

By Order of the Czar

A Story of Russian Power

By MARCUS EASTLAKE

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

Rosen must have been watching out from the balcony, for he is in the street when the door opens at the door. To witness his wild state of excitement, an onlooker might suppose that it was his betrothed he had been expecting, and who had arrived. He lifts Maruscha to the pavement, and shakes her hands with frantic energy.

"Welcome! Welcome, Maria Petrovna!" he cries.

Truly, if he had not confided to me his passion for a certain young lady, whose image he carries in that locket attached to his watch chain, I could find it in my heart to be jealous. He gives her his arm up the stairs, too, ignoring my existence; and in the sitting room again takes possession of her hands, and gazes at her with delight and satisfaction, re-iterates:

"Welcome! Welcome, Maria Petrovna. I am mighty glad to see you! I was sure you would come tonight—quite convinced of it. And all is in readiness for you, and here is Frau Meyer to show you to your room."

In the doorway appears, smiling, and smoothing her hair, a large-boned, fresh-colored German matron, whom I have not seen before, and whom the good fellow must have got into the house to wait on Maruscha, and do the proprieties.

"Thank you so much, Herr Doktor," responds Maruscha, in her pretty, soft German, though he has spoken Russian; and she beams on him in a way that would turn the heart of the veriest dandy.

"Not 'Herr Doktor,' I pray you," he protests; "call me Don Carlos, as of old."

I recollect with a foolish pang that Carl Rosen knew Maruscha when I did not. It was at Rosen's I first met her, and straightway yielded up my heart to her.

"Since I have your permission, by all means, Don Carlos. Without it I should not have dared to take the liberty with so important a personage as you have grown." She looks at him with a charming affectation of shyness. "You look quite awfully respectable now, the 'Herr Doktor' every inch."

Rosen blushes like a school boy. "You have not forgotten how to tease, Maruscha," he responds, stroking his sleek mustache with a sidelong self-conscious glance at her.

She trips up to Frau Meyer and takes her arm with that winning familiarity, yet courteous grace, which Maruscha always adopts toward those of her sex whose position is inferior to her own; thus sweeping down with a sublime contempt the paltry barrier that an arrogant society has raised between man and man. Maruscha has a profound reverence for humanity, and a strict regard to its rights. She is a socialist to her heart's core. It is only with the base that she is haughty.

"Come; you will take me to my room, dear madame?" she says.

The good woman's countenance flushes with pleasure. I know her heart is going out to my sweet girl, whom she must love, as all creatures do.

CHAPTER XX.

The moment we are alone Rosen rushes at me and begins to wring my hands, since he has had to relinquish Maruscha.

"Thank God, Vlascha!" he cries joyously. "You hast her safe at last! At last, at last, this great anxiety is lifted from thee. It has been a terrible time; but it is over, and all is well."

He wipes his heated, excited face with his handkerchief. I perceive that the affectionate little fellow's eyes are moist. Only now I become conscious of all I owe him, so self-absorbed have I been. His ever ready sympathy; his generosity in placing his house at my disposal; his forethought for Maruscha's reception. As the recollection of it all comes to me, gratitude overwhelms me. I release my left hand and embrace his right in both of mine with a fervent clasp. My vision grows dim as I look down into his guileless visage.

"Dear old Don, thou hast placed me under obligations, such as I—!" He rudely cuts me short.

"Come now, old fellow, none of that. Can a man not entertain his friends without having speeches made at him? I should be offended only that I know thou meanest well."

"I am silent," I reply, with trembling lips.

Maruscha joins us. I see her now without her hat, and with her glorious crown of golden hair. What a radiance she sheds around her! My sunbeam! The great beauty and purity of her looks inspire me with a kind of awe. I feel constrained, and awkward in her presence, finding nothing to say, though I watch her every movement, as if spell-bound. All she says and does is a wonder to me, and I even neglect my supper to feel my enraptured senses of sight and hearing. With strange perversity she encourages me not, neither by word nor glance, but devotes herself exclusively to our host, chatting lightly on different topics—her journey, her traveling companions, the excellence of Rosen's cuisine.

German fashion, we have tea after supper, which Maruscha dispenses. In handing me my cup, our fingers meet. The cup trembles between us. Was it due to my thrilling nerves alone, or thrilled also my sensitive dove at my touch? She shows my ardent gaze, yet the teatle color spreads from her cheek to neck and brow. At length there is a pause in the conversation and Rosen addresses me:

"Where on earth hast thou been all day, Vlascha?" he inquires. "I have not set eyes on thee since morning. Surely thou hast not spent the day at the station?"

I rouse. For the first time since Maruscha's arrival I remember my patient. "Thou rememberest me that I have something to tell thee. I have set up an opposition shop," I laugh. "I have got a patient. And what is more, I have promised to go to him to-night. He lies at Hotel London, Unter den Linden." I relate the circumstances of the case. "Poor old gentleman!" exclaims Me-

ruscha, when I have ended. "Vladimir, thou must return to him at once. Think how lonely he must feel in the strange hotel, and suffering such pain. It is thy bounden duty to go to him now."

"That is thy opinion, Maruscha?" I respond, fixing on her a look of seething reproach, which she refuses to see. "He is so, I go." I rise and begin hastily to button my coat across my chest.

"Good night, Maruscha; I will see thee in the morning, unless—unless my patient should require me."

A burst of laughter from Rosen breaks in on the first act of my tragedy.

"What—already, spitfire!" he cries, and jumping up, comes round to me and pushes me back to my chair. "Out of this house thou goest not until my return, which will be in a couple of hours. As I am obliged to go to my patients, whatever Maruscha may say, it is thy bounden duty to stay and entertain my guest."

"But if he had given his word—"

begins Maruscha, demurely.

"He will keep it," interposes Rosen. "He has promised to turn up at Hotel London some time between this and midnight, and he will do so. Meanwhile, Vlascha, if thou hast no objection, I will call in passing, and see how the Englishman does. I can also set his mind at ease about thee."

I mumble something to which he listens not, taking my affirmative as a matter of course, and leads the way to the sitting room, where he places Maruscha on the sofa.

I stalk in the rear, feeling my position to be an undignified one. I still contemplate entering a hypocritical protest against this arrangement of Rosen's. Surely I may be allowed to manage my own affairs? I have it on my lips to say, that all things considered, I think it advisable that I should go, but it is too late. He is calling to us a hearty adieu, and the door closes behind him.

I am standing some paces from Maruscha. She sits looking down at her fingers, whilst she nervously twists round and round the ring I gave her two years ago. I regard her silently with growing wrath, for she raises not her head nor makes any movement toward me. At length I speak.

"Maruscha, I can still— if it is thy wish—"

"A pause. "Since thou wouldst imply that I neglect a duty in remaining." Another pause. "I like not such implications, even though they are ungrounded. Of course, I left the Englishman in good hands, in charge of the landlady, who is a particularly kind, motherly person; nevertheless, I will go, since it is thy wish." I am by this time in a frenzy of indignation. She sits still in her place, and the sweet protestations I felt so sure of are not uttered. Only—"My wish!" she repeats. "Said I aught of any personal wish in the matter? I would not have that break an engagement on my account—that is all."

"Thou knowest I pledged myself to return at a particular time. However, it matters not. I do thy will. Good night, Maruscha. Sleep well."

I go to her and hold toward her my hand. She heeds it not, and the corners of her rosy mouth go down and quiver. Now she bursts forth—"How deplorable is it that I must always suffer to be misunderstood by thee!"

A tear glistens like a diamond in the corner of her eye.

"Nay, Maruscha; thy words are plain—"

"I begin."

"Yes, twist and misconstrue them, my poor words, to fit thy case! I am used to this."

She speaks with a beautiful resignation, and her handkerchief goes up. I am at once overwhelmed with the conviction that I am a brute, and that Maruscha is the most injured of women. I throw myself on my knees beside her.

"Forgive me, my long suffering darling! I indeed misunderstood thee. It is my unfortunate temper to be forever seeking a grievance. And now, miserable wretch that I am, I have made thee weep on this evening of all others! Sweet, patient heart, once more forgive me! Ah, it is always 'forgive, forgive,' for I am always wounding thee! Look up again, my dove, and let me read my pardon in thy tender eyes."

I venture to draw her gently to my breast. She resists not, and I stop my pleadings, scarcely drawing my breath for fear of disturbing so perfect an arrangement. My cheek rests on her golden hair, my arms encircle her. I feel the agitated rise and fall of her bosom. She heaves a sigh.

"Vladimir," she whispers presently; and, oh, the wonder of it! her soft arms steal about my neck; "I am deceitful and wicked."

"Thou art an angel," I murmur.

"No, no! I try to torment thee. It was cruel and stupid of me; and soft forgiveness, too, after all thou hast suffered."

Her mouth is close to mine. I kiss it. "Thou wilt have much to endure with me," she continues mournfully, as if I had not interrupted her with that kiss.

"Yes, Maruscha, in marrying thee, I make a martyr of myself; yet I will bear the cross, thou wilt find, with becoming fortitude." I respond cheerfully, lifting her face and looking into her eyes.

"Thou knowest not how perverse I am."

"I know it well; and alas, I cannot resist thee."

"Vladimir!" with sudden energy and a contraction of the brows, "I wish thou wouldst recognize my faults now! It will prevent disappointment afterward."

"I do, I do, my love. I anticipate the shocks that are in store for me, yet am I bewitched. I know exactly how Socrates felt when he was courting Xanthippe."

Maruscha's mouth begins to twitch. She bites her lip, yet her eyes betray the rising laughter. And alas! to hide it, she presses herself from my arms.

"Thou art most provoking, Vladimir," she says. "Not a word of sense can one talk with thee."

Nevertheless, it is in sober sense we talk, as we sit side by side, half an hour later, my arm around her waist, her hand in mine. In reply to many questions of mine she gives me an account

of her uneventful life at home, with its silent and concealed undercurrent of anguish; broken harshly in upon by a letter from Olga, with the intelligence of the death of our noble brother, Ivan Ivanovitch. Condemned to a long term of exile, he had poisoned himself in prison. I knew he carried the means of his release on his person, but little thought he would use it so soon. Couldst thou not have been patient and learnt from my experiences that whilst there is life there is hope? Thou art a bitter drop in my cup of happiness, oh, my brother! I have lost in thee what the world rarely gives but once, and seldom that—a true friend.

And the stout heart, Pavel Gregorevitch, banished too. Yet I know Pavel. He will find his feet, will make himself a home in the distant land whither his devoted wife will follow him. And he will raise an army of converts to the cause of liberty, and live as full a life in Siberia as in St. Petersburg.

HANGING AS A JOKE.

Machine for Initiatory Ceremonies Devised by an Inventor.

Among the inventions recently granted a patent is one for a hanging machine, which the inventor explains is not really for the purpose which its name would seem to indicate, but to give secret society candidates all the preliminary sensations of such an experience without any danger of fatal mishap. The machine is also designed for use on the stage to stimulate hanging scenes. The inventor of this machine is John J. Duffie of Los Angeles, Cal., according to the Philadelphia Record.

"My invention," says Mr. Duffie, "relates to a burlesque hanging machine, and is to be used in initiatory work in secret organizations, theaters and other places of amusement, and is so constructed that the party supposed to be hanged and operated on by this piece of mechanism cannot be injured in the slightest degree."

"It is intended in secret organizations," further explains the inventor, "to test the bravery and fortitude of the applicant and to test his confidence in his friends, and in theaters and other places of amusement to represent a real hanging."

The initiate wears a jacket for the hanging ceremony. That may be put on while other tricks are being played and the victim thus is hardly aware of its significance. This jacket has some weights and braces under the arms, pads on the hips and a strap attached to the legs, all designed to distribute the weight of the body when in the air.

Rack of the neck is a hook from which the spiral spring runs to the dangling rope. The noose is not part of the rope, which is seen hanging from the gallows, but is merely tied to it by a piece of string, so that if the hook in the jacket should break the man would not be hanged by accident.

The victim is placed on a trap door, which at the proper moment is sprung by the executioner on a platform. The shock of the fall of a few feet is broken by a set of springs and weights concealed in the posts of the gallows.

It is the first hanging device of the kind ever patented, officials at the patent office said. It takes its place among a large array of devices more or less generally used in initiatory ceremonies. It lays claim to no utilitarian mission, but on other grounds seeks to take its place with the thousands of inventions, records of which are crowded in the patent office.

Bill of Fare too Steep.

A tall, raw-boned individual who didn't need a grasshopper pecking out of a side pocket to tell he was from Kansas wandered into a 2d avenue cafe a few days ago. After looking the room over carefully he selected a seat at a table near the door. After he had arranged his chair with much noise and not without attracting some attention it dawned upon him that the other men in the eating place had taken off their hats. The Kansas man removed a battle-scarred felt and deposited it carefully under the table.

A waiter brought him the regular dinner bill of fare and waited for the order. The Kansas man didn't say a word.

He was hard at work.

He studied over that program for nearly half an hour and then with a sigh arose, put on the green beret and started for the door.

"What is the matter, sir?" anxiously queried a waiter, thinking that the patron had been offended.

"Too steep for me, young feller. I can't pay \$28.45 for one meal. It's too rich for my blood."

On the table at which the Kansas man had been seated was found a small piece of paper covered with figures. He had added the prices of everything on the bill of fare.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Not Qualified.

"I would like to get a position as assistant bookkeeper," said the young man at the door.

"Can you keep a day book?" asked the merchant.

"I—I'm afraid not, sir," faltered the applicant. "I only attended night school."

Helping Hand.

"I am awfully poor, you know," began the smitten young man, "but—"

"Well," interrupted the frigid-hearted heiress, "I'm willing to help you along in the world. Here's a nickel to pay your car fare home."

London has the largest proportion of insane of any English city, the number being 361 to every 100,000. Nottingham is a close second, with 342 to the 100,000.

AN HISTORIC FIGHT.



A FIGHT WHICH IS DESTINED TO BE HISTORIC.

When some future historian writes the story of the siege of Port Arthur many will be the graphic and thrilling scenes he will be called upon to depict. One such scene deals with the deadly struggle on the slopes of Ojikeishan, where Jap and Muscovite struggled with ropes, rocks, clubbed rifles and bullets for supremacy. During this particular combat, says the Illustrated London News, from which we reproduce the accompanying picture, the Japanese stormed a position so steep that they could obtain cover only by standing with their backs to the rocks and firing their rifles over their heads. The Russians finding they could not reach their adversaries so sheltered lowered ropes with running nooses and tried to lasso their assailants. As soon as they had caught a man they pulled him from cover and disposed of him. One Russian was dragged down by his own rope and broke both legs. The hurling of huge boulders also played a prominent part in the struggle.

FAMOUS INDIANA TRAGEDY.

James Gillespie Found Guilty of the Murder of His Sister.

The conviction of James Gillespie, on the charge of murdering his sister, Miss Elizabeth Gillespie, in Rising Sun, Ind., on Dec. 8, 1903, and his sentence to life imprisonment for the crime, meets with the approval of all persons who are familiar with the details of this tragedy which, at the time of its occurrence, awakened interest all over the United States. This was James Gillespie's second trial. A year ago he, with his sister, Mrs. Belle Seward, and Mr. and Mrs. Myron Barbour, were tried together for the murder and the jury disagreed. When the case came into court again, Gillespie demanded to be tried alone. His re-



JAMES GILLESPIE.

quest was granted and after trial the jury, after three hours' deliberation, brought in a verdict of guilty.

The circumstances surrounding the murder of Elizabeth Gillespie and the social prominence in Indiana of all the actors in the tragedy, attracted widespread attention to the case. The Gillespie family was one of the oldest and proudest in Indiana. James Gillespie and his sister, Elizabeth, were twins. They were inseparable as children and young people. The girl became engaged at the age of 20, but on her brother's account broke the engagement. Though no word of trouble leaked out this beautiful society woman from that time grew in appearance from a young girl to an aged woman, her hair turning almost snowy white within a year. She never married nor did her brother, James.

Elizabeth devoted herself to the care of her widowed mother and threw herself heart and soul into plans which afforded pleasure to others. She was a leader in the social world and in church work. Then came trouble between her and her brother, and a family feud was brought on which culminated in murder. James Gillespie left his mother's house and went to live with his other sister, Mrs. Belle Seward, across the street. Dr. William Gillespie had married a niece of Dr. Thad Reamy, a noted Cincinnati physician, and had moved to that city. His wife's sister married Myron Barbour, and they lived directly across the street from the Gillespie home, adjoining the Seward residence.

On the evening of Dec. 8, 1903, Elizabeth Gillespie was preparing to receive at her home the Women's Literary Club, of Rising Sun. As she passed a window looking into the

street from her parlor the report of a gun rang out in the darkness and Miss Gillespie fell to the floor, blood streaming from a jagged wound in her head. She died the day following. Suspicion at once fastened upon James Gillespie and he with the others named above were arrested and indicted for murder. It was shown at the trial that Elizabeth Gillespie lived in mortal terror of her brother. On the other hand, members of the family from all over the State, all of whom are wealthy, made a strong effort to save the family name and to free James Gillespie. The two trials were bitterly contested and thousands of dollars were lavished on lawyers by the defense. The State, however, won.

THEBES GLASS WORKERS.

The High Art that Flourished Over Forty Centuries Ago.

The glassblowers of ancient Thebes are known to have been equally as proficient in that particular art as is the most scientific craftsman of the same trade of the present day, after a lapse of over forty centuries of so called "progress." They were well acquainted with the art of staining glass and are known to have produced that commodity in great profusion and perfection. Rosellini gives an illustration of a piece of stained glass known to be 4,000 years old which displayed artistic taste of high order, both in tint and design.

In this case the color is struck through the vitrified structure, and he mentions designs struck entirely in pieces from a half to three-quarters of an inch thick, the color being perfectly incorporated with the structure of the piece and exactly the same on both the obverse and reverse sides.

The priests of Ptah at Memphis were adepts in the glassmaker's art, and not only did they have factories for manufacturing the common crystal variety, but they had learned the vitrifying of the different colors and of imitating precious stones to perfection. Their imitations of the amethyst and of the various other colored gems were so true to nature that even now, after they have lain in the desert sands from 2,000 to 4,000 years, it takes an expert to distinguish the genuine articles from the spurious. It has been shown that, besides being experts in glassmaking and coloring, they also used the diamond in cutting and engraving. In the British museum there is a beautiful piece of stained glass with an engraved emblemation of the monarch Thothmes III, who lived 3,400 years ago.

Future of the Indians.

James Mooney, attached to the Smithsonian bureau of ethnology, sees a hopeless future for the Indians, among whom he has spent the greater portion of his life. He believes that it is practically impossible to civilize the Indian; that, having no ambition for improvement or progress, they will continue in their present state, dying out in numbers till they become simply roving bands.

Strong Love.

Patience—How do you know her love for him was strong?

Patrice—Because it broke him.

If genius and egotism always went together there would be a lot more genius.

HOW SHE REJECTED A MAN.

Bad Fate of a Young Woman Who Had It All Fixed Up.

There was once a young lady of tender feelings but firm resolves who was inflexibly determined to live unmarried, even at the risk of living an old maid, but who wished so much to spare the susceptibilities of her potential admirers that she long made it her study how to refuse them without wounding them. To this end she read all the novels she could lay her hands on and as much poetry as she could bear. She went constantly to the theater, and in the intervals of her social duties she took serious books, like biographies and memoirs, out of the libraries, and informed herself of the methods and manners of the heroines who declined offers from high nobles.

She was, upon the whole, a good deal disappointed, especially with the novels. These manuals of the impassioned emotions seemed to render in almost every case a blind allegiance to the law of ending well, which in the low conception of the author was getting the hero and heroine married, and then dropping them; in the very, very few cases where they suffered a girl to refuse a lover it was that she might leave him to some other girl who secretly loved him and who would probably pine away, or partly away, if she did not have him. This the young lady thought simply disgusting and idiotic; she was a young lady of strong expressions as well as tender feelings and fixed resolves, and she found the poets not much, if any, more instructive than the novelists.

They gave examples enough of girls who did not marry, but it was because their lovers died, or did not ask them; when their lovers both survived and proposed the girls refused them from pride or from shame or from want of presence of mind and bitterly regretted it ever afterward. The personal histories were largely those of women distinguished in the arts, letters and sciences, whose courtships and marriages were dismissed in a few cold and indifferent phrases, as incidental of small consequence in their several careers. Where they did not marry they seemed not to have been courted, and where they were loved it was in a vague, tentative sort that never arrived at passion.

In spite of all, however, the young lady did evolve, though from the observation of life rather than her acquaintance with literature, a formula of sympathetic rejection which entirely suited her. We will not reveal it because it was so charming that if put in the possession of young girls generally it would tempt them to its use in the case of every offer of marriage. But we may confide that the young lady, having lived to witness the comparative failure of marriage among her friends, and always liking her friends' husbands better than her friends themselves, though she blamed them for her friends' unhappiness, made such a study of their varying temperaments that she knew just where men's sensibilities would suffer most, and so contrived a form of refusal that would justly flatter their vanity and console their affections, and at last leave them grateful for having been rejected.

The only difficulty she experienced was in the application of her formula. It happened that the very first man who offered himself was one whom she had long secretly loved, and she instantly accepted him, without, as it were, thinking. She did not even appear chagrined at the waste of the time she had spent in acquiring the useless information stored up for a contrary eventuality. Unless she should become a widow hers must ever remain the most signal instance of mispent research that we could offer.—Harper's Magazine.

A Desert Lighthouse.

There is at least one lighthouse in the world that is not placed on any mariner's chart. It is away out on the Arizona Desert, and marks the spot where a well supplies pure, fresh water to travelers. It is the only place that water may be had for at least thirty miles in any direction. The "house" consists of a tall cotton-wood pole to the top of which a lantern is hoisted every night. The light can be seen for miles across the plain in every direction.

A Little in Doubt.

A district visitor once went to see an old Scotchwoman who was dying. Noticing that her talk was all about herself and the minister, he said:

"Well, really, Jeanie, I believe you think there will be nobody in heaven but yourself and the minister."

"Ah, weel," said the old man, "as I'm no' sure about the minister!" —London Telegraph.

Coolie Power Car Lane.

A curious street car line is that between Atami and Yoshinoma, two coast towns in the province of Ise, Japan. The line is seven miles long, the rolling stock consists of a single car, and the motive power is furnished by a couple of muscular coolies, who push the car along wherever power is necessary.

Obtuse.

"Pa," said little Willie, who was struggling over his lessons, "what is an obtuse angle?"

"An obtuse angle," replied his father, "is an Englishman to whom you try to explain a joke." —Philadelphia Ledger.

Anything but That.

The Lawyer—Do you want a divorce without publicity?
The Lady—Sir, you seem to have forgotten that I am an actress.