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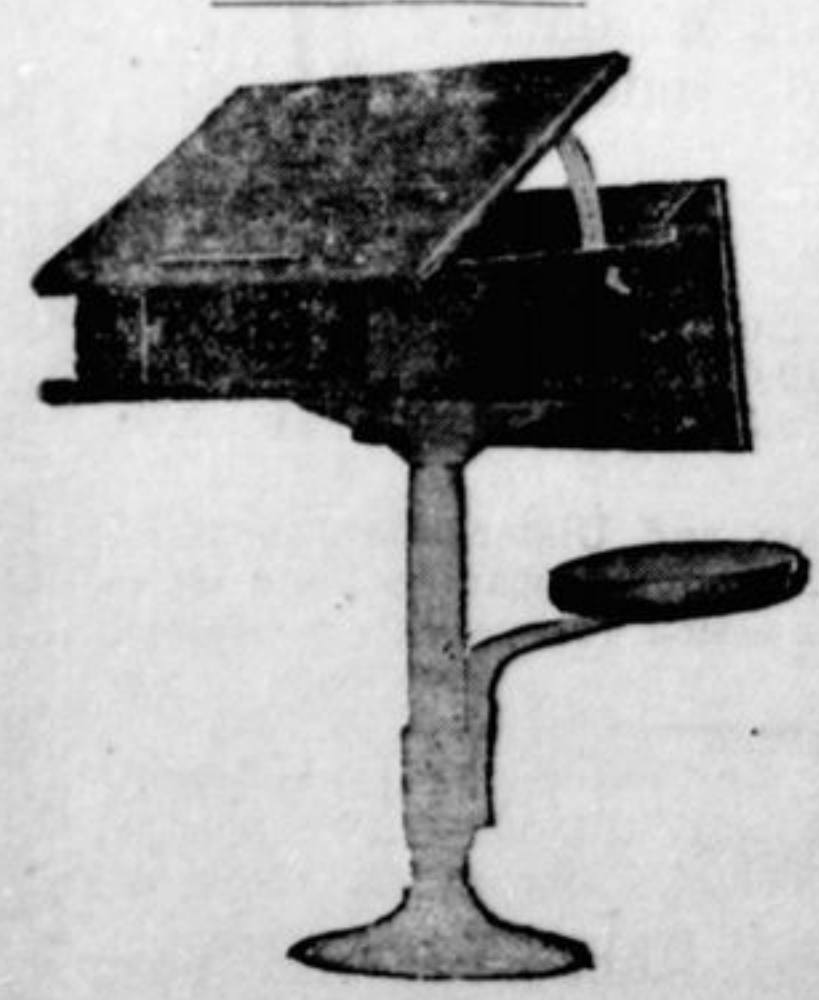
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"EUREKA" SCHOOL DESK.

MANUFACTURED BY
C. SMITH & SONS

A SOLDIER OF COMMERCE

By **JOHN ROE GORDON**

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[CONTINUED.]

The wind howled. The boat shivered as it was driven along at increasing speed. The timbers surely would not hold together long.

"My darling! What a terrible experience for you!" said Harvey, taking her in his arms. "It is impossible to control the boat. The only thing I can do is to try to cut away the sails."

"Dear Harvey, I will help you." But they had nothing save the sword of the inspector general of prisons with which to work. With this they hacked at a few ropes they could reach, but the sails were held by ropes that had wound themselves around the masts. One mast broke and fell to the deck. It was beyond the power of both to move it. The speed of the boat seemed to be none the less for the loss of that mast. The rain now came down in torrents. The boat rocked and rolled and the waves swept completely over it.

"We cannot remain here," said Harvey. "We must climb up on the hay." They soon had a perch in the hay, which they kept by clinging to the cords that bound it to keep it in place. One of Harvey's arms was around the girl. They rushed along hour after hour, each moment fearing that the boat would sink or turn over. Suddenly there was a loud crash. The remaining mast broke and went plunging into the sea. The boat lurched frightfully, and it now seemed impossible for it to live in the foaming waters much longer.

"Darling one!" cried Alma. "My dearest sweetheart! Kiss me! Tell me once again that you love me, and with your strong arm around me I am content to die."

He kissed her passionately. "It is hard, my beautiful darling, to die when liberty is almost ours! But I see no hope. The boat is filled and must surely sink. If this be God's will, let us not cry out against it. Kiss me again. God grant that this may not be our last farewell!"

CHAPTER XIV.
THE LOVERS ARE SEPARATED.
 THE cessation of the storm found the old hayboat still afloat, but the two lovers on top of the hay were in a precarious condition. The wind and rain had chilled Alma, and she snuggled close to Harvey for warmth.

"My darling!" he said as he hugged her close. "This is indeed a terrible experience for you. Rather would I have remained in the prison at Tiflis than subject you to such peril."

"Dear one, they would have killed you, and that would have killed me. Is it not better for us to die together, if we must die?"

from each other enough to combine their dialects and produce a sufficiently intelligible language for intercourse, and as one recedes from the frontier the borrowed words from the other country are gradually lost until the tongue of the natives is in use. Thus Astrabad there are many caravans gathering, and I can sell my hay. The camels need it. To ascend the Volga to the big fair at Nijni Novgorod would take too long."

"Go on. There will be a fine mingling of races at Astrabad."

"No finer than at Tiflis," said Charka as the hayboat slowly drew away. "The scum of the earth and the cream were at Tiflis."

The launch turned back to the wharf where it had been lying. Charka felt that he was safe, and as there was a slight breeze he raised his sail. He had but one thing more to fear, he reasoned, and that was a Russian gunboat. Boatloads of hay were not infrequent on the Caspian, and he felt assured that it would not be difficult to hoodwink the captain of the gunboat.

Under sail the boat made better progress and was soon out on the Caspian, where in the inky darkness nothing could be seen. The slight wind that had promised so well soon died away, and the boat, now in deep water where the poles were useless, was almost helpless. Its big lateen sails flapped against the rude masts, and the men grumbled. This was not getting to Astrabad, and they had had enough of watching over the lives of a Muscovite woman and a man from what they considered another world. The boat got into a current that carried it out farther and farther, and Harvey, feeling secure in the darkness, called to Alma to come out from her hiding place. They sat together in the little deck-house waiting for the breeze that must surely come sooner or later.

"By this time they are well in pursuit," said Alma, with a shudder. "It is death to be taken now."

"It would have been death at any time, my darling. We must be cheerful. I wish we had a cayik instead of this old hayboat."

"The cayik is faster, dear M. Irons, but would it be as safe? I fear that a storm is coming. In that little boat I would be afraid."

"I'd take my chances in that as soon as in this old hulk, and there would be the additional advantage of getting somewhere before the storm came."

It is already left far behind."
 "Get out the boat, and I will go with you to rescue him."
 "No, not you! You are the one who brought this upon us. Many times have we sailed upon the Caspian, but never before did this thing happen to us. It serves us right for taking an unbeliever and a Muscovite woman on the boat. That was our curse."
 "Nonsense! Get out the boat."
 The two consulted a moment, speaking so low that Harvey could not hear.

"We will go to rescue Charka," said the one who had done the talking. "But you cannot go. You would bring us another curse."
 Harvey went into the cabin to get a lantern. With the aid of this he watched the two men get the small boat off.

"Look well for him. He was a good man," said Harvey.
 "He was," came the answer as the boat moved off. "We shall not return. We will not remain on a boat with a curse that, no matter with whom he came in contact, Irons could make him self understood."

"We will take you!" came the voice, and the hayboat was drawn close to the other. Powerful arms were out-reached to them, and Irons, stiff and sore from the experience of the night, gathered his strength to pass Alma over.

"A soldier of the hated czar!" yelled one on board, scanning the uniform of the inspector general of prisons, which Alma still wore. "One of our enemies!"

A sharp cry escaped Alma, and Harvey sang out:
 "Have a care how you use that woman! That is my wife! She wears that uniform only to escape!"
 As he spoke he tried to leap to the other vessel, but a long spear stopped him.

"Remain where you are till we understand this thing!" said one who seemed to be an officer. "If you attempt to come on this ship before you are wanted, you will be killed."

"What is it you wish to understand?" Another and another spear appeared

until a regular wall of lance points barred him from the vessel.
 "Remain where you are!"
 The terrified Alma was taken, with polite attentions, to a comfortable cabin, fitted up in oriental luxury. Here she saw, weeping upon a divan, the beautiful daughter of the murdered Biartelkis.

"Alma Jurnieff!" exclaimed Alma, throwing her arms around the girl. But Koura, thinking that she was being embraced by a man, repulsed Alma.
 "Koura, do you not know me? I am Alma Jurnieff!"
 "Alma Jurnieff! Am I, then, rescued again by Russians?"
 "No, my poor girl; I am as unlucky as you. My American sweetheart, who was accused of abducting you the first time and was thrown into prison at Tiflis to be sent to Siberia or killed, escaped with my assistance. I wore the uniform of the inspector general of prisons, and by acting a part I succeeded in getting him out. We escaped from Tiflis while the alarm guns were being fired. The soldiers even came upon the boat where we were hiding under the hay. A storm overtook us. The captain of the boat was swept overboard, and the other men deserted in a small boat, thinking the American was the cause of the storm. M. Irons and I, left alone, have just been rescued by the men on this boat. At least, I am here, but M. Irons is held on the hayboat. They thought, as you did, that I was a Russian officer."

"I know you are not now," said Koura, putting her arm around Alma. "I recognize your voice and face. Let them know that M. Irons is a friend."

"How shall I address them? Do you know them well? When did you come?"
 "But a short time ago. I know now that the American had nothing to do with my abduction. Of course you know that my father has not been found, and I had no home. I was lodging with my uncle, Dimitri Biartelkis, and one night as I was closing his house I was seized, hurried into a drosky and taken to the river, where I was put into a Turkish cayik."

"You passed us," cried Alma, "but we did not suspect that you were there."
 "You could not. Even the soldiers that came—I thought they were looking for me, but they must have been looking for you—were deceived. I was thrust into a sack and placed under several other sacks of meal and grain, and they did not find me. Oh, this is terrible! But M. Irons will protect and defend us."

"Will he?" demanded a short, swarthy officer of the ameer's boat as he turned Alma rudely around. "Let me look at you. You have cut your hair if you are a woman. But you must be a woman, you are so beautiful. Since we have had so much trouble with your accused Muscovite officers, and have had to take the bride of our noble prince twice, we will recompense ourselves by taking you also. Keep each other in good cheer, for in a short time the officers of our glorious ameer will dance at the wedding of his son, the prince. I will have the American, as you call him, thrust aside."

Reaching the deck, he gave commands to raise the anchor and set sail. "We have accomplished that for which we came and more," he said. "The supposed officer is, as that fellow said, a woman and a beautiful one."

"What is that?" asked the heavy voice of an officer who seemed half drunk as he came up to where the group stood with their spears leveled at Harvey's breast.
 "I report, Karakai, that we have accomplished more than our mission. We received from Hafiz Effendi and Mizik the beautiful daughter of the merchant Biartelkis, whom they assure us is the loveliest young woman in the world and a fitting bride for our noble prince. Now comes this load of hay on which two cried for rescue. One is this man you see, of a race called Americans. The other is clad in a Russian uniform, but proves to be a lovely young woman, as lovely as the other. She is on board. I have ordered the ship to sail. Have I done right?"

"Yes. But let me see th! last one." He went to the cabin and gazed with delight upon the white and agitated face of Alma.
 "You are a prize indeed," he said. "We will keep you. In obeying the orders of the ameer and taking to Bokhara a bride for the prince we receive nothing but good words for duty done, while Hafiz Effendi gets the money. But with you we can do as we please. You are lovely enough to sell to a prince and line our purses with gold."

"Have mercy! Have mercy!" cried Alma, falling on her knees and holding up her clasped hands in supplication. "Have mercy on my friend who is still on the hay! Save his life, set him free and do with me what you will!"
 Karakai looked a moment into her upturned, tearful face. Then, with a grin, he went on deck.
 "Push that hayboat off!" he shouted. "Let the infidel die or escape as he may. Push him off!"

"In God's name do not separate me from my wife!" shouted Harvey desperately.
 "Your wife!" repeated Karakai, with a laugh. "She does not say so. She says you are but a friend. She has found another friend on the ship, one who is as beautiful as herself, the daughter of Biartelkis, the merchant of Tiflis. They will get along together, and at Bokhara they will become the brides of princes. But you! We cannot make money by taking you, and you might prove troublesome. The storm is past. You have plenty of fodder and will not starve. Hay is good. All beasts eat hay."

With a shout of laughter the men shoved away with their spears, and as the wind filled the sails of the long black slop Harvey, enraged and filled with alarm for Alma, was floating

alone on the Caspian on a boat filled with water, the load of hay settling deeper and deeper in the sea.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CULINARY CONCEITS.

Tough meat may be made tender by sprinkling with vinegar.
 If hard boiled eggs are placed in cold water before peeling, the shells will not adhere to the eggs.
 When making mayonnaise sauce select a very cool place for the purpose. If made in a hot kitchen it is apt to separate in the process.
 Cut stale bread into very thin slices, place on a tin and dry in the oven till crisp. Store these wafers in a tin and eat with cheese or buttered for tea.
 Remember not to add butter or oil when browning salted almonds. They will retain enough of the salt without. Besides, the butter makes them indigestible.
 Muffins and gems made without eggs, but with more milk and butter, the batter beaten with a wooden spoon till it is very light, are said to be indistinguishable from those made with eggs.

Her Blessed Power.

Alluding to the good influence exerted by a kind hearted woman of humble life and retiring disposition a great writer on moral and religious subjects says: "What was the secret of her power? What had she done? Absolutely nothing, but radiant smiles, beaming good humor, the tact of divining what every one wanted, told that she had got out of self and learned to think of others, so that at one time it showed itself by sweet words, at another by soothing a sobbing child. None but a loving heart could see them. That was the secret of her blessed power. The woman who, whatever her station in life may be, will be found in trial capable of great acts of love is ever the one who is always doing small ones."

Be Agreeable.

A woman in company to make herself agreeable must always seem pleased and contented. She must give the impression that she is really enjoying herself, whether that be the case or not.
 The woman who wants to make herself liked by being agreeable must have one style for all. There must be no consideration of position of parties in this respect. The rule should be one style for rich and poor, no fawning on the one or haughtiness for the other. The woman who adopts this latter line of behavior ends by being disliked all round.

Drank Themselves to Death.

Three men in France competed to see who could drink the most water. One swallowed twelve quarts, the second nine and the third seven. All three died from the effects.

Apple Tea.

To assuage thirst and cure feverishness apple tea is a capital drink for sick people. It is made by slicing up raw apples into a jug, filling up the jug with boiling water, as in tea making, then sweetening to taste. When cold, this apple tea will be found pleasingly tart and refreshing.

Spectacles.

There has been considerable discussion as to who invented spectacles and who had the pleasure of wearing the first pair. The honor is generally awarded to an Italian named Salvino Armati, who died in 1317.

Breadfruit.

The breadfruit of Otaheite is the most valuable of this species. Its fruit ripens during eight months of the year, and the prepared fruit, slightly dried, supports the natives during the remainder. The fruit is baked entire in hot embers, and the inside is scooped out with a spoon. It tastes much like mashed potatoes and sweet milk.

Deep Water.

The water at the bottom of the ocean is much colder than at the surface. At the depth of 3,500 feet waves are not felt. The temperature is the same, varying very little from the poles to the equator.

Hayon Horoo.

There is a large promontory in the Egean sea known as Hayon Horoo, which extends 3,000 feet above the level of the water. As the sun swings around the shadow of this mountain touches one by one a circle of islands separated by regular intervals, which act as hour marks. It is the largest sundial in the world.

A Juggler's Feat.

For a wager Koyoshi Zavetto, a juggler, caught on a fork held between his teeth a turnip thrown from the top of a tower in England, a distance of about a hundred feet.

Cure For Extravagance.

August Kund has been arrested at Budapest for keeping his wife locked up for three months. Kund said he loved his wife, but that if she were allowed out she would spend all his money on hats and clothes. When locked in the kitchen she was quite happy doing the cooking.

Linen and Blankets.

Linen was first made in London as an industry in 1253, and blankets followed in 1340 and came into general use at once.

Earrings of Romans.

Both men and women wore earrings in ancient Rome. The latter were especially extravagant. Seneca wrote that some earrings worn by women were so costly that a single pair was worth the revenue of a large estate.



"Remain where you are!"

seemed to be an officer. "If you attempt to come on this ship before you are wanted, you will be killed."

"What is it you wish to understand?" Another and another spear appeared

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The experienced farmer has learned that some grains require far different soil than others; some crops need different handling than others. He knows that a great deal depends upon right planting at the right time, and that the soil must be kept enriched. No use of complaining in summer about a mistake made in the spring. Decide before the seed is planted.

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