

By Order of the Czar

A Story of Russian Power

By MARCUS EASTLAKE

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

I think of how she silenced me when I had spoken of our early marriage shortly after her arrival: "About that I have quite made up my mind, Vladimir; I shall seek some employment until thou hast got something to do. It will never answer for thee to be burdened with a wife before thou art settled."

"Tut, nonsense," Mr. Gough exclaimed. "If the lass cares for you, she will be ready enough to wed, unless she thinks she has got a soft 'un to deal with. I guarantee now to manage the job for you, if you will let me."

"Thank you," I reply coldly. "I prefer to manage my own private affairs."

"As you like. Only I hope you will bring her round to my doctor. You see now that my foot is mending and you go with me, there is no reason why we shouldn't start for England at once. I've been absent too long already, and though I have an excellent manager, he's not like the boss. The wives at our place have always been used to a married doctor. They might not like to be attended by a single young chap."

Whilst he speaks, hope grows apace within me. This is sound reason. Maruscha will recognize it as such and be docile. Is it possible that happiness is to be mine so soon? This sudden and unexpected brilliancy of my prospects quite staggers me. I endeavor to answer in a business-like tone, concealing my joyful emotions.

"There is sense in what you say, Mr. Gough, and I am sure I need only explain the case to my betrothed. She is reasonable and tractable. A fly might lead Maruscha if he but show a little art in the leading. She did speak of following her profession as a nurse until I got settled, for she has a fine spirit."

"Bosh! Stuff and nonsense!" burst in the old man.

"But now," I proceed calmly, "it is different—quite out of the question."

"I should rather think so," he again interrupts. "It was a mad scheme at any time."

"And Maruscha is the last girl in the world to make a fuss about being a little hurried in an affair of this kind when the urgency is made clear to her."

"I should hope so," Mr. Gough's tones become more decided with every interjection. "The lass is not such a fool!"

"And I would like the matter settled at once; therefore, if you will excuse me, I will go and meet Maruscha and tell her the good news, and fix matters with her."

"Certainly, away with you. And mind you don't forget the marriage license; and oh—by the way—how about the cash, Doctor? Have you enough in hand?"

I hesitated. "I have some money still—a little—not perhaps enough, but Rosen will lend."

"Nothing of the sort," he interrupts. "There's no need for you to take a loan from any man. I will advance you a quarter's wages. It makes no difference to me, you know! In fact, I prefer it. Reach me my check book there, and pen and ink."

I comply, and he fills and tears out a leaf.

"Get it cashed at Blankshildt & Breitmänn's, Unter den Linden," he says, and hands it to me.

I put it into my pocketbook. "Is there anything I can do for you before I go?" I ask, taking up my hat.

"Nothing whatever, thank you, Doctor," he replies briskly.

"Half an hour will suffice me to explain things to Maruscha," I observe magnanimously. "Then she will be with you again."

"Don't hurry on my account," he responds. "You have the prior claim."

"Half an hour," I repeat from the door.

CHAPTER XXIII.

I meet Maruscha on the steps, coming in. Rushing out in hot haste, I collide with her, and meet the regard of those blue eyes again, in which is just the same expression of compassionate reproach that was there when we parted an hour ago.

"Vladimir! Thou hast almost knocked me over! What has come to thee?" she says.

"Ah, what, Maruscha? Everything has come to me!" I exult, putting my hand through her arm and drawing her along with me to the street. Maruscha falls immediately out of her dignified role and shows me only the undisguised wonderment of a child in her beautiful face.

"What is it?" she asks, under her breath, and she lets me lead her on, without resisting, so completely has curiosity taken possession of her.

"I have got a splendid appointment. An appointment worth five hundred pounds sterling a year. That is in Russian roubles something like two thousand five hundred."

Maruscha stares before her into space. Her lips divide. The sum is evidently too large to be taken in at all once.

"It is a good thing, yes!" I observe, as I watch the gradual dawning of comprehension in her innocent eyes.

She sighs. "It is a large sum."

She looks at the ground for a space, then inquiringly at me.

"But I cannot understand. When I left thee a short while ago thou knewest naught of this? Ah, I see! It is through that dear, good man, Mr. Gough, that thou hast this good fortune. He has been busy in thy behalf, and has succeeded in getting the appointment for thee in England. And now I know why he asked me whether I should like to

live in England. I am glad I said I should."

"Thou art right and wrong, Maruscha. Mr. Gough has not required to busy himself in my behalf, for the gift he has offered me is his to bestow on whom he likes. It is a doctor to his own people at 'New Mills' in Lancashire, that he has appointed me. It is a grand thing for me, independent of the stipend. Just what I would have chosen, to have my work laid out amongst workers, where I shall be called on to cure diseases brought on by idleness and luxury. Proud am I to belong to the Aristocracy of Labor and in serving it body and soul, I am honored. And perhaps, Maruscha, I may be privileged to pick here and there, a down-trodden brother from the mire, and set him on the road to Freedom," I add humbly.

"Yes, Vladimir," she responds. And her gaze is solemn and uplifted, as if she saw the Angel of Liberty descending from the clouds. There is a long pause, during which my thoughts revert to the object of this interview. The moments seem particularly propitious for broaching the delicate subject. Maruscha's mood is soft, and apparently submissive. Whilst I am beating about for some happy mode of introducing it, she breaks the silence.

"Mr. Gough has talked to me much about 'New Mills' and his people. What pride he takes in them—as a father in his children! I think he is a very good and just man, and they are fortunate who get employment under him."

"Yes, Maruscha, he is all thou sayest. Moreover, he is a man of judgment, practical and sensible. A man whose advice is worth listening to."

She unconsciously plays into my hands. "That is it, Vladimir. He has so much common sense that I should feel inclined to act on his advice, even though it were contrary to my own judgment."

"Quite so, Maruscha. And when this morning he advised our immediate marriage I waived my own opinion to his way of thinking. He made me do so, for his reasons were so conclusive that they admitted of no argument."

"But surely, Vladimir—"

"And I said, instantly," I continue, feverishly, "Maruscha is the last girl in the world to raise objections under the circumstances. She is not capable of such folly."

She tries to put in a word, but I hurry on: "My betrothed is not a silly dame de société to stand on ceremony. I need only explain to her how imperative it is—"

"Vladimir!" My name is pronounced in a manner so commanding that the flow of my language is instantly checked. My hand is whisked with exceeding swiftness from its resting place in the bend of Maruscha's arm. She withdraws herself.

"What have I done?" I ask, my emotions halting between anxiety and indignation.

"Done!" she gasps. "Thou talkest as if I were some poor, helpless creature, to be twisted round thy finger! Think, Mr. Gough that it is one of his mill girls he has to deal with? I am surprised at thee, Vladimir, to think so little of my dignity as to allow this Englishman to imagine that thou hast but to beckon and I will be ready to wed thee!"

"Maruscha, wilt thou listen to the reasons—the very weighty reasons—"

"No reasons could justify such an unseemly proceeding."

"Mr. Gough returns to England in a day or two. I go with him. Wilt thou let me go alone?"

I put the question in cold, precise tones, forcibly holding a barrier to the surging waves of passion that threaten to sweep my soul. She glances at me askance. Her lip is still trembling with anger, yet in the corners of her eyes lurks a shadow of self-distrust.

The answer comes, low and uncertain, but still it comes. "Why not?"

"It is enough," I say between closed teeth. The barrier is down and the floods leap and rage unchecked. Only my tongue is under control, and my words form themselves with a strange distinctness; slow and calm.

"In that case, Maruscha, as I depart in a few hours, and have business to transact, perhaps thou wilt be good enough to make thy intentions known to Mr. Gough."

I lift my hat and stride rapidly away, neither knowing nor caring whither. Methinks as I go I catch her voice uttering my name in half suffocated entreaty. What is it to me? Is it possible that now she regrets the ungentleness of her speech, but the fact remains the same. In the tumult of my bitter thoughts I heed not whether my hurrying footsteps are leading me, until trees are rustling over my head, and I discover that I am skirting the "Thiergarten." I plunge into one of the many shady alleys, following its winding course to deeper shade, and by degrees the coolness and quietude soothe my vexed spirit and temper my heated blood. Then I remember the check in my pocketbook, and Rosen, who may be waiting dinner for me, and retrace my steps to the town.

On my way from the bank to the "Stein-Strasse" I have to pass "Hotel London." I glance up at a certain window. There is a little figure conspicuous, with a wistful face gazing into the street. I raise my hat with the formality of a soldier saluting his chief. I permit not my eye to rest a single instant on it, much as I desire to read its expression. My mood, though subdued, is dark and grim. Only I am conscious of a sensation of fierce triumph—transient as a flash in the pan—because my knowledge

of Maruscha informs me that she is craning her neck to watch me out of sight, longing to see me turn, and that it wrings her heart strings to observe my unbending demeanor. This little flavor of vengeance is mine!

Rosen is hanging over the balcony, also on the lookout, as I come up.

"Look quick, Vlascha!" he calls excitedly. "Thou hast spoilt the meal with thy dawdling!"

To talk to me of beef!

When we are seated at the dinner table I tell him, without any elation, of my appointment.

"What luck!" he exclaims. "And thou sittest there with a face as long as an undertaker's telling me this great news! What is wrong? Is it that thou likest not to settle in England? Or perhaps Maruscha—"

"Yes, Maruscha," I interrupt, sharply emphasizing the name. "Canst thou credit it? She refuses to go with me, at such short notice, and will stay here, supporting herself, until she thinks fit to marry!"

Whilst I am speaking Rosen wears a knowing smile. He says: "I will give you a bit of advice, Vlascha. Get the marriage license. Say nothing further to Maruscha. Preserve an air of melancholy resignation, and leave her to herself. My name is not Karl Rosen if she lets thee go without her!"

I admit to myself that in a secret recess of my heart has dwelt all along a hope that such might be the end. That hope takes definite shape now; it assumes such dimensions that my appetite disappears before it, and the moment dinner is over I leave the house. In a bookseller's shop I examine the pages of a directory for the address of the English clergyman, and to his residence I immediately hasten.

He greets me with an extensive display of very fine teeth, and offers me his hand. He is a ruddy-skinned, prosperous looking man, stout and hale, bearing in this countenance the evidence of perfect self-contentment.

"In what way can I serve you, sir?" he asks.

I state my business and in an incredibly short time it is transacted. I am in possession of the license and Mr. Carr of his fee.

(To be continued.)

WANT HONEST UNDERWEAR.

Trade Complaints About Practice of Skimping Size.

An agitation is now going on in the underwear manufacturing trade in favor of establishing some standard of size for garments on which both the retail dealers and the public can depend, and which, if adhered to, will put a stop to what is really a fraud on the public, says the New York Times.

The number marked on a garment is usually supposed to indicate its actual size. Thus a 38 garment ought to measure thirty-eight inches, a 40 garment forty inches, and so on. As a matter of fact, however, in the cheaper grades of underwear the practice of making up sizes has gained ground so fast that the numbering has come to mean little or nothing. This is especially so this season on account of the high price of cotton, which tempted the manufacturers to take advantage of any scheme to cheapen the garments. Now in the cheapest grades a garment marked 38 may only measure thirty-four inches, and the retailers have been overwhelmed with complaints, which they have passed on to the jobbers, and which the jobbers in turn have passed on to the manufacturers. This kind of skimping has only been tried on the cheapest grades of garments, but there has been another method which is even more annoying to the consumer and which has run through nearly all the grades. This is the practice of skimping material in other ways, while making the garment to measure just what it is marked, so far as the main dimensions are concerned. Thus a shirt marked 40 will measure forty inches in the chest, but will be an inch or two short in the body, and a pair of drawers marked 38 will measure thirty-eight inches around the waist, but the legs will be so narrow that the wearer will probably split them the first or second time he tries to put them on.

The chief reason for this condition is the practice prevailing in the underwear trade of selling goods at a fixed price. A garment must be made to sell at 25 or 50 cents, and if cotton goes up the retailer feels that he cannot get 25 or 50 cents for the same garment. He demands that the manufacturer still furnish him with the same garment or one equally as attractive to sell at the standard price, and the result is that the latter is forced to cheapen his output in some way. The manufacturer is so far from the consumer, all the business in this line being done through commission houses and jobbers, that he often feels that he does not need to study the public's wants at all. For some time there has been an agitation in favor of asking the retailers to try to change the system of fixed price selling. It obtains in no country but the United States, and the European manufacturers who sell goods here have simply refused to fall in with it. They have priced their goods at actual value, and in spite of the advance in cotton have maintained the quality of their output. Of course most of the imported underwear is in the better grades, but even the cheap stuff imported has kept up its reputation for honesty.

A Cheap Wood Sled.

My wood sled gave out early in the winter and I made a good substitute of some 2-inch plank. The runners are 8 feet long and 2x6 inches square. They are held with four braces of the same material, 4 feet long and fastened with spikes and bolts. Stakes are set in the front and rear cross pieces and a draw chain hitched to the front cross piece. The runners go flat side down and the ends are rounded to prevent catching on the ice. The sled can be used with the body or box of a wagon. It is a good sled for heavy

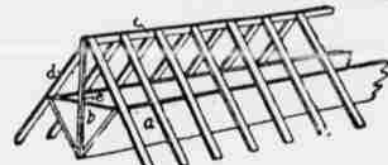
FARMS AND FARMERS



An Effective Trough Guard.

One of the greatest troubles with the hog is that he is so irrepressibly hoggish. When you feed him, he apparently feels it his inherent duty to crowd every other hog as far and forcefully away from the feed as possible. When fed grain on the open floor, he takes it upon himself to cover as much as he can, to keep nosing and pushing his fellows, often to his own loss of food, since more or less is wasted by his rude "table manners." When fed slop in the trough, the biggest hog will invariably work his way through or over the jam, and get his carcass into the trough, where he complacently stands lengthwise, and if not satisfied with that, lays himself down, gulping in his own and the smaller ones' share until too full even to grunt, when he will stretch out for a snooze if the trough is big enough.

To avoid the waste of feed, and to give all an equal chance to secure



A GOOD TROUGH GUARD.

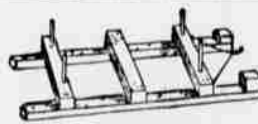
their share, I have a number of schemes and devices, but I consider the one shown in the illustration to be as good as, if not better than, any. Then, too, it is so simple that any farmer with a hammer and saw, and such loose pieces as may be found in almost any scrap pile, can build a substantial affair that will suit.

The first requisite is a good-sized, well-constructed trough, built preferably in V-shape, as shown by "a." The width of the side boards will depend upon the size of the hogs to be fed. A small trough, with six-inch side boards, may be used for the wee pigs, and twelve or sixteen-inch stuff for the large shotes and breeding sows. The size of pieces "c" and "d" should depend upon the weight of the animals and the strain likely to come on the frame. For hogs of ordinary weight a piece two by four inches should be used for the ridge-pole, "c," and pieces one by three or two by two inches for the guard bars, "d." These should be securely nailed to the side of the trough, and if a permanent trough in the hog house, spiked to the floor to prevent breaking off. The upright, "e," firmly spiked to "b," should be amply stout to secure endwise rigidity.

For delivering slop to the trough, a spout or small trough should be arranged to enter at the end of the feed trough. With this arrangement, when the distance between the bars has been properly adjusted to the size of the animal, only one can get to the trough between each space, and all sidewise crowding is effectually prevented.—Exchange.

A Cheap Wood Sled.

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WOOD SLED.

work and short hauls. For long hauls, the runners should be shod.—I. A. Fiske, in Farm and Home.

Notes About Farm Work.

Tennessee farmers want the State to appropriate \$5,000 to develop the live stock investigations now in progress, and to extend experiments in breeding and feeding.

There are 644,000 farmers in Texas, the largest number of all the States in the Union. Georgia comes next with 522,000.

Give house plants as much light as possible during the day, and darkness with a low temperature at night.

Some Western men claim to have obtained good results from feeding the common desert cactus to cattle. They say when chopped up and boiled, or soaked in water, the sharp and dangerous points become soft. The department of agriculture is investigating the matter.

An Illinois woman sold 52 capons recently at \$1.32 each. It cost but very little more to raise them than ordinary chickens.

The animal heat must be provided by feeding the stock liberally, but the greater the exposure, the greater the loss of animal heat.

In the new farm mechanics department of the Iowa college, 125 young men are learning how to build, manage and take care of farm machinery.

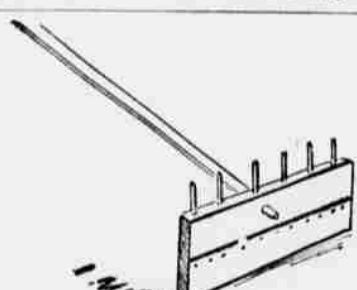
Deep or Light Plowing.

The whole matter resolves itself into a question of soil and climate. If a soil is thin, then it is manifest that it would be very foolish to dip the plow into the raw subsoil and bring it to the top, though perhaps subsoiling would improve matters by helping the draining and allowing the roots to penetrate downward more easily. Again, in the matter of climate; in a dry district shallow plowing nearly always gives the best results—with a grain crop, at least. Often the best wheat has been grown where the surface was disked to clean off the rubbish, and the seed drilled in down to the hard, unmoved soil. The reason of this is that in a dry district the plant has to depend largely on the ground moisture, which rises by capillary action much better through firm soil than through loose plowed land. Where bare fallowing is practiced on stiff clays, then the shallow system is the best, for it means ever so much less soil to move per acre where there are repeated plowings, cultivations, etc., to be done. On the whole, probably shallow plowing, combined with an occasional stirring of the subsoil with a subsoiler attached to the plow, is the best.

Stable Scraper and Fork.

Most of the labor-saving tools about farm buildings could be readily fashioned at home if one is handy with tools and has the inclination to put ideas into effect. One of the best of the simple tools for the barn is the combination fork and scraper made in the following manner: Select an inch board five inches wide and seven or eight inches longer than the width of the fork used in the stable.

Bevel the lower edge of the board for the scraper, then bore holes near the lower edge, one for each tine of the fork, so that after using the fork to handle the coarse stuff it may be



COMBINED SCRAPER AND FORK.

inserted into the holes in the board and the combination used as a scraper. The artist has added another to the combination, a rake, which is made by driving wire spikes into the top edge of the board and filing off the heads. This can be done or not as one wishes, but combined fork and scraper is certainly a most useful tool.—Indianapolis News.

Barley as Feed for Horses.

Except on the Pacific coast barley is not extensively used as a feed in the United States, doubtless owing to the fact that it is in such demand for brewing purposes that it is high in price. Wherever it is grown, however, it is frequently possible to secure at a low cost grain which is off color owing to rain or fog during harvest and which for this or some other reason is unfit for brewing, but valuable as feed. The barley grown on the Pacific coast is extensively used in the feeding of horses. Its use for this purpose is old in other countries. The Arabs fed their horses unground barley, and it is used successfully by the Berbers of north Africa. In Europe its value is generally recognized. Barley may be fed whole to horses having good teeth and not required to do severe work. Since ground barley, like wheat, forms a pasty mass when mixed with saliva, it is regarded as more satisfactory to crush than to grind it for any reason. It is considered undesirable to feed the grain whole.

About the Horse.

Draft horses are in demand far exceeding the supply.

Onion juice is recommended as a cure for warts on horses.

When horses are to be fattened something depends upon the breed. A changed bill of fare will help to hasten the matter.

It is wonderful what fancy prices rich men are willing to pay for horses that please their fancy. The highest prices are paid for race stock, with the hope that it will be won back either by the horse itself or by its offspring.—Texas Farmer.

A dull-looking moon means rain.