

By Order of the Czar

A Story of Russian Power

By MARCUS EASTLAKE

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

I think of how she silenced me when I had spoken of our early marriage shortly after her arrival: "About that I have quite made up my mind, Vladimir: I shall seek some employment until thou hast got something to do. It will never answer for thee to be burdened with a wife before thou art settled."

"Tut, nonsense," Mr. Gough exclaimed. "If the lass cares for you, she will be ready enough to wait, unless she thinks she has got a soft 'un to deal with. I guarantee now to manage the job for you, if you will let me."

"Thank you," I reply coldly. "I prefer to manage my own private affairs."

"As you like. Only I hope you will bring her round to it, Doctor. You see now that my foot is mending and you go with me, there is no reason why we shouldn't start for England at once. I've been absent too long already, and though I have an excellent manager, he's not like the boss. The wives at our place have always been used to a married doctor. They might not like to be attended by a single young chap."

Whilst he speaks, hope grows apace within me. This is sound reason. Maruscha will recognize it as such and be docile. Is it possible that happiness is to be mine so soon? This sudden and unexpected brilliance of my prospects quite staggers me. I endeavor to answer in a business-like tone, concealing my joyful emotions.

"There is sense in what you say, Mr. Gough, and I am sure I need only explain the case to my betrothed. She is reasonable and tractable. As fly might lead Maruscha if he but show a little art in the leading. She did speak of following her profession as a nurse until I got settled, for she has a fine spirit."

"Booh! Stuff and nonsense!" burst in the old man.

"But now," I proceed calmly, "it is different—quite out of the question."

"I should rather think so," he again interrupts. "It was a mad scheme at any time."

"And Maruscha is the last girl in the world to make a fuss about being a little hurried in an affair of this kind when the urgency is made clear to her."

"I should hope so," Mr. Gough's tones become more decided with every interjection. "The lass is not such a fool!"

"And I would like the matter settled at once; therefore, if you will excuse me, I will go and meet Maruscha and tell her the good news, and fix matters with her."

"Certainly, away with you. And mind you don't forget the marriage license; and oh—by the way—how about the cash, Doctor? Have you enough in hand?"

I hesitated. "I have some money still—a little—not perhaps enough, but Rosen will lend—"

"Nothing of the sort," he interrupts. "There's no need for you to take a loan from any man. I will advance you a quarter's wages. It makes no difference to me, you know! In fact, I prefer it. Reach me my check book there, and pen and ink."

I comply, and he fills and tears out a leaf.

"Get it cashed at Blankschildt & Breitmann's, Unter den Linden," he says, and hands it to me.

I put it into my pocketbook. "Is there anything I can do for you before I go?" I ask, taking up my hat.

"Nothing whatever, thank you, Doctor," he replies briskly.

"Half an hour will suffice me to explain things to Maruscha," I observe magnanimously. "Then she will be with you again."

"Don't hurry on my account," he responds. "You have the prior claim."

"Half an hour," I repeat from the door.

CHAPTER XXIII.

I meet Maruscha on the steps, coming in. Rushing out in hot haste, I collide with her, and meet the regard of those blue eyes again, in which is just the same expression of compassionate reproach that was there when we parted an hour ago.

"Vladimir! Thou hast almost knocked me over! What has come to thee?" she says.

"Ah, what, Maruscha? Everything has come to me!" I exult, putting my hand through her arm and drawing her along with me to the street. Maruscha falls immediately out of her dignified role, and shows me only the undaunted wonderment of a child in her beautiful face.

"What is it?" she asks, under her breath, and she lets me lead her on, without resisting, so completely has curiosity taken possession of her.

"I have got a splendid appointment. An appointment worth five hundred pounds sterling a year. That is in Russian roubles something like two thousand five hundred."

Maruscha stares before her into space. Her lips divide. The sun is evidently too large to be taken in at all once.

"It is a good thing, yes!" I observe, as I watch the gradual dawning of comprehension in her innocent eyes.

She sighs. "It is a large sum."

She looks at the ground for a space, then inquiringly at me.

"But I cannot understand. When I left thee a short while ago thou knewest naught of this? Ah, I see! It is through that dear, good man, Mr. Gough, that thou hast this good fortune. He has been busy in thy behalf, and has succeeded in getting the appointment for thee in England. And now I know why he asked me whether I should like to live in England. I am glad I said I should."

"Thou art right and wrong, Maruscha. Mr. Gough has not required to busy himself in my behalf, for the gift he has offered me is his to bestow on whom he likes. It is a doctor to his own people at 'New Mills' in Lancashire, that he has appointed me. It is a grand thing for me, independent of the stipend. Just what I would have chosen, to have my work laid out amongst workers, where I shall be called on to cure diseases brought on by idleness and luxury. Proud am I to belong to the Aristocracy of Labor and in serving it body and soul, I am

honored. And perhaps, Maruscha, I may be privileged to pick here and there, a down-trodden brother from the mire, and set him on the road to Freedom," I add humbly.

"Yes, Vladimir," she responds. And her gaze is solemn and uplifted, as if she saw the Angel of Liberty descending from the clouds. There is a long pause, during which my thoughts revert to the object of this interview. The moments seem particularly propitious for broaching the delicate subject. Maruscha's mood is soft, and apparently submissive. Whilst I am beating about for some happy mode of introducing it, she breaks the silence.

"Mr. Gough has talked to me much about 'New Mills' and his people. What pride he takes in them—as a father in his children! I think he is a very good and just man, and they are fortunate who get employment under him."

"Yes, Maruscha, he is all thou sayest. Moreover, he is a man of judgment, practical and sensible. A man whose advice is worth listening to."

"She unconsciously plays into my hands. That is it, Vladimir. He has so much common sense that I should feel inclined to act on his advice, even though it were contrary to my own judgment."

"Quite so, Maruscha. And when this morning he advised our immediate marriage I waived my own opinion to his way of thinking. He made me do so, for his reasons were so conclusive that they admitted of no argument."

"But surely, Vladimir—"

"And I said, instantly," I continue, feverishly, "Maruscha is the last girl in the world to raise objections under the circumstances. She is not capable of such folly."

She tries to put in a word, but I hurry on: "My betrothed is not a silly dame de societé to stand on ceremony. I need only explain to her how imperative it is—"

"Vladimir!" My name is pronounced in a manner so commanding that the flow of my language is instantly checked. My hand is whisked with exceeding swiftness from its resting place in the bend of Maruscha's arm. She withdraws herself.

"What have I done?" I ask, my emotions halting between anxiety and indignation.

"Done?" she gasps. "Thou talkest as if I were some poor, helpless creature, to be twisted round thy finger! Think, Mr. Gough that it is one of his little girls he has to deal with? I am surprised at thee, Vladimir, to think so little of my dignity as to allow this Englishman to imagine that thou hast but to beckon and I will be ready to wed thee!"

"Maruscha, wilt thou listen to the reasons—the very weighty reasons—"

"No reasons could justify such an unseemly proceeding."

"Mr. Gough returns to England in a day or two. I go with him. Wilt thou let me go alone?"

I put the question in cold, precise tones, forcibly holding a barrier to the surging waves of passion that threaten to sweep my soul. She glances at me askance. Her lip is still trembling with anger, yet in the corners of her eyes lurks a shadow of self-distrust.

The answer comes, low and uncertain, but still it comes. "Why not?"

"It is enough!" I say between closed teeth. The barrier is down and the floods leap and rage unchecked. Only my tongue is under control, and my words form themselves with a strange distinctness; slow and calm.

"In that case, Maruscha, as I depart in a few hours, and have business to transact, perhaps thou wilt be good enough to make thy intentions known to Mr. Gough."

I lift my hat and stride rapidly away, neither knowing nor caring whither. Methinks as I go I catch her voice uttering my name in half suffocated accents. What is it to me? Is it possible that now she regrets the ungentleness of her speech, but the fact remains the same. In the tumult of my bitter thoughts I heed not whether my hurrying footsteps are leading me, until trees are rustling over my head, and I discover that I am skirting the "Thiergarten." I plunge into one of the many shady alleys, following its winding course to deeper shade, and by degrees the coolness and quietude soothe my vexed spirit and temper my heated blood. Then I remember the check in my pocketbook, and Rosen, who may be waiting dinner for me, and retrace my steps to the town.

On my way from the bank to the "Stein-Strasse" I have to pass "Hotel London." I glance up at a certain window. There is a little figure conspicuous, with a wistful face gazing into the street. I raise my hat with the formality of a soldier saluting his chief. I permit not my eyes to rest a single instant on it, much as I desire to read its expression. My mood, though subdued, is dark and grim. Only I am conscious of a sensation of fierce triumph—transient as a flash in the pan—because my knowledge of Maruscha informs me that she is craning her neck to watch me out of sight, longing to see me turn, and that it wrings her heart strings to observe my unbending demeanor. This little flavor of vengeance is mine!

Rosen is hanging over the balcony, also on the lookout, as I come up.

"Look quick, Vlaska!" he calls excitedly. "Thou hast spoilt the meal with thy dawdling!"

To talk to me of beef!

When we are seated at the dinner table I tell him, without any elation, of my appointment.

"What luck!" he exclaims. "And thou sittest there with a face as long as an undertaker's telling me this great news! What is wrong? Is it that thou loost not to settle in England? Or perhaps Maruscha—"

"Yes, Maruscha," I interrupt, sharply emphasizing the name. "Canst thou credit it? She refuses to go with me, at such short notice, and will stay here, supporting herself, until she thinks fit to marry!"

Whilst I am speaking Rosen wears a knowing smile. He says:

"I will give you a bit of advice, Vlaska. Get the marriage license. Say nothing further to Maruscha. Preserve

an air of melancholy resignation, and leave her to herself. My name is not Karl Rosen if she lets thee go without her!"

I admit to myself that in a secret recess of my heart has dwelt all along a hope that such might be the end. That hope takes definite shape now; it assumes such dimensions that my appetite disappears before it, and the moment dinner is over I leave the house. In a bookseller's shop I examine the pages of a directory for the address of the English clergyman, and to his residence I immediately hasten.

He greets me with an extensive display of very fine teeth, and offers me his hand. He is a ruddy-skinned, prosperous-looking man, stout and hale, bearing in this countenance the evidence of perfect self-contentment.

"In what way can I serve you, sir?" he asks.

I state my business and in an incredibly short time it is transacted. I am in possession of the license and Mr. Carr of his fee.

(To be continued.)

WANT HONEST UNDERWEAR.

Trade Complaints About Practice of Skimping Size.

An agitation is now going on in the underwear manufacturing trade in favor of establishing some standard of size for garments on which both the retail dealers and the public can depend, and which, if adhered to, will put a stop to what is really a fraud on the public, says the New York Times.

The number marked on a garment is usually supposed to indicate its actual size. Thus a 38 garment ought to measure thirty-eight inches, a 40 garment forty inches, and so on. As a matter of fact, however, in the cheaper grades of underwear the practice of making up sizes has gained ground so fast that the numbering has come to mean little or nothing. This is especially so this season on account of the high price of cotton, which tempted the manufacturers to take advantage of any scheme to cheapen the garments. Now in the cheapest grades a garment marked 38 may only measure thirty-four inches, and the retailers have been overwhelmed with complaints, which they have passed on to the jobbers, and which the jobbers in turn have passed on to the manufacturers. This kind of skimping has only been tried on the cheapest grades of garments, but there has been another method which is even more annoying to the consumer and which has run through nearly all the grades. This is the practice of skimping material in other ways, while making the garment to measure just what it is marked, so far as the main dimensions are concerned. Thus a shirt marked 40 will measure forty inches in the chest, but will be an inch or two short in the body, and a pair of drawers marked 38 will measure thirty-eight inches around the waist, but the legs will be so narrow that the wearer will probably split them the first or second time he tries to put them on.

The chief reason for this condition is the practice prevailing in the underwear trade of selling goods at a fixed price. A garment must be made to sell at 25 or 50 cents, and if cotton goes up the retailer feels that he cannot get 26 or 52 cents for the same garment. He demands that the manufacturer still furnish him with the same garment or one equally as attractive to sell at the standard price, and the result is that the latter is forced to cheapen his output in some way. The manufacturer is so far from the consumer, all the business in this line being done through commission houses and jobbers, that he often feels that he does not need to study the public's wants at all. For some time there has been an agitation in favor of asking the retailers to try to change the system of fixed price selling. It obtains in no country but the United States, and the European manufacturers who sell goods here have simply refused to fall in with it. They have priced their goods at actual value, and in spite of the advance in cotton have maintained the quality of their output. Of course most of the imported underwear is in the better grades, but even the cheap stuff imported has kept up its reputation for honesty.

Why Illinois is "Sucker."

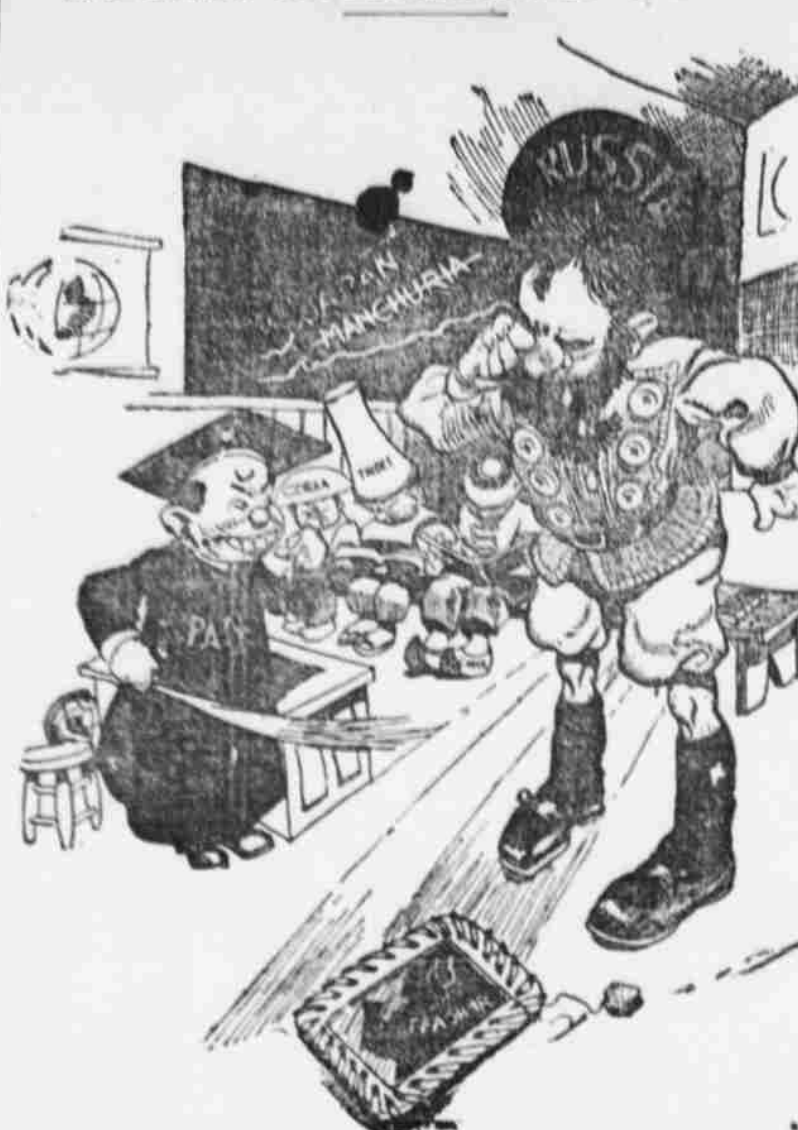
In modern Egypt, which is in the southern part of Illinois, some of the native men gave a banquet in honor of an eminent politician of the lik. There were many speeches in praise and panegyric of the chief guest. They were superlative to that degree which is the full tether of grammar. A young preacher present was moved thereby to get so far back as the comparative in a story. He said:

"A short time ago I attended a banquet in Indiana at which were present many men from other States, and in turn the speakers of the occasion soared to the empyrean many times, and swept the skies, and gathered stars in their glowing and extravagant eulogies upon the merits and virtues of their respective commonwealths. The Texan was eloquent about the 'Lone Star,' the Kentuckian became lurid concerning 'the dark and bloody ground, the Ohioan went wild on 'buckeyes,' and one was moved to say something for Illinois.

"We of Illinois," he said, "frequently bear these beautiful boasts of other States, and we not only listen with bated breath and profound interest, but believe it all implicitly. The reason for this is that we are, individually and collectively, from Galena to Goshen and from Chicago to Cairo, as is well known throughout the civilized world, and in some parts of New Jersey, simply suckers."

"We at this table to-night," the young preacher concluded, "believe all that has been said of our distinguished guest, as is becoming to true 'Suckers.'"

THE LITTLE SCHOOLMASTER OF THE EAST.



Little Schoolmaster—It's a shame to whip this boy so often when he has so much trouble at home, but he's got to learn that geography lesson.—Chicago Chronicle.

ONCE NEWSBOY AND BOOTBLACK

James A. Hemenway, of Indiana, is now a United States Senator.

Few men in the public life of the nation rose to prominence and success under such discouraging conditions as Representative James A. Hemenway, who succeeds Vice President Fairbanks in the United States Senate. His early life was a continual struggle against poverty and the limitations it imposed, but he rose superior to every difficulty, winning success by persistent effort and close and intelligent application.

Mr. Hemenway, whose ancestry dates back to colonial days, was born on his father's farm near Boonville, Ind., in 1850. He attended school at Boonville, making slow progress, however, owing to the fact that his studies were interrupted by the necessity of attending to duties at home. His father, William Hemenway, was not

center of the "buffalo industry." The price on the market was \$5 a ton. Two round trips a week was the limit, but through one entire summer and fall young Hemenway and his brother Will loaded the wagon and hauled the buffalo bones to market. They realized in this way between \$6 and 10 a week.

In 1880 Hemenway returned to Boonville and went to work in a tobacco factory. Later he engaged in the livery business at Rockport and to augment his income became also a sewing-machine agent.

While selling sewing machines and making other odd trades the opportunity was given to him of reading law and he entered the office of John L. Taylor, a prominent Democratic lawyer, whose partner he subsequently became. Here one day he was waited upon by a Republican politician and asked to accept the nomination for district prosecutor. There did not seem to be any chance for his election, the district being strongly Democratic. Mr. Hemenway made an active canvass of the district, and to the surprise of everyone was elected. In those days a man could be chosen prosecutor before being admitted to the bar, and it was Hemenway's fortune to be one of those men. When the first case came up there were several good lawyers opposed to him and the presiding judge suggested that Hemenway secure assistance. He declined, wishing to refute one of the arguments made against him during his canvass—that he was not competent to fill the place. He won his case and thereby greatly enhanced his reputation.

In 1894 he entered Congress, to which he has been elected ever since. He at once took a prominent place in House affairs, becoming the head of the most important committee in the government—the National Committee on Appropriations.

Mr. Hemenway is married and has an interesting family of three children—the eldest of whom, Miss Lena, is a beautiful girl of 18. The other children are George, aged 15, and Miss Estelle, aged 7.



Boys Weavers of Persia.

Boys from 8 to 12 years old do a great part of the carpet and rug weaving in Persia. They are very deft. Having been shown the design and coloring of the carpet they are to work the boys rely on their memories for the rest of the task. It is very seldom that you will see on any of the looms a pattern set before the workers. The foreman of a loom is frequently a boy of from 12 to 14. He walks up and down behind the workers calling out in a sing-song manner the number of stitches and the colors of the threads to be used. He seems to have the design imprinted in his mind. A copy of a famous carpet now at the South Kensington Museum is being made. The design and coloring are unique, but the boys who are working on the copy are doing it without the design before them and at the rate of from 30 to 35 stitches a minute. Nothing but hand work is employed in the manufacture of Persian carpets and rugs, and none but natural or vegetable dyes are used. This accounts for the superior quality of the Persian products. The secret of the beautiful dark-blue dyes used in the older days has been lost.

Mixing His Metaphors.

A warrior, who is also a politician, has recently been welcomed home with effusion. In one of the speeches the case was put in a nutshell. "We rejoice," said the chairman, "to see the old war horse back again in the saddle, ready once more to help us guide the ship of state!"

There is one thing we have remarked about a very swell young man; he wears his overcoat very long or very short.

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hair food you can buy. For 60 years it has been doing just what we claim it will do. It will not disappoint you.

My hair used to be very short. But after using Ayer's Hair Vigor a short time it began to grow, and now it is fourteen inches long. This proves a splendid result to me after being almost without any hair.

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Butts—I got a wire from Sniggs today saying his dyspepsia was much better.

Cutts—You don't mean to say he telegraphed the news. What did he say?

Butts—He said there was a strong rally in the wheat pit.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Parental Diplomacy.

"Here is a book that your daughter should read," said Mr. Wiseman. "It contains some excellent advice for a girl of her age."

"Very well, dear," replied his better half. "I'll lay it on the table and forbid her to look at it."

To Break in New Shoes.

Always shake in Allen's Foot-Paste, a powder. It cures hot, sweating, itching, swollen feet, corns, cracks, ingrowing nails and bunions. At all drug stores and shoe stores. Don't accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Gimsted, La Roy, N. Y.

Other Wink of It.

She sat the depot—it must be awfully trying on those poor foreigners who come to this country—and find themselves strangers in a strange land.

He—Oh, they are used to it, having been born and raised in foreign lands, you know.

She—Why, of course, I never thought of that.

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Quaint Scotch Custom.

Natives of the northern coast of Scotland observe a curious custom at funerals. After the burial service the coffin is carried outside the house and placed upon the two chairs on which it had rested within doors. As soon as the pallbearers lift up their burden and begin their journey to the graveyard these chairs are at once thrown sharply on their backs. In this position they are kept until the interment has taken place, when they are taken indoors again. Any attempt to place the chairs on their legs or to take them in before the proper time is at once frustrated by the relatives of the dead.

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