

Hillsboro Independent.

Vol. XXIX

HILLSBORO, WASHINGTON COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1901

No. 24

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

STATE OFFICERS:
Governor.....T. T. Geer
Secretary of State.....E. J. Ward
Treasurer.....J. H. Ackerman
State Printer.....W. H. Leeson
Supreme Court.....J. H. Ackerman
Justice Fifth District.....T. A. McFadden
Attorney Fifth District.....Harrison Allen

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judge.....L. A. Root
Commissioners.....J. Q. A. Young
Sheriff.....J. H. Morgan
Recorder.....John W. Sewell
Treasurer.....Ralph L. Wain
School Superintendent.....H. A. Hall
Surveyor.....T. A. McFadden
Assessor.....W. P. Via

OREGON CITY LAND OFFICE.

Chas. B. Moore.....Register
Wm. H. Galloway.....Receiver

CITY OFFICERS.

Mayor.....F. A. Bailey
City Clerk.....John Northrup
Board of Trustees.....J. P. Tammie
Recorder.....John W. Sewell
Marshal.....Wm. H. Galloway
Justice of Peace.....J. P. Randall

POST OFFICE INFORMATION.

The mails close at the Hillsboro Post Office, daily:
Glasgow, West Union, Bethany and Cedar Hill, at 7:30 a. m.
Going South, 8:30 a. m.
Going to Portland and way-offices, 6:55 a. m. and 4 p. m.
For Farmington and Laurel, daily at 12

CHURCH AND SOCIETY NOTICES.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, corner Main and Fifth streets. Preaching every Sabbath, morning and evening. Sunday school at 10 o'clock a. m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening, 7 p. m. Christian Endeavor at 7:30 p. m. Benj. Hartman, Pastor.

EVANGELICAL CHURCH, corner Main and Fifth streets. Preaching every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock a. m. Sunday school at 11 a. m. Sunday school at 10 o'clock a. m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening, 7 p. m. Christian Endeavor at 7:30 p. m. Benj. Hartman, Pastor.

M. E. CHURCH, H. Ober, pastor. Preaching every Sabbath morning and evening. Sunday school at 10 o'clock a. m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening, 7 p. m. Christian Endeavor at 7:30 p. m. Benj. Hartman, Pastor.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH, Preaching at 10 a. m. and 4 p. m. Sunday school at 11 a. m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening, 7 p. m. Christian Endeavor at 7:30 p. m. Benj. Hartman, Pastor.

Daughters of Rebekah. Hillsboro Lodge No. 44, 101 O. P. Hall, meets in Odd Fellows Hall every Saturday evening.

M. W. A. Hillsboro Camp No. 840, meets every 2nd and 4th Saturday night, at Wehrung's hall.

A. O. U. W. Hillsboro Lodge No. 61, A. O. U. W. meets every first and third Friday evening each month.

P. of H. Hillsboro Chapter No. 73, meets 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month.

I. O. O. F. Montezuma Lodge No. 50, meets Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock in I. O. F. Hall. Visitors made welcome.

Degree of Honor. The degree of Honor, A. O. U. W. meets in Wehrung's hall every first and third Friday evening of each month.

Bathhouse Sisters. Phoenix Temple No. 10, R. S. meets every 2nd and 4th Friday in each month at 8 o'clock in Wehrung's hall.

K. of P. Phoenix Lodge No. 34, K. of P. meets in Masonic Hall on Monday evening of each week. Sojourning brethren welcome to lodge meetings.

A. F. and A. M. Equality Lodge No. 6, A. F. and A. M. meets every Saturday night on or after first moon of each month.

O. E. S. Tualatin Chapter No. 31, O. E. S. meets at Masonic Temple on the 2nd and 4th Tuesday of each month.

GEN. RANSOM Meets in Odd Fellows Hall on the first and third Fridays of each month, at 2:00 o'clock p. m.

GEN. RANSOM Meets in Odd Fellows Hall on the first and third Saturdays of each month, at 2:00 o'clock p. m.

Mounts for stamp pictures at the Independent office, 1 doz and a half for 5 cts.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THOMAS H. & E. B. TONGUE.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
HILLSBORO, OREGON.
OFFICE: Rooms 3, 4 & 5, Morgan Block

W. N. BARRETT,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
HILLSBORO, OREGON.
OFFICE: Central Block, Rooms 5 and 7.

BENTON BOWMAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
HILLSBORO, OREGON.
OFFICE: Rooms 6 and 7, Morgan block.

H. T. BAGLEY,
ATTORNEY AND
COUNSELOR-AT-LAW
HILLSBORO, OREGON.
OFFICE: Over Delta Drug Store.

JOHN M. WALL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
HILLSBORO, OREGON.
Bailey-Morgan Block, Rooms 1 & 2

S. T. LINKLATER, M. D. C. E.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
HILLSBORO, OREGON.
OFFICE: at residence, east of court house, where he will be found at all hours when not visiting patients.

J. P. TAMMIE, D. D.
S. P. R. R. SURGEON,
HILLSBORO, OREGON.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE: corner Third and Main Streets. Office hours, 9:30 to 12 a. m., 1 to 5 and 7 to 8 p. m. Telephone residence from Block & Seale Drugstore at all hours. All calls promptly attended, night or day.

F. A. BAILEY, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
HILLSBORO, OREGON.
Office Morgan-Bailey Block, up stairs, rooms 12, 13 and 15. Residence, S. W. Cor. Rose Lane and Second streets. Both 'Phones.

J. E. ADKINS,
DENTIST,
HILLSBORO, OREGON.
Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 4:30 p. m.
Office in Union block over Pharmacy

R. NIXON,
DENTIST,
FOREST GROVE, OREGON.
Best art. dent teeth \$5.00 per set. Cement and Amalgam fillings 50 cents each. Gold fillings from \$1 up. Vitalized air for painless extraction. X-rays: three doors north of brick store. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.

THROUGH UTAH AND COLORADO.
The ideal trip to the east during the heat of summer is via the Rio Grande Western and Denver & Rio Grande Railroads, the far-famed "Scenic Line of the World."

The extremes of temperature are never met, and passengers are sure of having a delightfully cool ride through the heart of the Rocky Mountains, and a view by daylight of scenery which is nowhere surpassed.

If desired, a stop enroute may be made at quaint and picturesque Salt Lake City, the "City of the Saints," Glenwood Springs, Leadville, Colorado Springs, Pueblo, Denver, or any intermediate point.

There are three daily trains leaving Salt Lake City for all points east, which have close connections from the Northwest via either O. R. & N. Co., or the Southern Pacific Co. These trains are equipped with Through Sleepers (Standard and Tourist), Free Reclining Chair Cars and a perfect Dining Car Service.

Personally Conducted Excursions, in charge of competent and courteous managers, are run several times a week without change of cars to Denver, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago, Buffalo, New York, Boston and all eastern cities. Tickets are on sale at all Railroad Ticket offices. For further information and cheapest rates, apply to J. D. MANSFIELD, General Agent, 124 Third St., Portland, Oregon.

Base ball players should use The Delta Liniment, as it cures sprains and bruises, toughens the hands and keeps the fingers supple.



CHAPTER I.
THE GUNMAKER AND THE MONK.
The time at which we open our story is midwinter and toward the close of the seventeenth century. Russia had passed through the long and bitter ordeal of national night. The Tartar yoke had been worn till the very bones of the nation were galled, and when this was thrown off civil dissensions and insurrections commenced. The Poles and Swedes plundered the country, and some half-breed and some foreigner, for the throne. At length a few patriotic citizens, pledging everything they held dear on earth to the cause of freedom from this curse of anarchy and headed by a noble prince and a humble, patriotic butcher, made a bold stand to save the country. Moscow was retaken, and Michael Romanoff was chosen czar, and this illustrious family still occupies the imperial throne. And now the day of Russian greatness dawned, but the sun was not fairly up and the broad light opened not upon the empire until Peter came to the throne.

In the department of the Sloboda, the suburbs of Moscow, and very near the river Moskwa stood a humble cot, the exterior of which betrayed a neatness of arrangement and show of taste that more than made up for its smallness of size. Nor was it so very small, in fact, but only in contrast, for near at hand about it stood many large, shabby, dirty looking structures that overlooked the grim cot, as bleak mountains may look down upon a verdant hill. And within this cot was as neat as without. The two apartments in front, one of which was only used in winter, were furnished not only with neatness, but with a fair show of ornament and luxury. Back of these were a large cooking and dining room and two small bedrooms, and back still from these were an artisan's shop and other outbuildings. The shop was devoted principally to the manufacture of firearms. Some swords and other edged weapons were made here upon special application.

The gunmaker now stood by his forge watching the white smoke as it curled up toward the throat of the chimney. He was a young man, not over three and twenty, and possessed a frame of more than ordinary symmetry and muscular development. He was not large—not above the medium size—but a single glance at the swelling chest, the broad shoulders and the sinewy ridges of the bare arms told at once that he was master of great physical power. His features were regular, yet strongly marked and eminently handsome. His brow, which was full and high, was half covered by the light brown curls that waved over it, while his eyes, which were of a bright, brilliant deep gray in color, lent a cast of genius to the intellect of the brow. His name was Kurie Nerev. His father had been killed in the late war with the Turks, and the son, leaving his mother properly cared for, went to Spain soon after the bereavement. There he found work in the most noted armories, and now, well versed in the trade, he had returned to his native city to follow his calling and support his mother.

Near by stood a boy—Paul Peoff—a bright, intelligent lad, some 15 years of age, who had bound himself to the gunmaker for the purpose of learning the art. His hair and his eyes were darker than his master's, and if he possessed not so much sound intellect he certainly possessed an unwonted degree of keen, quick wit and unswerving integrity.

The sun had been some time below the horizon, and the only light of any consequence that made things partially visible within the shop came from the dull blaze of the coals on the forge, as Paul over and anon bore down upon the brake that moved the bellows. Suddenly Kurie started back from the forge as his mind broke from the deep reverie into which he had fallen, and, having bade his boy to see that matters were properly disposed for the night, he turned toward the door and was soon in the kitchen, where his mother had supper all prepared and set out.

Claudia Nerev was a noble looking woman, if the impress of a noble, generous soul can be called such, and the light of her still handsome countenance was never brighter than when gazing upon her boy. She had seen the snows of 50 winters, and if they had left some silver upon her head and some age marks upon her face the sunshine of full as many summers had left her with a thankful, loving heart and a prayerful, loving soul.

"It is snowing again, faster than ever," remarked Paul as he took his seat at the table.

"Ah!" returned Kurie, resting his knife a few moments while he bent his ear to listen to the voice of the storm. "I had hoped 'twould snow no more for the present. The snow is deep enough now. And how it blows!"

"Never mind," spoke the dame in a trustful, easy tone; "it must storm when it listeth, and we can only thank God that we have shelter and pray for those who have none."

"Amen!" responded Kurie fervently.

After this the trio remained some minutes silent, seeming to be busy in listening to the storm notes that came peeling about the cot. The wind was high, and the snow was now dashing upon the windows with a dreary, melancholy sound. The meal was at length eaten and the table set back, and shortly afterward Paul retired to his bed. It was his habit to retire early, for he rose early to build the fires and prepare for the labors of the day.

Kurie drew his chair close up to the fireplace, and leaning against the jamb, he bowed his head and pondered again. This had become a habit with him of late. Sometimes he would sit thus during a whole hour without speaking or even moving, and his mother did not interrupt him, as she supposed he might be solving some mechanical problem that had arisen to bother him. But these fits of thought had become too frequent, too lengthy and too moody for such a conclusion, and the good woman was forced to believe that they were caused by something more remote than the business of the forge or the lathe. The youth now sat with his brow resting upon his hand and his eyes bent upon the hearth. For half an hour he had not moved, and his face wore an anxious, troubled look.

"Kurie, my son," spoke the mother at length in a low, kind tone, "what is it that occupies your thoughts so much?"

The young man started and turned his gaze upon his mother.

"Did you speak to me, my mother?" he asked after having recalled his mind to things about him.

"Yes, my boy," she said, "I did speak to you. I asked you what it was that occupied your thoughts."

"Oh, nothing, nothing," Kurie answered after some moments of hesitation. "I was only thinking; that was all."

"I know you were thinking, and I know that was all at the time, but over it, while his eyes, which were of a bright, brilliant deep gray in color, lent a cast of genius to the intellect of the brow. His name was Kurie Nerev. His father had been killed in the late war with the Turks, and the son, leaving his mother properly cared for, went to Spain soon after the bereavement. There he found work in the most noted armories, and now, well versed in the trade, he had returned to his native city to follow his calling and support his mother."

Near by stood a boy—Paul Peoff—a bright, intelligent lad, some 15 years of age, who had bound himself to the gunmaker for the purpose of learning the art. His hair and his eyes were darker than his master's, and if he possessed not so much sound intellect he certainly possessed an unwonted degree of keen, quick wit and unswerving integrity.

The sun had been some time below the horizon, and the only light of any consequence that made things partially visible within the shop came from the dull blaze of the coals on the forge, as Paul over and anon bore down upon the brake that moved the bellows. Suddenly Kurie started back from the forge as his mind broke from the deep reverie into which he had fallen, and, having bade his boy to see that matters were properly disposed for the night, he turned toward the door and was soon in the kitchen, where his mother had supper all prepared and set out.

Claudia Nerev was a noble looking woman, if the impress of a noble, generous soul can be called such, and the light of her still handsome countenance was never brighter than when gazing upon her boy. She had seen the snows of 50 winters, and if they had left some silver upon her head and some age marks upon her face the sunshine of full as many summers had left her with a thankful, loving heart and a prayerful, loving soul.

"It is snowing again, faster than ever," remarked Paul as he took his seat at the table.

"Ah!" returned Kurie, resting his knife a few moments while he bent his ear to listen to the voice of the storm. "I had hoped 'twould snow no more for the present. The snow is deep enough now. And how it blows!"

"Never mind," spoke the dame in a trustful, easy tone; "it must storm when it listeth, and we can only thank God that we have shelter and pray for those who have none."

"Amen!" responded Kurie fervently.

After this the trio remained some minutes silent, seeming to be busy in listening to the storm notes that came peeling about the cot. The wind was high, and the snow was now dashing upon the windows with a dreary, melancholy sound. The meal was at length eaten and the table set back, and shortly afterward Paul retired to his bed. It was his habit to retire early, for he rose early to build the fires and prepare for the labors of the day.

Kurie drew his chair close up to the fireplace, and leaning against the jamb, he bowed his head and pondered again. This had become a habit with him of late. Sometimes he would sit thus during a whole hour without speaking or even moving, and his mother did not interrupt him, as she supposed he might be solving some mechanical problem that had arisen to bother him. But these fits of thought had become too frequent, too lengthy and too moody for such a conclusion, and the good woman was forced to believe that they were caused by something more remote than the business of the forge or the lathe. The youth now sat with his brow resting upon his hand and his eyes bent upon the hearth. For half an hour he had not moved, and his face wore an anxious, troubled look.

"Kurie, my son," spoke the mother at length in a low, kind tone, "what is it that occupies your thoughts so much?"

The young man started and turned his gaze upon his mother.

"Did you speak to me, my mother?" he asked after having recalled his mind to things about him.

"Yes, my boy," she said, "I did speak to you. I asked you what it was that occupied your thoughts."

"Oh, nothing, nothing," Kurie answered after some moments of hesitation. "I was only thinking; that was all."

"I know you were thinking, and I know that was all at the time, but over it, while his eyes, which were of a bright, brilliant deep gray in color, lent a cast of genius to the intellect of the brow. His name was Kurie Nerev. His father had been killed in the late war with the Turks, and the son, leaving his mother properly cared for, went to Spain soon after the bereavement. There he found work in the most noted armories, and now, well versed in the trade, he had returned to his native city to follow his calling and support his mother."

Near by stood a boy—Paul Peoff—a bright, intelligent lad, some 15 years of age, who had bound himself to the gunmaker for the purpose of learning the art. His hair and his eyes were darker than his master's, and if he possessed not so much sound intellect he certainly possessed an unwonted degree of keen, quick wit and unswerving integrity.

The sun had been some time below the horizon, and the only light of any consequence that made things partially visible within the shop came from the dull blaze of the coals on the forge, as Paul over and anon bore down upon the brake that moved the bellows. Suddenly Kurie started back from the forge as his mind broke from the deep reverie into which he had fallen, and, having bade his boy to see that matters were properly disposed for the night, he turned toward the door and was soon in the kitchen, where his mother had supper all prepared and set out.

Claudia Nerev was a noble looking woman, if the impress of a noble, generous soul can be called such, and the light of her still handsome countenance was never brighter than when gazing upon her boy. She had seen the snows of 50 winters, and if they had left some silver upon her head and some age marks upon her face the sunshine of full as many summers had left her with a thankful, loving heart and a prayerful, loving soul.

"It is snowing again, faster than ever," remarked Paul as he took his seat at the table.

"Ah!" returned Kurie, resting his knife a few moments while he bent his ear to listen to the voice of the storm. "I had hoped 'twould snow no more for the present. The snow is deep enough now. And how it blows!"

"Never mind," spoke the dame in a trustful, easy tone; "it must storm when it listeth, and we can only thank God that we have shelter and pray for those who have none."

"Amen!" responded Kurie fervently.

After this the trio remained some minutes silent, seeming to be busy in listening to the storm notes that came peeling about the cot. The wind was high, and the snow was now dashing upon the windows with a dreary, melancholy sound. The meal was at length eaten and the table set back, and shortly afterward Paul retired to his bed. It was his habit to retire early, for he rose early to build the fires and prepare for the labors of the day.

Kurie drew his chair close up to the fireplace, and leaning against the jamb, he bowed his head and pondered again. This had become a habit with him of late. Sometimes he would sit thus during a whole hour without speaking or even moving, and his mother did not interrupt him, as she supposed he might be solving some mechanical problem that had arisen to bother him. But these fits of thought had become too frequent, too lengthy and too moody for such a conclusion, and the good woman was forced to believe that they were caused by something more remote than the business of the forge or the lathe. The youth now sat with his brow resting upon his hand and his eyes bent upon the hearth. For half an hour he had not moved, and his face wore an anxious, troubled look.

"Kurie, my son," spoke the mother at length in a low, kind tone, "what is it that occupies your thoughts so much?"

The young man started and turned his gaze upon his mother.

"Did you speak to me, my mother?" he asked after having recalled his mind to things about him.

"Yes, my boy," she said, "I did speak to you. I asked you what it was that occupied your thoughts."

"Oh, nothing, nothing," Kurie answered after some moments of hesitation. "I was only thinking; that was all."

"I know you were thinking, and I know that was all at the time, but over it, while his eyes, which were of a bright, brilliant deep gray in color, lent a cast of genius to the intellect of the brow. His name was Kurie Nerev. His father had been killed in the late war with the Turks, and the son, leaving his mother properly cared for, went to Spain soon after the bereavement. There he found work in the most noted armories, and now, well versed in the trade, he had returned to his native city to follow his calling and support his mother."

Near by stood a boy—Paul Peoff—a bright, intelligent lad, some 15 years of age, who had bound himself to the gunmaker for the purpose of learning the art. His hair and his eyes were darker than his master's, and if he possessed not so much sound intellect he certainly possessed an unwonted degree of keen, quick wit and unswerving integrity.

The sun had been some time below the horizon, and the only light of any consequence that made things partially visible within the shop came from the dull blaze of the coals on the forge, as Paul over and anon bore down upon the brake that moved the bellows. Suddenly Kurie started back from the forge as his mind broke from the deep reverie into which he had fallen, and, having bade his boy to see that matters were properly disposed for the night, he turned toward the door and was soon in the kitchen, where his mother had supper all prepared and set out.

Claudia Nerev was a noble looking woman, if the impress of a noble, generous soul can be called such, and the light of her still handsome countenance was never brighter than when gazing upon her boy. She had seen the snows of 50 winters, and if they had left some silver upon her head and some age marks upon her face the sunshine of full as many summers had left her with a thankful, loving heart and a prayerful, loving soul.

"It is snowing again, faster than ever," remarked Paul as he took his seat at the table.

"Ah!" returned Kurie, resting his knife a few moments while he bent his ear to listen to the voice of the storm. "I had hoped 'twould snow no more for the present. The snow is deep enough now. And how it blows!"

"Never mind," spoke the dame in a trustful, easy tone; "it must storm when it listeth, and we can only thank God that we have shelter and pray for those who have none."

"Amen!" responded Kurie fervently.

After this the trio remained some minutes silent, seeming to be busy in listening to the storm notes that came peeling about the cot. The wind was high, and the snow was now dashing upon the windows with a dreary, melancholy sound. The meal was at length eaten and the table set back, and shortly afterward Paul retired to his bed. It was his habit to retire early, for he rose early to build the fires and prepare for the labors of the day.

Kurie drew his chair close up to the fireplace, and leaning against the jamb, he bowed his head and pondered again. This had become a habit with him of late. Sometimes he would sit thus during a whole hour without speaking or even moving, and his mother did not interrupt him, as she supposed he might be solving some mechanical problem that had arisen to bother him. But these fits of thought had become too frequent, too lengthy and too moody for such a conclusion, and the good woman was forced to believe that they were caused by something more remote than the business of the forge or the lathe. The youth now sat with his brow resting upon his hand and his eyes bent upon the hearth. For half an hour he had not moved, and his face wore an anxious, troubled look.

"Kurie, my son," spoke the mother at length in a low, kind tone, "what is it that occupies your thoughts so much?"

The young man started and turned his gaze upon his mother.

"Did you speak to me, my mother?" he asked after having recalled his mind to things about him.

"Yes, my boy," she said, "I did speak to you. I asked you what it was that occupied your thoughts."

"Oh, nothing, nothing," Kurie answered after some moments of hesitation. "I was only thinking; that was all."

"I know you were thinking, and I know that was all at the time, but over it, while his eyes, which were of a bright, brilliant deep gray in color, lent a cast of genius to the intellect of the brow. His name was Kurie Nerev. His father had been killed in the late war with the Turks, and the son, leaving his mother properly cared for, went to Spain soon after the bereavement. There he found work in the most noted armories, and now, well versed in the trade, he had returned to his native city to follow his calling and support his mother."

Near by stood a boy—Paul Peoff—a bright, intelligent lad, some 15 years of age, who had bound himself to the gunmaker for the purpose of learning the art. His hair and his eyes were darker than his master's, and if he possessed not so much sound intellect he certainly possessed an unwonted degree of keen, quick wit and unswerving integrity.

The sun had been some time below the horizon, and the only light of any consequence that made things partially visible within the shop came from the dull blaze of the coals on the forge, as Paul over and anon bore down upon the brake that moved the bellows. Suddenly Kurie started back from the forge as his mind broke from the deep reverie into which he had fallen, and, having bade his boy to see that matters were properly disposed for the night, he turned toward the door and was soon in the kitchen, where his mother had supper all prepared and set out.

Claudia Nerev was a noble looking woman, if the impress of a noble, generous soul can be called such, and the light of her still handsome countenance was never brighter than when gazing upon her boy. She had seen the snows of 50 winters, and if they had left some silver upon her head and some age marks upon her face the sunshine of full as many summers had left her with a thankful, loving heart and a prayerful, loving soul.

"It is snowing again, faster than ever," remarked Paul as he took his seat at the table.

"Ah!" returned Kurie, resting his knife a few moments while he bent his ear to listen to the voice of the storm. "I had hoped 'twould snow no more for the present. The snow is deep enough now. And how it blows!"

"Never mind," spoke the dame in a trustful, easy tone; "it must storm when it listeth, and we can only thank God that we have shelter and pray for those who have none."

"Amen!" responded Kurie fervently.

After this the trio remained some minutes silent, seeming to be busy in listening to the storm notes that came peeling about the cot. The wind was high, and the snow was now dashing upon the windows with a dreary, melancholy sound. The meal was at length eaten and the table set back, and shortly afterward Paul retired to his bed. It was his habit to retire early, for he rose early to build the fires and prepare for the labors of the day.

Kurie drew his chair close up to the fireplace, and leaning against the jamb, he bowed his head and pondered again. This had become a habit with him of late. Sometimes he would sit thus during a whole hour without speaking or even moving, and his mother did not interrupt him, as she supposed he might be solving some mechanical problem that had arisen to bother him. But these fits of thought had become too frequent, too lengthy and too moody for such a conclusion, and the good woman was forced to believe that they were caused by something more remote than the business of the forge or the lathe. The youth now sat with his brow resting upon his hand and his eyes bent upon the hearth. For half an hour he had not moved, and his face wore an anxious, troubled look.

"Kurie, my son," spoke the mother at length in a low, kind tone, "what is it that occupies your thoughts so much?"

The young man started and turned his gaze upon his mother.

"Did you speak to me, my mother?" he asked after having recalled his mind to things about him.

"Yes, my boy," she said, "I did speak to you. I asked you what it was that occupied your thoughts."

"Oh, nothing, nothing," Kurie answered after some moments of hesitation. "I was only thinking; that was all."

"I know you were thinking, and I know that was all at the time, but over it, while his eyes, which were of a bright, brilliant deep gray in color, lent a cast of genius to the intellect of the brow. His name was Kurie Nerev. His father had been killed in the late war with the Turks, and the son, leaving his mother properly cared for, went to Spain soon after the bereavement. There he found work in the most noted armories, and now, well versed in the trade, he had returned to his native city to follow his calling and support his mother."

Near by stood a boy—Paul Peoff—a bright, intelligent lad, some 15 years of age, who had bound himself to the gunmaker for the purpose of learning the art. His hair and his eyes were darker than his master's, and if he possessed not so much sound intellect he certainly possessed an unwonted degree of keen, quick wit and unswerving integrity.

The sun had been some time below the horizon, and the only light of any consequence that made things partially visible within the shop came from the dull blaze of the coals on the forge, as Paul over and anon bore down upon the brake that moved the bellows. Suddenly Kurie started back from the forge as his mind broke from the deep reverie into which he had fallen, and, having bade his boy to see that matters were properly disposed for the night, he turned toward the door and was soon in the kitchen, where his mother had supper all prepared and set out.

Claudia Nerev was a noble looking woman, if the impress of a noble, generous soul can be called such, and the light of her still handsome countenance was never brighter than when gazing upon her boy. She had seen the snows of 50 winters, and if they had left some silver upon her head and some age marks upon her face the sunshine of full as many summers had left her with a thankful, loving heart and a prayerful, loving soul.

"It is snowing again, faster than ever," remarked Paul as he took his seat at the table.

"Ah!" returned Kurie, resting his knife a few moments while he bent his ear to listen to the voice of the storm. "I had hoped 'twould snow no more for the present. The snow is deep enough now. And how it blows!"

"Never mind," spoke the dame in a trustful, easy tone; "it must storm when it listeth, and we can only thank God that we have shelter and pray for those who have none."

"Amen!" responded Kurie fervently.

After this the trio remained some minutes silent, seeming to be busy in listening to the storm notes that came peeling about the cot. The wind was high, and the snow was now dashing upon the windows with a dreary, melancholy sound. The meal was at length eaten and the table set back, and shortly afterward Paul retired to his bed. It was his habit to retire early, for he rose early to build the fires and prepare for the labors of the day.

Kurie drew his chair close up to the fireplace, and leaning against the jamb, he bowed his head and pondered again. This had become a habit with him of late. Sometimes he would sit thus during a whole hour without speaking or even moving, and his mother did not interrupt him, as she supposed he might be solving some mechanical problem that had arisen to bother him. But these fits of thought had become too frequent, too lengthy and too moody for such a conclusion, and the good woman was forced to believe that they were caused by something more remote than the business of the forge or the lathe. The youth now sat with his brow resting upon his hand and his eyes bent upon the hearth. For half an hour he had not moved, and his face wore an anxious, troubled look.

"Kurie, my son," spoke the mother at length in a low, kind tone, "what is it that occupies your thoughts so much?"

The young man started and turned his gaze upon his mother.

"Did you speak to me, my mother?" he asked after having recalled his mind to things about him.

"Yes, my boy," she said, "I did speak to you. I asked you what it was that occupied your thoughts."

"Oh, nothing, nothing," Kurie answered after some moments of hesitation. "I was only thinking; that was all."

"I know you were thinking, and I know that was all at the time, but over it, while his eyes, which were of a bright, brilliant deep gray in color, lent a cast of genius to the intellect of the brow. His name was Kurie Nerev. His father had been killed in the late war with the Turks, and the son, leaving his mother properly cared for, went to Spain soon after the bereavement. There he found work in the most noted armories, and now, well versed in the trade, he had returned to his native city to follow his calling and support his mother."

Near by stood a boy—Paul Peoff—a bright, intelligent lad, some 15 years of age, who had bound himself to the gunmaker for the purpose of learning the art. His hair and his eyes were darker than his master's, and if he possessed not so much sound intellect he certainly possessed an unwonted degree of keen, quick wit and unswerving integrity.

The sun had been some time below the horizon, and the only light of any consequence that made things partially visible within the shop came from the dull blaze of the coals on the forge, as Paul over and anon bore down upon the brake that moved the bellows. Suddenly Kurie started back from the forge as his mind broke from the deep reverie into which he had fallen, and, having bade his boy to see that matters were properly disposed for the night, he turned toward the door and was soon in the kitchen, where his mother had supper all prepared and set out.

Claudia Nerev was a noble looking woman, if the impress of a noble, generous soul can be called such, and the light of her still handsome countenance was never brighter than when gazing upon her boy. She had seen the snows of 50 winters, and if they had left some silver upon her head and some age marks upon her face the sunshine of full as many summers had left her with a thankful, loving heart and a prayerful, loving soul.

"It is snowing again, faster than ever," remarked Paul as he took his seat at the table.

"Ah!" returned Kurie, resting his knife a few moments while he bent his ear to listen to the voice of the storm. "I had hoped 'twould snow no more for the present. The snow is deep enough now. And how it blows!"

"Never mind," spoke the dame in a trustful, easy tone; "it must storm when it listeth, and we can only thank God that we have shelter and pray for those who have none."

"Amen!" responded Kurie fervently.

After this the trio remained some minutes silent, seeming to be busy in listening to the storm notes that came peeling about the cot. The wind was high, and the snow was now dashing upon the windows with a dreary, melancholy sound. The meal was at length eaten and the table set back, and shortly afterward Paul retired to his bed. It was his habit to retire early, for he rose early to build the fires and prepare for the labors of the day.

Kurie drew his chair close up to the fireplace, and leaning against the jamb, he bowed his head and pondered again. This had become a habit with him of late. Sometimes he would sit thus during a whole hour without speaking or even moving, and his mother did not interrupt him, as she supposed he might be solving some mechanical problem that had arisen to bother him. But these fits of thought had become too frequent, too lengthy and too moody for such a conclusion, and the good woman was forced to believe that they were caused by something more remote than the business of the forge or the lathe. The youth now sat with his brow resting upon his hand and his eyes bent upon the hearth. For half an hour he had not moved, and his face wore an anxious, troubled look.

"Kurie, my son," spoke the mother at length in a low, kind tone, "what is it that occupies your thoughts so much?"

The young man started and turned his gaze upon his mother.

"Did you speak to me, my mother?" he asked after having recalled his mind to things about him.

"Yes, my boy," she said, "I did speak to you. I asked you what it was that occupied your thoughts."

"Oh, nothing, nothing," Kurie answered after some moments of hesitation. "I was only thinking; that was all."

"I know you were thinking, and I know that was all at the time, but over it, while his eyes, which were of a bright, brilliant deep gray in color, lent a cast of genius to the intellect of the brow. His name was Kurie Nerev. His father had been killed in the late war with the Turks, and the son, leaving his mother properly cared for, went to Spain soon after the bereavement. There he found work in the most noted armories, and now, well versed in the trade, he had returned to his native city to follow his calling and support his mother."

Near by stood a boy—Paul Peoff—a bright, intelligent lad, some 15 years of age, who had bound himself to the gunmaker for the purpose of learning the art. His hair and his eyes were darker than his master's, and if he possessed not so much sound intellect he certainly possessed an unwonted degree of keen, quick wit and unswerving integrity.

The sun had been some time below the horizon, and the only light of any consequence that made things partially visible within the shop came from the dull blaze of the coals on the forge, as Paul over and anon bore down upon the brake that moved the bellows. Suddenly Kurie started back from the forge as his mind broke from the deep reverie into which he had fallen, and, having bade his boy to see that matters were properly disposed for the night, he turned toward the door and was soon in the kitchen, where his mother had supper all prepared and set out.

Claudia Nerev was a noble looking woman, if the impress of a noble, generous soul can be called such, and the light of her still handsome countenance was never brighter than when gazing upon her boy. She had seen the snows of 50 winters, and if they had left some silver upon her head and some age marks upon her face the sunshine of full as many summers had left her with a thankful, loving heart and a prayerful, loving soul.

"It is snowing again, faster than ever," remarked Paul as he took his seat at the table.

"Ah!" returned Kurie, resting his knife a few moments while he bent his ear to listen to the voice of the storm. "I had hoped 'twould snow no more for the present. The snow is deep enough now. And how it blows!"

"Never mind," spoke the dame in a trustful, easy tone; "it must storm when it listeth, and we can only thank God that we have shelter and pray for those who have none."

"Amen!" responded Kurie fervently.

After this the trio remained some minutes silent, seeming to be busy in listening to the storm notes that came peeling about the cot. The wind was high, and the snow was now dashing upon the windows with a dreary, melancholy sound. The meal was at length eaten and the table set back, and shortly afterward Paul retired to his bed. It was his habit to retire early, for he rose early to build the fires and prepare for the labors of the day.

Kurie drew his chair close up to the fireplace, and leaning against the jamb, he bowed his head and pondered again. This had become a habit with him of late. Sometimes he would sit thus during a whole hour without speaking or even moving, and his mother did not interrupt him, as she supposed he might be solving some mechanical problem that had arisen to bother him. But these fits of thought had become too frequent, too lengthy and too moody for such a conclusion, and the good woman was forced to believe that they were caused by something more remote than the business of the forge or the lathe. The youth now sat with his brow resting upon his hand and his eyes bent upon the hearth. For half an hour he had not moved, and his face wore an anxious, troubled look.

"Kurie, my son," spoke the mother at length in a low, kind tone, "what is it that occupies your thoughts so much?"

The young man started and turned his gaze upon his mother.

"Did you speak to me, my mother?" he asked after having recalled his mind to things about him.

"Yes, my boy," she said, "I did speak to you. I asked you what it was that occupied your thoughts."

"Oh, nothing, nothing," Kurie answered after some moments of