CHAPTER I. THE SENTENCE.

Brilliant was the display of soldiers who were assembled upon the wide parade ground in St. Petersburg, on one midday in summer.

They had been called thither to exhibit their skill in arms. The sunbeams danced upon their bright trappings, and the gentle breeze played with their floating plumes. Near the centre of the ground, mounted upon a superb and richly caparisoned charger, was a man toward whom all eyes were directed. He was toward whom all eyes were dire very tall and powerfully built, and of that majestic presence which indicates one "born to command." His countenance, naturally stern, was now covered by a cloud, and his nether lip was drawn up with a look of hard, harsh meaning. His uniform was rich, but yet somewhat worn and dusty. The polished ielmet upon his head was surmou heavy flowing plume, which served to give an additional grandeur to his magnificent form.

The jewelled insignia upon his breast showed him to be the emperor, for such he was-Ni-

cholas, of Russia For some time the emperor had been allowing his horse to prance about in unequal circles, and at times his eyes would be bent to the ground, and then they would flash darkly upon the long line of officers, who seemed to be awaiting his orders. Those who saw the curl of his mustached lip, and noticed how nervously he grasped his riding whip, knew that something had provoked him, and there was not an officer there but stood in fear, for none could tell what purpose or cause wrath might have entered his iron soul. At ength he curbed in his horse and beckoned to an officer who was stationed at a short distance from him. The man thus called rode forward, and with a low bow and a trembling look awaited the will of his royal master.

"Major," said the emperor, "go and send Colonel Ruric here. I would speak with him." The messenger rode off toward a spot where a number of officers were assembled, and to one of them he delivered the emperor's orders. It was a young man who was thus called out from among his companions. He was not over four-and-twenty years of age; but for several deeds of more than ordinary bravery, he had been promoted al-ready to the rank of a colonel. In both form and feature he was the very picture of a soldier-not such a soldier as was the emperor, but such a one as finds a place in the heart as well as in the head. He was tall and of admirable proportions, with a face of great personal beauty and great regularity of feature. Such, in appearance, was Count Feeder Ruric. He had been left an orphan at an early age, and from his father he had inherited a title, though his countship came to him with but little property to make it valuable. All who knew the young colonel-count loved him. They loved him because he was bold and frank, kind and generous, and because they knew that he was ever ready to risk his life in the sacred cause of true friendship. We said all who knew him loved him. So all did who knew him truly. But there were some who cared not to know his heart—some who were jealous of the love he receivedand such there were who hated him. It would be difficult to find a bold, handsome, generous man who could live without enemies; and we shall generally find that the more love and respect a man is capable of in- | shot. You shall answer for him." spiring, the more rank will be the jealousy Feodor Ruric, so generally beloved, had a

We must now go back to the evening previous to the day on which we have opened our story. An old man-a man who had been a Polish officer-was confined in the prison, awaiting the doom of death. His crime was that he had lent his influence sewith the Hungarians in a general revolution. He had boldly acknowledged that such was his desire, and he was very unhesitatingly condemned to die. Count Ruric had charge of the prison in which several state prisoners were confined—or, at least, he had immediate control of the prison guard-and was responsible. At a late hour in the evening a woman came to the room in which Ruric was seated. She was a young woman, and possessed a winning, natural loveliness which was well calculated to enlist sympathy in her behalf. The count could see traces of tears upon her cheeks, and her whole countenance was expressive of the most intense anguish. Ruric bade her to be seated and then he asked her business

"You are Colonel Ruric?" she tremblingly said-to which of course he answered in the "And you have charge of the prison?"

"I must go in there, sir."
"Impossible, lady."

under sentence of death. O, I must see

"Yes-Slavinski."

"The Pole?"

'Yes-a poor old man who is sentenced to die. I am his child, his only child. I must fore he dies. It will make his death easier, and it will be a lasting blessing to me." She sank upon her knees as she spoke; and with her hands clasped and the big tears

streaming down her fair cheeks, she begged for the simple boon she sought. It was a hard case for the young count. He knew the duty which was imposed upon him, and he knew that he was answerable for Yet the weeping, imploring woman had moved his heart; and when once his heart charity—and once more he heard those words was moved, it was hard for his judgment to

a leaf from his pocket-book and wrote an

lination and duty, and then he

The woman blessed him as she received the paper, and Ruric felt gratified to think he had contributed to the happiness of a suffer-kindred had gone before him? He knew that

On the next morning, however, the young officer's feelings of happiness received a severe check. He was in his private room, just raising a cup of warm wine to his lips, when one of the guards hastily entered and informed him that the Polish prisoner had escaped, and that a young woman had been found in his place. Ruric hastened to the cell, and, sure enough, there he found his

"Alas, lady, what have you done?" cried the count, as soon as he had convinced himself that the startling tidings he had received

"I have given liberty to my father," nobly returned the female. "I gave him a portion of my own dress, and he has escaped. I know what my fate must be, and I am ready to receive it. I told my father that I could else he would not have gone and left oust die, but I die happy since I "Ah, leiy, it will not be you who shall ie," said Ruric in a painful tone. "Not me? Surely they will not catch my

"No. I am the one who must die. You do not know the temper of our emperor, if you think I shall escape the fatal result of this."

The woman gazed up into the face of the andsome officer, and at first she could not believe what he said was true; but as soon as she was made to realize it, she tore her hair with frienzied anguish. Ruric tried to saim her, but her grief was too deep. He saw that she now had a real agony on his own account, and he forgave her what she had done. She knew that she was forgiven, and then her strength gave way beneath the weight that came upon her. And thus the count

The emperor sat there upon his horse, with the terrible frown growing more dark upon his massive brow, as the count approached. Feodor Ruric was very pale, but he did not

or, in a tone like the premonitory rumbling of an earthqu Ruric slipped from his saddle, and

"Colonel Ruric," said Nicholas, "where is "He has escaped, sire," returned the count

summoning up all his fortitude; for it was no small task to stand unmoved before such "Did you not have charge of the guard last

"The guard was under my official control

"So I supposed. Now, how did the Polish rebel escape Ruric related the circumstances as

"So," said the emperor, with a look of in fable scorn, "you have thrown off your alegiance, and own rule now by strange women. You forget your duty to your im-perial master when a woman bawls in your

"Sire, I meant not to have done wrong." "So much the worse; for I gave you som redit for judgment, but now I find you are oid of both judgment and obedience.

"Stop! Did you not knew your duty?"

"Yes, sire." "And yet you violated it. See now how base you are. Knowing your duty, you threw away your judgment. Ah, here comes We shall see."

The individual thus alluded to was the Prince Alexander Menzikoff, a general in the imperial army, and a man who had much power-that power mostly resulting from his vast wealth.

"How now, Menzikoff?" hastily inquired the emperor. "What of the Pole?" "He has escaped, sire," returned the prince with a shake of his head. "Search has been made, but in vain. He could not have escaped by the river, but must have gone off some

other way. "You are sure he has gone?" "Perfectly sure."
Nicholas turned toward the count. His

novements were heavy and deliberate, and the expression of his countenance was an index to a de ermination that was not to be easily changed. "Feodor Ruric," he said, "for your individ-

ual sake I might overlook what has transpired by simply banishing you; but there is We must have an example more at stake. You must die! I have heard of your other acts of treason.' "But one word, sire," interrupted the

count, in an imploring tone.
"No, sir; not a word."

"But my motives, sire-"I care not for your motives. Facts are what the world sees, and by facts alone must such cases be judged. I will hear no more.
Take him off, Menzikoff, for he is your prisoner till to-morrow, and then he shall be

"I will, sire," returned the prince. And as om those who envy him. So the Count he spoke there was more of exultation upon ce than or glance which accompanied the words seemed to signify "With pleasure."

Feodor Ruric's horse was led away, while he himself followed Menzikoff from the spot. It was easy to see that most of the officer were deeply pained by what had transpired. They dared not murmur, for they were in the cretly toward exciting the Poles to join | presence of their master; but they could not repress the expressions which worked upon their countenances. It was evident that Menzikoff was not in very high esteem among the imperial guard. He was known to be a sort of spy-a sort of self-constituted spywho reported all that he saw, and who, it was believed, oftentimes reported what he did not

> After the prisoner had been led away, the emperor went on with the review. He saw the troops exercise, and passed his orders as usual. It may be that he was more taciturn than was his wont, but no one could have told by his manner that anything unusual had

> > CHAPTER II.

THE SERF.

Into one of the strongest dungeons of the prison was Count Ruric thrown, and Menzikoff himself took the keys. The young noble knew that his fate was sealed as far as any will of the emperor was concerned, and he But my father is confined there, and he is knew his fault was one that would not be overlooked. The old prince had, on his part, taken every precaution in his power, for he knew that the young count had numerous friends, and he felt sure that some of them might even dare to attempt his rescue, if they had an opportunity. The afternoon passed slowly, heavily away, and as the gloom of night began to gather about the cold, damp prison-house, the young man's spirit sank within him. He sat down upon the low stone bench that projected from the wall, and bowing his head, he called up the images of the past. He remembered the ther who used to smile upon him, and he could almost fancy that he heard her sweet voice now, sounding, as it did of yore, to calm the youthful passions of his soul. And fulfilment of that duty, with his life. he remembered his father-the brave, of counsel which had been the foundation of go the opposite way. He struggled a while his own life. And he remembered a sister, too, with whom he used to play and prattle.
And there was a little brother, who, years "You shall go," he said. And then he tore leaf from his pocket-book and wrote an der.

"You shall go," he said. And then he tore his path. But the grave had closed over them all! He alone was left of all his family; and

> there would be some to regret his loss when he was gone, but he would leave none to mourn for him as kin do mourn for kin. The hours passed on, the deep darkness of night was full upon the earth, and the only sound that broke the deathlike stillness was an occasional cry from the distant senti and the scratching of the rats that worked in the prison walls. Feodor had wept some scenes he had witnessed in his own family— but now the thought of reunion had come to

him, and he had sunk into a state of prayerfu The hours passed on. The brazen tongue upon the distant cathedral had tolled the hour of midnight, and yet Ruric had not thought of sleep. Once just at the stroke of twelve, an officer put his The in at the door to see that all was safe. The count recognized him as one attached to Menzikoff's staff, and he asked him if he could

e a drop of your wine." night. If you need it in the morn-

"I may not need it in the morning," said the count, in a thoughtful tone. "But stay," he added, as his visitor turned once more to close the door. "Am I to be shot to-morro

"At noon; so I heard the prince say. H will send you a priest in the morning."

The officer withdrew as he spoke, and locked and bolted the door after him, and once ore Ruric was alone. The distant clock

tolled the hour of one, and the count had almost sunk into a dreamy slumber when he thought he heard footsteps in the passage that led to the cell. He started up and listened, nd he was sure that he was correct. It might be some one bringing him the refreshment h and asked for, he thought, and moving back to his seat, he sat down again-for the chain at confined him was so heavy, that he stood with difficulty. At length the bolts upon the outside were slowly moved back, and the key was turned in the lock. A strange sensation crept through the young man's frame as he heard that key move, for he noticed that it was moved with the utmost caution, giving back hardly a sound to tell that the bolt was giving up its hold. In a moment more the door was slowly opened, and the prisoner could hear that some one had entered, though e could not even catch an outline through

the thick darkness. "Sh! Speak not a word!" whispered a voice which Ruric could not recognize, but less seemed to have a welcome

The count started again to his feet, and just as he did so, the rays of a lamp flashed from a lantern which his strange visitor had opened. As soon as Ruric could bear the glare of the light, he gazed upon the form and features of self. It was a tall, stout man, somewhat past he meridian of life, and dressed in the garb of a serf. His complexion was quite dark, and his hair, which must once have been as black as night, was well sprinkled with silver. His countenance denoted a vast degree of firmness, but yet 'twas kind.

"Who are you?" asked Ruric, as soon as he ad taken a hasty survey of him. "My name is Ivan, and I am a serf of the Prince Alexander Menzikoff." 'I have seen von."

"Ay, count, you have seen me often," "And I have heard much of you too," said "Ah?" uttered the serf, with an inquisitive "Yes. I have heard much of your skill in

nilitary engineering. I suppose I am cordown upon the stone floor, and taking a mo-

derate-sized flat bundle from beneath his coarse drugget shirt. "Yes-so Menzikoff employs me." "And he has sent you to me with food, has he not?" asked Ruric, the reception of re-

reshment being the only hope he now had nce he found out who was his visitor. "Not exactly," returned the serf, in peculiar tone and emphasis. "Menzikoff would sooner send the headsman or the knout. No, no, Feodor Ruric, I have come of my own ac

"And wherefore?" quickly asked the pri-

"Wherefore should the oppressed seek each other but for aid?" returned the serf. standing erect and gazing full upon the count. know what Russian oppression is. I feel it in every bone, in every nerve. I know what it is to suffer with a proud heart. I know, too, sir, how slight and fragile is the true man's life in the empire. Count Ruric, I have come to set you free." "To set me free! You-a serf! Come to snatch me from death?" uttered Ruric, inco-

"Aye, for serf though I be, yet I have heard of you, and I know you to be one not o ng of death. Do you wish to flee?"

"I do not think the emperor will pardor me," murmured Ruric, half to himself. "Nor do I," returned Ivan, "for his mind is nost bitterly poisoned against you. Menzi--he hates you with a perfect hatred; and he has determined to ruin you." "But why should he hate me? Surely I never did aught against him even in

thought. "He hates you as Satan hates the saints He hates you because others love you-because you are better than he is; and far more than all else, because you are braver than hi son, and have received more marked distinction, and he has resolved to destroy you. But in the present instance he has found the chance without seeking it; only you may be ssured that he will not fail to make the most

"And why should you come to save me?" asked Ruric, giving way to a spirit of curiosity, for there was much to excite curiosity in the speech and bearing of the serf.

"You should not stop to question me or that point," returned Ivan. "Suffice it for you to know that I come to save you, and erhaps you may at some time know me better if you follow my instructions. Will you

"Most assuredly I will, if you are sure that you can lead me safely away from here." "That I can do easily. I managed to get the keys of the prison from Menzikoff's own room, and you may rest assured that the guards are now all asleep upon their posts. They drank more than wine to-night, for I andled their drink. Come, here is a seaman's dress. It is large enough to slip on over your own. Put it on quickly, for we

have little time to lose." Then Ivan knocked off the chains, and Ruric began to put, on the rough dress which the serf had provided, and as he did so he had time to reflect somewhat upon what had transpired. Of one thing he felt morally ure, and that was that Ivan had really come to save him; but why he had come was not so apparent, though the count fancied ther must be some hidden motive. In regular se came the thought of where he hould find refuge after he had got clear of

"Ivan." he said. with this thought upon hi mind, "how far do you mean to guide me?" "Farther than you probably imagine," was the rather odd reply. "But get you ready and we will talk of that as we move clear of "But get you ready,

"I am ready now," responded the count, as he placed the glazed hat upon his head, and made a movement as though he would shake himself into the strange clothes he had don-

"Then come. Tread carefully, now, and

keep close at my heels, for though the sentrie may sleep, yet danger never sleeps in Rus Ivan led the way out from the cell, and Ruric followed. The iron door was reclosed

and locked, and the serf placed the key in his pocket, and as soon as he reached the step that led up to the entrance-door, he closed his lantern and hid if beneath his shirt. "See," whispered the guide, as he poin to where a dusky form could be seen re

against the wall, "that tellow dreams not of

ger, and I think he sleeps too soundly to Ruric merely glanced at the sleeping soldier, and without making any reply he hastened on. The prison-yard was somewhat wide, but it was traversed in safety, and at the outer gate they met another sleeping sentry. The serf had a key to the wicker, and in a few short moments more Buric was d in a few short moments more Ruric with street. He felt the fresh air of her a, and it was grateful to him, but a shut ran through his soul when he though at the presence of one of his fallow.

ate could never be enjoyed again beneath the breeze of his native land without danger. But another train of thought ran through his mind—he remembered that he had none of kin in Russis—that he could live at best but in the breeze of favor that might at any otherwise into a deadly simpom—and noment change into a deadly simcom—an e felt not so much of grief at the separa

At length they reached a secluded spot in the lower end of the great quay, and here Ivan stopped. At a short distance lay a small light-built craft, and Ruric thought he saw a man upon her deck. He mentioned the circumstance to his companion, but an assuring nod was the only reply. The serf cast his eyes about him in all directions, and then laying his hand upon the count's arm

he spoke:

"Feodor Ruric, I am your friend. You have no kindred in Russia, and I know that you had better form attachments somewhere else. I can see in your soul what others have only imagined. I can see that you have more of the spirit of republicanism in your soul than would ever be safe here. Nicholas likes brave men, but he wants these men all changed to instruments hold in his own hand. Men him of some of your reputhe festive board, and—" "My republican speeches!" uttered Ruric,

mewhat surprised. "Yes, for you have spoken them when you knew it not. They are the natural growth of such a heart as yours. You may have thought that you paid all the allegiance to the emperor, but yet you never respected the regime under which you have served. Your soul has longed for something more noble than the atmosphere of tyrants and

"So it has so it has," murmured the count, first giving a thought to his own feelings, and gazing with wonder upon the seri who spoke such words. He now knew indeed that Ivan was at least an extraordin man, be he an occupant of what social sphere he might. "So I have," repeated the young noble. I have indeed felt how little of true

humanity finds a place within the empire.

"I know it," resumed the serf. "I know it well. But time is passing, and you must be off before your escape is discovered. Now, you must place yourself wholly under my This small vessel is going down he gulf, and she will land you at Golganp The captain is a man to be trusted, and has his orders, and you will find it to your advantage to trust him fully." "But where shall I find a final refuge?

can not remain at Golganp. "Of course not; but the captain will find you a hiding-place there, until he can get you a passage to the Levant. Here is a packet in which you will find full instructions for your future course, and if you hope for peace and appiness hereafter, you will follow them out. | no signs of perturbation. Your father, when he lived, once did me a great service, and I will now repay him by being kind to his son. Take the packet and read it after you have got safely on your way. Come, we will go on board."

Ivan turned toward the small vessel as h poke and Ruric followed him. The captain was upon the deck, but it was too dark to distinguish his features. There were one or stwo men forward, but they could only be seen in outline.

"Ludowitz," said the serf, addressing the commander of the craft, "have you got your sailing permit?" "Yes, it's all right. I am at liberty to go

"Good. This is the young man of whom I spoke to you this evening, and if you owe me aught for the kindness I kave shown you, you will be faithful in this. Get him the first track." passage to the Levant you can. His money

"Ruric," said the serf, turning to count, "I have made rather free use money-bags. I went to your house this evening, and obtained four thousand ducats in golden imperials. Our friend Ludowitz has them, and of course they are at your service. Now go. Follow the instructions of the packet, and you shall be happy.'

"But one word," exclaimed the count, whom all this was passing more like a dream | a better chance of succeeding than any one than a reality. "When shall I see you again? else; for people will not mistrust such a mis-when shall I know what all this means—the sion in a serf, and consequently the alarm secret of this strange movement?"

"If we both live, it shall not be many years, and perhaps not many months. But when we do meet again, I shall come to see you. faithful to my instructions, and all shall be well. Adieu, now, and may God bless you." The serf turned, and was gone. Ruric heard his steps as they grew faint in the more, he bowed his head upon his hands, and sank into a puzzled, wandering mood of

"Don't fear, sir," said Ludowitz, "for will do the best I can for you. The run to Golganp will be safe enough, and I think there will be no trouble beyond there. Take

heart, sir, I know your trials." The captain stopped to hear no reply, but turning to his men, whom he had ordered up from below, he proceeded at once to get under weigh, and ere long the light vesse was making her way out from the mouth of Neva. Feodor Ruric saw the last dim outlines of the island shore, and then he sought a place of rest, for he was nearly overcome by the fatigue and excitement through which he

> CHAPTER III. A PRINCE AT HOME.

Nicholas of Russia was in one of the rooms of the imperial palace. He had eaten his simple breakfast, and was now engaged in ers. His face was as firm and cold as ce, and his great brow was dark and heavy. Ever and anon he made notes upon the missives he read, and at such times there would come a slight change over features, but whether the emotions which gave them birth were of satisfaction or dislike none could have told.

"By the hand of Saint Peter," he muttered to himself, as he moved aside the papers, "I must bring the Turk to his knees. The Euxine is mine; and why should the infidel Moslem hold its keys in his foul hand? Why should my ships have to take the favor of another? Why should not the forts of

the Bosphorous wear the cross of Russia

upon their flags? O, I hate that crescent. It is the bane of my life!" The Emperor clasped his hands as he spoke, and commenced pacing the room with long, heavy strides. There were towering dark s in his mind. Away in the south lay the golden gate of the east, and the monarch of Russia would plant his power there. He was not content with the dominion of half of Europe. He was in this mood when he was ted by the entrance of the Prince

"Ah, what now?" the emperor asked, stopping in his walk. "What brings you out in

news now. I've enough of such already. By my soul, Menzikoff, I've had enough this ng to make me mad. The world is turnwave of rebellion is rolling on. But what came you to tell me!"
"Ruric has escaped."
"The Count Feedor!"

now it, sire; and I did all my duty; but corning his cell was found empty. The

there shall be suffering in his stead. It was you who first discovered his republicanism, and it is you who are responsible."

you who has discovered his republicanism, and it is you who are responsible."

"But, sire—" urged the frightened noble.

"Don't stop to waste words now," sternly interposed the emperor, "but go and find the fugitive. Has any vessel left the river?"

"One, sire, left some time during the "Then, send our fleetest vacht after her

and send off scouts too on the roads. Ruric must be taken, and if rebellion rankles in the heart of our empire, it shall be plucked out, even though half the noble heads should fall. Find him, sir, dead or alive; and in the mean time other matters shall be looked to. I would know how he escaped. There must

"I have been to the prison, sire, and I have made all the inquiry I could. The guard have been arrested, but I can learn nothing save that the prisoner has escaped.'

"Well, go and find him, and I will visit the prison myself."

Menzikoff bowed and withdrew; and after he was gone, the emperor com

more to pace the room.
"I don't know, Menzikoff, exactly what your character is worth," he muttered to himself, with a curious shake of the head. "At all events, I shall look after you. I think you care more for my gold than you do Nicholas had begun to doubt the princes

and he had reason, too, to doubt many others; but he kept his own counsel. His eagle eye was open. He knew where his power rested—not in the hearts of his people. out in the iron rule of his own will. It was in the afternoon that Menzikoff, faint and weary with fatigue and excite

ment, sat down in one of the apartments of his palace and sent for his serf Ivan. serf came and asked his master's will. prince gazed up into the face of his bondman and a shudder ran through his frame. He almost always felt a strange secret dread Ivan, but he could not tell whence it came. The serf had come to him, through a purchase, with an estate, about two years pre vious, and he was valuable on account of the various talents he possess which he professed to have gained from a friendly priest.
"Ivan," said the prince, "did you know

that the Count Ruric was imprisoned yester "Yes, my lord," returned the serf, showing

"And did you know that during last night he had escap "I heard he had escaped, but I hardly gave

credit to the story."
"Well, it is true. He has escaped, and he must have had help. Two of the sentinels were found asleep upon their posts this morning, and under such circumstances as to leave no doubt that they were drugged with some powerful sleeping-potion. Do you not thing that you could help me to arrive at the mystery of the thing?"

The serf eyed his master most keenly, bu he could discover no traces of suspicion in his countenance. His face only exibited sus-

"I know not what I can do," Ivan returned "T know nothing of such matters. soldiers should be the ones to take the

"But the soldiers all loved the young fellow, and I hardly think they would eatth him if they could. I am afraid he will escape, and in such a case I know not how much of sent two vessels down the gulf in pursuit, and scouts have gone down the other way; but after all, Ruric may be in the city. I think he must be, for he could not have gone out so easily. What I want of you is to look through the city. I know you are keen and witty, and I think you would stand will not be so quickly taken. Ivan, if you will bring Feodor Ruric to me, I will give you your liberty. What say you?"

There was a flush upon the face of the serf,

and his nether lip trembled, and there was a bright sparkle in his black eye too, but his master noticed not his emotion "I will look through the city," he said; but I can have no hopes of success."

"Remember-you shall have your liberty if you do succeed." "I will try, though I am not for the present over-anxious about my liberty. "Ah! I had thought that a person of your

intellect would chafe under the restraint of serfdom. "So perhaps I might were it not that I ar well cared for where I am. You, in a meas ure, are as much the serf as I. You fear the emperor more than I fear you. I have see it in some English book set down that that man is most wretched who hangs on princes favor. Have you never found it so? Menzikoff looked up and found the seri gazing upon him most intensely, and again he trembled. There was something in the

look that met his own that affected him, he -he only knew that it was so. "There could be little use in arguing such a estion," the prince at length said, with 'though I have no doubt that you are i every way qualified to support your side of the question. But go now and commence your search. Find him if you can. Find Ruric and bring him to me, and you shall be

The serf left the apartment, but Menzikoff ned of the character of the man to whom he had given his mission.

"Upon my life," said the prince to himself, "there is something about that man that puzzles me. He seems trustworthy, and yet I tremble when I trust him. He is useful to me, but yet I would give him his liberty to get rid of him, for his presence makes me uneasy. If he brings me the count he shall be free whether he wishes it or not. I am deined to have him by me no more.'

of his serf so easily. He had several times previously made up his mind to the same effect, but his plan had never been carried out. He had found Ivan too valuable to be easily parted with, and he had tried to banish th range fears that took possession of him; ut he could not do that, though he sometimes fancied that they were all imaginary. But there were other things that sometimes troubled the Prince Menzikoff. He knew wealth, but they hated him because of him-self. No matter how hard the heart may be, nor how callous the human emotion, the soul not be thrown into that state where the cannot be thrown into that state where the hatred of good men will not produce a certain degree of misery. Menzikoff tried to live content upon the spirit of reckless regard at all things that opposed him, but he could not make it work. Conscience would sometimes speak; and then, there was one ng that kept up a loud wh

What is

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