know if the money would now be forthcoming, but he would make inquiries. He did so and succeeded in collecting the necessary amount. But just as he was about to start with it to the count a man rode up to the house where he was and scattered printed copies of a ukase of the czar. Paul read one of them and threw his cap in the air with a shout:

"The Little Father has freed the serfs!"

And so it was that Count Korloff received nothing for Tatiana. She was free to marry Paul, and no wedding among those people was celebrated with greater rejoicings than hers.

Kathryn—In one respect she's like all other women.  
Kitty—Meaning?  
Kathryn—She thinks she's so different.—Puck.

There are a lot of careless geeks Who manufacture toil. They wait until an engine squeaks Before they purchase oil.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"How can I make this summer room look cool?"  
"Why not try a frise on the walls?"—Baltimore American.

As long as wife loves her chaps She dresses neat and dapper, But when she doesn't care a rap She slouches in a wrapper.—New York Mail.

Visitor—Why have you put two hot water bottles in my bed, Bridget?  
Bridget—Sure, mum, wan of them was leaking, and I didn't know which, so I put both in to make sure.—Current Opinion.

"I must disguise myself again," said old Detective Topp. He touched a button on his vest and turned into a shop.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mistress—That's a nicely made dress you have on, Jane. It's like the new parlormaid's, isn't it?  
Jane (a close student of the fashion catalogues)—Oh, no, ma'am, this is quite a different creation.—Punch.

The lawyer wooed and lost the maid; Her love was warm, but short, But she was brought to terms, for he sued for contempt of court.—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Mrs. Biller has a fine disposition, hasn't she? And gets on with her husband, doesn't she?"  
"Indeed, yes. Why, she would get on with anybody's husband."—Life.

Come, Maed, into the garden so And spread a lady's dress; Let's munch and dance the tango.—Baltimore American.

Little Brother—Bet he'd kiss you if I weren't here!  
Sister—You insolent boy!—Go away this very minute.—Penn State Froth.

The skirts now fit 'em like a glove. But when the breeze hits 'em, More like a padded boxer glove Is how their skirts will fit 'em.—New York Mail.

"Here, waiter!"  
"Yesah!"  
"You said you had some fresh dewberries. These you brought are over-due berries."—Exchange.

"Why does yo' call dat ole mule 'Foe'?"  
A dingy queer name, Epeh Binger!  
"Why, Rufus, I call dat mule 'Foe' 'Cause 'Foe's an stubborn thing."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Time flies," quoted the sage.  
"Yes," replied the fool. "But he isn't crazy enough to loop the loop like some of the modern fliers."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

How beautiful the stars appear Under the late' wondrous spell, And yet it fetches, seems to me, The chorus girls out quite as well.—New York Sun.

"There ain't nothin' bad about me, lady," said the tramp at the door.  
"No!" said the Boston lady with the eyeglasses. "How about your grammar?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Love, honor and obey—the marriage vows. And for vows so promising, so mocking, Full many a bride will simply knit her brows. When mildly asked to darn her hubby's stockings.—Judge.

"I don't know what to call this new runner we've planted."  
"Why not call it the Marathon vine?"—Baltimore American.

The year's at the spring, And day's at the morn', Mornin' at seven; We are all up, For we're on the wing; The cat looks forlorn; We leave at eleven; The house is to let!—Milwaukee Journal.

"She's very formal, isn't she?"  
"Very. She even objected when the parrot spoke to her without being introduced."—Detroit Free Press.

By now the groom of June no doubt Would like to meet the simple John Who very often pointed out That two could live as cheap as one.—Detroit Free Press.

"The Beegins are a remarkable family."  
"How so?"  
"They have a boy seven years old and they don't call him 'Buster.'"—New York Press.

There was a young son of Raabe Invented a flying ratchine. It was good as could be, With one drawback. You see, The thing wouldn't fly worth a bean.—Milwaukee Free Press.

"Was it a bad accident?"  
"Well, I was knocked speechless, and my wheel was knocked speechless."—Christian Register.

I herewith discourse On the subject of sorrow The troubles that kill are The troubles we borrow!—Judge.

"He is a man, I am told, of sedentary habits."  
"No such thing! He never touches a drop."—Baltimore American.

Spring has been and blooms in bud On display And eleven kinds of mud, By the way.—Pittsburgh Post.

### SIRENS AND SONS.

Henry Lewis, twelve years old, of Baltimore, Md., weighs 190 pounds.  
George Rae recently rowed 200 miles from Keokuk, Ia., to St. Louis.  
John Wamsaker, the noted merchant, celebrated his seventy-sixth birthday on July 11.  
William Kane, seventy years old, has retired on a pension after serving fifty years as a porter in Grand Central station, New York.  
Dr. James Richard Lucas, archbishop of Mackenzie river since 1906, has the largest diocese in the world, and his field includes the north pole.  
Vermont now has three former governors who have passed the eightieth milestone—John W. Stewart of Middlebury, eighty-eight; Samuel E. Pingree of Hartford, eighty-two; E. J. Ormebee of Brandon, eighty.  
Jeth Low, the new head of New York's chamber of commerce, fills a position to which his father was elected fifty years ago. He was recently given the honorary degree of doctor of laws by Columbia college, from which he graduated in 1870. He was the eleventh president of Columbia and served as a trustee for thirty-three years.

### Town Topics.

Many a town could call itself "the city beautiful" if it wasn't for the people in it.—Charleston News-Courier.  
Some one says that New York pays nearly half the income tax. Yes, but where does New York get the money to pay it with?—Detroit Free Press.  
We haven't yet investigated the theory of standardizing the babies, but we suppose it means to have all the babies of the country as nearly like those of Houston as possible.—Houston Post.  
Two Boston men had a fight over the question whether the name Woodrow Wilson is a trochic or an amble dimer. When it comes to the genuine blown in the bottle culture you've gotta hand it to Boston.—Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.

### Pert Personals.

Nat Goodwin denies that he is responsible for an organization in France known as the Association of Neglected Wives.—Buffalo Express.  
Time cannot wait nor custom stave the variety of Carnegie's thrift. He is renting out most of his Skibo castle estate as shooting grounds for rich Yankee sportsmen.—St. Louis Republic.  
Former President Taft holds the record in one respect. No other man has been mentioned so many times for a place on the supreme bench.—Washington Star.  
Miss Alexander, an English suffragist, says she is "just as good as any man." But that is not very high praise for a lady to give herself, when you come to think of it.—Washington Bee.

### Current Comment.

As usual, the newest battleships are to be the largest in the world, but before they are completed larger ones will have been planned elsewhere.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.  
Everybody seems to be down on the naval plucking board, and it now stands a very good chance of being plucked itself.—Philadelphia Press.  
A Chicago professor person gives nine reasons "why boys go wrong." They don't, commonly, else the world would be unworkable.—New York World.  
It is fine to have a bumper crop of alfalfa too. It is true, we don't eat alfalfa, but the creatures we eat will eat it, which is much the same thing.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### Flippant Flings.

Archery is becoming fashionable again. And just when the eugenicists thought they had drummed Cupid out of camp!—New York Sun.  
England points with pride to the fact that the militant suffragists have not yet dared to attack that last stronghold, the Isle of Man.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.  
Good cheer cometh from Boston to the man the hairs of whose head are too easily numbered. A hospital at the Hub announces a cure for baldness. But if it works who is to sit hereafter in the front row at the beauty show!—New York World.

### Three Strikes.

Certainly there is room in Chicago for three baseball pennants.—Chicago News.  
Once in awhile an umpire appears who makes the fans wish a few militant suffragettes would take an interest in the game.—Washington Star.  
The baseball war has not made any one any richer and has clogged the dockets of the courts. It ought to be called off.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### The Cookbook.

Fried food should not be allowed to become chilled before serving. To make cabbage digestible, when half boiled pour off the water and place in fresh boiling water. In testing the oven for cake baking remember that greater heat is required for a cake baked in layers than for a single loaf. If eggs are to be stuffed they must be put into cold water as soon as they are taken from the stove. This will keep the whites in better shape.

### Disturbing Elements.

"A sailor said he'd like to be." "I heard the fellow rowed." "For I would like to plow the sea And then, rules sail on shore."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"I wish I was the Prince of Wales." "Declared a country swain." "In answer to my people's halls 'I'd turn around and reign.'"—New York Mail.

"I'd like to be the president. To save the land 'I'd burn. Then food it all with sequence. The smouldering hate to spurn."—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

### Father's Question.

"My father and I know everything in the world," said a small boy to his companion.  
"All right," said the latter. "Where's Asia?"  
It was a stiff question, but the little fellow answered coolly. "That is one of the questions my father knows."—Chicago News.

### Really the Worst.

Since Ananias had his birth We have had liars on the earth. Some men will lie about their wealth, And women lie about their health. Men lie about the fish they've caught And also of the fish they've bought. Some fellows lie about their lives And some, 'tis said, unto their wives. We've heard men lie about their wags And women lie about their aags. But of all liars since the first The weather prophets are the worst.—Yonkers Statesman.

### With an Eye Toward Economy.

Mr. Perry had been out for a day's fishing. As he proudly displayed the contents of his basket to his wife, she exclaimed:  
"Oh, Alva, aren't they beautiful! But I've been so anxious for the past hour, dear."  
"Foolish little one!" said Alva carelessly. "Why, what could have happened to me?"  
"Oh, I didn't worry about you, dear," said the woman. "But it grew so late I was afraid that before you got back to town the fish markets would all be closed."—National Monthly.

### She and He.

She thinks of a hen like one in the book, Of summer remaining so fine, And he thinks of some girl who could manage to look Like the one in the cover design.—Washington Star.

### Different Method.

"What is the difference between a philosopher and an optimist?"  
"Well, a philosopher takes things as they come, while an optimist, if they come with the dark side uppermost, turns them over."—Boston Transcript.

### The Futile Rainbow Chase.

Bill met the maiden in a shower. Bill sheltered her for half an hour And pulled that "rain bow" patter. The girls said: "It listens fine. But here's an awful fact: Here comes that bareheaded spouse of mine. And here's a rain bow chase!"—New York Mail.

### Doing Well.

Box—How are you making out on your resolution to economize?  
Dick—Fine! I've got my running expenses slowed down to a walk.—Boston Transcript.

### Triplet of the Bad Memory.

I don't know your name; I remember your face. I say it in shame, I don't know your name. Is it Agnes or Marie, Or Mabel or Grace? I don't know your name; I remember your face.—Detroit Free Press.

### Turn About.

"You kick a good deal about the beds and the meals," said the old farmer.  
"Well?"  
"Suppose I was to do a little kicking about your snores and your appetite?"—Kansas City Journal.

### Too Practical.

These motion pictures now create Strange changes, both in word and weight. They puzzle us until we feel That life is just a three part reel. In filmy land—and this seems hard—They measure kings by the yard.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### Legal Majesty.

"Now tell us," sternly demanded the young legal luminary whose brow overhung like the back of a strapping turtle, addressing the covering witness, "what was the weather, if any, upon the afternoon in question?"—Puck.

### Her Address.

There was a bookkeeper named Drake, Whose wife's pet names made his head ache. When he'd go home at night She'd exclaim with delight, "Why, how do you do, my dear snake?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### A Hard Bump Coming.

Her Dad—Does that young man you've been keeping company with intend to get married or to remain single?  
Daughter—I think he's on the fence, papa.  
Dad—Then throw him over.—Boston Transcript.

### You Have Seen Them.

Said the magazine man to the magazine maid: As they met in the under-wear pose, "The artist was stung with you, I'm afraid. But I'm glad he let me wear my hose."—Washington Star.

### Self Defense.

Weedy Looking Youth (to well known pugilist)—I want to learn the art of self defense. It's very difficult, isn't it?  
Fugilist—Oh, no; quite easy to a man of your physique. All you have to do is to keep a civil tongue in your head!—Philadelphia Record.

### DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Anna Sims has retired after teaching forty-three years in Columbus (O.) schools.  
Mrs. Margaret Garwood of Philadelphia is one hundred and seven years old. Native of Ireland.  
Mrs. D. H. Seaman of Brooklyn, N. Y., will drive her auto to the Pacific coast, taking 'bubby' along to attend to repairs.  
At a festival held in Los Angeles, Cal., Mrs. Lucy M. Bennett appeared in a dress and hat which she bought from Abraham Lincoln when he managed a country store. Mrs. Bennett was one of the early Illinois pioneers and is seventy-six years old.  
Mrs. B. A. Cook, a former employee in a hotel in Sacramento, Cal., who recently was married to E. A. Cook, a wealthy man of Galveston, Tex., returned to Sacramento, bought the hotel and discharged the housekeeper, fulfilling a prophecy made last summer.

### Fashion Frills.

It requires no small amount of ingenuity for a man to hide behind his wife's skirts these days.—Washington Post.  
Fall fashions for men decree clothes molded to the form and "shapely" trousers. The tailor's art will still be to provide the shape to go with the style.—New York World.  
It is claimed that the young women of former days dressed no more elaborately than those of today. But they dressed more completely.—Nashville Banner.  
A woman may be compelled to wear the same dress she bought four years ago. But that doesn't keep her from putting in four hours a day reading the fashion dope.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### Science Siftings.

Light passes from the moon to the earth in one and one-quarter seconds. According to a Paris surgeon, radium emanations are valuable after operations to destroy stray diseased cells that the knife may have missed. Tests have shown that as little as a quarter of 1 per cent of sugar will prevent cement setting, while from 1 to 2 per cent will make it set quickly, but later disintegrate.  
Dr. Bottlinger of Munich says that gravitation is absorbed in traversing a medium, so that the interposition of a third body between two others effects their mutual attraction. He is of the opinion that the attraction of the sun on the moon is enfeebled when the earth comes between them, when there is an eclipse.  
Power of Falling Water. Still water gives no power, no energy. Falling water has only as much power as is represented by its weight. A gallon of falling water will develop as much power as a falling block of iron weighing 62.5 pounds. Of course, the greater the fall the greater the power developed. Water falling one foot will develop a pressure of .43 pounds per square inch of pipe. The same amount of water falling 100 feet will develop a pressure of 43.1 pounds per square inch of pipe. Falling 1,000 feet it would produce a pressure of 433.00 pounds per square inch of pipe. To compute the power of falling water it is necessary to multiply the volume of flowing water in cubic feet per minute by its weight, 62.5 pounds, and this product by the vertical height of the fall in feet, and divide by 33,000, the number of foot pounds representing one horsepower for one minute.—New York World.

### Military Files.

"Files on parade" means a body of soldiers, a troop or company marching in a file or line, not abreast, but one after another. We speak of the "rank and file," meaning soldiers who are formed so that the march abreast and also in ranks following each other. The term in general means the common soldiers below the rank of non-commissioned officers. There are other file terms in military tactics, such as "file right" and "file left." As Kipling uses the term it means the common soldiers who have been called out for the purpose described in the poem of "Danny Deever."—Philadelphia Press.

### Pa's Explanation.

"Pa, what do people mean when they talk of laying up something for a rainy day?"  
"A rainy day means hard times, my son."  
"Why so, pa?"  
"Because, I suppose, on a rainy day there is no dust in sight!"—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

### British Coronation.

No other coronation rite in Europe reaches back to so early a period as that of Great Britain. From the Anglo-Saxon order of the coronation of Egbert was derived the ancient form of the coronations of the kings of France.—London Express.

### Differences of Opinion.

"It takes two to start a quarrel," said Mrs. Gabb.  
"Oh, no, it doesn't," replied Mr. Gabb. "A man and his wife are one."—Philadelphia Ledger.

### Two Ideas.

The optimist rejoiced in the glorious change in temperature. The pessimist said, "Ain't it a little too sudden?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### Such as thy thoughts and ordinary cogitations are, such will thy mind be in time.—Marcus Aurelius.

### DIET AND GOOD HEALTH.

Food Should Be Carefully Selected and Properly Varied.

The eminent American physiologist Lusk says that nature, through the device of appetite, usually provides against the use of improper food, but that reason must play a part in food selections. A glass of milk and a piece of pie are poor materials for the brain of an active business man whose sedentary life requires 2,500 heat units or calories to maintain his body machine.

We need also water, salts, proteins and certain newly discovered substances called vitamins. All these materials are to be found in milk, beans, bread and other great fundamentals of nutrition. Solutions of cane sugar or of glucose are not the exclusive mainstays of life, and yet glucose taken alone yields 2,500 calories at a cost of 4-6 cents, and 2,500 calories in the form of cane sugar cost 1-3 cents.

Glucose is the cheapest food fuel known, but like cane sugar or butter fat, is not a complete food in that it does not contain everything necessary for life. Commercial glucose is absolutely harmless. A man must have sufficient calories in his diet if he is to live properly and perform labor satisfactorily.—New York World.

### COROT, THE ARTIST.

His Whole Life Was a Song, and Melodiously Permeated His Works.

Those painters who also have the feeling and some of the proficiency of a musician reveal it in their work. They are usually colorists, with more eye for the colors and tones of nature than her shapes and forms.

Such a one was Corot. He had a good tenor voice and played on the violin. He sang at his work and sang, too, when he was not painting, but wandering through the forest of Fontainebleau or around the village of Ville d'Avray, absorbing the beauty of the scene and storing up impressions for future pictures. In fact, his whole long life of seventy-nine years was to Le Pere Corot, as his friends loved to call him, a song.

And one feels it in his pictures, at least in his later ones, by which he is best known. Their coloring is subdued, like a lullaby or wailing song, for it was the dawn or twilight that he preferred to paint. His works vibrate with the hum of melody, and here and there is an accent of effect that trembles like the string of his violin.

Corot's long life was a remarkable instance of a man being able to continue to the end the springtime of his youth.