By Order of the Czar

A Story of Russian Power

MARCUS EASTLAKE

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CHAPTER L

It is a patch of sunlight-a tiny patch, no larger than the palm of my hand. I dreamily follow the bar of glis- per. He starts as if from some awful tening motes upward, until my eyes are arrested by the grated window of a pris-

In an instant I have sprung from my low pallet, where-God is pitiful!-I hours of my mortal existence. I stand sion of all my faculties, feeling the warm, swift blood coursing in my veins.

-a pressing desire to be doing something to bridge over the minutes which must clapse before the moment arrives when I shall stride to the scaffold, with holding me, draw up my body to its full dauntless mien, to meet my doom. My height and march steadily forward.

The steps to the platform creak of the trap in my door. A pair of eyes ed face. I smile and nod affably.

Good morning, Vladimir Alexandro-I am glad to see you in good spirits," says my official.

"And I thank you for your good wishes, my friend," I reply. "But my breakfast? I tell you, I have a fierce take my first meal of nectar and ambro- are strong! Our hearts meet and min long waiting for it on the other side."

easy, your breakfast comes; and look platform and cry; you," lowering his voice, "just because "Brothers, I rej I love a brave spirit, little brother, I will deprive myself of some caviar I have in reserve for my own relish."

"Thanks, my Christian friend!" I cry, One minute. Tell me, if you know—if ruscha, and up at the sky.

you have seen him—the lad—keeps he a Something is pulled over

My voice shakes in my eagerness, gallows. A momentary pause.

At these words the sweat starts to my

brow, and the water to my eyes.
"Friend, good friend," I whisper hoarsely, "see him again! Tell him that Vladimir Alexandrovitch bids him be brave! Tell him to eat—he must eat ere he go forth!"

like you.'

mur fervently; and he hurries away.

I am alone again, and continue my stays to feebly spread itself from heart to brain, and I realize that I am I. walk; but now my mind is troubled with

door is unlocked, thrown open, and here is my breakfast and the caviar. When the official enters I wear a smiling face he saw a cloud on the brow of Vladimir

Alexandrovitch Lubanoff on the morning of his execution. The official is watching me curiously. "How long now before the play begins, my friend?" I ask between the

It gratifies me to note how he flushes red, and stares at me a space, as if taken aback, before he stammers, "Twenty minutes, Excellency."

I laugh. The notion of an official thrusting a title on a prisoner amuses me. After another prolonged stare he see that it is the moon shining through leaves me.

we call soul, what of it? What will be- tion to escape. I feel strongly about come of it, forced from the tenement the second life of mine, that it is ruled supreme? Will it, too, be extin- To have to yield it up now would be to guished like a torch that is stamped out die ten thousand deaths. My other life ulations. Let me rather, in these my There was justice in it. last moments, sum up the good that has penalty, and had counted the cost. been mine. I have tasted as much hap- suffered death in its most degrading, known the rare blessing of true friend- therefore this life I hold is all my own, ship.

"My spirit flies out to meet thee, O protect and defend it. my friend, and clasp thee in a farewell beauty and perfect excellence of woman's pure and entire love!

Could I but take thee with me, My better soul! For I know that without me thy life henceforth will be but a joyless groping through a val-

I am surprised by a tear on my cheek, and dash it hastily away. Boom! It is the quarter bell sounding from the fortress clock. I close my eyes, and grad-ually a feeling of peace descends on me. I can pray. My hands meet and interlace.

"Spirit of perfect Good, forgive me my sins. Fortify me and my comrades in rush of cool night air on my brow. It our last agony. Let the evil we have done perish with our bodies, and the good return to dwell eternally with Thee! I hear the tramp of soldiery approach-

ing, and raise my head. Maruscha, thou shalt not blush for me" I whisper, and I feel that it is a radiant face I show them as they enter. ing bough of a tree! Another violent I advance to meet my executioner, place effort and my shoulders stick fast! my arms in position and silently submit to be pinioned. Not a word is spoken, and in a minute we are ready, and pass- the sensations are certainly similaring in file along the corridor to join the eyeballs starting, skull bursting, and legs others in the hall of the prison.

I cast a swift glance from face to face of my fellow martyrs, which is answer- in contact with the edge of the tible, and ed by a flash of recognition and greeting from all save one, and that is poor Vasil. I strain every sinew. There is a crack-He is a sorry spectacle; his blue eyes roll ing and crunching which I imagine to be are writted raguely, without speculation; his ashen my shoulder blade, and I am precipitated England.

lips hang apart. A gendarme is sup-

porting him. We are side by side. "Vasil!" I whisdream. Our eyes meet. He gives a great gasp, sets his lips tightly, and pulls himself together, and I am suddenly

wheeled round and placed in the front.

Then our last walk begins-through have been sleeping away the last few the court, out of the gates into the great open space, where straight in front rises here on my prison floor, in full posses- the long platform, and on it the gallows! Sudden as a flash, a shock of horror arm, swift blood coursing in my veins. seizes me. Only now, with my terrible I fall to pacing the narrow limits of doom before my seeing eyes, do I fully my cell with rapid strides. A burning realize it. To be hanged by the neck! impatience of inaction is consuming me Merciful God, stand by me! But as sudden my soul cries to my shrinking body. "What! Art going to fail now?" and I check the shudder that is already

The steps to the platform creak beneath my heavy tread. I stand high are looking at me out of a brown, beard- above the heads of the people, and overlook them. Their thousand upturned faces are like the white waves of a Which is Marscha's? troubled ocean. My eager glances skim the multitude in search of it.

It is there! Quite near me. I could almost kiss it by bending far forward. It Remember it will be is white. Ah! how white! but firm. The the last time I shall have the pleasure of gratifying my keen appetite, until I melting with love unspeakable, but they sia, and they might chance to keep me gle for one brief moment, then I tear mine away. I have a word to say before My official laughs. "Keep your mind I die. I step forward to the edge of the

"Brothers, I repent not! I die joyfully for the cause of liberty."

The multitude stir and murmur like a forest of trees swayed by the wind. The drums roll out in deafening peal. reaching my hand toward him through the trap. "May you never die hungry. me. I cast one last look around on Ma-

Something is pulled over my eyes. I am hastily placed in position beneath the whilst I rifle my pockets for my last with one excruciating thrill of horror five-rouble note. "Take it, it is all I the touch of the loose rope on my neck. have, or I would give you more. How bears he himself? He is but nineteen!" A stupendous shock as if a crashing blow —a noise as of many rushing waters in -a noise as of many rushing waters in "I saw him even now," replies the my ears—a feeling as if my head was man, as he seizes the note. "He does bursting asunder—before my eyes a millbadly. He eats not, and his strength has ion whirling planets, whilst I plunge left him. He lies on his bed and moves madly for a footing. Yet I do not die! I seem to suffer an eternity of agony before it gives place to stupefaction, and I pass away.

CHAPTER II.

Faintly, fearfully my spirit is fluttering in and out of the deserted house from whence it has been driven, uncertain to go or stay, giving me the faintest "Listen. I will take your message, tain to go or stay, giving me the faintest just because you are a brave one, and I you." in darkness, yet returning each time with greater confidence, until it finally

I try to move, though it costs me an a vision of the fair-faced boy stretched effort. My body feels as if swollen to on his pallet, and anon I seem to see his an enormous size. I am oppressed for writhing body on the gallows. I shudder and smother a groan that rises to What is this? I stretch out my stiffenmy lips, and turn to seek comfort in the reflection that it will soon be over for coffin! From all my pores the cold him. "He is sure to faint. God grant that is this? I stretch out my strikeness, and come in contact with my coffin! From all my pores the cold sweat is bursting. My brain is on fire as recollection rushes upon me-the gal-Approaching steps in the corridor. My lows, my death agony, and the appalling conviction that I have been cut down soon and buried alive

In my wild anguish I fight out madly again, for I have a character to sus-tain. No man should have it to say that I writhe myself into a sitting posture. There is no lid, then, to my coffin! and there dawns for me a glimmer of hope. Cautiously I begin to feel about me, growing every moment more mystified, for my hand comes in contact with a wooden surface, on which the coffin evidently stands. Though I am in my coffin, I certainly am not in my grave!

ray of light shoots suddenly from behind me across the gloom, revealing one side of the rough deal shell in which I sit, a strip of the table on which it rests, and facing me a door. I follow with my tortured eyeballs the beam, and a small window. There is a door and a Twenty minutes! Half an hour hence window, then, in my mysterious abiding I shall be a lump of cold, senseless clay. place. The hope leaps instantly into vig-And that mysterious actuating essence orous being, and with it the determinawherein it has, for twenty-seven years, vine gift direct from the hands of God. nder the foot of man? Away vain spec-lations. Let me rather, in these my There was justice in it. I knew the piness as this world can offer, and I most awful form, and have therefore leave it ere it begins to pall. I have paid in full. I have satisfied the law, and to the last drop of blood I will

I am in some outhouse adjoining either nbrace!" I have-I still rejoice in the a dissecting room or the residence of some doctor who has purchased my body for dissection. There are two means "Ah, my Maruscha, thou art my only of exit, a door and a window. The for mer will be certainly locked. The win -I turn toward it-is a casement Alas, for my broad shoulders; it is small! However, it is my one chance. I must try it. As we are in summer when the nights are short, it must be the dead hour. I have no time to lose. I scramble out of the coffin. I drop my stiffen-

ed legs to the floor. I reel like a drunken man-I make the half circuit of the table, reach the window, and seek with my shaking fingers for button or hasp, and there is a set my teeth, and raise myself with my hands by the frace, thrusting out my head and part of my shoulders. Then I pause to gather up my forces. Some thing taps my crown, making my heart leap to my mouth. It is only the sway-

And now commences a fearful struggle. It is almost as bad as hangingplunging aimlessly, until a frantic kick backward brings my foot unexpectedly

-I get a purchase.

forward, carrying the window frame, with a crash to the ground, where I lie.

cut, bruised and panting. There is no sound save the wind tussling with the trees and bushes that enclose me. No! what is that? It is the faint music of trickling water! My very soul longs for it! My swollen and parched tongue makes a futile effort to lick my

At length, putting out my shaking hand, I feel the ground moist. Another movement, and yet another, and I come in contact with a cool iron tank! Still one desperate effort, and I have dragged myself up by its edge. My fingers are in water, my lips touch it!

I take—ah, what a draught; and sink to the ground again, whilst tears I cannot check rush to my eyes-a perfect torrent of unspeakable relief. I scramble to my feet. That drink has wonderfully revived me. And a moment I selves, whilst the thunder growls and pause to lave my temples in the water mutters after the flickering flash. before starting on my hazardous ven-

To get out from amongst the trees and ascertain my whereabouts must be my first step; so I commence to feel my way along the wall until I turn the corner of my recent prison, and at length emerge under the open sky, on what ap-pears to be a gravel drive. I can dimly discern the outlines of things near me. and within a few feet of me the sleeping box of a watchman, which impels me to best a hasty retreat in amongst the trees again. Now I begin moving arriving at the garden wall; and I even- the street, so I stagger in somehow. tually come against it; but, alas! my hopes of escape are on the wane again an interminable nightmare. I drag mymit is too high to scale! Baffled, but self up with long agonizing pauses be still determined, I set my teeth, and follow the wall. Presently I come out on a path, and before me is a long, low

shall surely find something to aid me?" I grope my way in, and just then, as if sent by a merciful Providence, the now near. I hear the sweep of her moon breaks through a cloudrift, and skirts against the door as she turns. Now shows me a gardener's light ladder. in she sighs, ah! so drearily. Is she living the ladder, and the darkness is just what execution?

It is the work of a few moments to it, and drop to the other side. I lean for support against the wall, unconscious startles and affrights me; it is like the of everything save the overwhelming shock of pain in my head. It is my head-my head! If only it fail me not, I have confidence in my legs, uncertain though they be, to carry me whither I

When I am able to open my eyes I at once recognize the locality, for I am as familiar with St. Petersburg as a school her and-knock. She has paused in her with the interior of his trousers' pockets. I am in the very heart of the stand outside the extensive grounds of Prof. Schleeman, one of the first surgeons we have, and second to few in the man being.

"And so you have purchased the body of your old pupil for dissection, little father!" I smile grimly. "And I am a fist. She makes a resolve. Takes a quick thief, for I am stealing it from you." The light of a street lamp shines full and the door opens wide.

I retire quickly out of its radiation, and pause to consider my next

My object has been, since quitting the if my strength held out. I put a hand |-pity-Maruscha!" to my raging temples, and pass in review the different members of our section. In he urgency of the case I may not dulge preference; the nearest must be my designation. It is none other than Maruscha! Yes, to gain her lodging is my nly chance, for I can gain it in twenty minutes if I am fortunate. My love lives at this end, of the "Bazar" over a furrier's shop.

(To be continued.) Bugs Raise Land Value.

All entomologists know that rare butterflies or moths recur again and again in due season in one small farm of a very few acres, and vet will not be found in any other spot in England for 10 miles round, though a vast fortune were offered for a single specimen. To such a favored spot ardent entomologists will flock and will pay a fee to be allowed to hunt for the insect itself or for its caterpillar or chrysalis. In one case a Lincolnshire

farmer has realized a small fortune upon a dismal swamp meadow surrounded by dikes and small willow trees, for in this field specimens of the gorgeous "Camberwell beauty" "Vladimir!" There is a whole world days past, Ivan has been talked of for some days past, Ivan has been urgent, and butterfly have been found when they have been almost wholly non-existent elsewhere.

Only lately some acres of sedge were burnt in the district known as Wickthe land is mourning the fact, for in setting of her hair. this locality insect specimens have been found that were thought to have died out in England. There is one my Vladimir! siderable forest that, solely through the insects found there, brings in to The actual value of the land is only hand with her disengaged one; "Thinkest a very few pounds.-London Tit-Bits.

Largest Foot in Germany.

There is a New York barber who wears a number 12 shoe. He was a sergeant in the German army, noted appears. of shoes he buys a side of leather and puts a cup to my lips. of shoes he buys a side of leather and sends for a shoemaker, who fashions has footgrap at home. His footgrap at home this footgrap at home the footgrap at his footgear at home. His foot is the authority. largest in all Germany, about No. 17 in

Not in Need of Help.

kill a little time.

Busyman-Thanks, but I prefer to kill my own.-Houston Post.

Alfred Capus, a Parisian playwright, says few if any real dramas are written in the United States or

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shyness come over her, such as I have

never seen before. The rosy blushes dye

her fair skin, and, as if to hide them,

and I note that she looks pale and worn,

and that there are anxious lines about

her sweet mouth, and violet marks un-

Before me instantly, blotting her out from me, rises a vision from somewhere

in my past. I lie panting, bruised, half

naked, voiceless, with a ghastly mark about my neck—an object to turn from

with shuddering horror-on her thresh-

the needlework falls from her fingers.

see her I cannot for tears-but it falls

"Maruscha," I falter, "let me-let me

She flies to me. "My hand, my lips!

and thou wouldst undo all! Fie on thee!

chief and dries my eyes, sweeps the

hair from my brow and lets her fingers

She seats herself on the side of the bed. I possess myself of her hand, and

holding it against my lips, my spirit

slips away into the sweet oblivion of

CHAPTER IV.

tranquil sleeps and blissful awakenings

to the discovery of Maruscha's pres-

her hand for long, or carry it to my

on me such a look of fond reproach that

Maruscha avoids all mention of that

awful chapter in my life, the subject

seems so hateful to her that I have

abstained from questioning her, though

I am consumed with curiosity to know

When I would speak of it he !

"Has Maruscha read thee Pushkin's

and out of the linen she has on her lap

left now. Ivan comes for me this even-

short, and here is the end of it, and the

beginning of fresh struggles with the

and accepted joyfully by my pure-mind

ed love, we feel that it is one that must

ness I am far from apprehending.

"This is no parting, Maruscha.

but to Ivan, and whilst I am there we

pect of our reunion. The world is wide

I sit down again and draw Maruscha

was all wrong. I made nothing of it."
"Vladimir!" interrupts Maruscha, and

her eyes shine like stars. "Thou gavest

tyrant still oppresses. Liberty still lurks

"And what has it availed? Is the

escaped her, and in my desire to

grave, as it were, had affected her.

let me talk of it to him.

I am fain to blush like a school girl at

My life is a succession of deep and

Thou hast no pity for me!"

rest on it caressingly.

dreamless sleep.

my temerity.

I try to stretch my hand toward her-

me in her own white bed, nursed me

powerless on the counterpane.

kiss thy hand!"

der her eyes. These, too, are for me!

In my love I am cruel and think only how the blushes are for me, and how lovely they look. At length they fade,

her head droops lower.

CHAPTER II .- (Continued.) She bends forward. "Wilt thou not be I pass Dr. Schleeman's gates and content, willful one?" she murmurs. Yet along the Nevski, shrinking under the she goes to her easy chair, facing me, occasional glare of a street lamp, and gasping with relief each time I leave one though she shakes her head. As she sits before me, bending over her work, and I gazing at her, I see a

behind me, and can proceed for a space under cover of the darkness. Meanwhile the black, rolling clouds discharge them-Long may the storm last, for if it

should clear before I have reached my place of refuge, faint indeed will be my chance. If the moon should shine out and illumine my still wandering feet I am lost.

Soaked through, with my shirt clinging to my body-coat I have none-the water running in rivulets from my hair, staggering from side to side, almost blind and with a sickening dread of falling in a fainting fit, I at length reach the narrow doorway which leads by a flight of stairs to Maruscha's lodging. Luckily in a slanting direction, with a view to the narrow stone passage has no door to

The mounting of those steps is like an interminable nightmare. I drag mytween; step by step. There is but the one hope left me now, that of looking once again on Maruscha's face ere I die. shed, open to the front. "It is a gar-dener's toolshed," I surmise, and swift I see a bar of light streaming from beas light follows the thought: "Here I neath the door. I lay my head down on the landing and listen. Her light feet a moment it is dark again. But I have through again the awful scene of my

Perhaps she is meditating self-destruction. Maruscha cannot live without her place the ladder in position, to mount Vladimir. I raise my head and try to cali her name. The sound croak of a raven! I have no voice wherewith to call Maruscha!

I am lying at her door, where I cannot remain. I crawl close to it, striving to summen up courage to knock. She is near me again. I hear her cry in de-spair, "Vladimir! my Vladimir! Oh, my murdered love!" I breathe a prayer for

walk and listens. "Maruscha-open-it is I!" I croaked This is the Nevski Prospect, and desperately. I used to have a man's and outside the extensive grounds of strong, deep voice; this could never be recognized as proceeding from any bu-

Within I hear a gasp; but still she opens not. I must get it over at once at any cost! I strike the door with my step forward-the key turns in the lock,

sees mine! She sees me when I crouch on her threshold, a ghastly visitant from the dead! I feel her eyes on me. I shady retreat of my coffin, to make for hear her catching breath. She recoils, the quarters of my friend Ivan Ivano-vitch Kolinsky, there to lie in hiding "Fear me not, Maruscha! It is I, vitch Kolinsky, there to lie in hiding until I should have sufficiently regained my forces to fly the country! now, however, I must change my plans. Ivan lodges fully three versts from here; to the fiesh!" I croak in my despair. I feel the flesh!" I croak in my despair. I feel the flesh!" I croak in my despair. I feel reach him I should have to traverse my senses leaving me. "I would tell thee jure me in my still weak state, for I can many streets and run many risks, even all—the wonder of it—but—I die—I—I see that she has enjoined Ivan—the

CHAPTER III.

I have felt the soothing touch of her must consult Maruscha; or he will prehands, looked into the deep blue wells of tend not to hear me, and put a sudder her eyes, and vaguely seen, fathomed question, as: there, a wealth of love, and patience, and There is a delicious perfume of latest poem? No? Then I must bring pity. roses in the air, reminding fe of the it to thee; it is glorious!" roses in the air, reminding me of the

home in Kieff. But I am not at home. My eyes have begun to wander from one detail to an- sits beside me, her sweet, fair face, other of my surroundings; the dainty toilet table with its gauzy drapery tied with knots of blue ribbons; the hanging | weeping. book shelves against the wall filled with brightly bound volumes; the crimson curtain of the portiere that runs along one entire side-Maruscha's room is divided by a crimson portiere! The vase with roses on the little table by my bed. darkness falls. gave that vase to Maruscha!

There is a stir at the other side of the portiere, and instantly her sweet face appears at the opening in the cur-I see the light of a great joy

of joy in her utterance. She has my my soul responds to his wishes. Whathand in hers, and our eyes meet in one ong look of unutterable satisfaction. "My dove!" I murmur.

She puts her finger on her lips. Her ham Fen, and every entomologist in like the morning star from the golden "My beautiful one!"

"Thou must not talk, but sleep again.

small plantation at the edge of a con-*ngelic vision, and leave me in darkness. "I go but to get thee thy medicine," the owner an average of \$2,000 a year, she says, and stroking the back of my thou I would leave thee? I cannot if I

would-thou knowest I could not!" I release her lingeringly, and watch her glide away, throwing back at me a best. tender glance, and a nod ere she dis-

I lie quite still, listening to the rustle Maruscha sighed. for his stability. He has a brother in of her dress as she moves about. There the old country whose foot is so big is the faint chink of china and she is that no ready-made shoe can be found to fit him. When he needs a new pair soft arms about my shoulders, whilst she back again like a worthless weed. There

> I do not object. If it were poison and to my side.
>
> "Maruscha," I continued, "I have been held to my lips by Maruscha, I would

swallow it; but it is bouillon, and the thinking much of our future whilst I lay Not in Need of Help.

Bore—I just thought I'd drop in and When I have drunk it, she deftiy turns me to make it worthy. That other life my pillow and lays me back. "Now thou wilt sleep."

Her voice is like the coo of the stock She takes up a bit of needlework thy life for the great cause!" from the easy chair, but goes and sits where she is out of the range of my world the better for my sacrifice? "Where I can see thee, I pray thee, in secret places, and will continue to do Varuscha!" I plead,

we are not ripe for liberty. One-half is asleep, the other is in the thrall of consuming passions, and nothing attempted in the heat of passion can have good results. Conviction must have matured into steady calm ere action is proceeded to. It has ever been a mad, blind rush at the enemy."
"Filled with a noble enthusiasm!" puts

in Maruscha. "Oh, Vladimir, thou art indeed changed. The cause, then, is nothing to thee now?" She looks mournfully

up at me.
"Not so, Maruscha. It is as ever, ev-

erything to me. I love liberty more than life; only my opinion as to how to attain it is changed. Hitherto I was at the wrong end. Mistake thou not the lurid flare of passion for the pure flame of enthusiasm? I fear it is so."

Ivan's knock and signal interrupts us. Maruscha is leaving me to open the door. I detain her.

"Thou art disappointed in me, sweet love?" I whispered, watching her face with anxiety.

Her eyes seek the ground. "I-I-uu-

derstand thee not," she falters.
"Yet thou canst trust me?" I breathe. The blue, bewildered eyes turn on me, and our glauces meet. I see hers clear and kindle until naught shines in them but pure, unmixed love. Then suddenly, as if by an unaccountable impulse, she puts her two hands on my shoulders and murmurs, "Thou art my very soul and my conscience, Vladimir! Thy thoughts, thy aspirations, thy God are surely

old. And after? Her brave heart con-quered her dread! She took me in, put She stoops and presses her lips to my forehead, and leaves me quickly to ad-A great sob lifts my breast, and breaks the stillness. She looks up startled, and

He enters with a coat over his arm, and after greeting us, produces from his pocket a soft felt hat, which he throws on a chair. Now he comes and stands before me, regarding me critically.

"How long hast thou been up to-day?" he inquires at length.
"Only about an hour. I have hus-

What thou wilt; but weep not, Vladibanded my forces for this evening." Maruscha makes us some tea, and She kisses me wildly, not thinking whilst we take it Ivan tells us the latest what she does, but only of pacifying me. Fifty men and women have been "Thou hast been ill-very ill; thou must not excite thyself-it is bad for arrested on suspicion of being implicated with the Nihilists. Three assassinations Think not of the past, it is over of tyrants have occurred in different -all over, and thou art with me! Think parts of the country, and everybody is talking of the daring "leader" in to-day's how I have striven to nurse thee well, ssue of the "Voice of the People." produced the newspaper and read it to Talking thus, she takes her handker-

And all this falls flat on me. No longer can I rejoice at these things, they only make me sad. The day has gone by when the walls of a city could be made to fall at the blast of trumpets. My heart is full of the approaching leavetaking, and gloomily I watch the twilight shadows creep up and close around us. I seem to see the relentless angel of fate ointing to the gates of my Paradise, and bidding me depart into the dark unknown region without, and, alas! I may not even take with me my Eve!

Maruscha scarcely speaks a word. She And she is my willing slave in all things save one. I may not even hold stitches away at the shirt, and when she has finished it, busies herself packing some things for me in a bag. As lips. If I venture on the latter, she gently but firmly withdraws it, casting the shades deepen, Ivan also becomes silent. He goes over to the window and stands with his back to us, blowing a tune through his lips.

Maruscha comes to me. I fold her siently in my arms, and thus we remain, heart to heart, cheek to cheek. At length Ivan says, but without looking around, We had better not let it get too late, Vladimir." One long, silent kiss I press on Maru-

how my sudden appearance out of the scha's lips ere I release her. ever thou wilt, Ivan," I reply, clearing my voice, for it sounds strangely husky. She evidently fears, too, that the discussion of so painful a theme would in-Hearing Maruscha stir about the om, Ivan judges that he may return. only member of our section besides her-

begin to get into the coat he has self who knows of my existence-not to brought forward for me, while Maruschastands and straightens the hat, takes it from her hand, and puts sleep which has been troubled with strange dreams, sometimes gracious ones, full of the presence of Maruscha, when the strange dreams are full of the strange dreams are full of the strange dreams. other. Ivan draws my hand through his arm, and Maruscha precedes us to the

"Adieu, Maruscha." Ivan extends his hand toward her. She takes it and swiftly, ere he is ware of her intention, she lifts it to

I feel inexpressibly sad to-day, and her lips. "Adieu, and God bless thee, my broth-Maruscha shares my feeling. As she er" she murmurs, with eyes brimming downcast, over her work, I guess that it with gratitude.

I, holding his arm, feel the shock that is only my presence that keeps her from thrills his body, but his voice is clear and Her swift needle glances in calm as he replies, "God bless thee also, She is finishing a shirt for me to take my sister!"

with me, and there is not much time Marascha stands watching us as we slowly descend the stairs. At the foot I pause to wave my hand toward her, ing, and we leave together when the ugh her form is swallowed up by the darkness, and we issue forth into the still It has been heaven to me, this calm blissful period of convalescence-all too evening.

(To be continued.)

Task Too Hard to Endure. The man of the future sat back at ease in his luxurious arm chair, his feet arranged before him along the ever Maruscha may say, there is danger lines of least resistance. in my sojourn with her. Though the At his elbow was a keyboard that situation was forced on us by necessity,

onnected him with the outer world. He touched a button and through a be put an end to as soon as possible. A gold-mounted transmitter was thrust his morning paper. He touched anoth-

comfort her I assume an air of cheerfuler and a tray containing his breakfast rose before him. It seemed an easy thing to do. He had but to lift his finger.

shall see each other daily. Let us not meet trouble half way. And when the parting comes there will still be the pros-A phonograph began calling off the opening of the stock market. A piano attachment gave out the strains of the and surely I shall find some spot under latest opera. Three friends in distant a free sky on which to build a modest parts of the empire bade him good little nest for thee and me. Think of morning and communicated some piece that time, dear heart. Hope for the of gossip in response to his inquiry. "Ah, if thou wast but safely out of He talked with the manager of his this terrible land, then I might hope!" office, with his tailor, his airship

maker, his architect, "I have great faith in the future!" I With him it was indeed a busy day. Finally his head sank back. He was overcome by the unusual exertion. He ooked worrled, is some special end in these sudden acts

His wife entered.

"What is the matter, dear?" she said. 'Isn't everything all right?"

"No," replied the man of the future testily. "I can't stand this pressure. I've simply got to have someone to press these buttons for me."-Life.

Widows in Korea never remarry, no matter how young they may be. Even though they had been married only a month, they never take a second busband,

Who would regard all things comso. And why? Because as a nation placently must wink at a great many.