By Order of the Czar A Story of Russian Power MARCUS EASTLAKE

CHAPTER XIII. I look around me and shiver. The I hear him say: solid masonry of the walls is oozing with damp, which envelops me, enters my lungs, and literally permeates my being, drowning my spirits, lowering my vitality and extinguishing hope in my breast.

A warden brings me my allowance of bread and a jug of water. He informs me that I can have tea if I choose to pay for it, and shrugs his shoulders when I tell him that I have no money. On lighting my lamp he leaves me.

After a while I stretch myself on the bed, where I lie staring at the light. At times I groan aloud. I wring my hands, whilst the swept of anguish pours from my body. And thus the night wears away-the ghastly, fevered night, whose hours seem to lengthen out more and more as they crawl toward the pale ed? Is it the Cossack who lies groaning dawn.

To-day is little more than a wretched repetition of yesterday, only I feel it less, I have become apathetic. I have lost the mental energy to think strongly. For hours I sit on one spot and move not, or I stand at the grated window gazing vacantly at the river and the passing craft.

About midday the sky darkens and it begins to rain. It is a straight, steady land-rain without wind, and the monotonous patter of the drops on the water comes to me, mingled with the creaking of the rafts and the husky calls of the boatmen.

After my midday meal they take me to walk for a quarter of an hour in a court that is partly covered in, and again shake off my apathy to observe the faces of the two gendarmes who pace at each side of me. They are stolidity personified. My eyes dart now at an official, now at a passing warden, with a vague hope that the Cossack may throw himself in my way and give me significant glance or sign. In vain, And we are treading again the damp corridor and the gendarmes leave me in my cell.

The clock in the chapel tower of the prison tolls the hour of midnight. I count the strokes mechanically, sitting on the steel with my head against the humid wall. The final stroke is still quivering in the air when I hear a faint click.

Am I dreaming, or is there really a pair of gleaming eyes looking at me through the trap in the door? Is that in very truth a hand holding something toward me? I stagger to my feet, staring with all my might.

The hand beckons impatiently. In two strides I am at the opening! I grasp cold, rough iron! It is a file! A face is advanced so that I can see a long drooping mustache, as black as jet, and a pair of red lips which pronounce one word, "Work!" And the trap is closed.

I clutch it, I hug it-the little instrument that is to give me liberty! The reaction from the deepest depths of de spair to sudden, full-fledged hope, for a moment overpowers me. I sink on the edge of the bed and find relief in a suc cession of gasping sobs. Then I get mastery of my emotion, and rise with compressed lips, burning to commence my task. First I deliberately put out the

the legs and is actually pulling me back! "Ah, just in time, Anton Antoneivitch!

Not quite smart enough, my brave. Ha. ha!" as he drags me to the ground. And while I am struggling, dazed and bewildered, to my feet he has rushed

to the door, unlocked it, and by the dim light that illuminates the corridor I see him seize some one by the arm, jerk that some one into the cell and lock the door again.

"Just in time! Just in time to help me." I hear him repeat, with a strange, wild, exultation in his voice.

Then there is a short, fierce struggle in the dark. The bed creaks under a falling body. • • • A cry of "help!" that is instantly smothered, followed by gasps and groans. What means it? Who is the vanquish-

on the bed or that other one? In vain my eager eyes try to pierce the dark ness. It is as black as pitch. The Cos-

sack's voice reassures me at length. "I have him!" he pants. Another groan and a gurgling sound.

"You were going to spoil our little game-what?" says the Cossack with

cutting irony; and there is an unpleasant thud as a head being knocked against a wall. "Where are you, my brother? Come here quick!" I feel my way toward the voice, and my hand comes in contact with the arm of the Cossack.

"In my trousers pocket you will find a match box. Strike a light," he dic-"I must see what I am doing tates. here.'

I comply, and see a ghastly sight. On his back on the bed, his body convulsed, his face purple and swollen, his tongue protruding from his mouth, is the warder. The Cossack's fingers are tightly twisted in the collar of the prostrate man's uniform, and the Cossack's knee is on his chest. He is to all appearances lifeless.

"He will tell no tales," observes the Cossack. And the smile with which he regards his senseless foe is truly\_dia-"Yet he might come round. Shall I make sure?" He draws a small stiletto from the bosom of his coat and suspends it in mid-air.

I stay his hand.

"Slay him not," I say. "If he be really dead, God speed his soul. If the life is still in him, leave him the chance of it. His death will not benefit us."

"Humph; less trouble to have given him his quietus," he murmurs, hiding away his knife again. "We cannot leave him thus. We must tie his hands and gag him, or he might set the dogs on us

oner than we expect." While he talks he loses no time. He produces some strong cord from his pocket and binds the man's wrists together behind his back. After which he proceeds to gag his gaping mouth with a handkerchief. "It is cleverly done," he "I was quick. Yes. In an inhuckles. stant I had him! Once he had got away o give the alarm, though we might still have escaped by the window, I would not have given the snuff of a candle for our chances of landing at the other side save into, the arms of the gendarmes. It was even the best thing that could have happened that he should have for now, I reckon, they will not be likely to find out that the bird has flown be fore 5 in the morning, and by then they will find it a difficult task to get near ugh to him to strew salt on his tail. While speaking his quick, nervous fingers are busy tying the knot at the back of his victim's head. "There now, thou art fixed up-warranted not to go off!" he continues aposrophizing the insensible man. "Adieu my friend, and a good recovery! And now out with the light and let us start. Yerack will think that all is lost. In less than five minutes I am cleav ing the cold, black water, striking out blindly for the opposite shore. In my rear comes the Cossack, gasping and spluttering.

have procured a Cossack's dress. In any other thou wouldst surely look like a Cossack in disguise. With a bushy beard from ear to ear and a quarter of an 'archin" off thy mustache, methinks thou pass. "I would thou wouldst make haste and

let me rid myself of these soaking duds!" replies Kalatch, with irritation, while his teeth knock together like castanets "I am certainly sickening of ague?"

He gropes among the sacks and brings up two bundles, which he presents to us respectively. It is one of the most diffi cult things imaginable to make a compiete change of toilet in a cart on top of a pile of sacks, while three horses are tearing full gallop with you through at the fair of Nishi-Novgorod. Thou art to her as I owe it also to thee!" the darkness. However, necessity has

What bliss it is to lie still among the sacks with a dry skin, after the wet clothes have been stowed away, and listen to Kalatch describing in his terse, powerful diction, his adventure with the mutters, warder! And how Yerack enjoys it! "Good-good; well done!" he interpolates, slapping his leg.

Meanwhile a dull, smoke-gray streak now I can make out the details of Ye- til she grew blind, she would never know rack's dress where he sits before me on thee to be her son!" the front of the cart, and also the head of Kalatch emerging from the sacks, latch. surmounted by the tall Cossack's cap.

zon, so that his hooked nose and the vance horse, which he ties with a halbushy beard are marked out against the ter to the back of the cart. growing light. Though they continue to |

substance of their conversation, for I plains. "Thus it will appear as if the think of Maruscha, and how soon I may beast were being led for sale. Now we get a letter dispatched to her. I cannot shall do. We are traders journeying help feeling a consuming anxiety about to the fair at Vilna, and thou art a her, though I keep assuring myself that she is safe from interference until the a lift. We proceed leisurely, for we have inquiries subsequent to my trial in St. no haste; the fair only begins to-mor-

get to a post town as soon as possible." Cossacks, and therefore at Borlitch we

litch," replies Yerack, without looking proceed with the post. around.

I say. "Bah—nonsense!" exclaims Yerack. impatiently. "This is not a time to write letters! It is bad—bad—to send writ-from thee?" I exclaim, deeply moved by ing through the post! I believe not in the Cossack's generosity. this letter writing, it has lost many a tion I can never repay, but the money man

safety of one to whom I owe my life is address to which I may send it. Surely endangered through me and that the-endangered through me and that the-the individual knows not of it, therefore the individual knows not of it, therefore "Bah! Keep thy mind easy and make "Bah! Keep thy mind easy and make thou wilt recognize that I cannot argue not a mountain of a mole hill! What this point with thee."

he informs me that we pass through Bor-litch on our way to Vilna. "Where thou thee, my son. I beg thee, let a lonely wilt take train direct to Konigsberg," he man have his whim!" adds quietly, as if it were the simplest Yerack's voice shakes a little as he thing in the world my passing the fron- speaks. His face is averted. What can tier.

"Yes; that is the program. And thou thanks. Silently I wring my benefacwilt arrive safe and sound in the Prus- tor's hand. sian town without a single hindrance. It is still very, very early when we The officials at the frontier will doff their caps at thee and say, 'God speed' at the inn where Yerack halts we have thee, Holy Father!" "

up at the side of the road.

"Get down and stand by the horses" heads." Kalatch, still half asleep, stumbles



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CHAPTER XIV .- (Continued ) "Well," says Yerack, at length, "thou a big man, brother, and what with the

is already conspicuous enough. All eyes will dwell on thee. Not that it matters," he adds quickly. "So that thou art easy and composed they may stare their fill.

"That she would not!" endorses Ka-

Now Yerack leads the trolka into the His profile is between me and the hori- middle of the road and unyokes the ad-

"It looks not usual for a troika to be rowing light. Though they continue to converse together, I no longer gather the substance of their conversation, for I Petersburg should be instituted. "Yerack," I say at length, "where are we at present? It is necessary that 1 est out of place in a cart with trading "We are about ten versts from Bor- had better part company and thou wilt

"I must send a letter from Borlitch," "But, my good friend, this will cost money, and I am without a copec!" I

"Thy devo thou art laying out on me I may some "Yerack, when I tell thee that the day be able to refund. Give me some

are a few roubles to me? I have neither The Cossack gives a dissatisfied grunt, but says no more about it. Presently superfluity? Let me put a trifle of it to

I reply to this? Nothing. My trembling "To Konigsberg?" I repeat in amaze. lips refuse to form even a word of

encountered many people, but all of the A long silence ensues. Kalatch's head lowest orders. I have had to respond to disappears from the range of my vision, many greetings, and am made thoroughand ere long loud snores rise at inter-vals near me. Yerack slackens the pace tion I create. I feel relieved to enter of the horses to a steady trot, and thus the dark fore-place of the inu, with its we proceed until we come to a long small, dirty windows, and I hear Yerack bridge thrown over a stream. He pulls give vent to a sigh which I know is of relief.

"Come, rouse thee, Kalatch," he cries. The innkeeper comes yawning to meet

such a woman! Brave and true, Yerack, but for whom I should not be in art good enough to show in a caravan the land of the living, for I owe my life "Well, well, if that be so.

been known to make a man accomplish wonders. long gown and high cap of the priest, thee, there are—there may be different thou lookest gigantic." thee, there are—there may be different sorts. Though, for my part, I have sorts. Though, for my part, I have He takes me by the arm and twists me known but the one-the cat-like sort. about, viewing me from all sides, and his countenance grows even more grave. "The priestly garb is a mistake," he claws are hidden wherewith to tear you "it adds to the height, which unaware. I like not the feline tribe.

Having spoken, he protrudes his upper lip, making his bristly mustache stand out. He looks very fierce and bitter, and though I answer nothing, I has been widening on the horizon, and Thy own mother might stare at thee un- think, "Assuredly thou hast had some cruel experience, my friend.' In a few moments, however, his face

reassumes its habitual expression of complacency, and he says to me, "Now, my son, get thee something to eat and let us to business '

He places food before me; standing by and watching, with over-satisfaction, while I make it disappear.

"Thou hast done well," he observes, when I have eaten my fill and pushed the plate from me.

### CHAPTER XV.

Yerack draws a chair to the table, ose to my elbow, and with slow deliberation, and an expression of supreme satisfaction, takes from his tunic a large, oated-looking pocketbook, out of which he abstracts a folded paper. "Now, Nikor Andreivitch Tcherevin,,"

he says, mouthing his words with an unctuous intonation. "In reply to your appeal for permission of leave of absence on the plea of ill health, I have the pleas

ure to hand over to you from the Archimandrite of your diocese this paper, which you will perceive, entitles you to a month's sojourn abroad."

I take the paper he holds toward me. and unfold it. Sure enough, there is the ecclesiastical seal, the wavering signature of the aged church dignitary, and on scanning it I find that here indeed is a formal leave of absence to: "My ailing son, the Reverend and Holy Father Nikor Andreivitch Tcherevin, extending over a period of one month, to enable him, by medical advice, to drink the wat-

ers of Kissingen." I suppose 1 look my amazement, for Yerack, watching me, begins to grin. Kalatch, who has come up behind my chair, spells it out slowly and exclaims: "Tell us about it. How hast thou

procured it ?" "Yes; how? Who is Nikor Andrei-

vitch?" I manage to stammer.

This seems too much for Yerack. He throws himself back and indulges in one of his mighty roars.

"He knows not his own name!" he hoes. "Ah, Nikor Andreivitch! my echoes. poor Kikov; it is indeed time something was done for thy health."

Ere I have time for further question, he produces a familiar looking little greenback, the sight of which makes my heart jump; and this time, without any previous speech, he puts it into my hand. It proves to be a passport made out

in the name of this same Nikor Andreivitch, traveling to Germany. I read the description of myself as I now appear, in a sort of stupefaction. I can

And now here is for thy journey, and I have done with thee."

He takes a thick packet of notes from his pocketbook, and without counting them divides them into two equal parts and gives me one. Though I am obliged to be still farther his debtor to the amount of my journey, I shun to take advantage of such reckless liberality. I begin to count the notes, resolved to ac cept what I stand in absolute need of and no more. They seem to be all twen-ty-five rouble notes. I separate four from the bulk.

"These will more than suffice," I say, holding the remainder toward him. well for thee, my friend, that thy head is firmly fastened on thy shoulders, or thou wouldst certainly give it away. I try to smile at him as I speak, but my trembling lips render the attempt a

failure. His reply is to snatch all the notes from me with comical fierceness, roll them up, and stuff them into the inside pocket of my kaftan.

'Enough of this fooling!" he exclaims, "Not another word will I hear on so paltry a subject. What is more to the purpose, let us settle what is to be done next. It will be best that we part here. Thou wilt go on foot into the townstraight up this street, taking the first turn to the right, and in the market is both the postoffice and the posting station. Arrived at Vilua, drive direct to the railway station. With moderate driving thou wilt be there in time to catch the evening express. And let me remind thee who thou art. Forget not thy priestly dignity. Keep also a bold front, for thou art secure. The passport will assuredly be enough, but hesitate not to show the leave of absence. The two together will at once put to flight the least shadow of doubt. There is just the fact of thy having no luggage that might arouse suspicion. Here, too, thou canst easily hoodwink them. Thou wilt describe it-go to the luggage van for the purpose of identifying it-excite thyself, get into a towering rage because it is not there; threaten to lodge a complaint against the railway servants for their neglect in not putting it in the train when it is addressed and properly labeled; make a great stir, and give special orders as to the forwarding of it without loss of time."

"I promise thee to use my utmost ability, brother," I respond. "Nor am I a ovice. I have had some acting to do in my time.

'Another thing I would mention," resumes the Cossack. "I fain would hear of thy safe arrival. One line will be -'Arrived safe!' 'All well,' what enoughthou wilt. Only address it not to me, I am too well known for a scamp; moreover, I am under surveillance of the police," he chuckles, shutting up his left eye. "Let me see." he continues, with sudden gravity. "From Vilna we proced to Minsk, on our way to the East. Arrived at the Province of the Don, where I am a native, we will pause until have disposed of certain properties. Our final destination will be the Kirg-hez Steppes. There we will pitch our tent. They will scarcely follow us there. Send, therefore, thy communication to-Minsk. I can always induce some sleek government clerk to call for it at the postoffice and fetch it to me."

Hereupon he takes up the pen, and with great solemnity, forming each letter with his lips the while, he writes on one of the sheets of paper. It is a slow and aborious task. I receive the paper and read: "dimitri petrovitch herzen Minsk post restante.

Yerack sticks out his lips and watches me whilst I read it. "Thou canst make it out? Yes?" he

"Now embrace me, my son, and go thy

We kiss each other on both cheeks

and he releases me. The same ceremony

is gone through with Kalatch. I thank

him for the service he has rendered me.

"I was glad of a reason for pitching up the accursed job," he says. "I could

The Cossacks accompany me to the outer door. I shake hands with both in

ilence, fervently pressing the hand of

Thanks to Yerack's pass and letter, I

am able to continue my journey without

molestation. I pass the frontier in safe-

ty, and, at last I am out of Russia, a

(To be continued.)

A Raw Recruit.

Major General Henry C. Corbin, who

s to succeed General Taft in the Phil-

ippines, was reared on a farm in Ohio,

and takes a great interest in recruits,

perticularly if they be from his own

raw recruits from the farms and vil-

lages of the West," said General Cor-

bin recently, "And they make, in the

"They are amusing and pathetic, the

Yerack, and hurry away into the town.

which he will not listen.

not have stood it much longer."

inquires. "With perfect ease. It is very dis-

tinct

wav.

free man.

State.

light, after which I mount the stool and Even when the dawn began to work, glimmer I dare to continue it, until every bar is sawn through top and bottom, leaving only a thin, unfiled surface to the inside, so that a single thrust will cause the entire grating to give way.

I am examining my handiwork with comparative composure, for I have grown confident during my undisturbed labors when the unexpected click of the opening trap makes my heart stand still sudden dismay, whilst the sweat turns icy cold on my brow. I have, however, the presence of mind to let the file slip up my sleeve. I dimly descrip the points of the Cossack's black mustache thrust through the aperture. I noiselessly speed toward him.

"How much have you done?" he whispers.

"Finished," I whisper in reply.

"Good. Give me the file.

I hand it to him and he thrusts it into the breast of his uniform. Again he bends down to me and murmurs the one word: "To-night!"

I go over to the bed, and fling myself on it with a sigh of supreme satisfacti "It is done-my task is finished. With a single thrust of my hand I can make for myself an outlet from this foul den to liberty. A few hours and I shall be free!"

It is the very longest day of my life! And when at last the shades begin to gather and enshroud me, I cast myself down on my bed utterly spent with the burden of it, and my worn-out system finds relief in sleep. When I awake the lamp is burning once more, and my supper stands on the table, 1 eat up all the food that has been brought me, as I have done systematically all day, and take a long pull of water. After which I seat myself opposite the door and wait breathlessly, braced for the moment of action.

Suddenly, without the slightest warning, I am startled by the grating of the key in the rusty lock, and directly the Cossack enters; changes the key to the Inside, and locks us jn! For the first time I see my stranger friend. A single glance at him inspires me with confi-dence. Small, almost dwarfish; meager, colorless, his face and form are yet in-

stinct with energy and nerve. "Ready ?" he whispers.

"Quite," I respond promptly, "You can swim?"

"Like a fish."

"Come then, You first; I follow. Straight across where Yerack awaits us." I am on the stool preparing to thrust

out the grating. "Toward you! Toward you! Pull the bars inside," whispers the Cossack. "It it?"

will make less noise. And by all the saints, the light!" he darts to the lamp and puts it out, and is standing below me ready to receive the grating from my hand.

Already I am drawing myself up to the My head is through the stone edge. miliar click! The Cossack has me by sack confessed, every inch of thee, 1

The river is not wide, and I already feel the bank. Groping for a hold, my hand comes in contact with a branch, by which I pull myself up. The Cossack is close on my heels.

"Catch hold of this branch!" I whisper, bending it down to where I hear him

So hastily is it snatched from me that I almost lost my balance. I recover myself to find a dark object rising at my feet.

"Onward!" he pants, taking the lead. A little more scrambling, and we are on the road. The Cossack hurries me

along a few paces. Then a form steps out from the trees and silently confronts us. It is Yerack!

## CHAPTER XIV.

My companion utters one word in language unknown to me, and Yerack retreats into the black gloom of the trees. There is a stamping of horses and the muffled rolling of well-greased wheels. My sight having grown accustomed to the darkness, I can make out a "troika" and some sort of vehicle as they emerge on the road. We quickly climb into the latter, which proves to be a cart laden with sacks of wool. Yerack

springs to the seat in front, and away we speed as only a Russian "troika" can Nothing says Yerack to either of us until between us and Kovno lie many versts, and the barren land is all about Suddenly he observes: 11.9.

"Well, brothers, so far, good. And now for the transformation scene. Thou Vladimir Alexandrovitch, as thy hands are white and thou hast something of a clerical air about thee"-here he gives vent to a sly chuckle-"art to be transfigured into Russian priest, with purple, silk kaftan and flowing locks; not for getting a beard that would grace a patriarch It rests with thee to play thy new role well. Art thou satisfied with

"Yerack, my friend, I have no words wherewith to thank thee!" I exclaim warmly.

"Bah, I merit no thanks. If I save thee, it will be life for life. I like to be level with people. And for thee, brother Kalatch, as the leopard cannot chauge aperture when-what was that? A fa- his spots, and thou art always a Cos-

over the edge of the cart, and mechan- brows go up. They are evidently old friends, these two. cally does as he is told.

"Now give me the clothes, Vladimir Alexandrovitch."

I dive among the sacks and fish up to ear. "And I want to drop a word the two wet bundles. He takes them in thy ear, little father." With this he takes the man apart and whispers to from me, and looks anxiously up and down the road. Having satisfied him- him, during which the listener glances re peatedly in my direction, his small eyes self that it is deserted, he hurries up beginning to twinkle, and his mouth widstream and is soon lost to sight in its ening to a grin. Sometimes he puts a tree-fringed windings. In about ten minutes he returns without the bundles.

'Sunk them in a pool," is the laconireply.

I am on the road, stamping up and down to stretch my legs, about which the long silken skirt of the kaftan is flapping. My appearance must be startdoor ling, for as Yerack catches sight of me

he utters a little cry of surprise, which attracts the attention of Kalatch, and he, too, laughs at me. I break into a laugh at the open-mouthed wonder on their faces.

# (To be continued.)

## The Old Lady and the Lawyer

A certain lawyer, famed for high old lady on account of the same. Wish- to hold it over his mouth and crunch it ing to get even with him she consult- up ed him about drafting her will. As out near relatives, she had many char- stamp, as it is still too early for the

itable associations to benefit, and the postoffice to be open. accurate draft of the will required the landlord, with a twinkle in his beady much patience, skill and time., Among the provisions she made a generous be-all." quest to this lawyer and nominated

that under the circumstances he should these lines: charge nothing, but finally to satisfy have properly charged would have

been one hundred dollars.

the bequest to the lawyer and nom- made. I am safe and with friends. inating a new executor.

the disgust of the lawyer at the con- but that Maruscha will obey my instructents of the will was so great that he tions to the letter, if she can! inadvertently let out the secret, to the As I am folding and addressing it, huge delight of his brother lawyers .-- Yerack comes behind me and looks over Leslie's Monthly Magazine.

## Too Sanguine.

Edna-And after our marriage I am going to keep a cook. Belle-You are too reckless, my dear. Edna-Reckless?" Belle-Yes. You should say you are

going to try to keep a cook.

"Yes, it is myself, Thoma Fedoreivitch," says Yerack, grinning from ear

question. At length the confabulation comes to an end, and the innkeeper, after signing

to us, leads the way through a passage and opens the door of a small, dingy room at the back of the building. We enter, and he leaves us, shutting the

"Thoma Fedoreivitch is a safe man." observes Yerack, knowingly. "That kind of man is always safe so long as you grease his palm. Thoma and I have

had our little transactions together." The landlord returns bearing a tray with breakfast. The repast consists of raw salt herring, preserved mushrooms and white bread.

"Ah, I am as hungry as a hawk!" says charges, had incurred the enmity of an Yerack, taking up a herring by the tail

I take the opportunity to ask for writshe was a very wealthy old lady with- ing materials, and if it is to be had, a

"Certainly, Holy Father," responds

"I can furnish your Holiness with

Another burst of laughter from the him executor. After the execution of Cossacks, while the speaker crosses his the will she called for her bill, where- hands on his breast and bows low before upon the lawyer, with the vision of me ere he goes. He brings me the paample fees in the prospective settle. per in his dirty finger and thumb. It is greased and soiled, the pen splutters and ment of the estate, and the memory of the ink is of the consistency and color the generous bequest, told the old lady of mud, but they suffice me to write

"On receiving this, lose not an hour her business scruples, made out a re-ceipt in full to date for one dollar, day and night. I hope to precede thee, whereas the smallest sum he could and will await the arrival of all trains from Konigsberg. Should I be deterred,

Thine until death .--- V.

I read over what I have written. It

my shoulder. "Humph!" he grunts. "A woman; I thought as much.

I turn on him wrathfully, with an angry retort leaping to my lips, which, ver, I check, remembering how

summon up a smile.

in my good fortune all at once. Age-thirty. Height-above average.

Eyes-brown.

Hair and beard-brown and curled. Complexion-fair and fresh colored. Nose-aquiline.

Grasping the precious talisman, and realizing what it means to me, my excitement becomes so great that I can no longer sit still. I rise precipitately and fall to pacing the floor, while I vain ly struggle for speech. Joy and gratide strike me dumb, and like a woman the tears rush to my eyes and flow down my cheeks.

At length I go up to Yerack, and placng my hands on each of his shoulders, look down into his broad, jovial face. There comes a strange stir in it, but in an instant he jumps to his feet and laughs boisterously.

"Ha, ha, ha! Come, friend Nikor, if thou wouldst catch the evening express in Vilna, thou must bestir thyself. Meanwhile I have sufficiently mastered

my emotion to say: 'Yerack, my friend-my noble friend!

Thou wouldst escape my thanks. And the gratitude of my life long is all I may give thee. Generous Yerack; she, too -how she will bless thee for what thou hast done for us! Would that she were here to thank thee in her sweet, gracious way!"

"Let be, let be. Thou canst not im agine how I have enjoyed this escapade. To have tricked them so cleverly! Ah only to have seen the face of that warder this morning when he entered the cell! Ho, ho! That skinny little prefect. How small he would look when they told him of the tragedy! How he would fume and stamp! Oh, it is splendid, splendid! "But I want to know how thou camest

by the documents, and in so short a time, too?" interrupts Kalatch, impatiently

Yerack gives a contemptuous snort. "What a fuss thou makest about so small a matter!" he responds. "One would think thou hadst been born and bred a thousand miles from Russia, and knew naught of the customs of the counseek our brother, Conrad Rosen, Stein try. Roubles-roubles-roubles! What The old lady marched home with her assist thee. If possible, send warning, with Russian roubles? 1 rustle a handwill, set herself to work, copied it out indirectly, to Ivan and Pavel. All is ful of dirty rouble notes, and without carefully word for word, leaving out known and searching inquiries will be a word of persuasion a government clerk writes out the passport to my dictation. A Holy Father prepares the other docu ment from oue he has in his possession In the course of time she died, and is sufficiently explicit and I have no fear and hands it to me with a 'Bless thee, my son!" And never a remonstrance save

when I pressed a little token of my gratitude into his palm." "Thou must have spent a fortune over me. Yerack," I say remorsefully. The

weight of so many obligations oppresses me.

"And if thou hadst knocked the life out of me that time, as I deserved, what use would my money have been to me much I owe to this brave fellow. I even then? Moreover, I assure thee, that I speak truth when I say I have more than

"Yes, a woman, thou old mysogynist, I need. Trust Yerack for looking after who yet art the son of a mother. And himself. He knows how far he can go.

end, the best soldiers in the world. "But at first they are too ingenuous, oo boyish, too naive. For instance: "An Ohio lad was doing his first sentry duty. To and fro he paced. The landscape was fertile and lonely and

quiet, and the young recruit, as he regarded the green fields, fell into a reverle. His pleasant inland home rose up before him. He thought of his father and mother, his school days, his sweetheart.

"In the midst of his dream the major passed, and the youth forgot to salute.

"'Don't you know who I am, sir?" he said in a terrible voice.

"'No,' said the recruit, softly, and, thinking it was a friend from homesome friend of his family-he asked in a gentle voice:

'Do you know me?"

#### On the Inside.

summer boarder, "I don't believe all I see in the newspapers." "Why not?"

the comforts of home a few times myself."-Washington Star.

ture)-Will you please direct me to my stateroom? It's No. 727.

Take trolley car on starboard promennde.

"No," said Farmer Corntossel to the

"Well, you see, I've advertised all

### Necessary Adjunct.

Passenger (on ocean liner of the fu-

Clerk-It's about half a mile aft.