From New York Weekly

CHAPTER I.

The northern plains of Siberia latitude. The snow, fanned by a forever, with you!" strong northern gale, fell in wild, curling eddies across the ice-bound, est tones, and said, more gently: desolate plains, wrapping the wood en houses of the convict mining er?" station of Orlouski in a feathery, mantle of in maculace white.

In one of the houses nearest the mine dwelt the head of the settlement, by name Nicholas Ozaski, and his daughter Fedora. The latter, when our story opens, was sitting beside a roaring fire in her home, while on the opposite side of the hearth was a young Cossack lieutenant, tall and strikingly hand. some, so much so, indeed, that his face wen for him the cognoism of Handsome Boris.

Boris Xerinka had been at Orlsuski for the space of one week only, and yet Fedora had become to him the idol of his heart; such was the result of flye days' reasoning with himself, but Fedora, who was quite accustomed to receive homage, did not or would not understand that he expected her to offer him any; moreover, for some unaccountable reason, she had conceived a rooted antipathy for him, a dislike which at first was generated by a shifty expression which seemed to lurk behind his bright blue eyes, as well as by the downward curve of his handsome mouth, which would have better graced a woman's face than that of a man.

For some time the two occupants of the room had remained silent, watching the glowing embers, then Fedora, raising her head, glanced, at Boris, and said:

"My father told me that another gang of those poor wretches was expected here today. Is that so?"

"Yes," replied Xrinka, "it is true Fedora, and they ought to have been here eight hours ago!"

id a dull vioce, as though speaking to herself. "Poor creatures! I' beating when they hear their sentence; but yet they live on, only dimly conscious of the fate worse than death, which awaits them. The taies of those who have escaped from this Russian prison land which they march. But, alas! when they arrive they experience the grim realism of those tales. St. Petersburg."

heartfelt ejaculation, then Boris

if you knew you were about to re- to cause the hardest heart to quail. turn to Russia's capital?"

chair in surprise. "Pleased were the window. to leave here?"

St. Petersburg eight days hence, the prisoner like a writhing snake. and-Fedora, you could leave here Fedora cried out in sympathy, as my wife!"

For a moment she looked coldly haltingly onward. , at him, and then in a loud voice, "Come away," said Boris, "your Piccolos and Band Supplies.

"Do you jest?"

"No, by Heaven! I am in deadly | deserve their treatment." earnest. Fedora, I have not known morning I cursed them, for it would as a judge of your fellow man?" necessitate my leaving Orlouskiwere experiencing a far more vigor- and you! But I must obey the Czar, Russian law," hazarded Boris. ous winter than usual, even for that and I cannot bear to part, perhaps

She relented on hearing his earn-"Have you thought of my fath say-"

"He has concented."

"Indeed! It is very kind of him go-leave me-alone." my turn, say no?"

reassured tone of voice:

in earnest; it was a cruel jest."

"What if I say I do not jest."

"Ah! Stop those cruel questions, in mercy. You would not have let me call you Fedora if you-you did not entertain some regard for me."

"In Siberia one forgets conven-

"What!" exclaimed Boris, in a dazed uoice, rising to his feet. "Do

"Hush!" interrupted Fedora. Hearken to my tale, and then you will know one of my reasons for refusing. Four years ago I was in St. Petersburg; there, at a ball. I met a young Russian noble; we fell in love with each other, and in two months we were engaged. By some unlucky occurrence, my father quarreled with him, broke off the engagement, and brought me with him here, despite my pleading, and those of my aunt (with whom I was staying), in order that I should not see him again. How can I marry you, as I am engaged? Go to St. Petersburg, forget me, and wed some other girl, who would be bet ter able to appreciate you than I

"If he were dead would you mar "Doomed to the mines," she cried | ry me?" asked Boris, laying his hand on the hilt of his sword. "Say yes, and give me his name wonder their hearts do not stop and address; I will insult him-he will be forced to challenge me; and

> A bugle call rang out at this moment, followed by hoarse orders and the neighing of horses.

"The convicts!" cried Fed ra, as cannot portray the fearful fate into she walked swiftly toward the win dow, followed by Boris, just in time to see them file past.

They were a motley gang of men, Ah, how I wish I had never left women, ay! and children, too; manacled, footsore, haggard, and with A moment's silence followed this despair imprinted on their faces. They marched on through the driving snow, urged forward, ev r and "Fedora, would you be pleased anon by the last. It was a sight

"Well, Fedora, what is your an "Pleased!" She rose from her swer?" cried Boris, looking out of

but an empty name for the joy I She did not reply, for her gaze should experience. Are-are we had rested on the tall, soldier like figure of one of the convicts, who "Well, in regard to your father started when he saw her, and stood the government has not quite decid- still in surprise, until a soldier, rided," was the answer. "I have re- ing up, raised his whip, the next ceived orders which recall me to instant it descended, curling around

while the convict once more moved

heart is too tender to behold such

sight as these, although the curs

"Deserve!" cried Fedora, turning you long, but just a week-and yet her flashing eyes upon him. "By when I received my orders this what right do you set yourself up

"They have been condemned by

"Condemned by Russian law?" she echoed, with a bitter laugh. "But there-go! I feel faint-go!" "Your answer, Federa! Do not

"You will have it in a week 'she replied; then she continued: "But

to do so, I am sure," she continued. There was such an accent of sarcastically. "But what, if I in pleading in her voice that Boris left her presence without uttering a The young man clutched the word. As soon as she was alone arms of his chair and stared aghast she buried her face in her hands at her for a moment; then, giving and cried in a voice broken by sobs: a sigh of relief, he continued, in a "Alexis! Oh, Alexis, to think that you should come to this." Then, "For a second I thought you were | clinching her hands, she exclaimed rising from her chair:

TO BE CONTINUED.



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From the Examiner, San Francisco, Cal.

the vital powers, undue physical farigue way under the strain. He was forced to eand mental exhaustion, are to-day engaging did not have the effect of improving his conthe careful attention of the most eminent dicion. pathologists. Their prevalence is ascribed worse. to poisoning through alcoholic drinks, in addition be discovered that one of his lungs had been affected by his baying been opium tainted and adulterated foods, con- exposed to counter draughts in potaminated water, the viatiated atm-sphere of tilated halls. His condition some towns, the continuous jar and rumble of rail- such that he was confined to his bene, as road trains, the flashing of electric lights, physician. Mr. Coleman's experience as a telephone bells, the vertigo producing effects with diseases and their remedes of lofty buildings and swift elevators, the perpetual noises and shifting sights of city

work calls attention to these manderous in-fluences that beset the end of the century any distance unassisted for the of and points out that the enormous increase in through loss of a spiration. My nervous expenditure has not and can not have a corresponding increase of supply in the food we eat. Even if we had the choicest food in the greatest abundance it could do not keep pace with the brain and nervous system. The latter demand much more than inevitable consequence then comes disaster. you that they cured me imme-The strongest may keep up but the weaker fall by the way. Mankind has become fatigued and exhausted and this fatigue and exhaustion make themselves manifest in the increase of nervous disorders, including such mew affections as the "railway brain" and "railway spine," the increase of heart disease, the prevalence of precedent decay and baldness, of nearsightedness and teract the incessant strain on the nerves and condition, but grew stronger daily.

to replenish the wear and tear on the brain | "It was truly a mary loss and." face we see, every conversation we carry on, every scene we perceive, every noise we bear, every impression we receive is preciscly the province of Dr. Williams' Pink Tills for Pale People. They are designed to fill the void in the nourishment of the

cal condition is dependent, to a great degree, many cases the reported cures have been upon the nature of his employment. Men investigated by the leading newspapers and whose occupation necessitates the constant verified in every possible manner, and in no use of the brain, without any apportunity case has the least semblance of fraud been for physical exercise, are generally nervous, discovered. Their fame has spread to the while men employed at manual labor refer ends of civilization and there is bardly a quiring no exercise of the brain function, drug store in this country or abroad where are almost universally possessed of sound nervous systems, not easily disturbed by ex-

A striking illustration of this principle is found in the case of Professor George E. Coleman, who is a professional panist, and who was, until within recent years, a druggist. Professor Coleman lives at 1330 Euchaman Street, San Francisco. He is well known here as a pianist, having played at some of the most popular music balls in the city. Mr. Coleman is not a man of strong frame, and he has been an easy prey to the severe, nervous lension of his work at the piano. He has had to play continuously for everal hours during every evening for five Company, Schenectady, N. Y. several hours during every evening for Live Company, Schencetady, N. 1.

The prevalent maladies of diminution of years, and his nervous system finally gard Upon the contrary, he steadily grew His nerves had been shared

etreets, all the constant activities, the simplest of which involve an effort of the nervous system and a wearing of tissue.

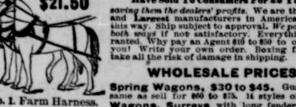
A German author in a recently published ably worse. The action of my lungs ness had advanced to an al r was not able to contain mys. If short time, but had always to be fumb in with something or moving new nothing toward helping us, for we would be the room. It was while I was in this an ingapable of digesting it. Our stomachs can dition that I noticed in a paper an article of Williams' Pink Pills. system. The latter demand much more than them, even though they killed as. Well, the former are able to furnish and as the they didn't kill me, but I'm not got to tell case was much too serious for thit. had not taken a full box before I felt : relief. My r spiration was more eco was gradually regaining control of my per es and my condition was generally improve. I kept right on taking the fills and getting well. Now, I had taken just three loxes of them when I considered myself a cured man.

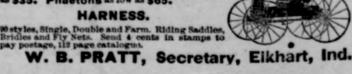
say that I think Williams' Pills possess re-markable curative properties, and I would recommend them to the use of the thousands eeks, or who are suffering from diseases of the lungs."

The foregoing is but one of many we nerves and brain that no amount of choicest ful cures that have been credited to Dr. Wilfood can fill. In a concentrated form is liams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Diseases infinitely richer food for the blood, and the which heretofore bave been supposed to be blood is the life of the nerves, than in vast incurable, such as locomotor staxia and paquantities of beef and bread. ralysis succumb to this wonderful medicine enerally agreed that a man's physi- as readily as the most triffing ailments.

A striking illustration of this principle is to give new life and richness to the blood

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