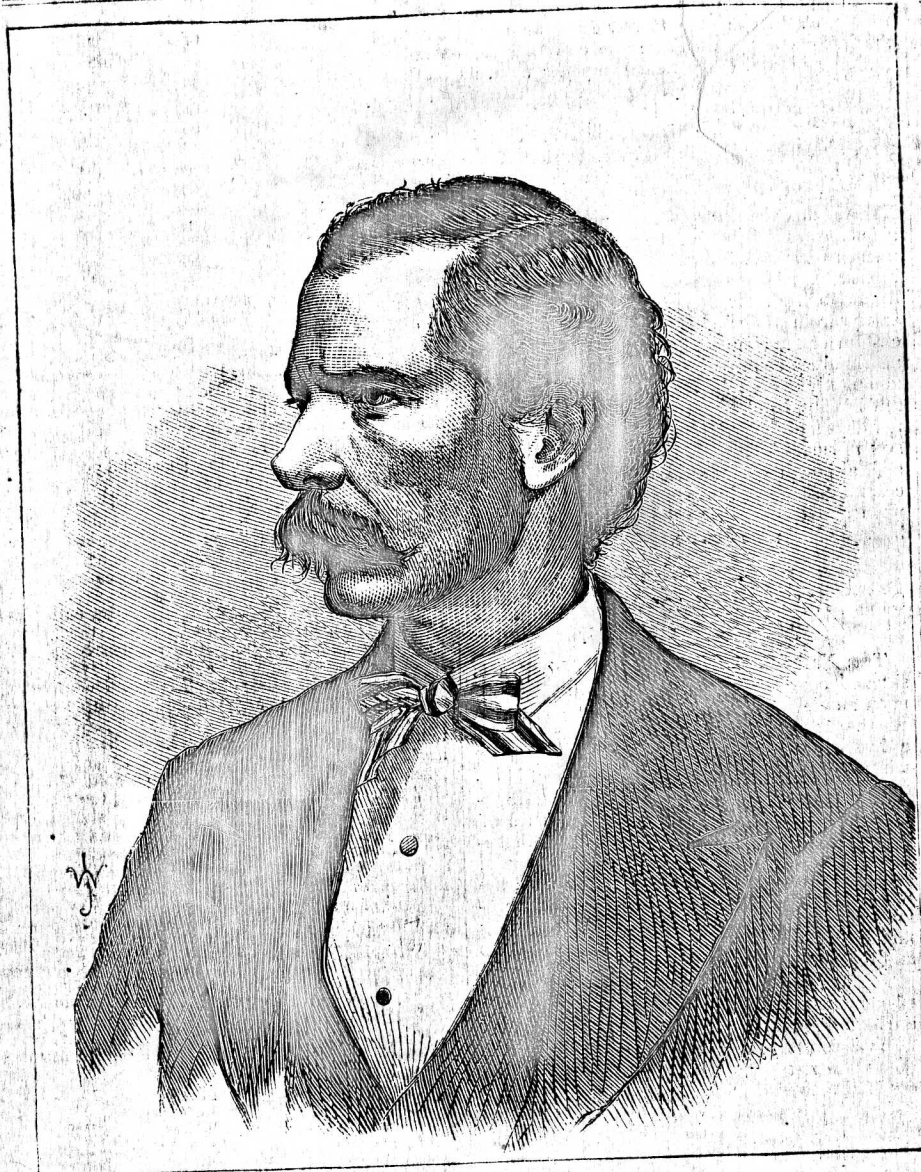


May 15, 1869



GENERAL P. H. JONES, POSTMASTER, NEW YORK CITY.—PHOT. BY ROCKWOOD.—[SEE PAGE 315.]

HON. TH

ROGUE TARASKA.

Translated from the Russian.

[This story is a good specimen of the quaint and naive simplicity of the old Slavonic narrative-style. The student of German literature will observe a certain resemblance to some parts of Grimm's tale of "The Master-Thief."]

THERE was a certain gentleman who had a cook called Taraska, one to whom stealing was like the bread of life. Every thing that came in his way, whish! it was gone, and never came back again. There was no telling what ways his master tried to break him of this foul habit—but try as he might, he took nothing by his trouble. At last he thought to himself, "Well, it must be one thing or the other—either break him of this way of stealing, or else put an end to him altogether." So he sent for Taraska to speak with him.

"Well, Taraska, have you learned well how to steal yet?"

uncle began looking about on every side, till at last he got his eye on a tall tree which seemed to be what he wanted. He pointed to the topmost branch and said:

"Taraska, my lad, do you see that raven's nest up yonder, on the top of that big tree?"

"Ay, ay, uncle, I see it clearly enough; and what's more, the mother's at home, sitting upon her eggs."

