"If you fire that pistol you'll be exposed and lose your game. You should know better

As the Turk spoke, he seized the Russian's arm and lifted it up. This movement drew Ruric's attention from the other two Russians, and one of them, taking advanand felled him to the floor by a blow upon the head. The count was not stunned by the blow but before he could recover himself his enemies were upon him, and he was bound and gagged without even the power to which Ruric seemed to be trying to gain

pression, "you are safe. I don't know as I Myrrha at the foot of the Caucasusfellow, who has been trying for a lifetime to his conducting her home; and then he get money, and this is the first real chance I told of Albec—of his sickness, and of

at once that resistance would be useless. If he told of the coming of the Hatukaian he could have spoken, so as to have given an marauders—of the onset—the battle—the burnbut that power was effectually taken from him, and his struggles would amount to noth bec—and of his own fall in the mosque. Then ing, for even should they attract attention, the presence of the bribed cadi would hide the sickness, and of the fate which had befaller truth and prevent an investigation. So Ruric Myrrha. He stopped here, for his emotions suffered himself to be led down into the street, were too powerful, and he had to give way and when once there two of his captors walkthe arms, while the third walked directly behind, the cadi going ahead to make peace with any of the police who might be in the way. In this manner the prisoner was led through the parrow streets until they reached the harbor, and after following along upon boat which was in charge of a single keeper. It was not so dark but that Ruric could see that the man in the boat was habited in the garb of a Russian seaman.

as soon as he was safely seated the cadi turned back toward the city. After this Bonzo and their two companions followed their prisoner and the boat was soon shoved off. Ruric did not take much note of time, nor did he notice the direction in which the boat was being pulled, for he sat with his head bowed in sorrow and pain. At length, however, he was startled by a sharp concussion, and on raising his head he found that he was

by the side of a heavy ship. 'Come," said Bonzo, laying his hand upon our hero's shoulder, "here we are alongside of my ship. Start up, now, and when we get on board you shall have that bandage taken from your mouth."

Of course Ruric could make no reply, but he arose at the summons, and having had the lashings taken from his arms he ascended the side of the ship and passed over the gang-

"Now," said the captain, "I'll take the bandage from your mouth, but if you make the least noise you will repent it.'

The count signified that he would be quiet. and the gag was removed. For a few moments he gazed silently about him. The ship's crew had all come on deck, and by the manner in which they conversed among themselves, it was evident they knew the character of the prisoner, and why he had ter of my bosom." been brought aboard the vessel.

"Captain Bonzo," said Ruric, speaking nervously and with pain, "I have a question Myrrha's angel mother." to ask you, and I hope you will answer me "I shan't object to tell you anything

know," was the captain's reply. "You went up to my room at the inn once before you found me there?"

"I found nobody there but the cadi, whom

'Yes. You see we let him go up first to clear the way." "And did he not find some one there?" "Not that I know of."

"You did not see a woman?" "No-not a blessed woman have I seen in

"And the cadi-do you know if he saw "If he did, he said nothing to me about it.

He was up there some time poking about before I went up. But who was it?" "Never mind. It's nothing now!" groan Ruric, as he turned away. "This is the end of my struggle. Come, sir, lead me to my

"Bonzo made no reply, but taking a lantern from the wheel-house, he led the way down the hatch to a small room where a lot of old sails were stored.

'Here," he said, as he opened the door 'you'll find good snug quarters, and if you behave yourself you won't be molested. I'm sorry you are in so bad a fix, but I can't help it. Somebody'd have taken you, and I may as well do it as anybody else."

The count made no reply, for he knew the sordid nature of the man with whom he had to deal. He waited until he was left alone and then he laid down upon the sails. He thought of what his own fate might bebut he thought of Myrrha most.

CHAPTER XXII.

A DISCOVERY. One week more, and Feodor Ruric was in a Russian prison! He had been brought to dessa and delivered up to the Russian auhorities, and after a slight examination—for he denied nothing—he had been placed in a dungeon, there to await the first opportunity for passage to St. Petersburg. It was on the third day of his confinement, and toward the middle of the afternoon, that he heard some one treading the narrow passage hat led to his cell, and shortly afterwards the bolts upon the outside of his door were withdrawn. It was not the season for the bringing of his food, and he mean, when the deor opened and the jailor looked in. He seemed to satisfy himself that all was secure, and then he stepped back and spoke to some one that followed him. Rurio leeked up and saw a stout man enter the cell, and then the jailor closed the door and went

"Count Rurie," spoke the man who had thus gained entrance to the cell, "I did not ! think to find you here."

Ruric started up, for he recognized the voice, and when he had gased more closely, he have the bold, frank features of Ivan the

"Ivan," uttered the young man, starting forward and extending both his hands.
"Yes," returned the serf, gazing earnestly into the prisoner's face. "Yes," he added " returned the serf, gazing earnestly

"Do not despair yet," said Ivan. "While there is life there is hope. But I must go now. I must see the emperor, and then for Constantinople Courage, courage, Ruric; I shall see you again. I may have some influence with Nicholas."

ed Ruric, sinking back upon his low pallet and bowing his head in his hands. Early on the morning following the visit of Ivan to the prison, Ruric was aroused from a dreamy slumber by the entrance of Ivan sat down by the youth's side, and h stout frame trembled. "What is the tale?" he asked, laying one

"And you found Albec-and Myrrha?" "Yes—yes. Oh, God have mercy!"
"Yes—yes. Oh, God Lyan. "Tell me "Speak-speak!" cried Ivan. "Tell me what has happened. Oh, Ruric, you have

"Alas, Ivan, 'tis a sad, sad tale!" murn

"Hold," interrupted the youth. "I can tell you all. I have done all I could. Oh, Ivan, no blame can rest on me."

ry out.

strength for the purpose, he commenced to "Now," said Bonzo, with a triumphant extell his story. He told of his meeting with rish you any particular harm, but I'm a poor rescuing her from the Cossacks, and of ever had, and of course I ain't a going to lose his kindness. Then, in a lower tone, he told it. I shall get a good round sum for your how he had loved the gentle Myrrha, and how she had returned Ruric was not without reason, and he saw love, and of their plighted vows. Then alarm in the street it might have availed him | ing dwellings-the fading away of Stamyl's he told of his recovery from the subsequent

"Go on—go on," gasped Ivan, grasping the count by the arm. "Tell me of Myrrha." In a few moments Ruric continued. He told of his passage to the Turkish capital, and of all that transpired there; and when he had finished he bowed his head again and wept. the quay nearly half a mile, they came to a The serf started to his feet and took two or three quick turns across the cell, and then came and sat down again.

to the sobs that were struggling for utter-

"And do you think Myrrha has been carried back to Selim's house?" he asked in a voice of "I fear she has," was Ruric's response

"It must be-and yet I cannot think fate

would have been so cruel.' "Fate seems to hold nothing in store but cruelty for me," resumed Ruric. "Oh, Myrrha! Myrrha! Thou fairest, sweetest child!" groaned Ivan, covering his face with his hand and sobbing as though his stout

heart would break.

"You loved Myrrha well," said the youth, not having dreamed that the serf could have been so moved. "Aye, as the apple of my eye-as the very

heaven of my soul.' A new suspicion was awakened in Ruric's "Myrrha often spoke of you." he said in a

low and candid tone. "Did she? did she? And what did she say?" 'That you were noble, generous and kind

"Oh, she did!" murmured the serf. And then raising his head he gazed into his com-panion's face. "Ruric," he continued, "why ould I not love her! Oh, she was my own

'You loved her as a child," whispered the "Aye-I did-for she was of my own flesh and blood-the child of my love, the daugh-

"But Myrrha does not know this!" said

'Yes, yes; she knows her parentage. 'But she told me that Albec—" "I understand," interrupted Ivan. was not to blame for that. I will explain: Years ago I went to Circassia to find a home.

I was a widower then-I had placed a young and childless wife in the graveand I sought a home away from the haunts of my countrymen. I found shelter beneath the roof of the hunter Albec. He had a hild—a daughter—named Myrrha, and she ecame my wife. She had lived with me twelve years, and during that time I was a happy man. We had one child-a daughtera perfect type of its mother, and she, too, was named Myrrha. After my wife died I ventured to Azof, and there I met Count John Galitzin. From him I learned something that made me resolve to go to Russia; and to Russia I went. I left my child in Albec's care, and I made her promise that under all circumstances, until my return she would call Albec her father. I went back to visit them after I had been to Russia; but now,

alas, I can visit them no more!" The count was puzzled now, and for the time he forgot part of his grief.
"Why should Myrrha have been forbidden

to speak of you as her father?" he asked. She was not forbidden to do so. I only requested that she would acknowledge Albec her parent, and it seems that she strictly carried it out. My reason was very simple. A girl in Stamyl, with neither father nor mother, could have been given away in marriage by the uzden, for that is the decree of the prince. But there may have been other

"Myrrha knew me, and called me by my name, when I told her that you had sent "Yes; when I was there last I spoke of

you. She knew you by the description I Again Ivan got up and paced the floor of the cell, and as Ruric watched, he could not nelp wondering what manner of man he was.

He had ceased weeping—he had ceased sob-bing, and the only marks of emotion now visible were in the heaving chest and tightly lim's house shall be torn down about

his ears," the serf uttered, stopping in the middle of the cell, and gazing upward. "By my holy faith, if he has injured my child, his best blood shall answer for it. I will hunt him, though I have to dress in the disguise of a wolf. I will not leave—Hark! What means that?

At this moment the booming of a cannon hook the prison walls, and it was followed by another, and another, and yet another. On they went in quick succession—boom after boom—until the whole great city shook with

the concussion.

"What does it mean?" asked Ruric.

"Hark!" returned Yvan. "List, there go the bells. By my soul, Ruric, the emperor is here! That is the imperial salute."

"Nicholas in Odessa!" littered the count thunderstruck. "Then my case is hope

aero, in a despondent tone. "I had hoped to make my escape between here and St. Peters-burg, but it cannot be now."

As Ivan spoke, he turned toward the door and passed out. Ruric heard him speak with the jailor and then the door was closed and the jailor and then the door was closed and bolted again. Our hero had now something to occupy his mind besides his grief—and even his grief was not so utterly black as before, for now Myrrha had a helper besides himself, and for even himself he had a little hope. He knew not where the foun-

dation of this hope could rest for a certainty

"You sleep well this morning," said the

hand upon Ruric's arm, and gazing anxiously into his face. "You have been to Stamyl?" visitor as he entered the cell, and found Ruric just waking up.

"Because I did not sleep in the night," returned the count, rubbing his eves.

"Ah? Well—I have news for you. The emperor is in Odessa, and has sent for you.

You can best judge whether the news is good Ruric sat down again; and remained for ome moments in thought. He called to scene of his first arrest-of his escape, and of his resistance to the soldiers who were sent to capture him. It was a dark picture to be presented to the iron-souled en

"You will let me wash and shave?" he

said, starting up from his couch. So Ruric followed the jailor out, and he was inducted to a small room where there were few simple dressing materials; when he had inished he was conducted out into the yard, where he was taken in charge by a party of soldiers. He had not to walk far before he topped in front of a large brick building. and after a little delay, during which a sen tinel at the door went in with some errand and came back with an answer, he was con ducted up the high steps into a spacious hall Here was another delay, and at the end of a ew minutes the prisoner was delivered over to two officers, and by them he was conduct d on through the hall to another flight of steps, having ascended which they stopped at a door which was guarded by soldiers. No pposition was made by these sentinels, and the official conductors pushed open the door, and passed through, one of them leading the prisoner by the arm. The place thus entered was a spacious apartment, and several officer were seated at the desk engaged in writing. At the head of the hall, walking impatiently to and fro. Ruric saw the emperor. His massive form was bent under the weight of thought that was upon him, but he started up on hearing the doors open, and when he saw the prisoner, he stopped in his walk. 'Your majesty," said one of the officers, powing as he spoke, "this is the prisoner for

"Ah, so I see," uttere d Nicholas, in a tone mbling the rolling of distant thunder. And as he spoke he fastened his stern gaze pon the count.

Ruric's eyes dropped before that lion-like gaze, but he did not lose He knew the nature of the man with whom he had to deal. He knew that insolence would be sure death -and he knew, too, that cowardice would be qually fatal; for Nicholas, though he liked an bedient tool, yet hated the craven. "So you are the Count Ruric-the fugitive

om justice," said the emperor, with a bitter "I am Feodor Ruric, sire, and a count by pirth," replied the youth, calmly, firmly, but

"And you are a fugitive from justice?" re-"I fled from prison, sire."

"Because you feared death?" "Not so, sire. It was the ignominy I feared. Go ask your generals in the imperial army, if I fear death. No, no, sire. For long years I held my life in my hand, and at any "But Albec—"
"He was her grandfather—the father of Russia. My life and my good sword have been offered often upon the altar of your empire, though fate did not take the sacri

> "But you disobeved a strict order." Nicholas, in a tone less stern. "I know I did wrong, sire, and for a lorg while I stood out; but a poor woman fell at my feet and begged to see her father once be-fore he died. When her tears fell like rain upon my feet I forgot that I was a soldier

and remembered only that I was a man. eant no wrong-dreamt not that evil could happen. I may have deserved punishment, but I did not deserve death." "Do you dispute my justice?" "I am a condemned man, and so have right to speak: and why should I hide my best friend. Oh, sire," he continued, turn-

own belief? I do but speak as I think, but I ing to the emperor and sinking upon his would not tell a lie even to gain your own imperial favor." "You are bold, sir" "Because I am speaking with a bold man."

The emperor gazed hard into the face of ne count, but he met only a calm, steady

"I escaped from your prison, sire; and those men whom you sent to take me were but so many bolts and bars between me and liberty. I moved them out of my way. They willingly set their lives against my berty—we played the game—they lost." For a while the emperor was silent. He took a turn down the hall, and then came back again.

"You may not have been so deserving of death in all this as would at first appear," he umed, stopping in front of Ruric, and addressing him: "but other things combine with them to make your guilt fatal.'

"Will you name them sire?" "Yes. You have given utterance to statents opposed to the stability of our empire nd you have even dared to scoff at the sand tity of our holy church."

By my soul, sire, the man who says thisis a-a mistaken man. But who told you "The Prince Alexander Menzikoff told me.

"Oh," uttered Ruric, with a look and tone of most bitter scorn, "the prince is powerful. "Well-speak on."

"I will speak. He is a villain, sire-an nemy to his God, to his emperor and his fellows. You know him not." "Ah! Yes, I know him well, Count Rurie I know him well. He is dead now." "Then God have mercy on him, for

There was something in the tone and look of the young count, so noble and fearless, and yet so modest and truthful, that Nicholas could not but look upon him with admiration The emperor was meditating on what he had heard, when the lower doors of the hall

entered. One of them was an old man, wear-ing the insignia of a Russian count, and the er was Ivan the serf. They advanced up and then they bowed.

"Ah, Galitzin," uttered Nicholas, extending his hand. "How fare you?"
"Slim—slim, sire, I have been very sick."
"So I have heard. And you, too, Ivan!
No one would accuse you of having been sick." "No, sire; I am remarkably well. I should ave returned, but I stopped to nurse the

"Right—right," replied Nicholas; "though he presence of the count at my capital is not o necessary now. Menzikoff is dead." "Dead, sire?" "Aye; he died in prison."

"In prison?" murmured Ruric, at the sam time moving further back, seeing that the emperor did not notice him. And the though gave him a new point of hope. The two officers who had acc

uric to the nall now approached man action to take him in custody again.
"Back, back," said Nicholas, noticing their "I will see to him. Leave the

They accordingly left, and again the emperor turned toward his two new visitors. "Galitzin," he said, "I learned that yo were sick here in Odessa, and I found other ness enough to make it the object of visit to see you. But whatever you may be of evidence against Menzikoff cannot affe him now. He died from shame and chagris I think. Yet his estates are not settled, and what he may have done in time past cannot have much bearing upon their disposal."
"It should have much bearing that way,"

returned the noble, "for he has wronged many a man of his birthright." I saw a letter that he wrote you," pursu the emperor. "Ivan showed it to me." "Yes, sire; I gave it to Ivan. I should have sent it to you before, but Ivan was collecting evidence of Menzikoff's guilt, and 1

"You did well enough though I should like to know how many more of my nobles re-ceived letters of like description."
"Not many, I think," said Galitzin. "He probably wrote to me first, and I think my answer must have dampened his ardor. I simply wrote to him that he had mistaken

"He must have mistaken his man, if he thought to turn John Galitzin into a traitor," said Nicholas, with a momentary glow

There was a pause of some moments, dur

ing which the three men regarded each other

Ivan had grown uneasy, and he seized the you in hopes that you would give them a careful perusal. You remember?"

ling eye, "I do remember, and I have read them every one. I have them at this mo from his pocket and cast off the string that bound it. His countenance changed as he

"Aye," returned Nicholas, with a kind

run his eyes over it, and when he again looked up his lip trembled. "By this paper," he resumed, "I am in formed that Menzikoff was the only evidence against the Prince Michael Basilowitz. mber that the prince was banished to Siberia by my brother Alexander.'

"Aye, sire, so he was," earnestly responded "But have you read the other papers-the others that tell how false was Menzikoff's ccusation? Have you read the paper there in Menzikoff's own handwriting, where h proposed to Slamskov for the overthrow and lisgrace of Prince Michael Basilowitz?"

"Yes: I have read them all." "And do you understand their meaning? "Yes, every feature of it." "You remember the Prince Michael?" "Indeed I do," returned Nicholas, with strange look. "We were at school together? He was with me under the severe tutelage of old General Emendorf; and even when Ade

lung and Storch took my masterpiece Michael was with me. Ah, I loved the prince of Tula as though he had been my brother. "And what now is your opinion?" asked van, with increased emotion. "What think Ivan, with increased emotion. you of Michael's banishment?" "That it was most unjust." "And why should he remain in banishn

onger?" asked Ivan.
"He should not." "And why should he not have the vast states that were once his own, and which were so wickedly wrested from him?" "He should have them," said the emperor

eying Ivan sharply.

Ivan bowed his head and trembled, but at length he looked up and said: peror's reply. "I mistrusted you the moment when I first set my eyes upon you. Yes, yes, Michael Basilowitz, I knew you before I

trusted you with my first mission. Nicholas of Russia has eyes." "Michael Basilowitz! Prince of Tula! uttered Ruric who had heard all, and who was unable to suppress his astonishment "Can this indeed be so? Are you the Prince of Tula whom we all thought in Siberia?" "Yes, Feoder," returned Ivan, "I am the true Prince of Tula, and your father was my

knees, "spare the Count Ruric. He is young, and I know he is noble and brave." "Get up, get up, prince," said Nicholas "I have some questions to ask of thee first."

Ivan arose to his feet, but before the emperor could speak further there came the ound of a disturbance from the passage-way that led to the hall. The clamer rose higher and higher, and there was surely the sound of a violent struggle. For the instant all eyes were turned in the direction whence the ound proceeded, and the parties who had been so deeply engaged in the details we have given regarded the movements with solicitude. At length the emperor arose to

his feet. "Wait," said Nicholas. "I'll see to this. And as he spoke he moved toward the door.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE FLAME FLICKERS. The emperor was moving down the hall at a quick, angry pace, when he was suddenly brought to a stand by the bursting open the doors, and on the same instant a light form, clothed in the garb of a Greek boy, rushed into the place. The light velvet cap fell from the intruder's head, and a mass of golden curls swept down over the neck and "What have we here?" uttered Nichola

in astonishment.

But the intruder did not notice him. 'Twase a female, as the hair and features showed. She rushed on to where Ruric stood, and with a wild cry she fell into his arms.

"Myrrha! Myrrha!" he exclaimed, folding her to his bosom. It was all he could say for the wild thrill that shot through his

the fugitive. "Cannot you save me now?"
"Here is one who can save you!" Myrrha started up and met the gaze wan. She moved quickly from her lover's mbrace, for she had found the arms of ather, and upon his broad bosom she pil-owed her swimming head. She did not peak, for she could not. She was safe now, and with a low moan she burst into tears.
"Upon my soul," spoke Nicholas, comi
up at that moment, "this is a most stran

aterruption. Speak, Basilowitz, and tell me simply means, sir, that this is my She has escaped from the hands of "Aha! The Turks again!" uttered the em

ha! The Turks again:
"I'll reckon with them."
he emperor!" whispered My rrha, startif from her father's bosem and gazing And he called you Basilowitz? Have you

"And he called you Basilowitz! Have you aimed your rights!"
It do not know, but I think we have nothing to fear. Look up, Myrrha."
Nicholas was much moved by the matchless beauty that now dwelt before him. But gradually there came a cloud upon his brow, and

alowly and thoughtfully his eyes turned to ...

"It seems that she recognized our young friend first," he said, in a meaning tone.
"Yes," answered Ivan, "for they are bound heart to heart by the mutual pledge of love.
Ruric met her in her Circassian home,

"Stop," interrupted Nicholas, pulling out his watch, and looking at its face. "I have the time to spare, and I would have this enig-ma solved in regular sequence. Let me hear your story first, I van—for I suppose you still acknowledge that name?" cknowledge that name?"
"Yes, aire, returned the prince, passing his laughter over to Ruric's care. "I can tell

daughter over to Ruric's care. "I can tell you my story in a very few words. When I was banished to Siberia by the emperor Alexabler, I was a widower. I knew that I did not deserve the disgrace, for I knew that I did not deserve the disgrace, for I knew that the emperor had been deceived, and I resolved to escape if possible. At length I effected my purpose, and took my way at on a through Tartary to the shores of the Capian Sea. From thence I passed over into Circussia, intending to seek some other part of the globe. But if a little village called Stamyl I was taken sion, and hencath the roof of a kind miniter I found a home. The hunter's daughter ministered to my wants—I loved her and the became my wife, and from her I received this sweet child. But at length, after the lapse of years, she died, and for the hunter I lapse of years, she died, and for the hunter is consented to visit Azof. There I met Galitzin. He knew me, and advised me to try and get back my estates, and a pardon, at the time promising to assist me in tearing the veil from Menzikoff's face. I consented to the proposi-

"Then I went back to Circassia, and having taken leave of my child, I returned to Azof, and from thence I accompanied Galitzin to Tula, where my estate lay. There I took the Mengikoff stating that upon the estate of Basilowitz there was a serf named Ivan, who was a ready scholar and a capital engineer, who was also anxious to live in St. Petersburg. As was expected. Menzikoff sent for me at once, and I went to the capital. He did not recognize me at first, nor did he hold a suspicion, though he had discovered my secret when he last saw me. It is now nearly three years since I became his serf, and, as you know, sire, I have accomplished all I could have hoped. I gained his full cunfidence, and piece by piece I worked the proofs out.
You have them all, and you know how great
a sinner I am."
The emperor listened with marked attention to Ivan's recital, and when it was con-

cluded he shook his head with a movement that showed some remaining doubt. "I understand all this," he said, " but there

is yet one thing to be explained. How came the Count Ruric to hit so plainly upon this village where your daughter dwelt?"

Feodor trembled when he heard this question, for he saw that the emperor's quick mind had divined the truth. But Ivan did

"I directed him there, sire." "Aha-you did? And how did you see It was I who liberated him from prison."

"Beware, prince, beware!" uttered Nicholas, in a deep tone.
"I am not afraid to own the truth, sire," quickly returned Ivan determined to speak before the emperor could have opportunity to make a decision on the subject. "The Count Ruric was Menzikoff's prisoner, and I Count Ruric was Menzikoff's prisoner, and I knew that Menzikoff had lied most basely about him. I knew that for months he had been plotting for the young count's destruction. Once Peter Menzikoff, the prince's son, diplicat to be a colonel; the day of trial came, and he got nothing but reproof for his ignorable from your lips, while to Ruric you gave the colonel's commission. Then it was that Menzikoff determined to work his ruin. I thew all this, and I knew too that if you could but gain a shadow even of the truth you would not harm him."

Hecause my own plans were not complete. I had not yet wholly trapped the scheming prince, and I dared not run the risk of exposure. I took the only means in my power, that the that when they should be known to

you, four mercy would pardon them."
"Indeed, you flatter," said Nicholas, with
something like a sneer upon his face. "Had I known it then, even a grand dukedom could not have saved your life. Michael Basilowitz, I loved you, but you have done something that—" The emperor hesitated and turned away.

His face was very cold and stern, and his brow was contracted. He walked twice across the hall, and then he beckened for the soldiers who stood near the great door.

"Take your prisoner back to his cell," lie j' No, no, sire," interrupted Ivan, with ex-ended hands. "Pardon him, pardon him!"

"Away with him, I say." "Sire," urged the Count Galit zin, "hear me speak but a word." "There'll be time enough for that after the Count Rurie is gone," was the emperor's

Myrrha moved to spring forward, but her father held her back. "Speak not," he whispered, "for might as well urge the whirlwind. He is not to be moved, and we must not chafe him." " Sire," spoke Ruric, after the soldiers had taken him by the arms, "I will not beg your mercy, but humbly crave your justice. Try your own heart, and see what I have done

that you would not have done." Ruric saw the stern cold face of his impe rial master, and he saw the light form of her he loved as it sank fainting into Ivan's arms. He did not grown aloud, nor did he weep, but with head bowed he was led from the hall. Once more Count Rurie was in his prison. The ison door was looked upon him, and him and more. Now he shew not which way to

turn for the hope he sought. He was in the emperor's power, and who should read the will of that iron-hearted autocrat?

CHAPTER XXV. CONCLUSION.

Nichelas was alone in the apartment which he had occupied since his afrival in Odessa, and by the manner in which he walked the floor, it could be plainly seen that he was was opened, and Ivan entered.
"You have sent for me, sire, and I have some," said the self-made serf, bowing as he

"Aye, I did send for you," returned the emperor, taking a seat, and motioning his visitor to do the same, "for I have made up my mind. I have conversed long with Galitzin, and I know that you are free from all blame which was cast upon you under Alexander's reign; but you have been much

"In what, sire!" "In opening the doors of my prison. Stop—speak not yet. The moment I saw that girl class Ruric about the neck, and found that the was your child—that moment I knew twas you who set him free. Oh Michael, it twas you who set him free. Oh Michael, it came hard upon me. But for that I could have given you back all your estates and your litles. It makes no difference to me how inhocent or how guilty tile prisoner was, he was under my condemnation, and you matched him from me. What would an amperor's authority be if such an example were followed? Let me tell you that that same Slavinski—the Pole whom Ruric suffered.

(To e Continued.)

What is

CASTORIA

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