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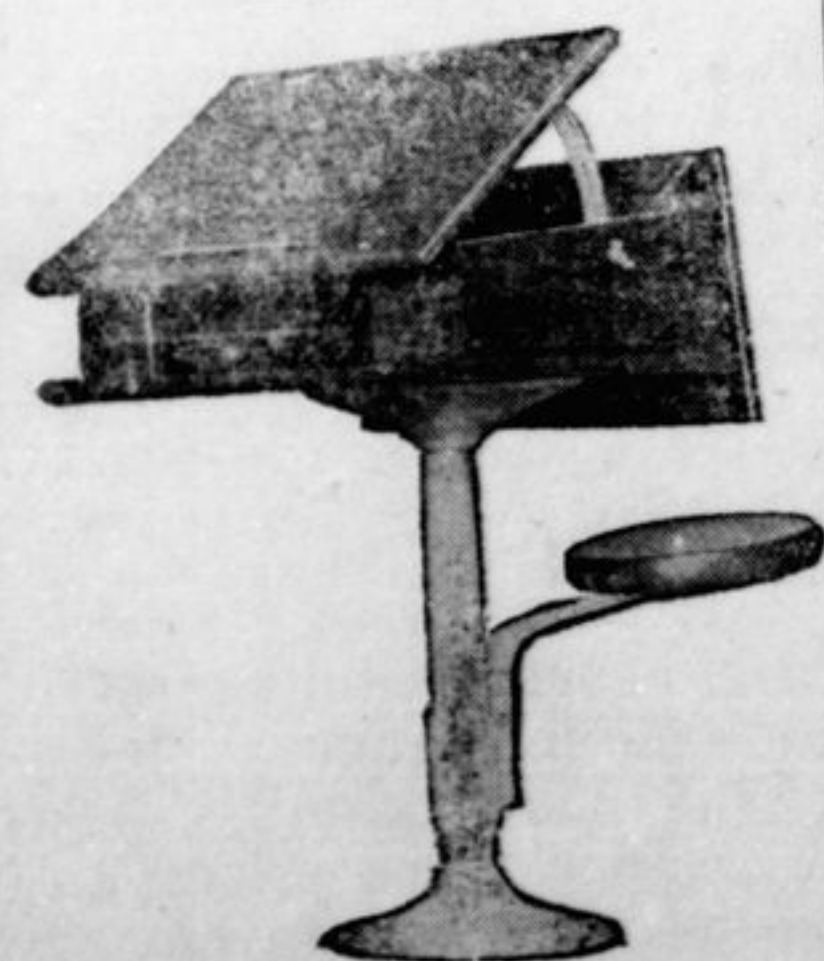
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A SOLDIER OF COMMERCE

By JOHN ROE GORDON

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wind toward Slioon, with Koura's camel in hot pursuit.

Cries of rage and consternation rose from the soldiers. A few shots were fired, but no bullet touched them. On, they went. Nothing stayed the march. The howdahs rocked and swung and the rifle beams swung. Harvey guided his camel to the utmost. He could picture to himself a soldier on the best horse sent to inform Domitan; the chief's wild ride back in pursuit; his awful rage when he knew he had been duped; his murderous desire for revenge. Harvey gritted his teeth and sped the camel on. Many a long journey had he taken on the beasts and knew well the handling of them.

Thus they raced on the fleetest camels in all Bokhara. For ten hours they kept up the pace. Then he knew it would be safe to rest, for the best horse Domitan possessed could not overtake them.

Then on again for hours they sped along the pass; then another stop for water and fruit. They passed a shepherd's cottage, and he gave them a good meal.

"That's enough," said Harvey. "That will do till we reach Slioon. There's plenty on the gunboat."

On again they went, slacking the pace but little. They reached Slioon in two days. The caravan was four days in making the distance.

Slioon was agape with astonishment when it saw the camels of the amer racing into the place. With the two pretty women and two monks. It was eager to know the particulars.

The streets were filled with Russian sailors, and Russian guns frowned from a gunboat in the harbor.

Harvey and Orskoff alighted, while the Russians and people of Slioon gathered round.

"Where is Lieutenant Nevsky?" asked Orskoff, removing his red hat and robe and showing himself in his regular uniform.

"Lieutenant Nevsky has been sent back to Salain," was the reply of a sailor. "Admiral Platoff is here with the gunboat, yonder, waiting for you."

"Does he understand?"

"I suppose so. We knew you were coming here."

"Signal the gunboat."

While the boat was coming Harvey arranged with a bazaar merchant to have the camels returned to the amer, who, he said, would give a reward for their recovery.

The gunboat showed signs of activity, and the small boat soon took them to it. On the deck stood a grizzled old officer wearing the uniform of an admiral. He did not greet them, but looked with some curiosity at a girl in the uniform of the inspector of pris-



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ons, a grimy American clad as a lama, a naval officer with a monk's hood in his hand and Koura, the girl who had twice been stolen from Tiflis.

"I inform you that you are my prisoners," he said curtly.

"You place us under arrest!" exclaimed Orskoff.

"I do. You for deserting your gunboat and entering forbidden territory and releasing captured robbers, the American as being an escaped prisoner."



"How many of the Amer's soldiers dost thou see, holy one?"

er, Alma Jurnieff for releasing said prisoner. Koura Biartelkis is not under arrest. You shall go at once to Tiflis for trial."

In the office of the governor's palace at Tiflis sat a man of powerful build wearing a uniform that betokened exalted rank. He was General Urloff, governor general of the province, a man of blood and iron and one in whom the czar placed so much confidence that it was said that a command from Urloff was a command from the czar himself.

Before him stood three prisoners. He listened attentively while they told the story of their adventures. It is not necessary to repeat the testimony that was given before the governor general.

In the main it was Harvey Irons' cool voice that rehearsed the adventures that culminated in the arrests by Admiral Platoff.

When the story was ended, General Urloff said:

"With his knowledge of the matter, having been told by Lieutenant Nevsky what he knew, Admiral Platoff was justified in making the arrests and bringing the prisoners here. As a matter of fact, it was fortunate for you that he did so. Conditions have changed in Tiflis. I came from Stavropol solely to investigate the fact that an American, of whom I had never heard, was in a Russian prison. I supposed it was one of those blatant nihilists who claim American citizenship, but after a thorough investigation I learned that the man's only crime was loving a Russian beauty. I heard all about the Biartelkis case and had my own officers investigate it, with the result that Hafiz Effendi and a Bokharan named Mizik are now in the prison from which the American escaped. There is no charge against the American."

"This brings us to the case of Alma Jurnieff, who really did commit a serious offense in the eyes of Russian law. But I have weighed this matter well. I have taken into consideration her youth and the fact that the man she released was guilty of no crime, but was imprisoned by intrigue and false swearing. Therefore I have decided that there is no charge against Alma Jurnieff."

"As to Captain Orskoff, it appears from the testimony of Lieutenant Nevsky that he had arrested the American and four robbers, whom he should have brought at once to Tiflis, instead of which he gave them their liberty and went upon Bokharan territory, which is forbidden. This, too, I have studied well. My decision is that Captain Orskoff performed his duties. He is here to see that the law against selling women is not disregarded. It is his duty to follow and rescue any taken away. He has done this in the case of Koura Biartelkis."

"I am glad that the news of the escape came to me, for justice would not have been done had the affair been left in the hands of local officials. I brought charges of conspiracy against Colonel Jurnieff and threatened him and his brother, the general, with Siberia. He became enraged and died of apoplexy. Prince Delnikoff has been disgraced and removed from the army for permitting a woman to wear his uniform and impersonate him."

"I sincerely thank you for your just decisions," said Harvey. "Somewhere on the Volga I have some valuable weapons, and I shall be glad to take them to the fair at Nijni Novgorod."

"I shall be glad to see you."

as soon as we can find some one to perform the ceremony, and I shall take her with me."

"Koura and I shall be married at the same time you are," said Captain Orskoff to Harvey.

Harvey's Novgorod trip was a grand success.

THE END.

Extending the Analogy.

"I tell you," contended the boarder with the bristling hair, "the man who says we ought to live to be a hundred years old is right. Look at the horse. It takes a horse four years to get its growth, and it lives to be twenty. It takes a man twenty years to get his growth, and by the same ratio he ought to live to be a hundred. There are lots of things we can learn from analogy."

"I don't know but you are right," responded the unemotional boarder. "For instance, there is the flea. It jumps thirteen hundred times its own length. There is no reason, therefore, why a man six feet high should not be able to jump—let us see—7,800 feet, or a mile and a half, at one leap. Yes; we can learn a great many curious things from analogy."

But here the conversation drifted to other topics.—Youth's Companion.

An Indignant Scotchman.

A sheep farmer in the Cheviot hills of Scotland had been told that it was useful to have a barometer in the house, for it would let him know when the weather would be good or bad. He was accordingly persuaded to procure a mercurial instrument with a large round dial, which he hung up in his lobby and duly consulted every day without much edification. At last there came a spell of rainy weather, while the barometer marked "set fair." The rain continued to fall heavily and still the hand on the dial made no sign of truth. At last he took the instrument from its nail and marched with it to the bottom of the garden, where a burn, swollen with the drainage of the higher slopes, was rushing along, brown and muddy. He then thrust the glass into the water, exclaiming, "Will you believe your ain een noo, then?"

The Sovereign Was Safe.

A carpenter in a Scotch village, to oblige the local undertaker, who was ill, went to screw down a coffin lid. The dead man's wife gave him full and particular instructions respecting the task. "Weel," she asked when he returned, "how did ye get on?"

"Fine," was the reply. "But there was hauf a sovereign in the corp's hand. What was that for?"

"Oh," said the lady, "that's a custom some folks hae. He's supposed to gie that the ferryman who rows him o'er the river o' death."

"Do ye tell me that? It's a queer world. But I'm sayin', missis!"

"Yes?"

"I'm feared you chap will hae to swim."

The Katydid's Song.

Everybody is familiar with the music of the katydid. It is the male that has the voice. At the base of each wing cover is a thin membranous plate. He elevates the wing covers and rubs two plates together. If you could rub your shoulder blades together you could imitate the operation very nicely.

An Old Windmill.

At Etchingham, Sussex, England, there is a windmill which was built in 1492.

The Dead Sea.

One of the hottest regions of the earth's surface is in the immediate vicinity of the Dead Sea. Experts in the science of hydrography declare that the sea loses not less than a million tons of water a day through evaporation.

The Diamond.

The diamond is not among the earliest gems known to man. It has not been found in the ruins of Nineveh, in the Etruscan sepulchres nor in the tombs of the Phoenicians.

Buying Titles.

In Portugal, where all hereditary titles have been abolished and where they are held only for life, it is possible to become duke, marquis, count or baron by the payment of a relatively small sum of money into the national treasury.

The Infusoria.

The infusoria are minute animalcules, usually microscopic, but sometimes large enough to be seen by the naked eye, or, say, one one-hundredth of an inch in length. They flourish and multiply most rapidly in putrid water, a pint of that liquid often containing a colony of infusoria exceeding in number the entire human population of the globe.

Her Hand.

"Sir," began the timid youth as he entered the office, "I am in search—er—that is, I came to seek your daughter's hand."

"Well, it isn't anywhere in this vicinity," interrupted the stern parent. "She's probably using it as a piano thumper about this time of day."

Boston Wires Resent It.

Angry Patron—Hello, central! What did you cut me off for? Boston Telephone Girl—Because you used a plural noun as the subject of a singular verb. You are not allowed to do that on this line, sir.

Tired.

"Your account has been standing a long time, Mr. Dukey."

"Then give it a cent, my dear Shears."

"Very glad to, sir. Shall we make it a receipt?"

PEERS AS MAYORS.

Generous in Office, But Bad for Others to Follow.

The Earl of Londesborough has declined the honor of acting as Mayor of Scarborough in the ensuing year. The present Mayor, Mr. Morgan, and other members of the Town Council, visited the Earl and explained that it was the unanimous wish of the Town Council that he should accept the office.

For private reasons, Lord Londesborough said it was impossible for him to undertake the duties; but he promised to do his best to help the Council in the event of a royal visit to the town next year, when it is hoped the Prince of Wales will open the new marine drive around the foot of the Castle Hill.

Lord Londesborough's decision will cause much disappointment to the townspeople.

The appeal to Lord Londesborough has caused the question to be asked whether peers make ornamental or useful mayors. Opinions differ on this point, but so far the peers who have been mayors have always made themselves popular, and, above all, have spent plenty of money during their year of office.

Among peers who have been mayors are the following: The Duke of Devonshire, Eastbourne.

The Duke of Bedford, Holborn. The Marquis of Bute, Cardiff. The Earl of Warwick, Warwick. The Earl of Derby, Liverpool. Earl de La Warr, Bexhill. Lord Windsor, Cardiff. Lord St. Levan, Devonport.

A civic authority discussed the question of peers as mayors, and seemed inclined to think that, on the whole, peers make useful mayors.

"As you will notice, all the peer-mayors have held office in towns in which they had great interests. Take the Duke of Devonshire, for instance, Eastbourne, of which he was mayor, is practically owned by him, and the same remark applies to the late Marquis of Bute, whose interests in Cardiff were enormous."

"Then, again, we have Lord de La Warr, at Bexhill, who owns half the town, and in the case of the Duke of Bedford, his vast property in Holborn, of which he was mayor, speaks for itself."

"The chief reason why boroughs like a peer for their mayor is that he will spend plenty of money and on official occasions adds a special distinction to his office."

"From a business standpoint, too, a peer-mayor is a decided acquisition to the town, as should royalty or any other very distinguished person visit it he often pays all the expenses of the visit, and so relieves the townspeople of a heavy addition to their rates."

"On the other hand, a peer-mayor is bad so far as his successors are concerned, as they cannot hope to entertain like he did, and in consequence it is always hard to find a man willing to take office immediately after the term of a peer's mayorality has finished."

Like Charles II.'s Fish Story.

A correspondent of Nature asks for evidence, if there is any, in support of the almost universal belief among drivers, owners and builders of carriages that if the distance of vehicles the force and hind wheels will become heavier. No reason is given for it is belief, and no explanation of it is offered, but a carriage builder in question whom the correspondent in which two submitted a test case in which two carriages were of exactly the same height, but with that of the other, much longer than the former would be sure that the heavier to move. It seems to us that this is a matter in which the facts should be settled by experiments before the theory is investigated. Every one remembers how Charles II. asked the Royal Society why if a fish were put into a full bucket of water the water did not overflow and when they had exhausted themselves in learned explanations suggested that they should get a fish and a bucket and see what happened. There ought to be no difficulty in testing how much power the long and the short carriage respectively require, and if it proves to be the same the question is answered without more ado.—London Globe.

The Iron Duke and His Handwriting.

"As even a trifling detail connected with the Duke of Wellington cannot fail to be interesting, I will here mention," says Lady Bloomfield in a mention, "all of interesting reminiscences which appears in The Pall Mall Magazine, 'a circumstance related to me by Lord Charles Wellesley. At the time my brother-in-law, Charles, the fourth Earl of Hardwicke, was in office in Lord Derby's Government, he had occasion to write on business to the Duke of Wellington; but his writing was so illegible the duke could not read it, so he wrote to Lord Hardwicke to tell him so, giving his letter, as was his custom, to Mr. Arbuthnot, his secretary. Mr. Arbuthnot was copying the duke's writing, and in despair took it to Lord Charles Wellesley, who in turn could not read it; so there was nothing to be done but to take the said letter back to the duke, who took it with considerable signs of impatience, looked at it and then, throwing it into the fire, exclaimed, 'Pon my soul, I cannot read it myself!'"

Will Adorn the Chair.

Alderman John Pound, the Lord Mayor-elect of London, says The Star, is a packing-case maker in a large way of business in Leadenhall street, but he is better known as the Chairman for many years of the London General Omnibus Company, whose vehicles should loom large in the procession of November 9. The worthy Alderman has been a member of the Corporation for more than 20 years, and for the most part a silent one. His white beard and his penchant for wearing frilled shirts with morning dress make him a picturesque figure, however, and he will adorn the chair.

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Chain Lost.

A good silver watch chain, old style of many years ago, stolen by Mortley McIntyre and said by him to have been lost between K. Bank's gate and Edge Hill. Chain belonged to grandfather and father of present owner, and is prized because of its age, etc. The finder will be rewarded on returning same to GEO. STAPLES.

He Lost His Dignity.

A pompous individual from the east, says a Texas newspaper, happened to be traveling in western Texas and stopping at a hotel, when trouble started among some cowboys, who prepared to conduct the argument with revolvers.

"Stranger," said a Texan to the pompous man, "it would be a good idea for you to lay down on the floor till this dispute is settled."

"It does not comport with the dignity of a Boston gentleman of my professions," said the pompous gentleman, "to wallow in the dirt on the floor."

"You may be right, stranger," answered the Texan as he prepared to recline, "but my opinion is that you had better lose yer dignity for the time being than to have the daylight let into your system by a 44." He lost his dignity.

A Curious Legend.

Easby abbey, the ruins of which lie close to the river Swale, a short distance from Richmond, in Yorkshire, England, is the home of a curious legend, says Photography. One of the main walls of the building is cracked and toppling, but has not yet fallen to the ground. Nor do the natives expect it to do so, at least not until it receives the impulse which it is said to await.

For a tradition relates that the wall, when it does fall, will bury in its ruins a newly married couple, and as the tale is well known the chance of a honeymoon pair resting beneath its shade is remote.

She Ghosted.

A Fort Fairfield (Me.) woman was awakened at 3 one morning by a furious ring of the telephone in her house. Feeling from the witness of the ring that somebody's house must be on fire or that somebody was bleeding to death, she scampered downstairs and nervously seized the receiver, only to hear a shrill soprano voice shriek: "Get your washin' done yet? Had mine out half an hour ago."

Quite the Contrary.

Woman of the House—You're not one of these labor agitators, are you? Goodman Gronoz (with his mouth full of pie)—No, ma'am. I'm a rest agitator.—Exchange.

Some one asks whether success is most due to luck, pluck or brains. The answer is easy—all three.

Men and Clocks.

She—A clock is different from a man. He—In what respect? She—When it strikes it keeps on working.

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