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

to the dining room.

replies.

at meal times.

my person.

just when the time was ripe for thee

"I have nothing to complain of," he

"And where is this uncle of thine

who has shown such wise discrimination

as eager in exterminating grubs and

snails as he used to be in doing battle

with disease. In the winter he lives

the latter he has certain pets, the feed-

been for some fifty years. When he is

"What a fine old fellow he must be!" I

As he lingers in my bedroom before

"Herr!" he exclaims, "what with thy

saying good night, he bursts into a sud-

den laugh, with his eyes running over

thou 'fallest into the eye,' as we Ger-

playa whist at the house of an old

CHAPTER XVI. | is Ivan's honest phiz looking at me with A day later I arrive in Berlin and at his thoughtful, deep-set eyes, and Pavel's liberty to seek my old associate, Karl firm and fiery one. Rosen. In a few minutes I am "Unter and those others who went with me to den Linden," mounted on one of those the scaffold, but, unlike myself, returned high-wheeled Berlin droskies, conspicu- not to light and life again; and there ous to the view of the double stream of am I, in different stages of my student individuals that pour in both directions, existence. Lingering in contemplation not one of whom but turns curious eyes of these I note not the flights of time, on me. A Russian priest is undoubtedly and before I have begun to expect Roa rare sight in Berlin, and few even sen's return he is there again. He puts know to what nationality I belong. his arm through mine and conducts me

"The Stein-Strasse is one of the many streets that run into the great center- "Thou art a lucky fellow, Karlos," I "Unter den Linden." We turn into it, say, as I watch him dissecting a roast and presently halt before a large house duckling, "to drop into a thing like this that has a balcony covered with creep-There is an ornamental metal ta- to do so." ers. ble, and chairs disposed amid a grove of leaf plants. One of the chairs is occupied by a young man in whom, spite of his clean shaven chin, trim whiskers, and general air of lofty respectability, I at ouce recognize the converted Philistine, "At present he is at his country house erstwhile of the University of St. Petersburg, Karl Rosen,

droski stopping at the door, he My rises and leans over the railings of the here, or rather I should say, sleeps here; balcony to bestow on me a prolonged and astonished stare. I wave my hand Medical Club and the Aquarium. At excitedly, to which he makes no response, only staring the harder, so I pay the ing of which he always superintends. driver and ring Doctor Rosen's bell. In the evening he goes to the opera, or bell. In the evening he goes to the opera, or whose name on a large brass plate is announced below it.

When the street door flies open mount the flight of stone steps three at in town, what with his outdoor engagea time. A neat maid servant holds open ments and my own, we rarely meet, save the door.

'Your master is at home; can I see him?" I inquired in German; for like exclaim. "That is the sort of uncle for most Russians of the educated class I me." am a tolerably good linguist.

For some moments she regards me with eyes as round as saucers before she sufficiently recovers from her surprise at sight of me, to reply to my question.

"Yes, sir; step in, sir." She precedes me across a hall and pauses at the door of a room, which must be that one with the balcony, to ask: "What name, sir?"

I hesitate for a moment. "Herr Lubanoff." I reply at length. She turns the handle and announces

me; then with a last, curious glance, leaves me within the room.

A figure stands between me and the light-a dapper little figure, the sight of which awakens in me a host of pleasant recollections. I step quickly up to it, grasp an unresponsive hand, shake it heartily, forgetting for the moment how disguised beyond the possibility of recognition I am, as I exclaim:

"Don Karlos, old man! how goes it with thee? Waken up, brother! Surely. thou hast not forgotten thine old com rade, Vlasha?"

"Vlasha," he repeats stupidly 'Vlasha?" Gazing at me always, his grasp begins

to tighten, his features to work. -it cannot be Vlasha Lubanoff; he was -hanged?" He says this dubiously, in a wavering, undecided manner. Doubt ss my familiar voice and other signs speak to his heart.

'Was he? was he?" I fling my clerical hat to the far end

of the room; my wig, my false beard follow it; and, twitching up the skirts of my silken kaftan. I cut a caper hefore

hands. I am not near enough to avert the With a crash it falls, with all its weight, on the Englishman's foot, He sets up a yell, which terminates in a groan, and falls insensible into my outstretched arms. The whole thing has happened in a flash, and the porters stand by staring stupidly. It is a 'passing stranger who stops and, quickly stooping, removes the edge of the chest from the foot, and the same individual orders a doctor to be brought. "I am a doctor," I interpose, and to

the people who have flocked round us. "Will you make way, please?"

station. anxiety has shrunk into the background. I direct my steps to the station master's tor." quarters, followed by the crowd to the door. The station master takes in at a and support him with my arm. glance the bearings of the case, moves quickly to open an inner door. Without quired, question, he precedes me into his comfortable sitting room, where I deposit my his voice is thick and indistinct. burden on a sofa.

"Where is he hurt?"

"His foot is crushed." A certain number of curious onlookers have followed—the station master po-litely but firmly waves them back and I can travel?" shuts the door on them. I cannot but I hesitate, "That is difficult to say," admire the calm self-possession of the I reply at length. "It depends much on

Already the old gentleman begins to "No. no testify by deep-drawn sighs that his calm yourself."

quire of the station master. ness, whose devoted admirer he has

"I have bandages, lint; in short, every- more than one-half of humanity is carthing you require, doctor," he replies. always have them with me, in case of ac- other, or both! Their bloated bodies go cidents.

"Sensible man," I think; "should have they deserve. I have one mutton chop been a doctor." And certainly no prac-ticed surgeon could have lent more able One fresh egg for breakfast—two slices assistance than does he. He anticipates of toast per diem. And, sir, unless I get my requirements, fetching water in a killed in an accident, I shall live until basin, unfolding and holding in readiness I die of old age!" the long strips of linen, until I am fain

to observe: "You have mistaken your vocation, a laugh.

height and the strange costume together, Herr Bahnhogs-Verwalter." He smiles with modest complacency. mans say. Truly thou couldst scarcely "I have had a little practical training

walk abroad in the streets thus for fear the 'Strassenjungen' should mob thee. to a man of my position to know how They might take thee for a parading bind up a wound at least. I have advertisement to some show. To-morrow, first thing, thou must pay a visit bring their cuts and bruises to me." to my tailor and allow him to encase thee in civilized apparel.

There is poor Vasil

"With all my heart," I fervently re spond. "Oh, Karlos, thou canst have no idea what a relief it is to me to be done with disguises and assumed names, to be myself again!"

CHAPTER XVII.

My figure, dressed in a respectable dark suit and gray wide-awake, must be beginning to be a familiar object to the railroad servants at the Berlin Central station, for this is the fourth day I have haunted its precincts, though it is the first on which I may reasonably expect Maruscha. To-day, as I tread the ow well-known way between the Stein-Strasse and the station, my heart beats high with a sort of quivering hope. One moment I exult-Maruscha is on her way to me! In a few minutes I will hold her in my arms with the consciousness that we part no more. The next-And if she should not be in the train? If my letter to her should have arrived too late? Maruscha, my tender one my



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CHAPTER XVIII. those offices an experienced hand might Then I take the injured man as if he were a child, and bear him back to the during the operation, and I know not have done better, if less tenderly. Though he speaks not much. I see that it soothes For a moment, my own great whether he is conscious until at its comand gratifies. pletion he murmurs, "Thank you, doc-I stay with him, tending him, changing

his compresses, administering the cooling draught I have prescribed for him; and I gently raise him to a sitting position, the hours I had dreaded to face flow on "How do you feel now, sir?" I in-

almost unbeeded, and in perfect quietude of mind. It is as if I had turned the "All right, all right," he replies, yet key on its Bluebeard chamber. He contorts his odd, old face, too, with a twinge of pain. "This is a bad job, eh? be approached again. I do so at I shall be detained here with it.

patient's head. He opens his eyes and "Yes; I have an engagement; but I

questioning glance which is the bruised Do I look like a man of gross habits?"

The old man's countenance has fallen. 'Of course, you have engagements. You "No, no, my dear sir. By no means; must go to your friends. It is good of

senses are returning. He opens his eyes presently, looks vaguely in my face, and closes them again. He opens his eyes was—always am. Never know what it you to have stayed with me so long. It in this gloomy room with a stupid old man, who hasn't a word to throw at a dóg.

else to do. And now, since I am obliged "I ried off before their time with one or to go, I will send you a nurse."

necessary? Wouldn't one of the men of the house do, eh? I am not used to having women about me. Looking down on Mr. Gough's perturbed countenance, I make a sudden resolve. "If you will have me instead, and put

up with my clumsy ways, I have nothing to do. of you, my lad!" His face beams with pleasure and relief, then as quickly falls again, as he adds, "No, no. Go your doctors, sir, I fear. If all were like you,

ways and send the nurse. I cannot ac-

n surgery," he responds. "It is useful ever got out of me; ha, ha!" cept it. You want to enjoy yourself in Berlin-go to the theaters, and that sort of thing. Thank you all the same. just as if he had not spoken; "in, let me see-"" I hesitate, "I cannot exactly forces a groan from him, and his head

> "I am not used to pain." he murmurs, anxious to explain the cause of the faintshe should not comeness. Next he turns to the station masoverwhelmed at once by the terrible significance of the words I utter. My self-

"At your service, sir."

"Would you have the goodness to see

if she comes not by this train, I may conclude that she is in a Russian prison,

"And send for a four-wheeler." I re-

"You are a do

trouble of a stranger! But bloss n

and into the recesses of the dimly Illumined carriages. In vain. Nowhere see I Maruscha.

There is a lady in one of the carriages who is small and slight like my Maru-Her face is averted. She is colscha. lecting her effects from the net above her head, and a porter, who is already well laden, stands ready to receive them. peers at me with a startled look from under a dark traveling hood.

I am now darting off toward a group struggling women near one of the luggage vans.

Vladimir!" The voice is joyous as the eurostured

trill of the lark direct from the gates of heaven! It is Maruscha's voice, "Vladimir; I am here!"

A little gloved hand is resting on my arm arresting me; its touck shoots to my heart like an electric shock and takes away my breath; I look into a pair of blue eves, unturned to me; dancing in joy, brimming with tears-deep wells of love, all mine!-Maruscha's eyes! "Maruscha-at last!" I gasp.

My arms surround her, and we kisseach other as a pair of beautiful lovers might kiss when they meet in Paradise. with the world and its sorrows behind them, and before them an eternity of blissful union.

I suppose it is the platform of a railway station I am treading, and not the "streets of gold," and the stir and turmoil of the work-a-day world that is around me, and not the rustle of angels wings; but it matters not to me which it is, for it is verily Maruscha who walks beside me, making some ordinary observation about her luggage. Two trunks I think she says she has with her, and she winds up with "Vladimir, thou art not a little bit improved with thy travels! Thou art as absent-minded as ever! I know by thy looks that thou hast not taken in a word of what I have been say ing to thee.

I laugh. "And thou, Maruscha, art . not yet cured of thy vain habit; thou art still the same little scold!" I retalinte

As we are leaving the station, I man I must have seen somewhere before smiles at me and even takes my hand and presses it in passing.

Ah, it is the station master-it flashes on me! I turn and wave back at him. I take off my hat and swing it. He looks after us, returning my greeting with a broadening smile. The driver stands waiting for orders.

Where shall I tell him to drive, Maruscha? The seventh heaven?" I murmur mischievously.

Maruscha is so bewitching when she assumes that little air of outraged dignity, with her lips trying to purse, yet trembling with suppressed mirth. "Stein-Strasse, No. 79," I say to the

driver with perfect solemnity.

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X

"It is well that he comprehends not thy foolish talk," observes Maruscha, 'or he might take thee for an escaped lunatic!"

(To be continued.)

DISLOCATIONS AND SPRAINS.

What Should Be Done in Case of an Accident.

A dislocation is the displacement of "It is my betrothed," I groan. "And bones which go to form a joint, says the Scotsman. One of the commonest varieties is dislocation of the shoulder. It is a good rule never to interfere with a dislocation. Such an injury must always be left entirely in the hands of a competent surgeon. Any patient who places himself under the care of a bonesetter is sure to come to grief. To begin with, bon tters have no scientific knowledge of the anatomy of the parts they are dealing with. They know nothing of the very complicated network of arteries, veins and nerves which surround every joint in the body. The result of this gross ignorance is that when a bonesetter tries with unskilled force to reduce a dislocation, he is very liable to cause injury to the neighboring blood vessels and nerves. The latter get caught between the bones and become paralyzed, with the result that the patient is called upon to suffer unnecessary pain and distress until relieved by a competent surgeon. Time after time we have seen patients thus suffering who had foolishly intrusted themselves to the merciless hands of a bonesetter. When a dislocation occurs the parts should be kept absolutely at rest by means of slings and lightly applied bandages untill such time as surgical aid can be obtained. There is no other treatment, and to attempt more is to commit error which may have very far-reaching and disagreeable consequences. When a joint is sprained its ligaments are stretched and torn and the muscles around are bruised and in many cases partially torn as well. Blood is poured out from the bruised tissues into the joint, which rapidly becomes swollen, stiff and painful, more especially when any attempt is made to move it. The treatment of sprains is a matter of the greatest importance, as a neglected sprain always leads to imperfect recovery of the joint, which is very liable to become permanently stiff and immobile. Efforts should be directed to reduce the swelling and toprevent the joint from becoming fixed. At first, to allay the pain and swelling, hot fomentations should be applied for some hours. Then a large pad of cotton wool should be fixed in position over the joint by means of a bandage. Within forty-eight hours, or even less, gentle massage should be commenced. the joint being carefully manipulated at the same time. Douching with hot and cold water alternately will be found a useful adjunct to treatment and later friction with oil will aid in restoration of movement. When the injury has been neglected forcible movement of the joint will be necessary, but this should always be carried out by a good surgeon.

(lo be continued.) POSE AS DETECTIVES. Secret Service Trying to Break Up Objectionable Practice. "A surprising large number of peo-Inited States secret-service men," remarked Chief Wilkie of that service stood English, bows. recently, says the Washington correspondent of the Brooklyn Eagle. "We

off as members of the secret service. Hotel London. Some of them are amateur hawkshaws, who have been reading the Sherlock head. Holmes stories and pose around mere-Holmes stories and pose around impres-ly for the sake of making an impres-ly for the sake of making in their "What is your name, young man?" sion. Others are more vicious in their intentions and pass themselves off as secret-service men in order to profit me from head to foot.

man, and his common sense, for while the state of your blood and your bodily I am loosening the Englishman's neck constitution. If the wound should incloth, and administering a stimulant, he flameopens the window, ascertains from me by "It cannot inflame! It won't inflame!

foot, and proceeds to take off the cloth He lashes himself up to a state of exshoe and the woolen stocking, displaying citement which is of all things the most

"Have you any linen by you?" I in- is to have a pain in my stomach! I am neither a drunkard nor a glutton, sir, and

to fatten the churchyard, and just what

"No doubt," I hasten to assent, anxlous only to soothe him, adding, with a laugh. "You are a bad customer to the

we should fare badly.' He chuckled. "Not much they have

And yet, in spite of his boasting, he seems to hold but a frail tenure of life. found it so. All the railway officials Like a withered apple his face is wrin kled, his frame is shrunken and wizened. At this juncture another twinge of pain

> say how long I shall be gone. I have falls to my shoulder. An ashen hue be-gins to spread over his features again. a friend to meet at the train, and I must see Rosen, to explain; but you may rely on me this evening, some time. If

are running across instances nearly ev. what those fools have done with my efery day of men who pass themselves fects, Mr. Stationmaster? And if they are not stolen, order them to be taken to

The station master again inclines his

hands. I feel a trembling hand on my head, and hear a broken voice, feeble and piping, but exceedingly sympathetic 'Poor lad! Poor lad! And with all this

on your mind, you could yet think of the

At length the fading light apprises me that the door of that chamber must How with composure. Hope has rallied in this peater that rests in a pocket above my

from here."

"A nurse!

"What, going?" he asks.

too late? Maruscha, my tender one, my him

"Vlasha! Is it possible?" he gasps. and then the tender-hearted little fellow bursts into tears. I am grave in au inthem, and him.

our feet under the same mahogany, with eager to catch the first glimpse of the Now and then I hear his short, arrive at the end of my story. long pause ensues, during which nothing | tain my Maruscha! is heard save the rumble of vehicles and low.

"Vlasha," he begins, "now that thou hast made this great sacrifice for the has claimed me. No little figure has dis-weal of Russia, what better is she for it? "Has it advanced the cause? What better is she for those hundreds of devoted hand has been placed on my arm, men, and even women, who have perished on the scaffold for her redemption? Is tyranny less rampant? In all these the weary hours that must intervene years have we advanced a single step? before I may return to meet the evening Seest thou not at least that thy methods train from Koulgsberg? As Rosen is are wrong? There is no help, no em- engaged nearly all day, and I am debarcacy in the extreme measures you adopt red from relieving my feelings by pouryet I know that I only waste my breath in pointing this out to thee. suppose, thou wilt hasten to league thyself with the red-hot social democrats Thinking thus, I have been absently here, and get into more mischief.'

"What if at last I have become a convert to thy gentler creed, Karlos?" I trucks. quietly observe.

such luck," he responds with a touch of bitterness.

haps time may show.

Vlasha, dear old man! If I could only believe that-

"Believe nothing." I interrupt, "until thou hast proof. A man must have lived discomfiture of the porters: for, as the right to talk of them. Therefore I am mute. of this eternal talk, talk. Only one the end of all is confusion. thing I will observe, that the mind of a man is liable to undergo strange meta- lishman shouts, beside himself with fury. orphoses in passing through the Valley of the Shadow, and if he emerges to find side me, you fools! Valuable!" himself still on this side of the grave, the chances are that he sees things in with steel and is of considerable weight. a different light. The mysterious jour-ney opens the windows of his soul."

pers and a new book. "Make thyself at of them aside and lays hands on his prophome.

Left alone, I feel too restless and excited to read. I wander about, exam-Ining the pictures on the walls, the books, the knick-knacks, and finally some albums, in one of which I soon became absorbed. It is entirely devoted to Rosen's University friends. Almost every face is familiar to me, and awakens in tongue rising to my lips. me memories of happy, careless days that can never return, and others that make me unspeakably sad for those who

dove, is beating her bright wings against the bars of a vile cage, unable to fly to me!

I enter the station and take my stand stant. My hands descend on his shape- beside the barrier, from whence I can see ly shoulders, and we look each other in the train arrive and the passengers leave the face. The tears are streaming down it. As usual, I am too early, and wait, his, and my vision grows dim at sight of torn by conflicting hopes and fears. Then I not only rouse, but become painfully Half an hour later we are seated with alert. I lean forward over the barrier,

coffee before us. I relate my adven- expected train. I start nervously as the piercing whistle mites my ear, and on quickened breathings or his low, agitated it comes gliding like some huge, snorting laugh. The room is quite dark when sea monster, trailing its long jointed A tail after it-the train that must con-

Hope dies a hard death! It lies in its the subdued stir of life in the street be- last throes when, with casual glances cast on me where I stand prominent. the stragglers pass by me, and no one tered up to me; no little trembling, eager

> I pause in the street and look aimless ly up and down. What shall I do to slay ing my troubles into his sympathetic ear I shrink from returning to the Stein-Strasse to sit alone between four wall watching the loading of a couple of droskies with the luggage from the two

Baths of different shapes, including a shower bath, a folding chair, and folded camp-bed, have been bestowed on Well, well, I will not insist, but per- one of the vehicles; portmanteaus, trunks and hat boxes on the other. All the time, their owner has been fuming, fussing and shouting directions at the top of his voice as to their disposal, to the theories before he has earned the language he speaks is English, with an occasional misapplied word in German, In this blatant world one gets they fail to understand his wishes, and

"Confusion you, for idiots," the Eng-"The seat, I want that on the seat be-

The chest in question, which is banded is being raised by two sulky porters to the box. As they understand not what "Now, I must leave thee for a couple its owner is saying, they go on with of hours or so to visit patients," Rosen what they are busy, until unable to conbserves, placing at my elbow newspa- tain himself, the Englishman thrusts one erty himself.

> Grasping one handle, he tugs viciously at it with the evident intention of lifting the chest back to the pavement. Oue end of it rests on the box, and he twists about to bring the other handle within his reach. Involuntarily I make a move ment in his direction, the words in his

> "That is too heavy for you, sir. Allow me to-

I get no further. I see the chest comare moldering in an early grave. There ing down, and though I throw out my Plain Dealer.

conviction. We are I take a pride in doing so, but it is lost risonment for trying to break up the business and ou him. He gathers his white, bushy

are found. Here is a case we have on "What? Do you mean to say use were barbarous enough to christen you to didn't eatch any "A man was arrested in Indianapolis

a couple of days ago for masquerading I repeat it. "No doubt my name as a member of our service. He evi- sounds strange to English ears, yet in dently is a shrewd fellow and was my country it is a simple one. making use of the deception to get a Russian. In England I should be called check for \$250 cashed. The man went only Vladimir Lubanoff. The middle into one of the Indianapolis banks and title, which means 'son of Alexander, presented a check for this sum of would be left out." money. He told the cashier that it "Well, now, to my mind the name Alexwas the check of the paymaster of ander is the only sensible one of our service. The cashier required the three; and if you won't be offended, 1 fellow to secure an indorser, and when will call you Dr. Alexander. Of course, he went out to look for some one to you will see me through this affair. identify him the bank telegraphed to "Certainly, if you wish it, sir. Only before allowing you to engage me to do mation. The reply was that there was no such person in the secret service. ticed. Moreover, there is something else The man turned up with an Indianap- you ought to knowolls citizen named Rice, who indorsed and look him straight in the face. "The the check. Rice explained that he had fact is, you might object to being attendmet the man while traveling from Mon. ed by a political fugitive; but I have a treal to Troy and had no reason to sus- friend here, Dr. Carl Rosen-

pect that he was a bogus government with, employe. "When the man was arrested papers' fugitive, you say. And you think I may object? I like a man who has the pluck found on his person indicated that he to show fight when he is was a long-headed chap and had pre- coerced! Now, those Nihilist fellows, I pared for trouble growing out of a pos- don't say they are right, mind you sible question as to his identity. He not in blowing people to pieces, and that had in his possession two or three let- sort of thing-God forbid! But on my had in his possession two or three lef-ters addressed to me which he had ods, I cannot help sympathizing with They all referred to details of office measures, and so are you. I like your work and were calculated to disarm sort, Alexander. Shake hands!' doubt his claims. Another was ad- us that the conveyance is waiting. dressed to the president, but in this he rather overreached himself. In this inquires the Englishman, dubiously, letter he made it appear that he had in my arms and carrying him off. for, of course, no letter on a subject of steps the proprietor is waiting to receive

Right Next Door. 3

Casey-I see be the paper that a man an' killed.

Casey-How so? Cassidy-Sure, Flannery lives at 22

Harmony court .-- Philadelphia Press.

At Our Boarding House. "I never saw such a tough steak!" "Pooh, pooh. There isn't enough of

are prosecuting cases wherever they eyebrows into puckers. The found Here is a case we have on "What? Do you mean to say they

that? Say it again. I didn't catch any

I am r

I am hurrying on, when he bursts in "Fudge! You'll do. A political

the suspicion of any one who might The station master enters and informs "How are you going to get me to it?" I reply by carefully gathering him up been having correspondence with the twists his face the while for all the world president in person about his transfer like a crying infant. Having disposed to the war department to look after him on the seat of the conveyance with some confidential work for Secretary a cushion, lent by the station master, un-Taft. If anything were needed to ex. der his injured foot, we start at a slow pose him that letter was sufficient, pace toward the hotel. On the broad

He hurries to the street as we halt, arrived, and he had heard of that gentle- smiles pleasantly. man's sad accident. He has two men in readiness with an invalid's couch, which named Higgins av 24 Harmony court assistance, however, I decline, requesting was struck be an autymobile yistid'y to be shown Mr. Gough's rooms. again take him up. We cross a vesti-Cassidy-My, my, but thot was a bule adorned with alternate statues and narrow escape fur our frind Flanneryl acacias in enormous tubs, ascend a flight of wide shallow steps, and enter the spa-

cious bedroom allotted to the English-He is much exhausted, and as help-

glad of some occupation to divert me the train curving into the station.

look up, my man! The case isn't lost yet. The young woman may come. Never cry out before you're hurt." I rise. "Yes," I say, bracing myself,

vill look in again to-night and see you

before I go to bed. I am staying in the

Stein-Strasse, not five minutes' walk

ust have been dull-miserable, sitting

And, sir, I am grateful to you."

"Do not mention it. I had nothing

'Would you, now? Well, that's kind

"I shall be back again," I explain,

Mr. Gough lifts his head from the

"My dear boy, you said 'she.' Is it

your sister whose safety is threatened?

Perhaps she has got into trouble, like

I seem to see her there, and sink down

eside the bed, hiding my face in my

ssession deserts me.

pillow and regards me.

yourself?

I stop short,

Need I-is it absolutely

and drawing a long breath. "You are right. I cry before I am hurt; and yet not quite. I expected her yesterday, and the blows I have sustained have been crushing ones. Methinks if his one descend it will send me mad." I stand a few moments, striving to calm my agitation ere 1 move toward the

"Whatever it be it must be met," I say at length. And I go.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Unter den Linden" is all alight when descend the hotel steps. Streams of ight pour out of almost every door and window, throwing bright bars across my The world of Berlin is amusing itself in easy, careless, comfortable Ger man fashion. Everybody is abroad some on their way to theaters or concert rooms, others sauntering in pairs, enjoying the fine evening. The air is full of gay voices and laughter which, proceeding from many throats, is yet blended into one continuous note of contentment. like the hum of a swarm of bees in a blossoming lime tree.

One all-absorbing thought engages me -Maruscha. Neither hopes nor plans for the future-only the great uncertain climax centering in Maruscha, which is advancing, and which I hasten tremblingly to meet. The first person my eye alights on in the station is the station master. He stands talking to a gentlejust dictated to the hotel stenographer. their cause. I am dead against coercive man, but quietly observant he sees me at once and raises his cap.

"Herr Doktor! How is your patient?" he inquires. "I trust the poor old gentleman will soon be on his legs again?' "I have every reason to believe he will. He is fortunately not a feverish subject. and at his age fever is what is most to be feared. He was as cool as a cucumber when I left him a while ago."

We walk side by side to the gate in the barrier. Then the station master remarks:

"You are here to meet the express from Konigsberg?"

"Yes," I reply laconically.

"You have had many disappoint-ments," he continued; "it is some days this kind would ever be sent from the with many solicitations; for, as he in-white House." Meester Gough's effects had since I first observed you waiting." He "Your height makes

you conspicuous." "Yes," I respond, and involuntarily my breast heaves with a sigh; "I have been expecting a friend this four days. He rolls back the gate and invites me to pass through with him.

"I hope your perseverance may be rewarded this evening," he politely hopes. "Ah, here she is!" This, as the shrick of the whistle is heard.

I know not after this whether he guits less as a child, and partly because I am me or remains, I am conscious only of from perplexed and miserable thoughts. platform is at once a scene of confusion, partly because I am sorry for the old in which I move bither and thither in It to make a fuss about."-Cleveland man who seems to depend on me, I dis- wild distraction. My eyes dart everyman who scenes to the man servant, and do for him where among the alighting passengers, natural aroma.

A raw potato placed at the bottom of a jar of tobacco will keep the tobacco moist, and enable it to retain its