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THE CZAR AND THE DEAD SOLDIER.

Unarmed and unattended walked the czar through Moscow's busy streets one wintry day. The crowd uncovered as its face they saw: "God greet the czar!" said they. Along his path there moved a funeral. Gray spectacle of poverty and woe: A wretched sledge, dragged by one weary man Slowly across the snow.

And on the sledge, blown by the wintry wind, Lay a poor coffin, very rude and bare: And he who drew it bent beneath his load With dull and sullen air.

The emperor stopped and beckoned to the man, "Who is't thou nearest to the grave?" he said. "Only a soldier, sire," the short reply "Only a soldier dead."

"Only a soldier," musing said the czar. "Only a Russian, who was poor and brave. Move on, I follow, such a one goes not Unhonored to the grave."

He bent his head and reverent raised his cap. The Czar of all the Russias, pacing slow, Following the coffin as again it went Slowly across the snow.

The passers in the street all wondering, Looked on the sight, then followed silently: Peasant and prince, and artisan and clerk, All in one company.

Still as they went the crowd grew evermore. Till thousands stood around the friendless grave. Led by that princely heart who, royal, true, Honored the poor but brave. —Boston Transcript.

HER SECRET.

When that particularly shrewd and businesslike young man, Mr. Thomas Partington, joined himself in marriage to Ada, relict of the late Isaac Abrahams, his friends evinced considerable surprise at the step. The widow was indeed, as they admitted, young and fascinating and had, moreover, inherited a very substantial fortune from her previous husband. But then she was dreadfully extravagant in her habits, and had lately developed a perfect mania for gambling. In fact, her losses on the turf and at the card tables were becoming quite the talk of society, and it is certain that even during the short period which elapsed between her first husband's death and the date of her second marriage her fortune must have been materially diminished by the drains she made upon it. In another year or two at her present rate she would, so Tom's friends said, run through it altogether, and then he would find himself in the unenviable position of having to support a recklessly spendthrift wife entirely out of his own pocket.

A few of his greatest intimates impressed this upon him before he took the final plunge, and urged him to back out of his engagement ere it was yet too late. But Tom turned a deaf ear to their advice. He was very much in love with the charming widow. And, besides, he entertained a strong hope that after their union he should be able to reform, or at least control, his wife's extravagance. Instead, therefore, of trying to cry off the match, he hurried it forward to the best of his ability, in order that she might have as short an interval as possible in which to enjoy the unchecked expenditure of her money.

But when he was married to the lady he found that his hope of being able to reform her had been decidedly chimerical. She would scarcely endure advice, much less any semblance of restraint. So, after a few months of useless remonstrance, he gave up all attempt at genuine reformation as a bad job, and had to content himself with showing silent disapproval of her extravagances, or with throwing in their way such feeble obstacles as he could. These were slight enough, for her fortune was entirely at her own control. Still they were not quite fruitless. And as time went on, people noticed that Mrs. Partington's gambling transactions were on a much smaller scale. Her best friends began to hope that the instincts of the mother were beginning to assert themselves over the cravings of the gambler, and that it was thought for the little one whom she was soon expecting that thus checked her in her career of mad extravagance. It is certain at any rate, that as time went forward, she grew every day more out of spirits, and nothing was more likely—for, with all her faults, she was a soft-hearted woman—than that she should be fretting over her past selfish extravagance, as a sort of robbery perpetrated on her unborn offspring. Perhaps, also, her weakened physical condition contributed its quota to this altered frame of mind. But whatever the reasons may have been, the fact was undoubtedly there. And each day the once lighthearted and reckless woman grew more moody and depressed.

Tom appeared to notice this change in his wife. His manner toward her, always kind and attentive, became actually tender in its consideration, and he tried his hardest to soothe away her gathering depression of spirits. He was not able to be with her much in the day time, for, shortly after his marriage, being tired of having nothing to do, he had put some of his money into "business" in the city, where his constant presence was now required; but he regularly spent his evenings at home, hardly ever going to the theater or to his club.

His wife seemed to feel his considerate tenderness very deeply, for several times, as he sat beside her of an evening, with his arms thrown carelessly around her, she suddenly buried her face on his shoulder and burst into tears—like one whose remorse is awakened by unmerited and unlooked for kindness. On each of these occasions Tom felt by a certain subtle and palpable instinct that his wife was on the very verge of making some confession—perhaps of sorrow and regret for her defiant attitude toward him in the past. But although by his comforting words and soothing caresses he did his best to invite her confidence, the confession which he felt to be hanging on her lips never issued from them.

Meanwhile, what was so clear to her husband did not escape the notice of Mrs. Partington's female friends. Of these she had many, but by far the most favored and confidential of them was Mrs. Brandon, an old schoolfellow with whom she had kept up a lifelong intimacy. Mrs. Brandon, who was at once

a very lively and a highly sensible lady, had, at an early period, detected the unusual gloom which had come over her friend's manner and rallied her upon taking her new position so seriously.

"My dear Ada," she said at last, in the course of an afternoon call, during which Mrs. Partington had been more dull than ever, "I should never have encouraged you to accept Tom if I had foreseen what a deplorable effect your second dose of matrimony would have upon you. Do you know that in the twenty minutes I have been here, the only original observation you have made was to ask me whether I had enough sugar? What is the matter with you today?"

Mrs. Partington muttered something about a "bad headache." "But have you always a bad headache nowadays?" continued Mrs. Brandon, more seriously. "I should not have alluded to the subject if this were the first time that I have seen you thus. But for weeks I have observed you growing more and more gloomy and depressed. You are getting quite unlike your old self, and I cannot help feeling seriously uneasy about you. What does it mean?"

To Mrs. Brandon's surprise her friend, instead of answering, only burst into tears and buried her face in her handkerchief. Evidently, thought Mrs. Brandon, the once gay and sprightly Ada Isaacs was very changed indeed. "Come, Ada," she said, drawing her chair closer, and taking one of her friend's hands, "you have something on your mind. I thought so before; now I am sure of it. Tell me all about it. It will do you good to confide in some one, and you and I have never had a secret from one another during the last twenty years. Is it anything to do with Tom?"

"No, no—indeed it isn't! Pray don't think that!" sobbed Mrs. Partington. "Well, that's a mercy!" observed Mrs. Brandon. "Then it must be something to do with yourself. What is it?" There was a short pause, during which Mrs. Partington's sobs slightly subsided. "Nell," she said presently, "it is all your fault."

"My fault, dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Brandon. "Your fault," repeated Mrs. Partington. "It has all come of your introducing me to that hateful Pompadour club. Oh, how I wish I had never entered the place!" "You don't mean to say"—Mrs. Brandon paused and looked at her friend.

"I mean to say that, unknown to Tom, I have been playing there every afternoon, and losing constantly, until—oh, Nell, promise—swear that you will not tell Tom this!" "Of course not. Have we ever betrayed one another's confidence, dear? But you must promise me something too. Promise that you will tell Tom."

"Oh, Nell, you don't know what you are asking. You have not heard all yet. I would not have Tom know it for the world. Rather than that I would—"

Mrs. Partington's sobs had burst forth again with renewed force. Suddenly she sank back on the sofa with a cry of pain which alarmed her friend. Perceiving that she was really ill Mrs. Brandon summoned assistance. Many minutes did not elapse before one of the servants was hurrying off for a doctor.

Very shortly after the arrival of that functionary, Mrs. Brandon herself left. She drove direct to the club where Tom Partington occasionally called of an afternoon on his way home from the city. By good luck he was there now, and the message which Mrs. Brandon sent in quickly brought him to her carriage door. A very few words passed between them, but enough to make Tom's face grow to twice its normal length. "I will be off at once," he said. "Do," replied Mrs. Brandon. "But mind, not a word yet! Not until she is quite well again."

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