

A SILVER ROUBLE.

III.

"I was born in the outskirts of Moscow, and early in life worked in one of the many print-works in that town. I had completed my eighteenth year when I became imbued with the revolutionary doctrines held by so many of my fellow-workmen. About this time, too, I made the acquaintance of Toukanka Fedovitch, a girl of about my own age, living with her parents at a small village close to Moscow. I cannot convey to you, a stranger, all the passionate love this girl awoke in me; suffice it to say that for two years we remained lovers, and I worked hard during that time to provide a home where I could take her to when we married. At last my hopes were crowned with success. The foreman of the department in which I worked was one afternoon passing through the engine-room, when carelessly passing too close to the moving machinery, his clothes were caught in the revolving wheels, and in a moment he was flung down a crushed and lifeless mass. This accident procured me my long-hoped-for promotion, and I took his place as foreman. Within a week of that time I was married, and the world held no happier mortal than I.

"I think I told you I had become a revolutionary—in other words I had been for some time a member of a secret body of Nihilists; and it was only when I had been married a few months and had learned how much happiness and joy life held for me, that I began to regret my vows of allegiance to them. But as you are no doubt aware, there is no recall from those vows once taken; and had I cared openly to show that the views of the Brotherhood were no longer mine, my life I knew would pay forfeit for my apostasy.

I had been married nearly two years, when, owing to various causes in the country, Nihilism became a stronger force amongst the people, and it was then that we first whispered those plots against our "little father" the Czar himself. I had been working late at the mill one evening, and on leaving, proceeded cautiously to the rendezvous of the revolutionary lodge to which I belonged. I had, after much hesitation, determined to announce to them my altered views; and whilst promising strict secrecy as to anything I had learnt or heard, beg them to release me from a position which had become harder than I could longer bear. I found the Council assembled when I arrived; and after stating my case, they unanimously decided that my vows must be held binding; and did I shirk any duty they might see fit to allot to me, I knew the consequence—death! I had half expected this reply to my entreaty; and I was endeavouring to shake their decision, when we were startled by hurried knocking at the outer door; and before we had time to plan any means of escape from the coming danger, the door of the meeting-room was flung open, and in rushed a body of police with an officer of the secret service at their head. Resistance was useless; and in less than time it takes to tell, we were all securely handcuffed and marched out as prisoners to the police barracks; and in a damp dirty cell of that building I had time to survey my position. I knew no compromising papers would be found upon us, as it was our rule to do everything by word of mouth and place nothing in writing; but at the same time I knew the police were in great terror of a general revolution, and would probably take the first opportunity of showing that they meant to crush it out with a heavy and cruel hand. Bitterly did I now repent my youthful folly in binding myself to such men, and the thought of my dear wife at home waiting my coming only added to my misery. At last, after a most wretched and sleepless night, the morning broke, and I was taken before the chief of police. I saw none of my fellow-prisoners, and without waiting to hear any defence from me, the officer read out my sentence in slow monotonous tones: "Ivan Dolgatcheff, being suspected of being a Nihilist, and found attending a secret meeting of that body in Moscow, you are sentenced to five years' transportation to Siberia as a convict of the second class."

"I heard no more! I was stunned by the suddenness of this end of all my hopes, and unconsciousness mercifully ended my sufferings. I awoke to find myself again in the cell; and after a few hours, I was hurried off with many others to the railway station to begin my long exile. One idea was ever uppermost in my mind, to let my wife know what had happened to me. I had noticed that one of the police who was present at the breaking-up of our meeting glanced sometimes at me, and I was emboldened to try to gain his help. With some difficulty I approached nearer to him, and telling him where I lived, begged him to acquaint my wife with my fate. This he promised to do; and with that small amount of comfort I left Moscow for Nijni-Novgorod. Arrived there, we were packed on board a large barge covered with strong iron netting, effectually cutting off all means of escape, and for days we were towed down the Volga river. But why describe the anguish and misery of that journey? At last we reached Ekaterinburg, and here we were separated into different parties, and prepared for the long tramp of months to our several destinations in Siberia; some to the quicksilver mines; others, myself amongst the number, to the salt mines of Irkutsk.

"And now the hardest trial of all was to happen to me. Whilst standing waiting for orders at the Siberian gate, on the outskirts of the town I heard my name called by the guard; and on going to him, was taken to the guardhouse, and there, travel-stained and worn by grief and fatigue, I found my dear wife. She had received my message; and after selling everything in our home to get sufficient money, had set out to follow me across Russia. After hardships innumerable, she had at last found me, and owing to the kindness of the Chief Inspector at Ekaterinburg, received permission from him to say good-bye to me. Afterwards, we should be lost to each other for five long years. Need I dwell on the touching scene of our final adieux? After kissing me for the last time, she took from around her neck the charm that every Russian wears, and placed it around mine, calling down God's blessing on me, and assured me that her daily prayer would be that it might preserve me from every danger of my life. That charm consisted of a silver rouble, given to her by a child by her father, and roughly engraved by him with the image of a Greek cross. I have never seen her since! We were hurried off that afternoon.

"I lived for two years in the salt mines, doing work that killed those around me in hundreds. Day and night in semi-darkness we laboured, our only rest being two hours in every twelve. For two years, I say, I suffered; but the wild longing for freedom grew in me stronger and stronger, until one day, with six others, I escaped, and found shelter in the neighbouring woods. What became of my companions I never knew. For days, weeks, months, I wandered westwards, living on the charity of the people in the occasional villages through which I passed, sometimes getting rough work to do, but more often suffering the pangs of hunger. Fortunately for me, my escape took place in the early spring, and the warmth of the summer months enabled me to live and sleep in the open air without hardship. One day, almost famished, I had begged for food at a wayside posthouse, but without avail, and driven at last to desperation, I remembered my silver charm. The temptation was too great to withstand; and I enjoyed the first food I had tasted for two days at the expense of my wife's parting gift. Can you blame me? It saved my life then and I little thought, when I handed it to the fellow, that I should ever set eyes on it again.

"The summer of 1874 slowly passed. After many adventures I reached Tomsk and found work. But my thoughts were ever on Moscow; and as I regained strength, I determined to save all I could to enable me eventually to reach my home. I had written to my wife; but no answer came to me, and it was two years before I had saved enough and started again on my journey. At Perm I learned that the war in Serbia had broken out. Every one passing through the country was closely questioned, and being unable to satisfy one particularly troublesome police-sergeant, I was marched off to the nearest station for inquiries to be made. Afraid to give them my real name or destination, my evasive answers made them suspect all was not right, and I was drafted off to the barracks to find myself enrolled a soldier of His Majesty the Czar.

"The Serbian war ended, the troubles with Turkey commenced, and my regiment was ordered to the front, to take its place in the army then forming on the south-east frontier.

"You no w know my history. After being in many hard-fought engagements and being twice slightly wounded, our conquering hosts crossed the Balkans, and you know the rest. You also know why your silver rouble has such an interest for me."

"At this stage, exhaustion overcame him, and when I left, he had sunk into a heavy slumber. The following day I heard from the doctor that he had had a relapse; and feeling that perhaps my long interview the preceding day had something to do with causing this, I determined to find better nursing for him than he could possibly get at the hands of the one overworked doctor in the place.

Events favoured me. The Turks, beaten back at all points, were even then falling back from the Pass; and during that day our numbers were increased by the arrival of some hundred and fifty wounded, in charge of a Red Cross ambulance. No sooner had they found quarters in the village than I went to request that a nurse might be sent to the wounded Russian. This they promised me should be done.

"That evening, after my frugal dinner was finished, I walked the street with the intention of seeing how he was going on. All was quiet in the house, and entering softly, I pushed open the door of his room. There, on the floor, her arms around his neck, with her white cheek pressed to his, I saw the hospital nurse; and at that moment I understood what it did not require words to tell me—Ivan Dolgatcheff had found his wife!

Within three months from then I was again in London, with the memory of their waving farewell to me as the steamer in which I sailed glided out from the granite quays of Cronstadt harbour.

I often hear from them. Little children have come to them to bless their lives; but they tell me that, amongst all the gifts which Providence has given them, they still cherish most the Silver Rouble.

(THE END.)

A Long Engagement.

The approaching marriage of a couple who have been engaged for fifty years has been officially announced in Berlin. The man is seventy-nine years of age and the woman seventy-three. In 1841, when betroth was plighted, the prospective bridegroom was a superintendent of a large farm a few miles from Berlin. His fiancée was a daughter of a Government official, who opposed the match. The father and the young man had a violent quarrel, and the lovers were separated, although both refused to terminate the engagement. The young man became tired of life near the scene of his disappointment and went to America. It was reported in Berlin that he had died there. At the same time word was sent to him that his old love had married. About five years ago he returned to Berlin and took bachelor quarters. He heard nothing of the woman whom he loved until at a reception in a University a short time ago he met her. She was still unmarried and still loved him, and the engagement, which had not been broken, is shortly to have its happy ending.

Where All the Land Belongs to the State.

In China all the land belongs to the State; and a trifling sum per acre, never altered through long centuries, is paid for it by the occupier as rent. The soil in China is so rich that the holdings are generally very small, and it has been estimated that a square mile is capable of supporting 3,840 persons. In this country, nominally, owners of land hold it of the Crown. Although, however, as admitted by Lord Bramwell in letters to the Times, this is technically true, yet it is most misleading as owners of a fee-simple estate in land in this country have for all practical purposes an absolute ownership in the land they hold. If an owner dies intestate without heirs his land reverts to the Crown, though the owner had the power of disposal had he so wished. Under similar circumstances a man's personal property as well as his land, if he dies intestate with no next of kin, goes to the Crown.

A WONDERFUL DIAMOND

Its Owner the Hero in a Brilliant Novel.

\$2,000,000 ASKED FOR THE PRECIOUS STONE.

A lawsuit is now pending in Calcutta between two famous Indian characters, one the rich squanderer, the Nizam of Hyderabad, and the other great diamond merchant, Alexander Malcolm Geary Sabortjee, better known as Alexander Malcolm Jacobs, he being the hero of Marion Crawford's novel, "Mr. Isaacs."

Mr. Jacobs is in serious trouble. Mr. Jacobs made an agreement with the Nizam to sell him the Imperial diamond, the largest in the world, for a trifle over \$2,000,000. He asked however, for an advance of \$1,000,000, and the demand was conceded. Mr. Jacobs bought the stone from some London dealers, agreeing to pay \$750,000 for it, and to forfeit \$10,000 if the sale was not concluded. He would have made a clear profit of a million dollars.

The diamond was a right royal stone. It weighs 180 carats, while the famed Kohinoor, the "Mountain of Light," which the English took from Dhuleep Singh, weighs only 106 carats. The latter is in the possession of the Queen of England, and there was some talk of presenting her with the Imperial diamond on the occasion of her jubilee. But the Nizam was not satisfied with the Imperial. He is supposed to have thought it but a shabby kind of thing, not at all good enough for his Nizamship.

Perhaps a fit of parsimony may have seized him, and no wonder even for a man of his vast wealth, who spends unheard of sums on quilottines, miserable daubs of pictures and such useless bric-a-brac. He flatly refused to have anything to do with the bauble, and canceled his negotiations like an arbitrary despot as he is.

MR. JACOBS IN A BAD FIX.

This placed Mr. Jacobs in an awful fix. He could not cancel his agreement with the London dealer as summarily as did the fickle Indian potentate. So he had to pay up the \$1,000,000 forfeit money as per agreement. And to make his position worse the royal bargainer asked him to "divvy up" the \$1,000,000.

"This 'Mr. Isaacs' could not do, as, relying on the Nizam's word, he had invested a large part of the money in jewels. So he refused point blank to be made a fool of, and as the Nizam had broken his agreement, 'Mr. Jacobs' wouldn't return the cash. And there the matter stands, pending the decision of the High Court at Calcutta.

A SKETCH OF MR. ISAACS.

The following sketch of the life of "Mr. Isaacs" is taken from the *Fall Mall Budget*: "Mr. Isaacs" was the son of an Italian resident in Constantinople, who made a competency by manufacturing soap for the use of the "true believer" out of the refuse of olive oil, and who, in consequence, was known by the name of "Sabonjee." When scarcely in his teens young Barre—for that is "Mr. Isaacs' real cognomen—entered the service of an engineer employed in laying the telegraph line from Suttur via Diarbek to the Persian Gulf; thence, after many wanderings in Armenia and Persia he shipped on an Arab buggalow for Bombay, and worked his way to Hyderabad in company with a merchant who was conveying a shipment of ladies for the Nizam's Zenana. Young Barre, who was an adept at Oriental languages, received employment with the late Nizam, passing under the name of Suliman Roomani and, outwardly at any rate, professed Islam. On the death of his master, palace intrigues arose, some of the elder members of the family refusing to recognize the legitimacy of the child now reigning over the ten millions who people the Setat of Hyderabad. In truth, those who remember the stalwart proportions of the giants who have heretofore ruled in the Deccan can scarcely credit the fact that the diminutive specimen of humanity now sitting on the Musnud can be a child of the Turki warrior who conquered Southern India for the Great Mogul.

HE FLED FOR HIS LIFE.

There are princes in Hyderabad still living who openly boast their claim to the throne, and one of these trusted young Suliman Roomani with a letter to the British Resident, contesting the legitimacy of the boy Nizam. Barre learned the contents of the letter, and, feeling that, whoever won in the promised struggle, his life at any rate would be forfeited (for in the year 1879 human life was not estimated at any high value in Hyderabad), he determined to try fresh woods and pastures new. In disguise he escaped to Poona, thence to Madras, where for some time he posed as an Armenian, Melcone, Hagopian, and then he entered the service of the Maharajah of Ulwar. Here again he became involved in palace intrigues and was deported from the State by the political agent, Col. Cadell. From Ulwar "Mr. Isaacs" passed into the service of the Maharajah of Dholapore; and, after a few years, having amassed some capital and learned more about precious stones than most living experts, he proceeded to Simula and commenced business on his own account. For more than ten years his shop has been the resort of all curiosity hunters in India, his collections of coins, jade and old Mohammedan books being almost unique. Mindful of his Hyderabad experience, "Mr. Isaacs" religiously kept away from Deccan, but at last his anxiety to share in the immense sums which the Nizam was squandering in jewelry led him in 1890 to put his head within the lion's jaws. He need have no fear.

ONCE A LITTLE SLAVE BOY.

Few would recognize in the wealthy Simla jeweler Mr. Jacobs, the little slave boy, Suliman Roomani. After several interviews with the Nizam, only encompassed after the payment of large sums in backsheesh to palace underlings, "Mr. Isaacs" determined to avow his former connection with Hyderabad, thinking it might aid him in his business, and, availing himself of an opportunity when he was alone with His Highness, he related the whole story of his life in the late Nizam's household. That is an incident quite in the style of the "Thousand and One Nights"—of which, indeed, the chequered career of our hero is in other ways reminiscent.

A cyclone is like three school girls walking abreast—it don't turn out for anything.

Men with red noses are the lighthouses to warn mariners when "half seas over."

PRINCE AND FLOWER-GIRL.

Anecdote of the Father of the Present Emperor of Germany.

A pretty story of the late Emperor Frederick is told in one of the German papers. Some years ago, shortly before the death of the old Emperor of Germany, a tall, handsome gentleman jumped into a third-class carriage of a local railway at Berlin just as the train was leaving the station. An old flower-seller with a basketful of newly cut hyacinths was the only other occupant of the compartment. He asked the old dame to sell him a bunch, and mollified by his suave manner she chose the freshest and largest and handed it to him. Its price was a penny, but as the gentleman had no coppers and the old woman no change, not having sold any of her goods yet, she was paid with a mark piece, which, as she said at once was a thing that had never been heard of before in a third-class railway carriage.

Presently the stranger and the flower-girl were deep in conversation, and it turned out that the poor woman was the only breadwinner of a family of four. Her son was crippled, her granddaughter a little school-girl and her husband had for some months been out of work since a new railroad official had dismissed him as being too old to do much work. The stranger then suggested that she should apply, on her husband's behalf, to the railroad authorities. "That is no good whatever," she replied, as she wiped her tears with her apron. "If you haven't the pope for your cousin nowadays you can't get anybody to listen to you." "Then try the emperor," the stranger went on. "Alas!" she sighed, "if the old gentleman was allowed to see petitions that are sent it might do some good, but he does not get to know about us poor people."

"Well, then, let your husband write to the crown prince." "Yes," she said, "he might do that," and she would tell him so as soon as she had sold her flowers. By this time the train had got to the terminus, the old dame bundled out her basket, and noticed with astonishment that the officials and the crowd on the platform looked at her carriage and saluted and cheered. "What's up?" she asked. "Why, the crown prince was in the same compartment with you!" Then the flower seller held her head high and told every syllable of what had happened to the delighted crowd. Her flowers were sold before five minutes were over, and a fortnight afterward her husband was at work again in his old place.

Gambling in Grain.

Two men who have long been famous for the size of their transactions at produce exchanges as well as for the immense risks they dared to run have lately been much talked about—B. P. Hutchinson because of his article about speculation in wheat which appears in the *North American Review* for October, and S. V. White, whose recent flat failure in a corn deal astonished the financial world. Mr. Hutchinson insists that, in the face of all criticism, the business of speculating in grain is not only legitimate but that it is a real benefit to the community in regulating the market, now for the good of the producer and now for the advantage of the consumer. The experience of Mr. Hutchinson is, that, in his day, he has bought and sold more bushels of wheat than could be counted without ever having owned a single bushel and that as the result of it all, if accounts are true, he has put by far the best part of his life behind him, and he is poor. Until a fortnight ago, Mr. White was rated worth millions made in speculation. He is shrewd, he was supposed to have remarkably clear vision regarding the speculative market. Mr. White concluded that there was money for him in margins on corn. He thought he could figure out the supply obtainable before the beginning of October. The crop of 1890 was something like five hundred million bushels short, the quantity in sight was not large, and Mr. White reasoned that the price could rapidly be crowded up. There are five million farmers in North America, and Mr. White has discovered they were holding more corn which they could throw into the market on call than he had fancied. The upshot of it is that Mr. White dropped the millions he had saved after years of betting whether grain would rise or fall in price. It is impossible to feel much sympathy with these men who make big speculative ventures and blow themselves in—the Hutchinsons, the Ralstons, the Keenes, the Whites. There are thousands of them, they maintain costly offices, their dealings amount to millions daily, but from year's end to year's end they do not add one cent to the wealth of the land, they produce absolutely nothing, they simply gamble on what may be the price one month, two months or a year hence of that which others have toiled to produce. They are not even a useful agency in the distribution of wealth. They sell what they have never bought, they buy chances. When they lose, somebody else has the money they had or expected to have, and the supply of staples is not changed a pint or a pound. They hardly merit much sympathy when they guess it wrong and go down.

English Hats and Caps in Egypt.

Vice-Consul Alban states that English hats, especially double straw hats, are selling well. English small straw hats for ladies are also in demand. English travelling caps are fairly liked; but "English manufacturers are too fond of sending staring patterns, which few would have the courage to wear." Again, as regards texture, the caps supplied for Egypt, instead of being light, and suitable to the climate, are often made of the thickest and heaviest cloth, better adapted to the climate of St Petersburg than to that of Alexandria. English manufacturers of this and some other articles appear, adds the Consul, to be indifferent to the tastes of their customers, and continue to send unsuitable patterns, "until the trade is gradually taken from them by more intelligent foreign firms."

No Hesitation.

Mr. William Pagan, Liverpool, England, Harriers, writes: "I believe St. Jacobs Oil to be the best thing ever used for curing and preventing swellings and soreness of the cords and muscles after severe exercise. Having used the Oil myself, and knowing other members of this club who use no other remedy after their exercises and races, I have no hesitation in recommending it to all athletes." It is the best.

Purify

The importance of keeping the blood in a pure condition is universally known, and yet there are very few people who have perfectly pure blood.

The taint of scrofula, salt rheum, or other foul humor is hereditary and transmitted for generations, causing untold suffering, and we also accumulate poison and germs of disease from the air we breathe, the food we eat, or the water we drink. There is nothing more conclusively proven than the positive power of Hood's Sarsaparilla over all dis-eased blood. This when fairly expelled every scrofula or remove sapsarilla cases of the medicine, tried, does trace of salt rheum, the taint which causes catarrh, neutralizes the acidity and cures rheumatism, drives out the germs of malaria, blood poisoning, etc. It also vitalizes and enriches the blood, thus overcoming that tired feeling, and building up the whole system. In its preparation, its medicinal merit, and the wonderful cures it accomplishes Hood's Sarsaparilla is peculiar to itself. Thousands testify to its success, and the best advertising Hood's Sarsaparilla receives is the hearty endorsement of its army of friends. Every testimonial we publish, and every statement we make on behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla may be relied upon as strictly true in every respect.

If you need a good blood purifier or building up medicine, be sure to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Further information and statements of cures sent free to all who address us as below.

Your Blood

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar

Labor Lost

Young Hardhead—"I don't see why I'm not invited to parties oftener. I am sure I always behave like a gentleman."

Young Lighthouse—"That's the trouble. You are so very gentlemanly that the girls think you stupid."

"German Syrup"

J. C. Davis, Rector of St. James' Episcopal Church, Eufaula, Ala.: "My son has been badly afflicted with a fearful and threatening cough for several months, and after trying several prescriptions from physicians which failed to relieve him, he has been perfectly restored by the use of two bottles of Bo-schee's German Syrup. I can recommend it without hesitation." Chronic severe, deep-seated coughs like this are as severe tests as a remedy can be subjected to. It is for these long-standing cases that Boschee's German Syrup is made a specialty. Many others afflicted with this lad was, will do well to make a note of this.

J. F. Arnold, Montevideo, Minn., writes: I always use German Syrup for a Cold on the Lungs. I have never found an equal to it—far less a superior.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

How He Enjoyed it.

"Did you enjoy the sermon this morning?" asked the landlady last Sunday of the star boarder.

"Oh, yes, very much," he replied promptly.

"What was the text?"

"I don't know."

"Why, Mr. Chinkley, how could you enjoy the sermon if you didn't know the text?"

"I wasn't there, Mrs. Bifatak; please pass me the butter."

St. Jacobs

A SURE CURE OIL A PROMPT CURE

CURES PERMANENTLY

Rheumatism
SCIATICA
Back Aches
all Aches
NEURALGIA
IT HAS NO EQUAL.
IT IS THE BEST.