

By Order of the Czar

A Story of Russian Power

By MARCUS EASTLAKE

CHAPTER XXIV.

After this I went my way to the shop of a certain jeweler, "Under den Linden," and purchase the smallest wedding ring he has, and a keeper, in the selection of which I am so fastidious that it has grown quite dusk when I leave the premises with the two rings in my pocket.

Mr. Gough's room is lighted up. I can see the gaselier with its five lights from the street, for the blinds are not drawn. I take my stand under one of those diaphanous limetrees which lead to the street its name, keeping those windows in my eye.

"Maruscha will be dull, left all alone so long with the old man," I muse. "I have never been so long away from her. At this moment she is watching the door, listening for my step, and growing every moment more anxious and remorseful."

Her form appears at one of the windows. She encloses her face with her two hands, and peers out, a dark outline against the light. Her features are hidden from me; would that I could read them! Now I begin to pace up and down and turn over in my mind how I shall comport myself when at length Maruscha and I are together and alone.

I am studiously polite—taciturn, calm, resigned, yet melancholy within. I make no allusion to our disagreement of the morning, but confine my conversation to the beauty of the evening and my approaching departure. I propose that tomorrow, being our last day together, we should spend part of it in seeking for her a suitable lodging, as of course she cannot remain at Rosen's after I am gone. To show how entirely sincere I am, I will suggest a suitable locality. And what will Maruscha say? How act? I thrill with rapturous anticipation as I recall the finale of another difference we had. A series of enchanting pictures rise before me. My enjoyment of the concluding scene is intense. In that airy vision she is murmuring tearful self-reproaches, with her arms about my neck, which I repeatedly interrupt with my lips to hers, when I fall—plump!—from the realm of my sweet imaginings to the dusty lime avenue with "Hotel London" before me, at one of whose windows stands Maruscha, in her hat, and drawing on her gloves. She is preparing to leave the hotel alone.

In a few strides I am across the street and mounting the steps. In a few moments I am knocking at Mr. Gough's sitting room door.

"Come in!" sounds the old man's piping treble, and I enter.

Maruscha turns toward me and I had almost fallen out of my role at the onset. It is only by instantly removing my regard from her and concentrating it and my attention on Mr. Gough that I am enabled to check my rising emotions. Yet I still seem to see only that pathetic face of misery with its wide, blue eyes blurred with tears.

"Well, sir!" I exclaim with hard cheerfulness. "How have you done since I left you this morning?" I go forward to his couch in my professional capacity and feel his pulse.

"Oh, I say, 'bother!' he snaps impatiently, snatching away his hand. "Leave my pulse alone. It's as regular as clockwork, always is, always was—never varies! Where have you been all this time? There's Molly, poor lass, been crying her eyes out about you! More fool she, I tell her! Thought you'd gone off with another woman, or made away with yourself."

I hear a low, half-stifled contradiction of this latter statement from Maruscha; yet I still determinedly avoid looking in her direction.

"If you had given it a thought, Mr. Gough, my absence was easily accounted for. I have naturally many arrangements to make before we leave."

"Fiddlesticks!" he pipes contemptuously. "Don't think to deceive me. I know all about it; it's temper."

He doubtless sees the burning wrath mounting to my face, for he puts up his hand and quickly adds:

"Well, well, don't flame up! I'll say no more. It's not my concern. And now get you gone, she's waiting for you. Good night, both. I know you are dying to kiss and make friends."

Really this old Englishman's impudence is beyond a joke. "Sir—" I began.

"Come, come," he interposes, as if soothing a vexed child. "I know how matters stand, and you're a bit ruffled, as you're like to be. But I've been taking her in hand for you, and it's all right. I told her she had been a bad lass, and she promised to make amends. You'll find her as tractable as a pet lamb, so don't you go for to be too hard on her. And if she do kick over the traces a bit at first, let her have her fling. She'll splay along grand when once you have got her broken to harness!" The audacity of the remark robs me of the power of speech.

My first clear perception after its utterance is: how is Maruscha affected by it? I direct toward her a look of awful curiosity. To my amazement she breaks into a short, hysterical laugh. Her face is suffused with a vivid crimson flush. Her lips quiver with the conflicting emotions of grief and amusement, yet not a touch of anger. She steps quickly up to the old man and gives him her hand.

"Good night; sleep well, you most dreadful man!" she falters, and still that dubious flickering of mirth plays about her mouth. And as she hurries to the door, I am fain to hold my peace and follow her, only bestowing on Mr. Gough a parting look which I hope conveys with it some suggestion of my unuttered and unutterable indignation.

On my way to the door I hear a peculiar, sustained noise which proceeds, I can only imagine, from the throat of Mr. Gough. It reminds me of the cackle of a hen. I have, however, no time to consider its meaning, for I have overtaken Maruscha, and we descend to the street together. I stalk along by her side, and during a considerable time there is silence between us. Gradually Maruscha's breathing becomes affected. She breathes short and fast, her hand goes to her side, and at length she halts.

"Vladimir! I pray thee go not so fast," she gasps, and tears are in her voice. "I—I am not well."

Where I get the moral strength to resist this pathetic appeal I know not, but I am enabled to reply with just as much concern as a brother might show to a sister under similar circumstances.

"Not well, Maruscha? I am sorry to hear it. Yet I am not surprised. The atmosphere in Mr. Gough's room was most oppressive. Perhaps thou wilt accept the support of my arm? I pray thee!"

She hesitates a moment whilst I hold it stiffly toward her, then she takes it. It is as if a fluttering bird had descended and was nestling on my arm. The longing to press it closely to my heart is almost irresistible; the sensation of that timid touch thrills me to pain, yet I let it lie there as if my arm were a senseless limb of wood.

Maruscha heaves a deep sigh. We proceed for some little way in silence until I prepare to lead her across the wide street to enter the Stein-Strasse on the opposite side. Then she arrests me.

"Vladimir, I think a little turn in the air would revive me," she says. "Unless—unless thou wouldst prefer—"

"By no means, Maruscha. And it is indeed a happy thought. The evening is lovely and the walk will do thee good. How art thou affected, Maruscha? Is it thy head?"

A gasping sob escapes her. "Yes, Vladimir; my head—and, oh, Vladimir!"

The hand on my arm is instantly strained to my heart. No longer can I bear the fierce restraint and ere I am aware my favorite pet name for her rushes to my lips.

"My sweet dove!"

And I deliberately enclose her little trembling hand in my disengaged one. There is another long silence. I know she cannot speak now, she is furtively and silently getting rid of some tears. I lead her on and on until, for the second time to-day, the dark, dense trees of the "Thiergarten" are at one side of me. We are alone here, and I venture to carry the imprisoned hand to my lips. As Maruscha offers no resistance, I kiss it softly many times. Presently I whisper:

"Is thy head very bad, my own?"

"Yes—no—it is not my head at all. It is—it is—oh, I have been so miserable! And I have something to say!"

She makes the confession in a sort of desperate gush. "Mr. Gough has been talking to me, Vladimir. I told him everything. He says I am a bad lass." She attempts a little laugh, which ends in a sob. "He gives her an encouraging squeeze. "He is quite right, that is what I am."

"Thou art perfection!" I whisper. And, indeed, I think it perfectly charming to me now in retrospect this morning's episode, since it has given to me this draught of absolute bliss.

"He has fully explained all to me, Vladimir, how shameful—how imperative it is that thou shouldst—shouldst marry before going to England, and we owe so much to Mr. Gough that it seems absolutely wicked not to consider his wishes; and he says that he would be very much disappointed in me if I were to refuse, so I agreed." She hesitates and droops, and makes another effort. "He has promised—offered to wait three days—and the day after to-morrow—and—oh, Vladimir, it is so soon!"

I halt and catch her on my breast.

"Tell me that I understand aright?" I say in agitated tones. "The day after to-morrow thou hast promised to become my wife?"

The answer comes tremulously and shy.

"If thou wilt take me, Vladimir."

It is the same evening. We have gone through the form of taking supper, and Rosen, with a lover's tact and sympathy, has left us sole possessors of his sitting room. We are seated together in very close proximity on the sofa. I take from my pocket a tiny cardboard box, and from it, the rings. Maruscha goes into raptures at the sight of the keeper. I single out the third slender finger of her left hand, and try them both on. They fit exactly.

"It is a lucky omen, Maruscha!" I observe, as she sits looking down at them with a wistful smile. "Notwithstanding that I had no measure, they are a perfect fit."

A sudden thought seems to strike her. She looks up wonderingly into my face.

"Hast thou bought them to-day?" she interrogates.

"Yes, Maruscha, to-day!"

Her countenance falls.

"Ah, thou knewest all the time that I must yield!" she says, and there is disappointment and a touch of bitterness in her tones. "I am but a poor weak thing."

I tell a white lie—yes, it is a white one—for it spreads brightness over Maruscha's face again.

"Nay, I dared not even hope! How could I? But I thought I might as well have the wedding ring by me against a future day. There seemed a sort of melancholy consolation in carrying about with me the golden symbol of thy troth."

She laughs, well pleased.

"Thou foolish boy!" she cries, resting her bright head on the very breast pocket wherein lies our marriage license. And I leave her in blissful ignorance of its presence there.

After this there falls on us a silence and a deep solemnity. I can read in Maruscha's pure features that she shares my feeling of awe at the wonder and magnitude of our happiness. Full well we know that it falls not to the lot of man to enjoy for long a bliss without alloy, and this may not endure. Yet now—now it is ours!

We look into each other's eyes, the tears tremble in Maruscha's, like drops of dew in blue forget-me-not stars. She sighs.

"Vladimir, we are too happy!" she breathes at length.

I clasp her to me in a close embrace, for my heart almost misgives me at her words. Then I feel her soft arms about my neck, and, as in a flash, my future lies revealed to me. A pleasing, anxious

life, with its human cares and sorrows, with its storms and its sunshine, its disappointments and its triumphs, and at my side my loving and helpful Maruscha—my beloved wife, and I feel strong and confident.

"Never fear, Maruscha!" I cry. "We may not always be like Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, yet I am not dismayed, for when we go hence, we go together. And we will work together under a free heaven and in the light of day, for the Valley and the Shadow lies behind us." (The end.)

WHEN WRONGFULLY ACCUSED.

Advice of a Lawyer What to Do Under the Circumstances.

The one pre-eminent thing for a person falsely accused of murder, burglary, arson, theft or any other of the grave offenses which constitute a felony, writes a lawyer, is to preserve an unbroken silence in the presence of his accusers, after he has said to them: "Gentlemen, I am not guilty. Now send for my lawyer, as the law explicitly requires you to do."

"But that is the course generally pursued by a guilty man. Am I, an innocent man, to assume a similar role?" some one may ask.

It is the only safe way to act; it is the course the law itself prescribes. In effect, the law says to the accused: "No human being on the face of the earth has any right whatsoever to question you in relation to any crime you may or may not have committed. No officer of the law, whether he be policeman or judge, has the slightest scintilla of right to endeavor to make you say something that will tend to incriminate you, or to lead the criminal authorities to draw the inference that you have so encashed yourself. You have one indisputable right from the time you are accused until the charge against you is finally disposed of—you need not answer a single question put to you by anybody; you need not make a single statement one way or another in relation to the offense with which you are charged."

Yet it is common practice for the police the moment they have made an arrest in a felony case, particularly if it be murder, to put the suspect through what has popularly come to be known as "the third degree." The man is dragged before a half dozen or more high officials, resplendent in the uniform and badges allowed them by the law; he is seated in their midst, and they tower threateningly over him as he is mercilessly quizzed and subtle and hypothetical questions are put to him in an attempt to make him so commit himself that the inquisitors can say: "Aha, we have caught the murderer. Behold in us great detectives, to ferret out the criminal so soon after the commission of the crime!"

The police have even gone so far as to suddenly confront the suspect with the instrument with which the murder was committed, or the victim's bloody clothing, and in not a few instances with the mutilated corpse itself. This they have done in the hope that the suspect, brought unexpectedly before something linked with the crime, will give some evidence of his guilt through shock, at least enough for the purpose of basing formal charges against him. Indeed the police are not always careful to inform a suspect of his legal right not to answer any question that may be put to him if he does not care to do so; and frequently, after he has been so instructed in a none too impressive manner, the poor man is literally browbeaten into making replies to his inquisitors' questions.

When your lawyer comes in response to your summons, proceed to tell him everything. Do not make the mistake of hiding anything from him. Lay bare your life to him, even though you expose your family skeletons thereby, if he deems it necessary for his guidance. Answer all of his questions fully and without evasion, and give him all the assistance you possibly can.

A lawyer has to depend largely or almost solely upon his client for the scheme of defense; and that client who conceals this thing or that may be sealing his own doom, innocent though he be.

Old Battery Dock Found.

Workmen engaged in excavating the subway loop at Whitehall street uncovered part of a wharf, which the oldest inhabitants of that section say was built by Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt for the steamboats which used to ply between the Battery and Staten Island, according to the New York Post.

Diggers first struck wood about seven feet below the surface, and, although the excavating continued for several hours, not all of the dock was brought to light. The planking used for the floor is of oak, 4x12 inches and apparently in as good condition as when it was laid, requiring a good ax and a strong man to make an impression on it. The stringers, running lengthwise, are of yellow pine and are also in an excellent state of preservation.

The line of the subway is across the old pier, fifty to seventy-five feet back from the present shore line, which is all "made ground." Captain Fobb, who has been with the Staten Island Ferry Company for forty-one years, said that he has no recollection of the pier, remarking as he looked at it that it was too ancient for him. An aged passerby declared that as a boy he remembered the dock, but his recollection was very indifferent. The workmen also found an American copper cent, dated 1803, just above the planking of the dock, while nearby was an English halfpenny piece, dated 1755. An old cannon ball, bearing the English coat-of-arms and an arrow, was also dug up.



A Fine Table Fowl.

For some years the old English game fowl of England has been coming to the front. We see much in print about the revival of the old English game. This fowl occupies a foremost place as table poultry. They are most delicate and fine flavored fowls, a well-known fact to those who have feasted on what we call pit game. In fact, it is said that they outrank the pheasants in delicacy when served on the table. They grow very fast and are always plump and ready for the spit any time after they are six weeks old.

The colors bred are black breasted reds, brown breasted reds, duckwings, blue reds, piles, black, white and spangles, the latter the most popular. As shown by the illustration, these fowls are beautifully built and free from the long shanks of our standard games.



OLD ENGLISH GAME—SPANGLED.

They have full, plump breasts and longer bodies than our exhibition games. In fact, they are the same as our pit games, only they are bred to exhibition form and color and not for the pit.—Country Gentleman.

Cure for the Dog Evil.

The Rural New Yorker says: The only cure for the dog evil is a law requiring the owner of one male dog to pay a small sum for a metal tag, with the name and address of the owner and the date, placing a practically prohibitory tax on additional dogs and female dogs, making it the duty of the proper officers to kill all dogs not tagged. When a dog is killed while worrying sheep or other domestic animals or fowls, the tag would show the owner and recourse could be had for damages done. A law something like this was on the statute books of Indiana several years ago and worked well; the revenues from that source were trebled, and the dog population decreased two-thirds, but for some reason it was repealed. If a majority of farmers could be induced to put a small flock of sheep on their farms, sentiment would soon be molded to back such a law. Now the dog owners are in the majority and sentiment trends the other way. The same complaint may be made in most sections of the country.

Practical Sheep Barn.

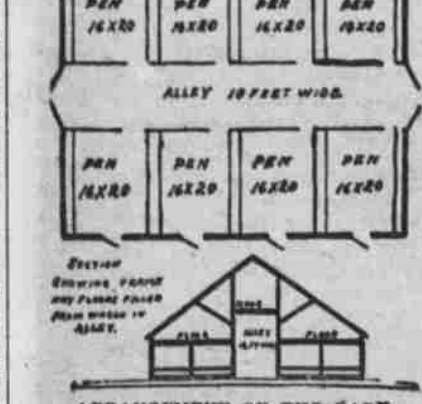
The plan shown is intended for a sheep barn, although it would answer equally well for cattle, and is arranged in such a manner that hay is stored



A \$500 BARN.

over the pens at the sides, and this space is filled directly from a wagon driven through the center alley.

The space at each side of the alley is divided up into separate pens by the feed racks and each pen has a separate window and door. This gives



ARRANGEMENT OF THE BARN.

plenty of light and permits egress to yards outside. While this barn is only ten feet at the side, it gives ample storage for hay and a large amount of room without any waste space. The cost will not exceed \$500.

Draft Colts on the Farm.

Grooming is all important. The colts should be well cleaned twice a day. Before breakfast they should be thoroughly brushed, the currycomb not being used too freely, especially in the summer when the hair is short. After the day's work is done and the teamster has had his supper—the horses will be dry then—they should receive their second cleaning. Be sure to remove all the sweat and dirt and leave the horses in shape to take a comfortable night's rest. The manes and tails should be well brushed, and, above all things, do not cut off any of the mane or forelock. The manes is sometimes cut off under the collar and bridle and does not look so bad when

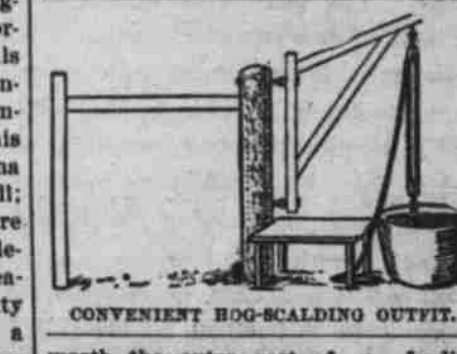
the harness is on, but suppose a buyer comes to look at the colts on the butter, what do they look like beside those with full manes?—Breeder's Gazette.

To Prevent Smut in Wheat.

Wheat should not be sowed without being first treated if it has any indications of having been exposed to smut. The trouble can be obviated by dipping the seed wheat in a solution that is sure to prove effective. Smut is carried over from year to year on the seed wheat. The mode of treatment is as follows: Dissolve one pound of copper sulphate in twenty-four gallons of water. Soak the seed in this solution for twelve hours, after which it should be drained off. Then the seed should be soaked for ten minutes in lime water made by slaking one pound of lime in ten gallons of water. The seed should then be dried as soon as possible. Care should then be taken that the seed wheat is not eaten by chickens or other stock, as the sulphate is a deadly poison. It is the experience of farmers that land that bore smutty wheat the previous year will not bear smutty wheat if the seed is properly treated, the smut spores in the ground having been all killed by the cold weather.

Profit in Swine.

A young, thrifty, growing hog will turn grain into money quicker than any other kind of farm stock. Every farmer who has not an extensive range for his hogs should sow rye to give them a green winter feed. Rake up all the corn cobs, burn them, and when in the form of bright coals, throw water on them, thus making charcoal for the hogs. A little salt may be added. Try to feed young hogs regularly; never feed late, especially the evening meal. Watch the hogs closely to see if their digestion is good, for if they are not healthy they will not thrive well. To get your hogs ready for market they should be on full feed of corn; but after they are as fat as they can be without detracting from their comfort, put them on the market at once, for they are unsafe to keep, because hogs fattened on the corn diet are very tender and cannot stand any abuse or disease. The hogs kept for breeding purposes should never be put on corn diet, but require feed that has more bone and muscle-producing quality. Keep a few more good brood sows; they will prove to be the best investment on the farm before another year is gone. Don't waste good corn by feeding it to hogs in the mud. Your hogs will be



CONVENIENT HOG-SCALDING OUTFIT.

worth the extra cost of a feeding trough. Try keeping an account with your hogs; charge them with everything they eat and give them credit for everything they bring in, and you will be surprised to see how much better they pay than any other animal on the farm. All kinds of stock are a source of profit on a good farm. And the farmer who thinks he can leave off stock growing is sure to find his mistake. The pasture must be utilized and fertility of the farm maintained.—Agriculture Epitomist.

Whitewashing the Trees.

Whitewash may often be applied to fruit trees, especially apple trees, to good advantage. For this purpose the brine may be slaked in the usual manner with cold water, though hot water is preferable for that purpose. By adding some skim milk to the wash it can be made to adhere better to the bark. To make it adhere still better, some people add a thin solution of glue to the wash. This whitewash should be of such a consistency as to be easily applied with a spray pump, and the application should be made in the spring. It aids in keeping off fungous diseases and insect pests.

How to Revive Meadows.

Where meadows show indications of falling, give an application of manure this winter, leaving it on the surface. In the spring apply fifty pounds of nitrate of soda, 100 pounds of sulphate of potash and 200 pounds of acidulated phosphate rock. This should be done in April, the bare places to be seeded with seeds of a variety of grasses. Keep the cattle off until the grass makes considerable growth.

Pin Feathers.

Do not expect eggs when the hens are moulting.

If the fowls be stinted in food they cannot lay up material for eggs.

Aside from the question of eggs a warm quarters is a great saving of feed.

Chickens that are of a marketable size should be fattened now as soon as possible.

In having food constantly before fowls the great risk run is of having them too fat.

Ten days after the hens are cooped up with a cockerel the eggs will hatch true to the mating.

From this on chicks cannot be expected to grow very rapidly unless particularly well housed and fed.

Kerosene on the roosts prevents lice on the fowls. An ounce of kerosene is worth more than a pound of lice.

The purity of one bird is not improved for breeding purposes by being bred to another of a different breed.

NOW CORELESS APPLE.

After Years of Experiment a New Seedless Fruit Has Been Produced.

The coreless apple has been produced and it is full of possibilities. The new fruit is regarded as "the world's greatest discovery in horticulture," says a writer in the Nineteenth Century and After, and in fruit-growing circles is called "the wonder of the age."

Its flavor is beyond question. If it proves as large as its rivals trees producing the new wonder, which is a winter variety, will be planted by the million in the commercial fruit fields at home and abroad. There is little likelihood of its impeding the profitable sale of ordinary apples of high grade.

The new apple, which is both coreless and seedless, was introduced by an old fruit raiser. For twelve years he experimented to obtain the fruit.

The tree is described as blossomless, the only thing resembling a blossom being a small cluster of tiny green leaves which grow around the newly formed apple and shelter it. Being devoid of blossoms, it is claimed that the fruit offers no effective hiding place in which the codlin moth may lay its eggs, which it usually does in the open eye of the fruit. Moreover, there is nothing to fear from frosts.

The color of the new apple is red, dotted with yellow on the skin. As with the seedless orange, so with the seedless apple, a slightly hardened substance makes its appearance at the navel end. But this can be obliterated by culture. The originator of the coreless apple states that the further "we get from the original five trees the larger and better the fruits become in every way."

Apple culture is more important even than orange culture. In the United States there are 200,000,000 apple trees in bearing, from which 250,000,000 bushels of fruit are annually harvested. In ten years these three will give a yield of 400,000,000 bushels.

At the present time the apple consumption of the United States is eighty pounds a head of the population a year. By bushel measure the American apple crop is four times greater than the entire wheat yield of Great Britain and Ireland.

Billions of apple trees are grown in the orchards of the world, and millions of them are still being planted each year. The apple imports of Great Britain alone range between 4,500,000 and 5,000,000 hundredweight. In addition, the writer estimates the census of our apple trees at 20,000,000.

There are now 2,000 of these coreless apple trees available for propagation to supply the orchards of the world. It is estimated that by 1908 2,500,000 of these trees will be put upon the market.

The Spencer apple is not the first seedless apple that has been grown. During the last sixty years about half a dozen such claimants have made their appearance. But in no instance was it found possible to reproduce trees from them which would bear seedless apples.

Though no blossom is at any time visible on the Spencer seedless apple trees, when budded or grafted they insure trees that will produce coreless apples. They are great bearers, and crop freely in any country where the ordinary apple tree will fruit.

In 1826 Abbe D. Dupuy, professor of natural history at Anich, drew attention to the Bon Chretien d'Auch pear, which produced fruit without seeds, though when removed to another locality the seeds reappeared in the fruit in the usual way. This fact up to that period had led the fruit-tree distributors to treat the pear in one locality as the Bon Chretien d'Auch and in another district to the Winter Bon Chretien. But the Spencer apple remains seedless in any soil.

The coreless apple will produce as great a sensation when brought before the public as the seedless orange did a few years ago. The orange is a luxury; the aromatic apple has become an absolute necessity.

Chinese Food.

A German epicure comes to the rescue of the Chinese in regard to their alleged habit of eating rotten eggs. The eggs, he says, are simply preserved in lime until they get a consistency like that of hard butter, and they taste somewhat like lobster. He declares them one of the choicest delicacies he has ever eaten. He thinks there are no better cooks in the world than the Chinese. When he went to live among them his friends predicted he would starve, but he had a good time, and gained weight—more than he wanted to.—New York Tribune.

Soothed to Rest.

The story is told of a man whose wife had arranged an "authors' evening," and persuaded her reluctant husband to remain at home and help her receive the fifty guests who were asked to partake of this intellectual feast.

The first author was dull enough, but the second was still duller. The rooms were intolerably warm, and on pretense of letting in some cool air, the unfortunate host escaped to the hall, where he found the footman comfortably asleep on the carved oak settee.

"Wake up!" he said, sternly, in the man's ear, "wake up, I say! You must have been listening at the keyhole!"

Kitchener's Way.

One of the London dailies tells the following characteristic story of Lord Kitchener. "On one occasion the Governor of Natal wired to the Commander-in-chief, 'My ministers and myself consider we should be vouchsafed further news.' This was Kitchener's reply: 'I do not agree with either you or your ministers.—K.'"