BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN,

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CHAPTER L

Seimke, the old grandmother, wrinkled and smoky brown, was sitting cross legged in a corner of the tent telling stories about Stallo, the terrible steel clad man, the anclent enemy of the Lappe. Four children were lying or squatting on the reindeer skin about her, listening with delicious shudders. The old woman's voice was deep and harsh, except when at a particularly exciting passage it broke into falsetto. Elis, her son, and Zilla, her oldest granddaughter, were scated closes to the fire, bending over their handlwork. He was whittling a spoon out of a reindeer horn; she was stitching a kind of moccasins called Komages. Every now and then she silently passed the moocasin to her father, who looked at it critically and made some brief observation.

"Cut the leather a little narrower still,"

and take his place boldly among the best. father out into the storm. He had loved a girl among the blond people ed to speak to her.

Ragnhild straying in the white wilderness night. and he took her to his tent and made her his Elie, until the cattle began to die upon their | for the herd, but in a directly opposite di-This they ascribed to the witchcraft of the | in time and were trying to head him off. Lapp, and out of fear forsook their venge-

But in giving birth to Zilla the blonde | night with Peter and Abram."

Elis married a woman of his own tribe and | near. rose to be a great man among his people. It was his wealth and his cunning which of the oppressors. His mother's repute for | the dogs. The thought flashed through her perstitious people and find evidence of witch- . There was something earthly and reassuring craft in all unismiliar occurrences.

As father and daughter were seated before and appealed to her instinct of mercy. the fire, which chased a flickering glow "Here, Muste; shame on you," she callto more than hint at the above history. stop your yelping." Zilla had no suspicion that the blood of the hated conquerors ran in her veins. She had never reflected upon the fact that her high bridged nose and her pretty mouth and | By the sound of their voices she groped Mat noses, the broad, thin lipped mouths and dragging her skees after her. the compressed chins of the rest of the fam-Only her dark, deep set eyes were an unquestioned heritage from the race in which the wild repressed passions slumber like | bled over something outstretched in the

pored over the stitches was merely one of preoccupation, but hinted yet at an intensity of nature which, whether it broke forth in hate or love; would burn flercely. But hear !" she commanded impatiently; then pretty she was, in spite of all sinister hints; nay, in spite of the skin trousers which said, "If you will rise up I will lead you covered her shapely limbs, but half concealed by a short wadmal skirt, and the grotesquely pointed, forward bending hood which | replied the man in a broken, shivering voice, disguised the outline of her dainty head. Around her neck she wore a chain of silver coins and an embroidered belt confined her skin jacket about her waist. Her moccasins showed some rude attempts at decoration.

(MILLANCE LEVEL) CHAPTER II.

more exciting as it progressed, and her pipe dim waving light appeared at some distance went out every five minutes. Every now | bafore her and she knew that her father was and then she crawled forward, and stretch- coming. She sank down again in the snow. ing out a long mummy arm seized a glow- and struggled to make her voice heard above Mr. Neverskip?" ing coal with her fingers and /dropped it the wind. into the bowl of her pipe. The pungent oder | "Evil spirits have possessed thee, Zilla," of plug tobacco prevaded the tenc, while she cried Elis sternly, as he lifted his flaring sucked away audibly and sent glowering pitch torch over her head, showing her face glances toward the unconscious Zula, who in swift illumination, but as the same rays was patiently stitching.

against Zilla from the moment she was born ; his features. and it was nothing but the fear of her son which made her refrain from doing her harm. Zills was, in her estimation, an interloper; she had pale blood in her, veins; she was not a right Lapp. The fact, too, that she was her father's favorite and the it was hard to hear what he replied, but apple of his eye did not tend to abate these were the words that seemed to reach Seimke's ill will. Thus in the tent of this | Zilla's ears: - "The redder my hands | are roying nomad, which was pitched here to with such blood the whiter shall they be in day, and to morrow twenty miles away, all sight of the spirit." the complex domestic relations of civilization | His voice, whirled through space, had

had found a dwelling place. Nor were the rivalries of society unknown | emotion. It was as if the air had spoken or in the eternal desert among the clouds and the storm. or work of the storm. glaciers. Zilla's wealth and beauty, were . He seized Zilla roughly by the arm and pect that the poor man really did love me, an earthquake, lasso an avalanche, fix a ... Where?" ... famed over all the wide mountain plains, tried to drag/her away, but she struggled hand there was scarcely a flat noted youth in desperately with him, and the dogsmingling all Lapmark who has not exhibited his skill in the fray, barked and whined and leaped in shooting and skee running in the hope of in the air, thrusting their cold noses into winning her heart. Elis, however, was ap ber face. The sparks from the torch which perently not anxious to part, with her, for he held in his hand flew about their heads.

ly prohibitory. The Lapp, as is well known is not civilized enough to expect to be paid for the privilege of marrying a lovely girl. On the contrary, he expects to pay for it, and the more desirable the girl is the more he ex-

pects to pay. Among Zilla's suitors there was one, however, who would in time be rich enough to win her-viz . Rasmus, the son of Mathis, who camped about the great lake Gjendin, in the heart of the highlands. Zilla had half agreed to marry Rasmus when her father should say the word. She was in no wise anxious about it, but was willing to acquiesce in the authority of her father and the custom of her people.

CHAPTER III.

The spirits of the storm were abroad. They were blowing with sad and terrible he would say, "and make cross stitches, or | voices down the smokehole and sending the the Komag will not bend upward at the ashes whirling through the tent. In the intervals of stillness the snow-flakes came Elis Garmo was the richest Lapp in all the slowly descending, melted and fell with a mountains. He had a herd of two thousand little hiss among the hot cinders. Suddenly heads and silver and provisions enough to a wail was heard-a cry of wild despairfeed his whole people in times of famine. Like which was not the storm's. The dogs who all well to do Lappa he hated the Norwegians; had been dozing about the fire started up, and not only as a race collectively, but every growling and with bristling necks. One individual Nomeman who came in his way. broke into a howl and instantly the whole There was a time, however, when Elis had pack rushed toward the door. Elis darted cherished different feelings toward the blond | into the corner, where his rifle stood, and haired race. It had been his ambition to Zilla tore open the flaps of the tent and rerise out of the bondage of contempt which leased the barking and whining dogs. Then on her in the intervals of consciousness

"Gumpe lo botsuin !" (" the wolf is and been loved by her. But her brothers in the herd") croaked the grandsaid that he had gained her affection by mother, and stopped her story, while sorcery and swore to shoot him if he ventur- the children tumbled helter-skelter toward the door. There they stood, pu-h-Then Elis stopped speaking to her. But, ing and punching each other and staring one night in theearly autumn, while the snow | over the ridge of snow, which nearly cut off was fresh upon the mountains, he found their view, into the black and stormy

Elis, with his finger on the trigger, stood wife. She had fled from home to find him; peering through the dark; Zilla, a few steps the sorcery had drawn her toward him. in advance of him, was listening intently. Twice her brothers had attempted to kill The dogs, to her surprise, had not started farms and manifold disaster overtook them. rection. Perhaps they had scented the wolf

"We must double the watch at the herd, father," she shouted; "I'll watch half the

wife died and was buried according to Lap- In the same instant a gust of wind came pish rite upon the mountains. Elis grieved | and swept her, on her light skees, several bitterly at her death in which he recognized | hundred feet away over the surface of the vaguely the vengeance of the brothers and of snow. A shot rang out-and a second. It their God, whose help they had invoked. | was her father who was trying to frighten From that time forth he hated the white the wolves. He must have hit! But hark! people with a still bitter hatred and held no | That was not the voice of a wolf. It was Intercourse with them, except once a year | more like a human cry for help, a piteous when he' went to the coast for a change of | pleading for mercy. Her blood ran cold. pastures. If, as often happened, he saw | She knew the legends of guileful mountain his chance to cheat or outwit them, he re- sprites who allure young maidens to destrucjoiced. "Stronger than the strong man's tion. She stepped off her skees for fear of strength is the weak man's cunning," said being blown into the very jaws of death; the grandmother when he told her of his and sinking down in the snow to her waist, successful cheating; "when the great Lapp | began to call with all the might of her lungs King returns our people shall conquer its to her father. Then, again, through the wild uproar of the sky she heard the same Some years after his blonde wife's death | piteous groan, and it sounded this time quite

"Who is there?" she cried tremblingly. "Help me, I am shot," answered a voice commanded respect, and above all his hatred in the dark through the furious barking of knowledge of occult arts also tended to in- | head that one of her father's random shots crease bis authority. The Lapps are a su- must have hit some harmless traveller. in the voice which put her fears to flight

across their countenances, the mark of race; ed to her dogs. "Tschalmo, you fool, be in the features of both were strong enough still. Ranne, and Girjes, come here and

CHAPTER IV.

chin seemed an implied criticism upon the her way through the densely falling snow,

"Zilla, where art thou?" came a shout lly. If her hair had been yellow she might | faintly from the direction of the tents, but perhaps have suspected some mystery, but | with a great, angry swoop the wind whirled happily it had chosen a non-committal tint. It skyward, and it seemed as if it had never which made no ethnological revelations. | been. .. Father," she called back, - " come and help me !" She had scarcely spoken when she stum-

taged beasts of prey. Show as she show, and felt, in her end eaver to rise, the little frown upon her brow as she touch of human hands and limbs. The dogs were all the while waltzing about her, barking at the tops of their voices. Hush ye sillibubs ; hush, or I cannot

stooping down to the wounded man, she to the tent."

"I cannot rise-I am bleeding to death, and he sank into a swoon, from which she could not rouse him.

She sat for a moment peering through the dark, in order to determine, from what direction she had come. But as the wind had swept her thither it was plain that she must return against the wind. She rose and resolutely, put her hands under the The grandmother's story grew more and man's arms, trying to lift him. Just then a

fell upon the head of the prostrate man in For the grandmother had had a grudge her lap, he started back with a wild fear in

> "What hast thou done," he gasped. "What hast thou done?" "Thou didat it, not I, father," she answer-

ed. "His blood is on thy hands." The storm tossed his voice about so that

neither wrath nor fear it it nor any human

he put a price upon her which was practical- and the flame, fluttering its red tongue James.

against the dark, flapped about and threatened to fly away from the wood at every fresh gush of wind. Suddenly, as his blood was beginning to boil, the thought flashed through Elis' soul that an evil spirit was taking possession of him. He violently collected himself, released his daughter's arm, and, trembling from head to foot, tottered away in

the direction of the tents. No sooner was he gone, than Zilla half lifted the wounded man by the shoulders and began to drag him through the snow When she reached the door of the tent she was ready to drop from exhaustion. Bu she yet managed to undo the flaps and pull her burden inside. But as the light of the fire fell upon the white man's face there came a hoarse, angry croak from the grand mother's corner; the old woman rose with difficulty and hobbled forward, uttering threats and maledictions. But Elis stepped forward, pale and tremulous, took her by the arm and led her back to her corner.

CHAPTER 1.

Keeping watch over something, shielding it from threatening harm, implies that it must be precious. The stranger, while hovered between life and death, raised a barrier between Zilla and her father. dared scarcely sleep for tear that she might wake up and find him dead. The blood of the half savage race did not run in her veins unmingled. The instinct of compassion was stronger in her than resentment of national wrongs. How could this youth, with the smile lurking about his mild blue eyes and the frank and genial face and the beautiful yellow hair help that his fathers had wronged her fathers? He would himself have wronged no one; that she could read in the gentle, grateful glance that rested upoppressed his tribe; to hold his head high she seized her skees and followed her between his fits of delirium. It was her father who had brought this calamity upon him, and it seemed but right that she should

> Even while he lay there weak and dependent upon her she could not help thinking how miserable this smoky, fire lighted tent of akin must appear to him, and how rude and wretched her way of living. He did not roam like a wild beast over the moun tain wildernesses, but lived in a large and sunny house, whence the smoke rose through a tall masoned chimney. She had never in her life been inside of such a house, and it seemed a wild dream to think that she ever should. All the torments which Elis had suffered in the days when he had been ashamed of his race his daughter suffered now at the bedside of the wounded Norseman. All her pride of race was changed into humility and self-contempt, and shy hopes began to be enkindled and to dance fantastically like will o' the wisps in her mind, rousing by their flickering light a world of slumbering tancies.

A week passed before the fever left him, and then he was so weak that he could hardly speak above a whisper. In his delirium he had spoken a language which Zilla did not understand. Now he surprised her by addressing her in her own language.

"I thought I was dead," were the first intelligible words he uttered. "and I could not tell from the looks of this place where I had gone to."

He smiled faintly and fell into a long sat and wept. An anxious feeling had tak. ity of the interior Indians have been reducen possession of her-a forboding of calamity. When he awoke again she gave him some reindeer milk to drink, and he declared that he felt stronger, and grew talkative. He told her how the snow storm had surprised him while he was hunting; how he lost his way, and would have lost his life, too, if she had not saved him after her father's bullet had laid him low. His name was Ivar Evenson and he was the son of a peasant down in the vailey. He had seen had some friends among them.

his estrangement from his daughter, Elia was ill at ease and complained of pains in his head and back. One day, about a month after Ivar Evenson's arrival, he took to his bed, with the conviction that he was never again to leave it. The white man-the Stallo-had stolen his strength, he said, as his ancestors had done to the Lapps' ancestors in ancient times. Just in the same degree as the Stallo gained health he lost; and or the day when the guest was able to sit u the host had to take to his bed ... His ol mother sat cross legged at his side and stared at him day, by day, and sang, magic songs which, as it seemed to Ivar, would have made him ill even if he had been ever so robust. They were a mere rhythmic wail with sudden crescendoes and long crooning plaints which made the world seem doubly sorrowful.

(TO BE CONTINUED.) Information Verified.

Henpscked Husband (reading the paper and rocking the cradle)-Ahem I the bustle is going out, 1 see.

Vixenish Wife (who had just finished dressing)-You bet it is, and I am going with it. You take care of that baby till get back.

Evolution of a Husband.

Mrs. Plentypop-" Well, have you succeeded in getting rid of the attentions of

Mrs. Widowfair-" Hardly. Mrs. Plentypop-" Did you have him arrested and fined for malicious persecution, as I advised you?"

Mrs. Widowfair-"Yes." Mrs. Plentypop-" With what result?" Mrs. Widowfair-" He paid the fine and came immediately to my house to renew his

Mrs. Plentypop -" Well ?" Mrs. Widowfair-"I had the footman kick him down the steps." Mrs. Plentypop-"What then?"

Mrs. Widowfair-"He apologized James for wearing thick trousers and said Union man of the ultra school and a great that he would call again." Mrs. Plentypop-"Did he?"

Mrs. Widowfair-" Yer, in ten minutes. had to see him, of course.

him for his ungentlemanly conduct?" Mrs. Widowfair-" No; I began to sus- break a hurricane to harness, ground sluice and love is such a rare quality in a man with | clout on the crater of an active volcand, hive

Mrs. Plentypop-"You what?" wait till my sorrow was six weeks old I sun and moon, but never, sir, never for a blanks, but when the man had gone, would put him in a position for discharging | moment delude yourself with the idea; that | clerk said, "One more Russian depositor

FOREIGN NOTES.

The fastest of British cruisers, the Sheldrake, twenty-one knoss, just launched, is a steel twin screw.

All devices for French playing cards must now be submitted to the officials, since the face of Gen. Boulanger has appeared among the court cards.

The report that Paglits Broughton's suit sgainst Lird Dargan for breach of promise and been settled for £10 000 was not true. The suit will go on.

Considerable commotion has arisen in Paris over the plan to run a railway through Bois de Boulogue The municipal Council is against it, but the Prefect of the Seine is obstinate and still active in its favor.

A Dr. Richardson has achieved some instructive experiment in the use of the graphophone for recording physical symptoms, such as coughs and pulses. A cough of to-day can always be recorded and com pared readily with me of days before.

Some one asked for an explanation of the feeling against Jews in Vienna. A response, evidently highly satisfactory to the author, came in this form : "There are in Vienna 402 bureaux de change, of which only two are in the hands of Christians."

Greek drapery is driving out the Empire style for dresses. The dress is allowed to fall from the neck to the instep with only the interference of a loose girdle, and it is caught up at the side to show a silk petticoat with the regular Greek pattern.

The French Chamber has decided upon two million france for a monument in commemoration of the first revolution, to be erected on the site of the Tuilerles, instead of the twelve millions desired. They have also appropriated fifty thousand francs for

The fashionable dog for 1889 is to be the endeavor to relieve his sufferings. Proud as schipperke, or little skipper. He comes she had felt, and magnificent in her rela- from the Low countries and is the old-time tion to her own people, toward kim she felt | companion of the Flemish bargee. He is black, with next to no tail, and a hard coat inclined to be rough, and does not weigh over twelve pounds.

At a meeting of the preditors of Lord Mandeville, lately declared a bankrupt, it was revealed that he had borrowed money through allegations that at the death of his father he would become possessed of over £50,000 per annum and that his debts amounted to £2,200 only.

London has become recognized as the great clearing house for all European thieves who operate on a large scale. The proceeds for any great robbery committed in Europe which it is intended to restore through negotiations are always sent to be delivered in London, and there is as yet no legal way to put a stop to the traffic. A new invention to prevent collisions at

sea, consisting of a small plate fixed at the side of the vessel, has been very successfully tried on the Thames. Electricity is the active agent. The approach of another vessel within two miles causes a bell to sound, and an indicating arrow shows the direction whence it comes.

A French missionary gives a serious account of the state of slavery in Ecuador. Though it is not alegalinstitution, yet the law permits an Indian to sell himself as a slave when he is unable to pay his debts and once a slave he is rarely able to free himself. doze, during which Zilla (she knew not why) He may be bequeathed by will. The majored to this condition,

The Paris Matin gives an account of still household, and the parrot, after having yell another wonderful cartridge, with all the mode n improvements and four distinct advantages. First, it is without the metallic socket, which costs considerable, and increases the burden of the soldier. Second, it canbe adapted to all guns and particularly to the Gros gun. Third, it does not grease the barrel. Fourth, it costs 70 per cent. less than any other cartridge. It is also said to much of the Lapps on his hunting trips and be the most powerful of all. The inventor Poll kept this up for two or three minutes -so it is alleged-offered it to Gen. Boul-Whether it was from vexation or grief at anger when he was War Minister, and the General wrote in reply that he hadn't time to consider the matter.

It Was,"Rale John Jamieson"

White, the time honoured janitor of the Dublin Mansion House, says a weekly contemporary, is a remarkable man in his way, and tells some wonderful stories about the good old times when Daniel O'Connell : Was the host of Dawson street, and bofore the civic sanctity of the Mansion House was ly the landlady appeared and asked to invaded by butchers, bakers, and publicians. A member of the latter trade-Mr. O'Connor, a whiskey merchant was Lord Mayor some years ago, and a captain in a regiment I'm in no hurry for the money." stationed in Dublin called to see his lord ship in connection with some charitable institution. The door, as usual, was opened where they put a noisy parrot in the rog by, White. "Good morrow, White," was the salute of the captain. "Good day to stop. I won't stand it!" to ye, surr," greeted White. "Is . the Lord Mayor in ?" "Well, surr, if want to see him at wonst, he's out; but, ye can wait a quarther of an hour, he's in." | cause I thought everybedy had been to di The captain consented to wait. "Say Captain," continued White, "would ye be after havin'a drop of whiskey with me?" "I really cannot," answered the captain. "Oh, sure, make your moind alsy !"It's none of the Lord Mayor's fusil-oil that I'd be after givin' ye : it's rale John Jamieson, and I bought it at Francis Falkner's of posite, and paid my solid twinty-one shillin's a gallon | had not been placed there to watch for it ! Ye can drink with safety, captain. Whist-here's his lordship !"

Soul Stirring Eloquence.

Old Colonel Zill at the time when Grant was up for the American Presidency and when the Democratic watchword was "Any. thing to beat Grant !" was addressing an enthusiastic meeting of the Republicans, when a Damocrat, who was hanging on to the verge of the crowd, sang out: "It's easy talkin' Colonel. but we'll show, you something next fall." The Colonel was a Southern admirer of Grant. He at once wheeled about and with uplifted hands, hair bristling, and eyes flushing fire, cried out : "Build a wire fence round a winter supply of summer Mrs. P.entypop-"And you upbraided | weather, skim the clouds from the sky with a teaspoon, catch a thunderbolt in a bladder, an income of \$100,000 a year that I-" all the stars in a nail keg, hang out the ocean on a grapevine to dry, put the sky to it one letter at a time." Mrs. Widowtair-"I told him if he could soak in a gourd, and paste o'to let' on the It was easy enough to fill out the ot you can best Grant,"

THROUGH A SEA OF FLAMES Train, Face to Face with the Prairie Pire, Dashes Ahead and Escapes.

CHAMBERLAIN. D. T.,-The passenger train from the East on the St. Paul road had a terrible experiences two miles cast of Mount Vernon, D. T., the other day. The terrible prairie fire was reging at that point, and the dusk and smoke made the surroundings as dark as night. The engineer plunged the train into the darkness, and the first thing he know he found the ties on fire for nearly a mile away. He checked the train, fearing, to advance lest he should find no track ahead of him; and there, in the suffocating smoke and scorching heat, with blazing ties underneath, the train stood, with the fismes raging on each aide of the track. The crew sought to extinguish the fire and save the train. The passengers became excited and pleaded to be leased from the death by fire or suffocation that seemed so near at hand; children oried from pain and gasped for breath, and strong men became desperate and left the train to fight the flames, only to return exhausted.

For a time escape looked impossible and several of the passengers gave up all hope. Several ladies prayed aloud and some of the male passengers swore at the obtuseness of the engineer for going into that blazing furnace so far that he could not retreat. The train crew and passengers worked heroically. It was dangerous to move either way. Behind, the road was on fire as far as they could see, while ahead all was darkness and mystery. But it was death to linger in that cauldron of fire, and when the surroundings either meant moving or death the effort was worth the attempt, and a start was at last made. The suspense and horror of the few

moments required to pass over the burning track and through the terrible heat and smoke can better be imagined than described. No one knew but that they were rush. ing on to certain death, or that the train would not tumble into the ditch and become a mass of flames in a moment. But, fortunately, it ran safely through a mile of this sea of fire without any mishap.

Several passengers were burned seriously while fighting the flames, but none of them fatally.

A Pariot in a Boarding House.

A very garrulous parrot is owned by a woman who keeps a boarding house. During meal hours the talkative bird is not allowed to stay in the dining room, for it makes so much noise that the boarders can'thear themselves think, much less what one boarder tries to say to the others. So, just before the bell is rung, poll's cage is hung out in the kitchen, and, after the table has been cleared off it is put back again. Not long ago one of the young men boarders was unusually, late to his dinner. His absence at the regular meal had not been noticed, and the mistress of the house, supposing that all of her boarders had dined, ordered the girl to hang the parrot in the dining room. The girl did so, and pretty soon the belated boarder came in and told the waiter girl that he was uncommonly hungry. He duplicated his first order and took plenty of time to eat it, the girl staying in the kitchen when she wasn't waiting

For twenty minutes the parrot kept a still as a mouse. Then it began to screech and yell at a great rate, and, when it had got its voice in good working order it sans

John, come here I John, come here Fannie, come on up ! Fannie, come on up ! John and Cannie are members of th ed their names for a while, changed the ton of its voice a little, stuck its bill out of the cage, looked down on the solitary feeder

and went on in this way : "Say, let up! Say, let up ! Stop, stop stop, stop, stop, stop ! Let up, let up, le up, let up! Say, let up! Say, let up! Stop stop, stop, stop, stop ! Let up, there Let up, there ! Stop, stop, stop !".

and then changed its tone again, and san "Go it, go it, go it, go it, go it !" for tw minutes more, when it gave another series of

screeches and yelled: "Do let up, do let up, do let up ! Stop stop, stop, stop, stop, stop !" until it go out of wind. By this time the boarder was mad.

called the girl out of the kitchen and asked ".Where's the mistress?" "Down stairs, I guess." "Well, go'n tell her I want to see her

The girl hurried down stairs, and present boarder what he wanted to see her for.

"How much do I owe you ?" he inquired "Why, you don't owe me for a week ye "Well, I'm in a hurry to pay you and go out of here. I won't stay in any hou

to see how much I eat, and then yell at ? Why, my dear sir, nobody thought such a thing, and I hope you don't thin they did. I had the, parrot hung here b

"I know better." She's been yelling at to let up and to stop for the last ten minute

It's too thin, and I'll never eat another me in your house again."

The lady said all she could to pacify angry and hot-heade d boarder, but couldn't make Lim, belive that the parr and so she took what he owed her and

him go.

Unpronounceable.

A Russian resident of the United Sta entered a savings bank in one of our Easte cities, and said he wished to make a fi deposit. " What is your name?" asked clerk.

"Dimitri Ssolikamavicch." " What L'asaid the 'clerk, dropping

pen and looking up in open-mouthed ama "Dimitri Ssolikamavitoh," was the qui

reply of the solid-looking Russian. "I-I-er-how do you spell it?" "Di-m-i-t-r-i S-s-o-li-k-a-m-a-v-i-t-c-l replied the man, in one breath.

"I guess you'll have to spell it a yard two at a time," said the clerk, laughing When the name was finally written, clerk asked, "Where were you born ?" "In Tchernocholunitzkoi."

"In Tohernocholunitzkol." "Wait ! wait!" said the clerk.

day, and I shall go home with brain fever