By Order of the Czar

A Story of Russian Power

MARCUS EASTLAKE

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CHAPTER IX. The aspect of the country has chang- baste. I have business there." ed since I set out from Little Kolga one early morning nearly a month ago. And whilst his nose seems to grow sharper, I, too, am changed. Like a forest tree and the red rims round his eyes to my frame has hardened and strength- deepen. ened, and with it my mind has cast out nervous fear and become calm and says-"you would leave a brother thus, strong. Since I got Maruscha's letter in this awkward predicament?" at Luga telling me that she is at home confidence, and have journeyed on, asso- wait here until some vehicle comes up

single misadventure. And now I am actually in the government of Kovno, getting very near the frontier, and my first difficulty is staring me in the face. I have noted its approach every time I have occasion to large "calash" drawn by four horses. take out Maruscha's little purse to pay My companion has started forward, and for a frugal meal, and, calmly, philo- is peering in the direction of the equipsophical, I have thought:

When the time comes I will find a

before whose door I sit has just received claims. on his dirty pulm my last ten-copek piece. I have avoided towns as much as to wish you good-by," I say, moving possible, but to a town am I now bound, quickly away. having told Maruscha in my last letter possession of my letter in a few hours. I rise and stretching myself take up er!"

a stout alder stick that I cut at the steady pace up the street. Soon the last inevitable with a bold front. wooden but is passed; the innumerable patches of reclaimed land, and again the trackless wastes of bog and moor stretch away to right and left, over which the sparrow hawks quiver eternally.

"Hallo, brother! Be merciful!" exclaims a voice from the ground. I abruptly stop, and looking down perceive that my stick, which I have been swaying from side to side, has narrowly es caped striking the head of a young man Grigorievitch!" who reclines on the side of the ditch. He blinks up at me with a foolish mandlin smirk, and I at once perceive that he is not sober.

"I beg your pardon," I say, lifting my hat and continuing my walk.

"Hallo, stop! Walt for a fellow, little brother!" cries the man, as he scram-

bles out of the ditch. The request affects me disagreeably; I want to get on, and prefer my own day for a week! And now what is this?

not a Moujik, nor a voyageur, nor a plight?" peasant farmer. What then? He is dressed in a light summer suit of no provincial cut, though soiled and spotted with grease. His hands show

with his sleping shoulders, his thin, complaining of fatigue when you came blotched face, from which protruded a in sight, Vasili Grigorievitch." sharp, mean nose, looking as if the point

had been dipped in red ink. "You might have put out my eye there, my friend," he observes, shutting up the

left and cocking the other at me. "I might, indeed." I respond, "for until you spoke I saw you not. Again I beg your pardon.' '

"I accept your apology, brother," he says condescendingly, and planting his feet very far apart. "And now may I ask your destination? Kovno, ch?" "Yes, I go to Kovno."

"Ah, that is luck; I go there also, so we can proceed together. What think you to see a gentleman like me going on foot the distance of twelve versts? I have been cheated, robbed, my friend, of all the money I had in my purse-five hundred roubles, that is what I had when I left St. Petersburg. Well, let it go! Help me along, brother, and I will pay you for it, when we get to Kovno. My uncle is Governor of the Province. I am going on a visit to him. He is

He swaggers along, stretching his short legs to their utmost capabilities in not to adapt my walk to his, and preserve a glum silence in my vexation, whilst I curb my longing to shake him

"What is your business?" he asks pres ently.

"I am a student," I reply shortly. "What faculty?"

"Medicine." "Studied in Moscow?"

"St. Petersburg." "What, St. Petersburfg! I, too, am

St. Petersburg student!" I at once regret having spoken the truth. He stops short at stares at me. would not be sorry to part from me. "Let me look at you, brother." Then

if ever I saw you before!" He still stares and his jaw drops until his open mouth takes the form of the letter V. "And yet, I have seen some

one like you-somewhere." Suddenly he slaps his leg. "By all the saints!" he exclaims. "I know now. I went to see some fellows hung once, and one of them, the ringleader, had the look pleasure of your company, Ivan Feoof you! Perhaps you remember the case? Everybody talked of it at the time. They called the fellow I speak of Vladimir Alexandrovitch "Lubanoff."

I thrill to hear my name thus mentioned; nevertheless I am sufficiently master of myself to reply with perfect composure:

"Yes, I remember-all the particudars."

"He was a fine fellow, that Vladimir Alexandrovitch, and you are a fine fel- advance into the town until the houses low. We will have a good time together in Kovno. I will stand treat. My un- feel the round bowlders of the pavement

"Thanks for your good intention," I the general postomes of a respectable interrupt, "but I remain not in Kovno. looking citizen.

I am merely passing through." Meanwhile the exercise in the fresh air gradually sobers him. He talks less, lngs, over whose entrances hovers the and finally not at all, having enough to do with puffing and blowing. I pretend rises an equestrian statue, probably of not to observe, and stalk on. At length Peter the Great, I am presently enterthe gasps out:

walking for a wager. Why should we are arrested by the sight of two officers

blow ourselves this way?" "I am not in the least blown," I reply, turning the corner together. They both "and excuse me if I decline to rest with look toward me.

you. I must get on to Kovno with all

He lets go my arm and stares at me,

"What? Have I heard aright?" he

"I have no choice; I am obliged to proand safe, I am imbued with hope and ceed. But look you, take my advice, ciating myself with all sorts and condi- and bargain for a life. You have only tions of men without meeting with a to say that you are a nephew of the Governor.

CHAPTER X.

I finish not my sentence, for I see oming toward us, in a cloud of dust, a age with his hand arched over his blink-

ing eyes. "By all the saints, it is very like-It has come. The landlord of the inn yes, it is my uncle's calash!" he ex-

"That is well; then I have the honor

"No-leave me not! Stay and help to write to Kovne. The landlord has me out of this! What will be think to just informed me that it lies twelve find me thus? Oh-ah, help me to some versts from here; I shall therefore be in lie! You are a fellow-student-both fond of walking-fine day-back me up, broth-

I bite my lip and pause irresolute. beginding of my journey, and start at a There is nothing for it but to meet the

"I will stay," I reply. "You may

He wrings my hand, and proceeds to mop his face with a dirty cambric handkerchief; after which be pulls down his wnistcoat, straightens himself, and already the cloud of dust is receiving us. "Ah, my uncle, I thought I was not

mistaken! I knew your trotters at a glance. I hope I see you well, Vasili The sole occupant of the carriage, a

thin, sharp-featured man of middle age, dressed in uniform, peers at the speaker, and then exclaims:

"Is it possible? My brother's son, Andrel Piotrovitch!" "Yes, my uncle, I am he! Ha, ha! You have expected me for some days: but not thus, not now!"

"I have looked for this arrival every company to that of a drunken-what? I meet thee here, on foot and in this

"Ah, yes, that is just it, a plight! Walking on a dusty road improves not one's appearance. Ha! ha! I feel quite disreputable. But it is only on the surwhite through the dirt on them, and on face, my uncle. You see, I am passionthe little finger of the left is a costly ately fond of walking in the country, and ring, a thick gold snake with a diamond the day is so fine I could not A freak-a mere freak, and now I have He has struggled to his legs and stands had enough of it. My friend-hem-as before me, a repulsive looking object, I was saying, my friend here was just

> "The lying scoundrel!" I think, yet I dare not contradict him, and stand silently enduring the severe scrutiny of the Governor.

"Hein!" he nasals at length, and with draws his eyes. "Where are thy effects, Andrei Piotrovitch?"

"Sent in advance, my uncle; they will

arrive before us." "Hem!" ejaculates the Governor again. And to the man servant who has descended from the box: "Yeremei,

The carriage door is held wide. "May I pray you to ascend, monsieur!" The Governor is addressing me, though

he is looking past me. "I thank your Excellency, but I am really walking from choice, therefore beg

to decline your courteous offer." "Ah-indeed are you fond of walking, an accomplished pedestrian, and doubtless a true votary of Nature. I congratulate you on your good taste, sir!" Then to his nephew: "Yet I understood thee to say that thy friend had complained of

fatigue, Andrei Piotrovitch?"

"Said I so, Vasili Grigorievitch? Sureorder to keep step with me; yet I attempt | ly not! You must have taken me up wrong. I said that I was fatigued. could scarcely say so of my friend-hem -Ivan - hem - Ivan Feederelvitch. Here his uncle's gaze being removed from him, the perverted jackanapes winks and makes a grimace at me. "Ivan Feodoreivitch," he repeats with emphasis and another wing, "can walk his fifty versts a day as easily as you can take a pinch of snuff, my uncle!"

It is evident to me that since he is comfortably installed in his uncle's carriage and the embarrassment of the meeting is tided over, Andrei Piotrovitch

"Let me look at you, brother." Then "Indeed! A manly accomplishment," shaking his head—"No, may I be hung observes the Covernor, making me a stiff bow. Presently he asks me: "Are you making any stay in Kovno, Ivan Feo-

dorelyitch?" I wince at the name the young fool has fathered me with, and to which I am compelled to answer: "No, your Excel-

lency, I am merely passing through." "Ah, well, if we are not to have the dorelvitch, I have the honor to wish you good-day," and the Governor raises his cap with another stiff bow, to which I respond.

"Au revoir, Ivan Feodoreivitch!" exclaims Andrei, with an audacious grin. The man servant shuts the carriage door, swings himself to the box, and in a few moments I stand alone in the road. I step out after this, and the verst stones crop up quickly one after another. I begin to take the form of streets, and I under my feet. Then I ask my way to

I am directed to the usual square fianked on all sides by government buildspread eagle, in the center of which ing the postoffice. In ascending the What is all the hurry? We are not steps my eyes rove up the street, and whom I met in the suburbs, who are just

s Well, there is nothing extraordinary in two gendarmes walking together, nor is there anything remarkable in the fact that they happen simultaneously to direct their eyes toward me. It is acci-dent-pure secident, I think, shaking miself free of the vague uneasiness that is creeping on me. And I push open the swing door of the "Left Letter Depart-

"A letter for Waldemar Nicolalvitch Allkanoff Y

"Yes, there is one." The clerk hands it to me and my fingers close with thrill of joy on the precious missive. All is well! is well! my heart sings. I spring down the steps and have gained the street, when a hand is put on my shoulder and I see before me the police officers, one of whom addresses me courte-

Yes, I am a stranger to Kovno; I am passing through the town," I reply, looking the man steadily in the face. Fortunately he cannot see my flying pulses. "Exactly. I am sorry to have to trouble you, but we have orders to inspect

square if you will have the goodness to ompany us." The man indicates a large stone building opposite. It costs me a supreme effort not to groun aloud, and my voice

spection department is just across the

shakes as I stammer: "I have not my papers here. Would it not suffice if I present myself with them justified under the circumstances. By to-morrow?"

"I regret to say that it would not," replies the officer. "Under these circumstances we are bound to place you under arrest until your papers are forthcom-

"Well, it is no use parleying about it." roughly interposes the other officer. "The Falling in with extravagant companman must come with us. That is the long, he used his employer's money, sum total." And he lays his hand on not, apparently, being able to apprecimy arm.

"The gentleman is quite willing to go with us and set this little matter right," observes the polite officer, and he quietly strokes his companion's hand from my arm, taking his place on my other side. I still hold Maruscha's letter crushed tect him. When officers called for him in my fingers, forgetful of it in this mo- in the night he was apparently as ment of perplexity. I am reminded of it by its dextrous withdrawal.

"Permit me," observes the polite offi-He raises it to his eyes and slowly reads the address aloud. "Waldemar Nicolaivitch Alikanoff." He bows toward me as if a third party were in the fault lies in her son's character and, act of presenting me to him. "A good name. A good Russian name!"

"I have not read that letter, it is from my betrothed," I say, choking down my indignation. "Will you permit me to read it? Surely it can make no difference so that you retain it in your possession?"

of the Prefect unopened," is the response. success and happiness .-- N. James, in "As there is nothing treasonable in it, he Chicago American. will return it to you." The cold sweat breaks out on my

in His mercy grant that thou hast not closed resembles a sole, is made either compromised thyself!" I inwardly groan. of Japanese crepe cloth or French creside of me, I have crossed the square baste the sides together to within a the same way, but omitted the "of." and am entering the police offices. We little way from the top, and finish the In spite of this theory it is a fact that a door at which the officer who seems always to take the initiative knocks. It is torn open instantly, and an trate head is thrust out, surmounted by a military

"What now?" exclaims this individual. "No use coming to me! I have nothing to do with it. After business hoursgoing home to dinner. Should have been gone an hour ago."

The gendarme draws him aside and whispers to him.

I strain my ears to eatch the purport of the gendarme's remarks, but only hear: "The Governor, "St. Petersburg." and the name Andrei Piotrovitch." Only three words, yet they are enough to inform me as to whom I owe my arrest. and the knowledge lightens not my ap-

prehensions. Whilst the gendarme is whispering, the seams and upper edge with narrow listener fixes his goggle eyes on me as if binding ribbon. Two slits are made in he would look me through. I endure his each piece, rather near together, for looks with the indifference of despair.

When the gendarme has finished whispering, the official pronounces the fiat. "Lock him up! Case will be heard tomorrow. Too late to-night. Present your report to the Prefect to-morrow, small one, say twelve inches long, bing them with bran. Buy a pound of Meanwhile, lock him up."

His orders are executed and at 8 o'clock that night the iron-studded door receives me into its dread shadow. (To be continued.)

IMMUNITY FROM TRAMPS.

Securing It by the Unselfish Giving of an Amateur Cake.

"We owe our immunity from tramps to pastry," proclaimed a recently married Germantown man. "Better yet, my wife made the pastry. It was this way. To begin with, she insists upon qualities. the pastry. She makes cakes, and even ples, but she always forgets some important ingredient; so one time a thing will be as heavy as lead, and the next as wet as water—this is when she is stingy with the flour.

"It so happened early in our game of housekeeping that a tramp applied at the back gate for something to eat. My wife said she was sorry, but there pound, extract of cassia five and a half was nothing to spare, and in repeating ounces, and alcohol eight ounces. it to me she added that everything we had was too fine to spoil by cutting. I espied her latest in cake (I had already discovered its leaden quality) and I rushed out to him with it. telling her that selfishness was unpardonable and self-denial a virtue too seldom practiced. Now, whatever that tramp told his brethren I don't know, nor do I know if he ate the cake and died, or was brained with it by some jealous one who wrenched it from him. But I do know that no tramp has since ventured to approach us with a request for food. Taking the cake was no merry jest."-Philadelphia Record.

Vacancy. "Mamie used to laugh so heartily and so frequently that it was a pleasure to be with her. What has sobered her down so?"

"Lost a front tooth."-Detroit Free Press.

work has been almost entirely in fem-History makes haste to record great deeds, but often neglects good ones,- inine hands,



BER.

Lesson for Mothers to Heed. him by an overindulgent mother, who ters." had ever taken his part, whether he had been in the right or wrong, and so had trained him to indulge his own

the papers of travelers. The police in- will and disregard the rights of others. I know a case of a young man confined in the Chicago jail, the only child of a devoted and indulgent mother. Through childhood the mother's loving heart had ever made excuses for her boy's faults, and she always took the position that his wrong actions were always excusing her son, whether he was in the right or wrong, she unconsciously trained him to disregard the rights of others and prepared him for his fall. Coming to Chicago, this young man secured a position of trust. ate the gravity of his action, until he could hide it no longer, when he went East to his mother, apparently thinking that somehow-if his trouble followed him-she would be able to promuch surprised as was his brokenhearted mother, whom he had not taken into his confidence. This mother now blames the boy's friends, whom she accuses of being the cause of her son's downfall, not realizing that the primarily, in herself, in training her

son to disregard the rights of others. Many loving mothers are unconsciously so training their children today, not realizing that they are look-

Pretty Slipper Bag. brow. "Oh, Maruscha! Maruscha! God This pretty slipper bag, which when Meanwhile, with a gendarme on each tonne. Cut six pieces of the material, ropean countries signed their names in



SLIPPER BAG.

the drawstring.

This bag, which is desirable for a ety of uses, acording to its size. A would answer for buttons, needlework or solled handkerchiefs; fifteen inches used for shoes or laundry.

Health and Beauty Hints. Watercress is renowned as a blood

purifier. Carrots are eaten by those with a tendency to gout.

Beets are one of the most wholesome vegetables and have fattening

ed with rheumatism, as it contains so much sulphur. Lettuce has long been recognized as

an exceleint nerve tonic and cure for sleeplessness, To make violet perfume take of violet pomade or oil one-quarter of a



The following notice is displayed in bold, black letters on white enamel at the end of every tramcar in Belfast: "The life-boat rule is, women and children first." A report from Paris is to the effect

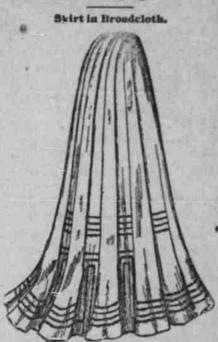
that her imperial majesty, the Em-

press of China, has placed an order

for six large automobiles with French firm. In the district about Cridley, England, twenty women work as blacksmiths to every man following the trade. For many generations this

I recently read an account of a covers 1,250,000 acres. On a printed equally so. young man condemned to death for sign-board attached to the apparently murder, who when given opportunity endless wire fence which meets the cere sympathy, for the imitation one, You are a stranger in town, I believe, to speak from the scaffold, stated that eye on traveling through the Panhanhe had been brought to his present die country is the notice: "Eighty and needs scant sympathy. condition by the ideas instilled into miles from this fence to headquar-

The women of Berwick, Pa., are Accordingly, they have posted about all cooking operations if the men continue to use bad language.



Skirt of broadcloth wide box plaits. trimmed with narrow ruchings of chameicon taffeta. A good model for any kind of suiting material, without the ruchings.

Assuming the Husband's Name. The custom which makes it proper for the wife to assume the name of her husband at marriage is involved ing only to the present gratification of | in much obscurity. A recent authority their children, rather than building up advances the opinion that it originat-"My duty is to place it in the hands their characters as a foundation for ed from a Roman custom and became common after the Roman occupation of England. Thus, Julia and Octavia, married to Pompey and Cicero, were called by the Romans Julia of Pompey and Octavia of Cicero, and in later times the married women of most Eu as late as the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth century a Catherine Parr signed her name without any change, though she had been twice married. We also hear of Lady Jane Grey, not Dudley, and Arabella Stuart, not Seymour, etc. Some think that the custom originated with the Scriptural idea that the husband and wife are one. This was the rule of law as far back as 1268, and it was decided in the case of Bon versus Smith, in the reign of Elizabeth, that a woman by marriage loses her former name and legally receives the name of her husband.

> Cleaning Furs. It is impossible for furs to go through a whole season without contracting a quantity of dust and dirt. A light-colored fur, of course, shows how soiled it is, but the dark ones, not displaying their dirt, are allowed to Christmas gift, may be put to a vari- get dirtier and dirtier. Furs may readily be cleaned at home simply by rubbran, divide it into two portions and place one in the oven to heat. Spread long is a good size for slippers, and, the fur on paper on a table and rub still longer, this same pattern may be it well all over with the cold bran. Then shake out the bran and brush the fur with a soft hat brush. When the rest of the bran feels hot rub it evenly into the fur in the same manner as before. Shake it out and brush it till the fur is quite free from all bran and dust. The satin lining of the fur will also need cleansing. Squeeze out a clean sponge in warm water and rub the satin gently with it, but be Celery is excellent for those afflict. careful not to let the satin get too wet. Rub it dry with a cloth and hang it in a warm place to dry and then in a cold draft to air it.

> > Iowa a Woman's State. Iowa is pre-eminently the State for women who are willing and able to do their own hustling. According to the United States census bureau there are in Iowa 106,883 females earning their own way. This does not include women doing domestic work in their own families. They are engaged in 303 occupations. Five of them are clased as stock raisers, herders or drovers; 6,846 as farmers, planters or overseers; two as theatrical managers, one as an architect, 117 as clergymen, 52 as dentists, 260 as physicians or surgeons, 53 as lawyers, 74 as journalists, more than 20,000 as teachers, 3 as bartenders, 8 as saloonkeepers, about 40,-000 as in domestic or personal service. 58 as real estate or insurance agents. 11 as bankers or grocers, 54 as commercial travelers, 31 as hackmen or teamsters, 4 as keepers of livery stables, 2 as cigar dealers, 17 as office boys, 36 as bank officials and cashiers, 1 as a railway brakeman, 154 as telegraph operators, 4 as undertakers, 1 as a bricklayer, 7 as carpenters and 1 as a stonecutter.

Do Not Be a Nervous Wreck. There is no more sorrowful spectacle than the woman who is a prey to her Mrs. Adair owns in Texas the sec- "fancied" ailments. She is miserable

ond biggest ranch in the world. It | herself and she makes all her friends For the genuine invalid I have sin-

none. It is simply a form of hysteria

A woman takes it into her head that she is nervous, that she can't do certain things. Her family, feeling sorry determined to stop street profanity. for her, give in to her, and in a few months they have an established inthe town a notice threatening to stop valid on their hands. It is pure selfishness, for deep in her heart the woman knows that she is a fraud. After pampering and indulging herself for a while her nerves really do go to

> wreck. If she would only make up her mind to conquer this feeling in the beginning she could do so. Let her change her way of living, go out more, take exercise, become interested in a new book, adopt some interesting fad, anything rather than burden herself and her family with a case of "nerves."

pieces and then she is indeed a nervous

When a woman finds herself getting tired out mentally and physically it is a good plan to go to bed for a week and live on milk, taking three or four quarts a day. She should see no one more than is absolutely necessary, just rest and sleep day and night. Or if she feels she can't do this, let her go off on a visit for a week or so. It may be hard to do these things, but we all know the old saying, "an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure."

The duties of wife and mother are many and difficult, but as she has assumed them she should live up to them, and the woman who allows herself to become a nervous wreck can never properly attend to her duties.

Conquer the fancied ailments, the real ones will come fast enough,-Bertha Fairfax in Louisville Times.



Have a velvet gown for high occa All the new bodices are to be of the

draped variety. Double-width crepe de chine is a boon to the tailor and dressmaker.

Postillions and deep mitaine cuffs are noticed on many of the new bod-A shaped flounce may simulate

The sectional skirt is the simplest and easiest solution of present problems.

great width necessary to skirt smart-

Chiffon and liberty velvets are the most graceful and tractable sorts shown.

It takes almost a whole dress pattern to fashion a pair of the new sleeves.

Transparent effects around the throat and shoulders add smartness to many gowns. Just now the chief purpose of the

coiffure is to serve as a background Most of the new silk separate blouses fasten invisibly in back under

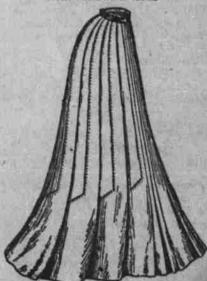
Many of the resurrected styles are copied from masculine rather than feminine dress, With the dressy waist the girdle

the trimming.

matches the waist in elaboration rather than the plainer skirt. Beautiful evenings coats are made of a new corded silk which comes in

all the approved colorings. Whatever may be the character of the fashioning, the smaller hats now are shown mostly as turbans.

Neat Skirt Pattern.



Skirt with circular top and deep flounce, which is tucked vertically at top and bordered with hem and two tucks same width as hem,

All There Was. Bank Teller-This check, madam, isn't filled in.

Madam-Isn't what? Bank Teller-It has your husband's name signed to it, but it does not state

how much money you want. Madam-Ohl is that all? Well, I'll take all there is.