

By Order of the Czar

A Story of Russian Power

By MARCUS EASTLAK

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 you have got something to do. It will never answer for thee to be burdened with a wife before thou art settled."

"But, nonsense," Mr. Gough exclaimed. "If the lass cares for you, she will be ready enough to wait, unless she thinks she has got a sort '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. A 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."

"Ho! 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—no 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 Blankshildt & 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.

honor. 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 hesitating 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 waited 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 best 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 societe 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 battling 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 mill girls he has to deal with? I am surprised at this, 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. Me thinks as I go I catch her voice uttering my name in half suffocated entreaty. 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 eye 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, Vlasha!" 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 likest 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, Vlasha. 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 Sizes.

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 25 or 50 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 ilk. 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 hear 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.'"



There appears to be no end to the unique uses to which photography may be applied. The very latest thing in the photographic novelty line is the imprinting of portraits and other subjects on the actual surface of apples, pears, etc., but the latest, it is merely one of a group of distinct novelties that have recently been evolved and which bring much joy to the lover of the unusual.

A few years ago when photographs on buttons were announced by enterprising photographers the announcement carried with it no small amount of interest to the general public and added a new wrinkle for those who would wear their heart or their badge on their outer clothing to reveal it, but now the girl who delights to carry a photograph smile of her beloved about with her need not content herself with such comparatively clumsy devices as buttons or brooches as a frame for them. If she desires she may actually have the photograph made on her own delicate skin, and there, where there is no danger of losing it, she may retain it as long as she wishes. Still another device that might perchance catch her vagrant fancy is having the photographic print made on her finger nail. But if these novelties do not entirely satisfy her whims, she can extend the list to almost unthought-of ends. The photographer of the present is as obliging as he is resourceful. He will print the picture on gloves if she wills it so, on her handkerchief if she likes, on cups, saucers, vases; practically anything with a surface on which a film can be spread, whether living or dead or manufactured matter, may be made to serve the purpose of her wishes and come out of the photographer's hands adorned with the picture she has desired so presented.

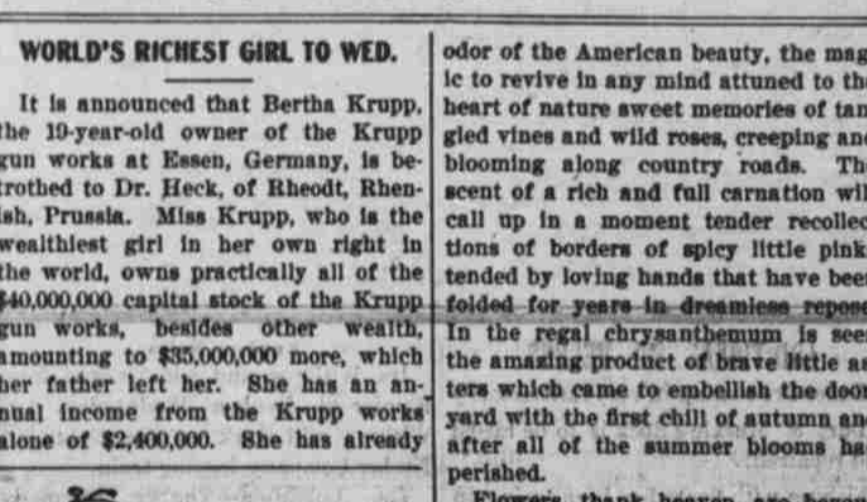
Photographic printing on fruit, however, is something in a class by itself, though it is of the same idea from which all the other novelties have sprung, and is susceptible of being put to many novel uses. Already it has become quite a feature of the banquet boards in London, and at a recent mansion house affair the souvenir was a large red apple at each plate, adorned with a photograph of King Edward.

The process by which photographic prints are made on fruit is simple, and the surprise about it is that it was not thought of before. It involves the use of no new principles, and is merely the adaptation of photography to new materials. It is simply a matter of sensitizing the surface of the object on which it is desired to print.

All of these novelties in photography had their origin in Paris and are of such recent date that they have only recently begun to make their appearance in this country. Singularly enough, only the finger nail photographs have been taken up by New York photographers.

WORLD'S RICHEST GIRL TO WED.

It is announced that Bertha Krupp, the 19-year-old owner of the Krupp gun works at Essen, Germany, is betrothed to Dr. Heck, of Rheinfels, Prussia. Miss Krupp, who is the wealthiest girl in her own right in the world, owns practically all of the \$40,000,000 capital stock of the Krupp gun works, besides other wealth, amounting to \$35,000,000 more, which her father left her. She has an annual income from the Krupp works alone of \$2,400,000. She has already



given great sums to charity and is planning other philanthropic work for the benefit of her workmen and the poor. She was expected soon to make her formal debut in Berlin society, under the special protection of the kaiser, who was a close friend of her father. She was said recently to have expressed ideas in regard to matrimony which her relatives regarded "impossibly romantic." One of the declarations made was that her husband, whoever he be, would have to come and live in the factory town of Essen, as she would never consent to leave the town where she said her life work lay in bettering the condition of the Krupp workmen and their families.

EVOLUTION OF THE FLOWERS.

They Become Sophisticated, but Lose None of Their Charm.

It is a far call, indeed, from the wild rose to the American beauty; from the dainty, old-fashioned "pinks" to the Lawson and the enchantress carnations; from the pretty little china asters of our grandmothers' days to the superb chrysanthemums which rear their magnificent mops as trophies of the florists' art.

There are really very few things in use in the world to-day which have not been materially changed by the forces of methodical development. Civilized men and women themselves are the best examples of this all-pervading influence, comments the Kansas City Star. The beasts of burden and the creatures which supply the world with animal food are remotely different from what they were in the beginning. The work of breeding and training has added beauty and usefulness to the birds of the air and the beasts of the field, and the same upward tendency is noted in these latter days in the flowers which gladden life with their loveliness and which admonish man perpetually of his frailty.

Pleasant it is to know what may be called the sophistication of flowers has robbed them of not a whit of their native charm. There is, in the sensuous

GROWTH OF CATCH PHRASES.

Many Words and Sentences in Common Use Had Peculiar Beginnings.

Nearly every one has at times been puzzled to account for the origin of words and phrases they hear used in the conversation of those with whom they come in daily contact. Some of these are peculiar in their etymology and give no indication of their parentage. The word "hurrah," for instance, is a token of joy in use for centuries. It is the battle cry of the old Norse Vikings as they swept down to burn and murder among the peaceful British. "Tur ale" was their war cry, which means "Huzza!"—an appeal for help to Thor, the god of battles.

"It's all humbug!" Perhaps it is. Humbug is the Irish "um bog," pronounced humbug, meaning bogus money. King James II. coined worthless money from his mint at Dublin, his 20-shilling piece being worth 2 pence. The people called it "um bog."

It was a Roman gentleman of 2,000 years ago who first asked "where the shoes pinches?" He had just divorced his wife and his friends wanted to know what was the matter with the woman. They declared she was good and pretty. "Now," said the husband, taking off his shoe, "isn't that a nice shoe? It's a good shoe, eh? A pretty shoe, eh? A new shoe, eh? And none of you can tell where it pinches me."

"Before you can say Jack Robinson" arose from the behavior of one John Robinson, Esq. He was a fool. He was in such a hurry when he called on his friends that he would be off before he had well knocked at the door.

"There they go, better-skelter!" This phrase was coined at the defeat of the Spanish armada. The great fleet of the Spanish invasion was driven by storm and stress of the English attack north to the Humber river, and south to the Skelder river—the Skeld.

Do you know why a hare is called "Puss"? This is not a riddle, but just an example of how words get twisted. The ancient Norman knights who came over with William the Conqueror pronounced the word "le puss." The puss he remains to-day.

"Go to Halifax." That town was a place of special terror for rogues because of the first rude guillotine invented there by Mannys for chopping off felons' heads. Halifax law was that the criminal "should be condemned first and inquired upon after." Coventry had a queer law in old times by which none but freemen of the city could practice a trade there. Strangers were starved out. Hence the phrase of shutting a man out of human company—"sent to Coventry." "Spick and span" comes from the "spikes" and "spanners"—the hooks and stretchers for stretching cloth new from the loom.

To "dun" a man for debt comes from the memory of Joe Dun, bailiff of Lincoln, who was so keen a collector that his name has become a proverb.

"News" is a queer word—the initials of north, east, west, south, which appeared on the earliest journals as a sign that information was to be had here from the four quarters of the world. The sign was N-E-W-S, and gave us our word "news."

A Fish's Appetite.

A singular instance of tenacity in the digestion of fish is reported from Sheffield, England. The fish, which was four feet long, had what appeared to be an abnormally hard liver. But the cutting up process revealed something far stranger. The supposed hard liver turned out to be nothing else but a piece of stout netting, over two yards long and fourteen inches wide, which had been pressed into the form of a football. How this great mass of indigestible material came to be swallowed by the creature is a mystery, and the suggestion that the fish caught in the toils of a fisherman's net solved the problem of how to escape by devouring his prison walls is not considered scientifically practicable.

Unreasonable Woman.

His wife asked him to read to her. Taking up the paper, he turned to the woman's page and started with the first article that attracted his attention. It was by a distinguished medical authority on the subject of correct breathing and began:

"As a means for preventing wrinkles in the face it is certain that the practice of keeping the mouth shut is one of the most positive."

"That will do, sir!" she snapped. "I asked to be entertained, not to be insulted."—New York Press.

People Who Radiate Cheer.

Who can estimate the value of a sunny soul who scatters gladness and good cheer wherever he goes instead of gloom and sadness? Everybody is attracted to these cheerful faces and sunny lives and repelled by the gloomy, the morose and the sad. We envy people who radiate cheer wherever they go and fling out gladness from every pore. Money, houses and lands look contemptible beside such a disposition.—Detroit Free Press.

A Broad Hint.

The Barber (tethering customer and gazing out the window)—I tell you, sir, the man who shaves himself keeps the bread and butter out of some poor barber's mouth. The Customer (thereby)—And incidentally the latter out of his own!—Puck.

A Prayer for those who pass seventy: "That I may never be shipped from one of my children to the home of another, just as a pauper is sent from town to town."

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 undigested 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 rubles something like two thousand five hundred."

Maruscha stares before her into space. Her lips divide. The sum is evidently too large to be taken in all at 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 buy himself in my behalf, for the gift he has offered me is 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