reply, with a touch of bitterness.

"It were impossible, my heart of hearts! Thou wouldst but retard my

couldst .thou endure the hardships I

may have to encounter. Alone thou canst

a brave heart, and avoid getting embroil-

for love of me, my Maruscha?" In re-

CHAPTER VI.

shades of night have been closing in,

until now, leaning together as we sit,

we can barely see each other's faces.

Maruscha rises to light the lamp, and

in the silence I hear how the wind,

rattling the window in its frame and

howling wildly round the house. From

"Ivan will see thee home, Maruscha,"

Suddenly flying steps startle us as-ending the stairs! The handle of the

'Open-open quickly! It is I-Pavel!"

is at the door before I, in my surprise

and consternation, find the power to stir.

before me. He must have sped quickly,

"Hide! Hide for thy life! They are

Maruscha wrings her hands. "Fly

I am beginning to make blindly for the

"No-no time; they will meet thee-

I look around at the four walls and

"The window-it is dark!" It is Ma-

The window rises from the roof. It is

high. Already Maruscha is dragging for-

again, instantly turning to me his back

compasses me about—it tears, it roars

at me. I clutch the window frame-my

feet are on the sloping roof, which

Pavel's head shoots up for a monien

seize his black hair and toss it about in

wanton fury ere it disappears and the

wirdow is shut. I have now got a firm

grip of the projecting slates that edge the dormer roof. Fortunately, I am

shed with soft slippers, so that my feet

can bend with them and get a certain

purchase on the slates. I move cau-

left arm over a corner of the projection. Thus by bending my body forward l

eyes are turned to the door, as if in

startled surprise. Pavel is at the door.

holding it open to admit four police officers, two of whom have Ivan in cus-

eyebrows are raised. He looks astonish-

ment personified. With a polite gesture

he seems to invite the intruders to en-

ter, search, examine-anything they like

There is an air of baffled mystification

on the faces of all the officers as their

them, a superior, locks the door and puts

wrists, wears a look of sullen indiffer

The superior officer steps forward in

front of Pavel, and holding him with

a stern eye, evidently commences to

question him. I strain every nerve to

hear what is being said, but what with

the swish of the wind and the interven

I can only guess what is trans-

Presently he takes out his pock

impresses the officer-Russian

Pavel fixes steadfast, unflinching eyes

etbook, produces a card from it, which

My brave girl! She bears herself like

an enraged queen. I can see that her

officers are particularly impressionable!

The fellow bows courteously at every

dress and name on the back of Pavel's card, and makes her a profound bow ere

he turns from her.
She sits quietly down and speaks not

again, but silently watches every move-

ment of the officers, who have now got

orders to prosecute a search. They pull

out drawer after drawer, upsetting the

reply of hers. He takes down her ad-

she would impress the Czar himself!

he hands to the officer.

Only once I catch him dart a

can see into the room, myself unseen.

Maruscha is sitting at the table

tody. Pavel's manner is perfect.

so that they are satisfied.

seemly interruption.

reply.

tiously sideways, until I can extend my

seems to move away under them.

ruscha who speaks, pointing upward.
"It is a chance!" gasps Pavel.

ward a chair for me to mount.

tramp, tramp of gendarmes!

through the window.

or, when Pavel's voice arrests me.

fly! stand not thus, Vladimir!"

thou must hide!"

laugh stupidly.

a gale it has developed to a tempest

I observed. "It is a wild night."

which is not Ivan's, comes to us

Whilst we have been talking the

there will be amongst them when and presses it to her lips.

CHAPTER V "Vladimir, thou art feeling stronger? stronger and an alien in a foreign land, Is it not so?" says Ivan, putting a hand should I reach it, my prospects are nil." on each of my shoulders and looking Then noting the effect of my gloomy obdown anxiously in my face.

Then noting the effect of my gloomy observations in her downcast features, I

"Certainly I am—much stronger than when I came to thee a week ago," I theless, Maruscha, I have my hands and

Because thou wilt have to make a move again," resumes Ivan. "It is no longer safe for thee here. To-day my landlord met me as I left the house, and asked me who I had staying with me: though I know not how he has discovered thy presence here. I said: 'A constitution of the left of the land of the land of the left of the land of in, who is merely passing through the flight, increase my danger, and, more town en route to Novgorod.' He asked than all, run a terrible risk thyself. Nor your name. I was taken aback, but fortunately the first lie led up to the second, and the name of an actual cousin came follow me by rail, in perfect safety, and to me and I pronounced it. So now thou we will trust in my lucky star that soon art Waldemar Nicolaivitch Alikanoff! I may bid thee come. Meanwhile, keep have thought, Vladimir," he resumes, "that it were well to make known thy existence to our section. Thou knowest they are to be trusted to a man. What ply she takes my hand in both of hers

us we can easily conceal thee. Thou canst pass from one to the other until thou art able to venture on flight."
"I have always advised it," I respond. "Long since I would have shown myself to them but for Maruscha. which has been blowing a gale all day, is thinks there is risk in so many knowing

they know thou are alive! They will all be ready to die for thee! And amongst

it whilst I am still in the country.' Ivan shrugs his shoulders. "I see no alternative. Something we must risk,' "There is strength in unity, and are we not as one man in purpose? The sooner thou art away from here the better. What thinkest thou of going first to Pavel Yegorevitch?" he asks.

'I would trust Pavel as my own soul!' I reply, fervently, for I like the man. He is a silent, deep nature—I always mistrust the glib tongue-a man who makes no professions, slow and deliberate both in speech and action, but hav- I sit gazing and expectant of I know not ing once chosen a course is not to be

"Thou wilt lock thyself in," says Ivan. for he puts his hand to his heaving side, "And if any one, save Maruscha, should and with wild eyes darting at me, gasps come and knock for admittance thou forth: wilt keep silent as a shade until they Adieu, I will not be long.'

their As I lie, with my hands clasped above my head, my eyes fixed on the bit of sky gleaming gray, through the small dormer window, the being of all others I most long for stands at the other side of the I know well Maruscha's particular rap, and it is her voice that whispers my name:

> I swring to my feet and hasten to admit her. For some minutes, holding the beloved form in my arms, I forget all else, realizing only the rapture of the present. Only when she releases herself and looks round for Ivan, I remem ber how much I have to tell her.

She turns white when she hears abou and lowering his body. the landlord's questions, and I tell her that Ivan has gone to see Pavel Yegorevitch to make arrangements for my removal there to-night.

At this she clasps her hands. "Is it oh, is it well that others should know about thee? Pavel is silent and trustworthy, it is true; but still I fear It will break out. One by one they will be told-they will be flocking to see The attention of the police be at tracted. I wish, I wish Ivan had comto me! Surely we two could have man aged to conceal thee somewhere-some

"Thou art too fearful, my Maruscha," I reply soothingly. "And thou seest it has become imperative to seek the aid of others. I only wish I had insisted on doing so before I drew this danger or Ivan. And as to my safety, there is no a man of them who would not render up his life rather than betray me!

Not willingly, not willfully, I know Vladimir, but what matters it when they have by their coming and going, at place? It is a mistake, I tell thee!" per sists Maruscha.

For a while she stares straight before her, and I see the anguish of terrible possibilities growing in her eves until the tears begin to gather, her features to work, and she casts herself on my

"Vladimir! Vladimir!" she cries, "If they tear thee from me now I shall

I say what I can to reassure her stroking her bright head and pressing my the key in his pocket. lips to it, for her hat-that sweet little hat that I have watched her trim-has alipped to her shoulders. And she sobs her woe with tears abundant, at swift glance at Maruscha, who has risen which I rejoice, because experience has to her feet and stands with proud, up taught me that after Maruscha has wept lifted head in mute protest at the unmuch, she is wont to be very calm. "How long wilt thou stay with Pavel

Yegorevitch?" she asks. 'As short a time as possible," I re-"I am quite strong now, and the oner I begin to make for the frontier By remaining I only endanger my friends. Moreover, Maruscha, ing glass, I cannot distinguish a single as I explained to thee before, having word. ceased to approve of the methods of the piring by a close observation of the dumb party to which I have hitherto belonged, my wisest plan is to escape from it quietly and silently. I have thought it on his examiner. Occasionally he smiles slightly. His lips move as if in prompt would be madness. I could not make

myself understood." Maruscha sighs as if ske would excuse

"Surely thou hast done enough," she

murmurs. By no means!" I cry vehemently. "No man can ever say: I have done enough, in a good cause! Once its true disciple. his liabilities to it end only with his life, and my watchword is now as heretofore, 'Liberty.' And it is for liberty that I will fight to my last breath! No longer, therefore, can I be the slave of a party whose tyranny is as great as the Csar himself! it is Nihilism I have servedslavishly, abjectedly. What it has decreed I have done, silencing my con-science smothering the dictate of the would have whispered: 'Thou shalt not take God-given life, even though it be that of thing around.' The bottom drawer is the only one that of thine enemy!"
"What wilt thou do when thou hast to give up the key. With perfect unthat of thine enemy!"

left us?" she asks, with quivering lips. concern he directs one of the officers to up the happiness of "Thou speakest as if I could choose," his waistcoat pocket, and—ah, at last shortened its years.

here are papers! I note the gleam of exultation with which they are clutched and the eagerness with which they are unfolded; glanced over with increasing disappointment, one by one, and laid aside. I could almost chuckle at their discomfiture, knowing as I do, that Ivan has another hiding place, and one that they are not likely to stumble on for his secret papers. They leave no corner uninvestigated,

and it occupies a considerable time. Finally they give up the search and leave the house. The tramp of the police offifainter until it dies in the distance. breathe a prayer of thanksgiving.

It is Maruscha's small head, blown about by ringed wavelets of hair, which next starts up against the sky, and her voice gasping out my name in an intense, awful whisper:

"Vladimir!" She cannot see me, her gaze sets out on a distracted, dubious search. I raise my head. She utters a low cry of joy. "I am here, Maruscha," I call to her. "Oh, Vladimir, be careful! Hold fast!

Take time!" She stretches out her hand toward me, though she cannot help me, while I slow-ly and painfully descend. Once my foot slips forward and she utters a scream of

I reassure her. "Fear not for me, throat!" Maruscha. I keep a firm hold, and holding, I cannot fall."

And once more I stand in the room, ed with the Nihilists. Wilt thou do this and Maruscha's arms are clasping my

> CHAPTER VII. Around me is a chaos of confusion. Ivan's belongings strew the floor like the leaves on the strand after a tembedclothes lie a twisted heap, with the scripts, note scraps relative to his law she continues, in nervous haste.

is Pavel Yegorevitch?

"They have been taken," I groan, a huge wave of bitterest remorse rising and sweeping over my soul. Have I returned to this miserable world only to bring misfortune to those who are dear- to come here. He has driven after usdoor is shaken, and a breathless whisper, est to me? Am I ever to be doomed to spied on us blast like a thunderbolt all I come in "I will to contact with? To prove a curse where Maruscha, pale of a sudden to the lips, most would bless?

Maruscha, who now that the fierce strain has been removed from her nerves, is sobbing hysterically, with her now my only thought. face at my words, anxiety for me bringing her sobs to an immediate check.

"Yes, they have have here."

"Yes, they have have here." what, but something of ill-and Pavel is

"Yes, they have both had to go, but it

hastens to inform me.

I laugh harshly. "Hast thou forgotten
Vera Sassulitch?" I say. "There was eyes fastened on my face. nothing found against her-nothing but

she reply to this cruel fate?

"My shoulders-better," gasps Pavel of the Russian authorities to prefer an accusation when they arrest a subject.

It is enough that they have decided to much is at stake!" I cry, beside mylent to me in this supreme moment. I spring with marvelous agility to the profered shoulders—I open the window, and with a rush of wind comes to me the with a rush of wind comes to me the

one was hiding-being hidden."

"It is as I thought," I interrupt. "That malignant demon, Isajeff, the furrier, bring away my things."

is at the bottom of it!" Then instantly, with a shock of dis-Yet she is here she has not been arrested with the others. He has spared her: it is due to his reticence that she is not now in a prison cell! Why has he template the only possible reason this wretch can have for acting as he has done-to have her in his power.

And I am powerless to protect her from him! Nay, I must fly from her- to that effect." hasten to put miles between us, for every moment that I remain at her side I imperil her very life!

(To be continued.)

Where Time Is Nothing. through the Baikan States. She found that the idea of women traveling without a male escort in those countries struck the people whom she met as glances travel about the room. One of also astonished at an expenditure of knees. money upon travel which seemed to Ivan, standing apart, with gyved him without an adequate purpose.

The English, he had been told, wanted to see and know everything; they traveled everywhere. It must be a very expensive habit. It had perhaps come this distance. I admitted that it had, and he expressed great astonishment at the lavish expenditure.

"And it takes not only money, but time," said my companion.

He laughed merrily. "Time! What is time? Time is nothing. You live, off. and then you die."

"Time," said a Hungarian, who was of the party, in order to show his superior knowledge, "is thought very much of by the English. I have been told that they have a proverb which I will observe the same caution in writsays, "Time is money."

We corroborated this report, to the name astonishment of both men, for even the Hungarian thought this was going rather far. The Montenegrin thought it one of the wildest statements he had ever met with, and shook his puz- that, enly that, my love, and the time zled head.

The American firm of Clarkson & Co., in Vladivostok, have substituted Russian laborers for Chinamen in their coal mines. The Russians are working co-operatively, by the job, and produce cheap labor the cost was 5 cents a ton, stretched.

of an overvaulting ambition has eaten up the happiness of many a life and

By Order of the Czar

A Story of Russian Power

By MARCUS EASTLAKE

CHAPTER VII .- (Continued.) I grind my teeth in an excess of in the life out of this insignificant yet noxlous reptile.

"Maruscha," I begin, "this Isajeffhas he ever accosted thee?"

She bends her looks to the ground, and intent on every siga her face may disclose, observe the vivid color rise, dyeing her neck, her cheeks, her brow.

'I like not the man, Vladimir. He is

an impudent fellow"—she hesitates. grasp her arm almost savagely. "Has he dared to speak to thee?" I gasp. "Tell me—tell me, what has the drops from my face, with a woful he said? If he has insulted thee by so stab of dolorous recollection of the touch much as a look-a word-I will go now at once, and tear the tongue from his

My vehement words are scarcely uttered ere I am regretting them, for I see the fear spring to her eyes. now she will not tell me the truth. She laughs uneasily.

"Now see how thou takest things up!" she says. "For indeed there is none to tell. The man has always been civil to me, only giving me 'good-day' as I went and came, or passing a remark on the weather. It is only that I have taken pest. His open desk, with its contents weather. It is only that I have taken scattered broadcast, is at my feet; his an unreasonable antipathy to him—a bedclothes lie a twisted heap, with the mattress beside the bed. The table, too, is littered with old letters, manuscripts, note scraps relative to his law strange temper! And thou art wrong." studies; but where is their owner? Where suredly thou art wrong that Isajeff has

"I will tell thee what I will do only

-only give me time, Vladimir." presses her hand to her side. I am subdued. To soothe her, calm

"Yes, they have both had to go, but it sobs, still holding me with both her is a mere form. To-morrow they will be released. Nothing was found, nothing can be proved against them," she never go back to my lodging—he need

nothing found against her—nothing but the faintest shadow of a suspicion rested on her, yet that hindered them not from keeping her two long years of her girl's life in the fortress without trial! And she was scarcely eighteen!

Maruscha hangs her head and sighs drearly. She replies not. What can the was large for the station and take train for thy home! St. Petersburg is no place for thee, Maruscha. Promise me that thou wilk leave it to-morrow never to ble to my feet.

"Go back," I repent, thrilling with a sharp shock of electricity. I perceive that the tiny monitor I am gazing at points to the hour of five. I wind it up, and returning it to where the tender, subtle fingers had placed it in preparation of a surprise for me, scramble of the motion that my whole body thrills with a sharp shock of electricity. I perceive that the tiny monitor I am gazing at points to the hour of five. I wind it up, and returning it to where the tender, subtle fingers had placed it in preparation of a surprise for me, scramble to my feet.

A long, profound sleep in the invigor-"Go back," I repeat, thrilling with

return. "I need scarcely ask of what they accuse our brothers," I observe at length, with bitterness. "It is not the manner clothes!"

"I promise but but I owe a week's lodging—I must give notice—my clothes!"

"And thou wouldst take into consid-

he is not left to rot there:

"They made no accusation, it is true:
but, from their questions I could guess that they expected to find that somethat they expected to find the somethat the somethat they expected to find the somethat they expected to find the somethat the somet "Listen to reason, Vladimir," she falnot get in a word. I will go to Olga, and she will pay the money for me, and

"So that he can follow her and find thee! No, that will not do! And yet,' may, I recollect that it was from Ma- I say, moderating my tone, "thou art perruscha's lodging Isajeff had followed us! haps right about the money"—I muse a the box, framed in the opening of the moment, "then Olga must find someone else to pay it, and invent some lie. He must be led to expect my return. Say that thou hast been called away suddenly--to a dying relative!" I laugh grimly at the glibness of my inventions, "She has been commissioned to take part of thy wardrobe to send after thee. canst give her a line for the scoundrel

> "Yes, yes," Maruscha agrees eagerly. "That is well planned. And as proof that I am returning everything will be left standing in the room-my stove and all my belongings."

"Thou wilt be strong now as thou hast Miss Mary E. Dunham has made an ever been, my brave one!" I say encourentertaining book out of her travels agingly. "Something tells me our part-"Something tells me our partthee as soon as I am over the frontier. Olga will forward my letters.'

In a moment her features begin to work, and ere I am aware she has cast most singular. A Montenegrin was herself at my feet, and is clasping my

"Thou caust not mean it, Vladimir!" she gasps. "Thou wouldst not drive me from thee before-before the last! And whither wouldst thou go to-night? Where wilt thou hide? Oh, leave me not in

ignorance, or I shall go mad!" 'I will write whenever I can. But, cost me eight pounds, he suggested, to Maruscha, I must also hear from thee. I will make for Luza first, write to me

from thy home to the postoffice there."
"How shall I address thee?" "Ah, yes, I forgot that I am nameless I will keep the name that Ivan gave me to the landlord-it will do as well as any : "Waldemar Nicolaivitch Alikan-

Thou wilt remember?" "Waldemar Nicolaivitch Alikanoff," repeats Maruscha, slowly.

'And for heaven's sake, word thy letter carefully, so that if it reaches me not, and the officials open it they will see nothing to make them suspect aught. ing to thee, and will sign my assumed

"I will be careful," she murmurs, with another heart-broken sigh.
"And now, my own Maruscha, fare-

wel until our next meeting-our joyful meeting to part never again! Think of will seem short.' Her arms are about my neck. I hear

her laboring heart throb against mine. A long last kiss. My anguished soul invokes the blessing on her that my quivering lips refuse to utter, and I tear my-

One look back I take to see her tottee coal for 2 cents a ton. With Chinese a few steps after me with arms outand stop. hand and flee as if lashed by furies from Don't be too ambitious; the canker the sight of her agony-forward-onward-into darkness and uncertainty.

CHAPTER VIII. Where am 1? I halt and gase around

me in stupid bewilderment. The east is glimmering in cold, silver sheen, throwtent fury. I clutch the air with a wolfish ing an uncertain, mystic light on the hunger to fly at the throat and crush faintly defined landscape. I look back along the straight, white road, with its tall telegraph posts starting up at regular intervals. A sudden flash golden needle pierces the dim distance.

A ball of gold begins to burn lower down on the horizon. They are the spire of the Admiralty and the dome of St. Isak's in St. Petersburg, which I have left behind me. Can it be possible that I have come so far? It has been weary work trudging along that road!

I take out my handkerchief and wipe the drops from my face, with a woful of Maruscha's little fluttering, solicitous hands as she put the handkerchief into my pocket. In returning it my hand comes in contact with a parcel of sandwiches. Again Maruscha! I draw them forth, for I am ravenously hungry.

I eat with a vision of her as she stood at the table in Ivan's room, forgetful for the moment of her grief in ministering to my needs, her sweet, pale face downcast and absorbed.

At last I am treading the margin of

the wood-am entering its stately aisles. And now that effort is no longer imperative, my limbs begin to yield under me. I stagger rather than walk, catching at the boles of the trees for support. a few steps farther into the shade-a mist rises before my eyes. I lurch forward-prone on the ground, and become instantly oblivious.

An incessant tapping over my head is the first thing I am aware of. I open my eyes in vague curiosity and see the turned to this miserable world only to both saw him as we mounted the droski dark, interlacing branches of a pine tree above me, and lower down on the red stem a green woodpecker diligently at work.

From force of habit I insert my forefinger and thumb in the watch pocket which was wont to contain a watch, and am withdrawing it with a foolish, baffied laugh, when my finger comes in contact with some small object. I dive for it and pull up a watch key; but that is not all—it is tied with a bit of blue ribbon which is attached to something else. Another pull and I bring to light Maruscha's tiny watch!

It is there in the palm of my handthe little toy of a thing she has worn at her girdle ever since I have known her. I gaze at it with such a mighty rush of emotion that my whole body thrills with a sharp shock of electricity.

A long, profound sleep in the invigorating atmosphere of the sun-steeped pines has put new life into me. It is only my feet that are swollen and painful, and I hobble, rather than walk, to the margin of the wood. If I can but get a lift of any kind, I think I will take a bed at an inn for this one night to give my feet a chance of recovering. I

In advance there is a long cavalcade of carts laden with firewood winding slowly into the distance, each with its attendant Mujik trudging beside it or seated on a shaft of his cart. Toward me a peddler's wagon lumbers on creaking wheels. Its owner sits nodding on canvas tent that arches above him. The two little nags crawl along with drooping heads, as if they, too, were indulging in a nap. I take a good look at the

He is a middle-aged man, with strong, grizzled beard and broad, Slav countenance. The nose in it is like a potate. There are good-natured creases about the corners of the eyes, so I take

"Good day! God assist you!" I exclaim amicably. The peddler instantly removes his capwhile a slow smile gradually spreads

over and broadens his heavy features. "God be with you, Gentle," he replies "Whither are you bound?" I question.

"My destination is Kovno, but to-night I make halt at the village of Little Kolga. "Ah, fare in my way. Would you ob-

ject to give ma a lift for a compensa-The Game will bonor me!" The peddler leaps down from his seat with as much alacrity as his lumbering body and enormous boots will permit. "Would

the Gentle like a seat on the front of the wagen, or would be prefer to recline on the merchandise?" "With your permission, little father, I will get inside," I say.

As I advance to mount the wagon he remarks on the lameness of my gait. "The Gentle has hurt himself?" he ob-

"My boots cripple me somewhat," reply carelessly.
"That is bad, it she Gentle has so far

to go."
"I go to Luga. I am a student and have been sitting rather closely over my

books, so I thought the walk through

the country would clear my brains a lit-I laugh. "The Gentle is right," agrees the peddler. "There is nothing like the country air for bracing the wits, or helping one to think out a weighty matter. I make all my calculations in the open. The Gentle will feel the benefit of it even

though he should be obliged to co his journey by post from Little Kolga. He will still inhale the fresh air." After this he relapses into silence and whips up his horses. When noontime comes I share his frugal repast and fall into a done until at nightfall we reach the village of Little Kolga.

I feel the blood rush tumultuously to my smooth-shaven, tell-tale face. hanging? I—hem—no, I have never seen a thing of the kind," I stammer.

"Has the Gentle ever been to a hang-

"Perhaps the Gentle likes not such spectacles? I never miss a chance. like to see perish the enemies of our fath-

The peddler lifts his cap.

"When I last visited the city I went to see a hanging. There were five of them-five gallows in a row, and a man for each. Ah, that was a sight! There were thousands went to see it, and I went early and secured a good place. There is courage in us Russians even in the worst of us. We know how to They were traitors all, but meet death. They were traitors all, but they died like brave men. I assure you, rascals as they were, my heart glowed to witness how they died! There was one—what limbs the fellow had! He was nobly built, the dog, and he had a face as handsome as a saint. Such a beard! Such eyes, dark and burning! I could not take my eyes off the fellow. I saw only him all through the hanging. And when he spoke his words were like arrows: 'I repent not,' he said, the sinner, yet he was a brave one."

He looks straight before him as if conjuring up the scene and continues: "And what an affair that was! Shall I ever forget it? The rope broke ere he was finished. I was carried off my feet, for the populace in their rage rushed for ward to effect a rescue. Su Noble must have heard of it?" Surely the

"Ab, well, I doubtless heard it spoken of at the time, but I take little interest in such things."
"No? Yet there are always students

at the hangings. There were many at this one. There was one close to me went clean mad at the breaking of the rope, and made a rush, but the soldiers drove him back. He had his sweetheart with him, and she fainted. It is abominable that delicate women will go to see these sights! They scream and faint, and yet they like it. They will not stay

away. I answer nothing. I have an unpleasant feeling as of a rope being tightened about my neck, checking the free course of my breath. I take out my handkerchief and mop my face with it.

"The Gentle feels it warm under the cover," observes the peddler. "Will he not sit awhile in the front of the wagon for change of position?" I gladly scramble to the front of the

vehicle, where I sit crouched like a grasshopper, because of my height. The peddler regards me from head to foot with twinkling eyes, and at length breaks into a laugh.
"I crave pardon," he says, "but just

such a frame had that sturdy rascal who perished on the gallows. Just such length of limb and breadth of shoulders; yet methinks he was stouter," still observing me critically. Then doubtless perceiving how I color under his fixed gaze he adds quickly: "The Noble has a splendid body, and so had the fellow I speak of, but there the resemblance ceases. God forbid that I should give offense!"

After this he relapses into silence and whips up his horses, for the light is fading from the sky in which the evening star is brightening. We soon begin to pass a smoke-stained cabin here and there by the roadside, and then a long, low wooden building, with benches and tables before the door, where we make halt. The peddler throws the reins on

the horses' backs. "I put up here," he says, "and I thank the Noble for his good company; there is good accommodation at the post station, not five minutes' walk from here." I thank him for his kindness and slip

a rouble into his hand. He begins to expostulate, but with a "good-night" and a wave of my hat, I turn from him to ascend the unpaved, straggling street which constitutes Little Kolga.

(To be continued.)

Familyless New York.

Walking up Fifth avenue and out through Central Park the Sunday that I landed in New York, among all the varying and sad impressions made upon me. I was especially moved to inquire. Where are American families? What in the world is the matter with American men, and who taught American girls their manners?

I saw men and women promenading . together and I saw not a few children romping unattended by their elders or else in the company of nurses. I saw nowhere what makes the chief beauty of all Paris avenues and parks Sunday afternoons-innumerable family parties-fathers and mothers with their children, small and big, often the grandparents, too, gayly going along. glad of the sunshine, the fresh air, the exercise, and, most of all, glad to be together in their pleasure.

Then the girls I saw on Fifth avenue, promenading in pairs or in groups, with swinging stride, laughing loud, and talking louder. Where do they get their manners? In Paris, the home of the grisette, les petites femmes, it is the rarest possible thing to see a girl of immodest bearing on the street-myself, during two years' residence here, I have never seen it. This, I think, results largely from the subtilely refining influence of schools taught by religeuses.-Harper's Ba-

Convincing the Barometer.

Sir Archibald Geikie tells a story in his book, "Scottish Reminiscences," which he says is characteristic of the simplicity of some of the Scots. It concerns a farmer in the Cheviot Hills who had been told that it would be useful to have a barometer in the house, for it would let him know whether the weather would be good or bad.

After he had been persuaded to buy an aneroid barometer, which has a large round dial, he hung it up in his hall, and duly consulted it each day, but without much edification.

At last there came a spell of wet weather. The barometer continued to record, "set fair." The rain continued to fall heavily, and still the dial made no sign of truth. Then the farmer's temper rose.

He took the instrument from the nail and marched with it to the bottom of the garden, where a brook, swollen with the drainage from the upper slopes, was rushing along, brewn and muddy. He plunged the baro-

meter into the flood. "Will you believe your ain een now then!" he cried, angrily.

Throw aside your dignity, and romp and play with children; make them love you by loving them, and you wall add years to your life.