By Order of the Czar

A Story of Russian Power

MARCUS EASTLAKE

~=0==~ CHAPTER XXIV.

After this I wend my way to the shop of a certain jeweler, "Under den Linpremises with the two rings in my

I take my stand under one of those dingy limetrees which lend to the street its

At this moment she is watching the door, listening for my step, and growing every

moment more anxious and remorseful. Her form appears at one of the windows. She encloses her face with her two hands, and peers out, a dark outline against the light. Her features are hidthem! Now I begin to pace up and down and turn over in my mind how I shall comport myself when at length Maruscha and I are together and alone. I am studiously polite—taciturn, calm, resigned, yet melancholy withal. I make indeed a happy thought. The evening no allusion to our disagreement of the morning, but confine my conversation to the beauty of the evening and my apit thy head?" proaching departure. I propose that tomorrow, being our last day together, we should spend part of it in seeking for her a suitable lodging, as of course she cannot remain at Rosen's after I am gone. will suggest a suitable locality. And what will Maruscha say? How act? I rushes to my lips.
thrill with rapturous anticipation as I recall the finale of another difference we had. A series of enchanting pictures rise before me. My enjoyment of the concluding scene is intense. In that airy vision she is murmuring tearful self-reproaches, with her arms about my neck, I lead her on and on until, for the sec which I repeatedly interrupt with my lips to hers, when I fall-plump!-from the realm of my sweet imaginings to the dusty lime avenue with "Hotel London" before me, at one of whose windows stands Maruscha, in her hat, and drawing on her gloves. She is preparing to leave the hotel alone.

In a few strides I am across the street and mounting the steps. In a few moments I am knocking at Mr. Gough's sitting room door.

"Come in!" sounds the old man's piping treble, and I enter. Maruscha turns toward me and I had

It is only by instantly removing my regard from her and concentrating it and my attention on Mr. Gough that I am is quite right, that is what I am. enabled to check my rising emotions. Yet I still seem to see only that pathetic blurred with tears.

"Well, sir!" I exclaim with hard cheercouch in my professional capacity and feel his pulse.

"Oh, I say; bother!" he snaps impawork, always is, always was-never va-There's Molly, poor lass, been then makes another effort. crying her eyes out about you! More promised—offered to wait three daysoff with another woman, or made away with yourself."

I hear a low, half-stifled contradiction of this latter statement from Maruscha yet I still determinedly avoid looking in her direction.

"If you had given it a thought, Mr. Gough, my absence was easily accounted for. I have naturally many arrangements to make before we leave. "Fiddlesticks!" he pipes contemptuous

"Don't think to deceive me. I know all about it; it's temper."

hand and quickly adds: "Well, well, don't flame up! I'll say no more. It's not my concern. And from it the rings. now get you gone, she's waiting for you. Good night, both. I know you are dying to kiss and make friends.

Really this old Englishman's impudence is beyond a joke. "Sir-" I began.

"Come, come," he interposes, as if soothing a vexed child. "I know how matters stand, and you're a bit ruffled, feet fit." as you're like to be. But I've been taking her in hand for you, and it's all right. I told her she had been a bad lass, and she promised to make amends, interrogates, You'll find her as tractable as a pet lamb, so don't you go for to be too hard on her. And if she do kick over the traces a bit at first, let her have her fling. She'll spin along grand when once you have got her broken to harness!" The audacty of the remark robs me of the power. ity of the remark robs me of the power thing.

My first clear perception after its ut terance is: how is Maruscha affected ruscha's fair face again.
by it? I direct toward her a look of "Nay, I dared not eve awful curlosity. To my amazement breaks into a short, hysterical laugh, Her face is suffused with a vivid crimson Her lips quiver with the conflicting emotions of grief and amusement, yet not a touch of anger. She steps quickly to the old man and gives him her

hand. dreadful man!" she falters, and still that dubious flickering of mirth plays about presence there, her mouth. And as she hurries to the After this the door, I am fain to hold my peace and fol- and a deep selemnity. I can read in low her, only bestowing on Mr. Gough | Maruscha's pure features that she shares

enliar, sustained noise which proceeds, alloy, and this may not endure. Yet can only imagine, from the throat of now-now it is ours! Mr. Gough. It reminds me of the cackle of a hen. I have, however, no time to tears tremble in Maruscha's, like drops consider its meaning, for I have over of dew in blue forget-me-not stars. She taken Maruscha, and we descend to the sighs. street together. I stalk along by her "Vi side, and during a considerable there is silence between us. Gradually I clasp her to me in a close embrace.

Maruscha's breathing becomes affected. for my heart almost misgives me at her She breathes short and fast, her hand words. Then I feel her soft arms about

she gasps, and tears are in her voice

"I-I am not well

Where I get the moral strength to and purchase the smallest wedding resist this pathetic appeal I know not, ring he has, and a keeper, in the selec- but I am enabled to reply with just as tion of which I am so fastidious that it much concern as a brother might show has grown quite dusk when I leave the to a sister under similar circumstances.

"Not well, Maruscha? I am sorry to hear it. Yet I am not surprised. The Mr. Gough's room is lighted up. I can atmosphere in Mr. Gough's room was see the gaseller with its five lights from most oppressive. Perhaps thou wilt acthe street, for the blinds are not drawn. | cept the support of my arm? I pray

She hesitates a moment whilst I hold name, keeping those windows in my eye. It stiffly toward her, then she takes it "Maruscha will be dull, left all alone It is as if a fluttering bird had descended so long with the old man," I muse. "I and was nestling on my arm. The longhave never been so long away from her. ing to press it closely to my heart is al most irresistible; the sensation of timid touch thrills me to pain, yet I let it lie there as if my arm were a senseles

Maruscha heaves a deep sigh. We proceed for some little way in silence un til I prepare to lead her across the wide den from me; would that I could read street to enter the Stein-Strasse on the

opposite side. Then she arrests me. "Vladimir, I think a little turn in the air would revive me," she says. "Un-less—unless thou wouldst prefer—"

is lovely and the walk will do thee good

A gasping sob escapes her. Vladimir; my head-and, and oh, Vlad-

The hand on my arm is instantly strained to my heart. No longer can I To show how entirely sincere I am, I bear the fierce restraint and ere I am aware my favorite pet name for he "My sweet dove!"

And I deliberately enclose her little trembling hand in my disengaged one. There is another long silence. I know she cannot speak now, she is furtively and silently getting rid of some tears. ond time to-day, the dark, dense trees of the "Thiergarten" are at one side of me. We are alone here, and I venture to carry the imprisoned hand to my lips. As Maruscha offers no resistance, I kiss it softly many times. Presently I whis-

"Is thy head very bad, my own?" "Yes-no-it is not my head at all. It is—it is—oh, I have been so miserable!
And I have something to say!" She makes the confession in a sort of desperate gush. "Mr. Gough has been talking to me, Vladimir. I told him everything. almost fallen out of my role at the onset. He says I am a bad lass." She attempts a little laugh, which ends in a sob give her an encouraging squeeze. "He

"Thou art perfection!" I whisper.
And, indeed, I think it. Perfectly charmface of misery with its wide, blue eyes ing to me now in retrospect is this morning's episode, since it has given to me this draught of absolute bliss.

"He has fully explained all to me, fulness. "How have you done since I "He has fully explained all to me, left you this morning?" I go forward Vladimir, how needful—how imperative it is that thou shouldst-shouldst marry before going to England, and we owe so much to Mr. Gough that it seems absotiently, snatching away his hand. "Leave lutely wicked not to consider his wishes; my pulse alone. It's as regular as clock- and he says that he would be very much always is, always was—never va-Where have you been all this I agreed." She hesitates and droops. "He has

> I halt and catch her on my breast. "Tell me that I understand aright?" I say in agitated tones. "The day after to-morrow thou hast promised to become my wife?"

The answer comes tremulously and

"If thou wilt take me, Vladimir."

It is the same evening. We have gone through the form of taking supper, and Rosen, with a lover's tact and sympathy He doubtless sees the burning wrath has left us sole possessors of his sitting ounting to my face, for he puts up his room. We are seated together in very close proximity on the sofa. I take from my pocket a tiny cardboard box, and Maruscha goes into raptures at the sight of the keeper. single out the third slender finger of her left hand, and try them both on. They fit exactly.

"It is a lucky omen, Maruscha!" I observe, as she sits looking down at them with a wistful smile. "Notwithstanding that I had no measure, they are a per-

A sudden thought seems to strike her. She looks up wonderingly into my face. "Hast thou bought them to-day?" she

"Yes, Maruscha, to-day!" Her countenance falls.

I tell a white lie-yes, it is a white -for it spreads brightness over Ma-

"Nay, I dared not even hope! How could I? But I thought I might as well have the wedding ring by me against a future day. There seemed a sort of melancholy consolation in carrying about with me the golden symbol of thy troth,'

She laughs, well pleased. "Thou foolish boy!" she cries, resting her bright head on the very breast pocket wherein lies our marriage license. And I leave her in blissful ignorance of its

After this there falls on us a silence parting look which I hope conveys with my feeling of awe at the wonder and It some suggestion of my unuttered and magnitude of our happiness. Full well we know that it falls not to the lot of On my way to the door I hear a pe- man to enjoy for long a bliss without

We look into each other's eyes, the

"Viadimir, we are too happy?" she time breathes at length.

goes to her side, and at length she halts. my neck, and, as in a flash, my future "Vladimir! I pray thee go not so fast," I lies revealed to me. A pleasing, anxious was also dug up.

life, with its human cares and sorrows, with its storms and its sunshine, its disappointments and its triumphs, and at my side my loving and helpful Maruscha -my beloved wife, and I feel strong and confident.

"Never fear, Maruscha!" I cry. "We may not always be like Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, yet I am not dismayed, for when we go hence, we go together. And we will work together under a free heaven and in the light of day, for the Valley of the Shadow lies

(The end.)

WHEN WRONGFULLY ACCUSED. Advice of a Lawyer What to Do Under

the Circumstances. The one pre-eminent thing for a person falsely accused of murder, burglary, arson, theft or any other of the grave offenses which constitute a felony, writes a lawyer, is to preserve an unbroken silence in the presence of his

accusers, after he has said to them:

"Gentlemen, I am not guilty. Now

send for my lawyer, as the law ex-

plicitly requires you to do.' "But that is the course generally pursued by a guilty man. Am I, an innocent man, to assume a similar

role?" some one may ask. It is the only safe way to act; it is the course the law itself prescribes. In effect, the law says to the accused: "No human being on the face of the earth has any right whatsoever to question you in relation to any crime you may or may not have committed. No officer of the law, whether he be policeman or judge, has the slightest scintilla of right to endeavor to make you say something that will tend to incriminate you, or to lead the criminal authorities to draw the inference that you have so enmeshed yourself. You have one indisputable right from the time you are accused until the charge against you is finally disposed of-you need not answer a single question put to you by anybody; you need not make a single statement one way or another in relation to the offense with which you are charged."

Yet it is common practice for the police the moment they have made an arrest in a felony case, particularly if it be murder, to put the suspect through what has popularly come to be known as "the third degree." The man is dragged before a half dozen or more high officials, resplendent in the uniform and badges allowed them by the the commission of the crime!"

the instrument with which the murder was committed, or the victim's bloody clothing, and in not a few instances with the mutilated corpse itself. This they have done in the hope that the suspect, brought unexpectedly before something linked with the crime, will give some evidence of his guilt through shock, at least enough for the purpose of basing formal charges against him-Indeed the police are not always careful to inform a suspect of his legal right not to answer any question that may be put to him if he does not care to do so; and frequently, after he has been so instructed in a none too impressive manner, the poor man is literally browbeaten into making replies to his inquisitors' questions.

When your lawyer comes in response to your summons, proceed to tell him everything. Do not make the mistake of hiding anything from him. Lay bare your life to him, even though you expose your family skeletons thereby, if he deems it necessary for his guid- given great sums to charity and is ance. Answer all of his questions planning other philanthropic work for fully and without evasion, and give the benefit of her workmen and the him all the assistance you possibly poor. She was expected soon to make can.

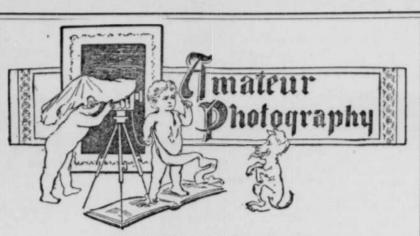
A lawyer has to depend largely or atmost solely upon his client for the who was a close friend of her father. scheme of defense; and that client She was said recently to have expresswho conceals this thing or that may be sealing his own doom, innocent though he be.

Old Battery Dock Found.

subway loop at Whitehall street un- would never consent to leave the town oldest inhabitants of that section say bettering the condition of the Krupp was built by Commodore Cornelius workingmen and their families. Vanderbilt for the steamboats which used to ply between the Battery and EVOLUTION OF THE FLOWERS. Staten Island, according to the New

Diggers first struck wood about seren feet below the surface, and, alpression on it. The stringers, run- florists' art. ning lengthwise, are of yellow pine and are also in an excellent state of use in the world to-day which have not preservation.

The line of the subway is across the old pier, fifty to seventy-five feet back from the present shore line, which is all "made ground." Captain Fobb, who has been with the Staten Island Ferry Company for forty-one years, said that he has no recollection of the pier, remarking as he looked at it that it was too ancient for him. An aged passerby declared that as a boy he remembered the dock, but his recollection was very indifferent. The workmen also found an American copper cent, dated 1803, just above the planking of the dock, while nearby was an English halfpenny piece, dated 1755. An old cannon ball, bearing the English coat-of-arms and an arrow.



There appears to be no end to the unique uses to which photography may be applied. The very latest thing in the photographic novelty line is the imprinting of portraits and other subjects on the actual surface of apples, pears, etc., but though the latest, it is merely one of a group of distinct novelties that have recently been evolved and which bring much joy to the lover of the unusual.

A few years ago when photographs on buttons were announced by enterprising photographers the announcement carried with it no small amount of interest to the general public and added a new wrinkle for those who would wear their heart or their badge on their outer clothing to revel in, but now the girl who delights to carry a photograph simile of her beloved about with her need not content herself with such comparatively clumsy devices as buttons or brooches as a frame for them. If she desires she may actually have the photograph made on her own delicate skin, and there, where there is no danger of losing it, she may retain it as long as she wishes. Still another device that might perchance catch her vagrant fancy is having the photographic print made on her finger nail. But if these novelties do not entirely satisfy her whims, she can extend the list to almost unthought-of ends. The photographer of the present is as obliging as he is resourceful. He will print the picture on gloves if she wills it so, on her handkerchief if she likes, on cups, saucers, vases; practically anything with a surface on which a film can be spread, whether living or dead or manufactured matter, may be made to serve the purpose of her wishes and come out of the photographer's hands adorned with the picture she has desired

Photographic printing on fruit, however, is something in a class by itself, though it is of the same idea from which all the other novelties have sprung, and is susceptible of being put to many novel uses. Aiready it has become quite a feature of the banquet boards in London, and at a recent mansion house affair the souvenir was a large red apple at each plate, adorned with a photograph of King Edward.

The process by which photographic prints are made on fruit is simple, and the surprise about it is that it was not thought of before. It involves the use of no new principles, and is merely the adaptation of photography to new materials. It is simply a matter of sensitizing the surface of the object on which it is desired to print.

All of these novelties in photography had their origin in Paris and are of such recent date that they have only recently begun to make their appearance in this country. Singularly enough, only the finger nail photographs have been taken up by New York photographers.

WORLD'S RICHEST GIRL TO WED.

so presented.

It is announced that Bertha Krupp. law; he is seated in their midst, and the 19-year-old owner of the Krupp they tower threateningly over him as gun works at Essen, Germany, is behe is mercllessly quizzed and subtle trothed to Dr. Heck, of Rheodt, Rhenand hypothetical questions are put to ish, Prussia. Miss Krupp, who is the him in an attempt to make him so com- wealthiest girl in her own right in mit himself that the inquisitors can the world, owns practically all of the say: "Aha, we have caught the mur- \$40,000,000 capital stock of the Krupp derer. Behold in us great detectives, gun works, besides other wealth, to ferret out the criminal so soon after amounting to \$35,000,000 more, which her father left her. She has an an-The police have even gone so far as nual income from the Krupp works to suddenly confront the suspect with alone of \$2,400,000. She has already



BERTHA KRUPP.

her formal debut in Bertin society, under the special protection of the kaiser, ed ideas in regard to matrimony which her relatives regarded "impossibly romantic." One of the declarations made was that her husband, whoever he be, would have to come and live Workmen engaged in excavating the in the factory town of Essen, as she covered part of a wharf, which the where she said her life work lay in

> They Become Sophisticated, but Lose None of Their Charm.

several hours, not all of the dock was dainty, old-fashioned "pinks" to the will permit."—New York Sun. brought to light. The planking used Lawson and the enchantress carnafor the floor is of oak, 4x12 inches tions; from the pretty little china asters and apparently in as good condition of our grandmothers' days to the suas when it was laid, requiring a good perb chrysanthemums which rear their ax and a strong man to make an im- magnificent mops as trophies of the

There are really very few things in been materially changed by the forces of methodical development. Civilized men and women them elves are the best examples of this all-pervading influence, comments the Kansas City Star. The beasts of burden and the creatures which supply the world with animal food are remotely different from what they were in the beginning. The work of breeding and training has added beauty and usefulness to the birds of the air and the beasts of the field, and the same upward tendency is noted in these latter days in the flowers which gladden life with their loveliness and which admonish man per-

petually of his frailty. Pleasant it is to know what may be called the sophistication of flowers has robbed them of not a whit of their native charm. There is, in the sensuous | dollar burned by his heirs later on.

odor of the American beauty, the magic to revive in any mind attuned to the heart of nature sweet memories of tanperished.

the reach of affectation. They may stretching cloth new from the loom. be rendered, by careful culture, more radiant, more prodigal of beauty and from the memory of Joe Dun, bailiff fragrance, more replete with the power of Lincoln, who was so keen a colto brighten the hour of gladness and lector that his name has become a to lend comfort to times of sadness proverb. and affliction, but they can be spoiled stars sang together for the delectation gave us our word "news." of man.

Contrasts of City Life.

out as you came in is an example.

"On the contrary, his table in the

meat line is decidedly frugal. He told me one day that he had not tasted quail for so long that he would not know what it was if it were served to him when he was blindfolded "Well, it's the same old story all

over town. A diamond expert in one of the big houses in New York is so Taking up the paper, he turned to the poor that he walks home at night, a woman's page and started with the long distance, to save car fare.

their tables has six children depend- breathing and began: ent upon her earnings. One who is "As a means for preventing wrinkles familiar with her life assures me that in the face it is certain that the pracher little ones are sometimes half fed, tice of keeping the mouth shut is one It is a far call, indeed, from the wild although the mother is as generous in of the most positive." though the excavating continued for rose to the American beauty; from the supplying their wants as her means

> Dropping a Gentle Hint. "James," said Mr. Rakeley, "I believe you saw me-er-saluting the maid.'

> "Why, yes, sir," replied the butler. about it. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," said the butler, with outstretched hand; "'sllence is golden,' you know, sir."—Philadelphia Press.

Conditions Reversed. Kidder-The proverb, "every dog has its day," doesn't go in Algiers. Easly-Why?

Kidder-For the very good reason that there every dey has his dog .--New York Times.

Wife-According to the papers dress goods will come much higher this season than last. Husband-Well, I am glad of it. I

costumes. A penny saved by a miser means a

GROWTH OF CATCH PHRASES.

Many Words and Sentences in Common

Use Had Peculiar Beginnings. Nearly every one has at times been puzzled to account for the origin of words and phrases they hear used in the conversation of those with whom they come in daily contact. Some of these are peculiar in their etymology and give no indication of their parentage. The word "hurrah," for instance, is a token of joy in use for centuries. It is the battle cry of the old Norse vikings as they swept down to burn and murder among the peaceful British. "Tur aie!" was their war cry, which means "Thor aid"-an appeal for help to Thor, the

god of battles. "It's all humbug!" Perhaps it is. Humbug is the Irish "ulm bog," pronounced humbug, meaning bogus money. King James II. coined worthess money from his mint at Dublin, his 20-shilling piece being worth 2 pence. The people called it "ulm bog."

It was a Roman gentleman of 2,000 years ago who first asked "where the shoe pinches." He had just divorced his wife and his friends wanted to know what was the matter with the woman. They declared she was good and pretty. "Now," said the husband, taking off his shoe, "isn't that a nice shoe? It's a good shoe, eh? A pretty shoe, eh? A new shoe, eh? And none of you can tell where it pinches me.'

"Before you can say Jack Robinson" arose from the behavior of one John Robinson, Esq. He was a fool. He was in such a hurry when he called on his friends that he would be off before he had well knocked at the door.

"There they go, helter-skelter!" That phrase was coined at the defeat of the Spanish armada. The great fleet of the Spanish invasion was driven by storm and stress of the English attack north to the Helder river and south to the Skelder river-the Scheldt.

Do you know why a hare is called 'Puss"? This is not a riddle, but just an example of how words get twisted. The ancient Norman knights who came over with William the Conqueror pronounced the word "le

puss." The puss he remains to-d v. "Go to Hallfax." That town was a place of special terror for rogues. gled vines and wild roses, creeping and because of the first rude guillotine blooming along country roads. The invented there by Mannaye for chopscent of a rich and full carnation will ping off felons' heads. Halifax law call up in a moment tender recollec- was that the criminal "should be tions of borders of spicy little pinks condemned first and inquired upon tended by loving hands that have been after." Coventry had a queer law in folded for years in dreamless repose. old times by which none but free-In the regal chrysanthemum is seen men of the city could practice a the amazing product of brave little as- trade there. Strangers were starved ters which came to embellish the door- out. Hence the phrase of shutting a yard with the first chill of autumn and man out of human company-"sent after all of the summer blooms had to Coventry." "Spick and span" comes from the "spikes" and "span-Flowers, thank heaven, are beyond ners"-the hooks and stretchers for

To "dun" a man for debt comes

"News" is a queer word—the initials or deteriorated never. As long as the of north, east, west, south, which apworld abides flowers will exhale their peared on the earliest journals as a beneficent fragrance for all, and will sign that information was to be had never tire of the riot of beauty which here from the four quarters of the provided since the morning world. The sign was N E W S, and

A Fish's Appetite.

A singular instance of tenacity in "Many are the ways of living in a the digestion of fish is reported from great city," said the treasurer of an Sheffield, Englanad. The fish, which uptown club. "That man who went was four feet long, had what appeared "His business is hunting game. He the cutting up process revealed someto be an abnormally hard liver. But is employed by this club and several thing far stranger. The supposed hard householders to procure game in sea- liver turned out to be nothing else "He lives up in the Bronx, and has yards long and fourteen inches wide, but a piece of stout netting, over two a large family to support. Notwith- which had been pressed into the form standing his success in procuring of a football. How this great mass of game, I know that he has not tasted indigestible material came to be swallowed by the creature is a mystery. and the suggestion that the fish caught in the toils of a fisherman's net solved the problem of how to escape by devouring his prison walls is not considered scientifically practicable.

Unreasonable Woman.

His wife asked him to rend to her. first article that attracted his atten-"A woman who is employed by three tion. It was by a distinguished med-Tamilles to make the purchases for ical authority on the subject of correct

"That will do, sir!" she snapped. "I asked to be entertained, not to be insulted."-New York Press.

People Who Radiate Cheer.

Who can estimate the value of a sunny soul who scatters gladness and good cheer wherever he goes instead "Well, I want you to keep quiet of gloom and sadness? Everybody is attracted to these cheerful faces and sunny lives and repelled by the gloomy, the morose and the sad. We envy people who radiate cheer wherever they go and fling out gladness from every pore. Money, houses and lands look contemptible beside such a disposition.-Detroit Free Press.

A Broad Hint.

The Barber (lathering customer and gazing out the window)-I tell you, sir, the man who shaves himself keeps the bread and butter out of some poor barber's mouth. The Customer (flercely)-And incidentally the lather out of his own!-Puck.

never did approve of those decollete A prayer for those who pass seventy: "That I may never be shipped from one of my children to the home of another, just as a pauper is sent from town to town."