BY H. GRATTAN DONNELLY. Copyright, 1898, by Street & Smith. All rights reserved.

CHAPTER IX.

An Astonishing Discovery. With one glance around the apartmeat, which gave no sign of being tenanted but a moment before by nearly a score of people, Ivan bounded up the steps and, removing the oaken bar, which had been carefully replaced when the door was closed after Ilda's entrance, stood silently for a moment. "Without there!" he asked. "What

de you want?"

"Admittance!" was the prompt re-

"Your object at this hour?"

'Speech with you!"

Ivan glanced once more about the room.

Then with the single word "Enter! he flung the door wide open.

A tail, soldierly figure stood in the doorway an instant, and then without descending the steps, calmly surveyed the apartment.

Ivan, closing the door, descended and stood face to face with a stranger, whom he surveyed with keenest inter-

'Now, sir, the object of this visit?" asked Ivan as he pointed to a chair.

The stranger, ignoring the courtesy and speaking in the unmistakably peremptory manner of a man accustomed to command, after another glance around the room, fixed his eyes upon ivan. "I seek information of a young girl-a musician."

Ivan could not repress a slight start of surprise; but he managed with an effort to control himself as he returned the fixed glance of the stranger. "Her name?"

"Hda Barosky!" As he uttered the words the stranger unbuttoned the great coat which enveloped him to the throat, and displayed an officer's uniform. Then with an easy indifference, he threw himself into the chair with the air of a man who had come to take possession and was bent upon something of a long stay.

"Why do you seek Ilda Barosky here?" asked Ivan.

"Because," was the quick reply, "she was seen to enter this house and has not since left it. She is here." "Seen to enter it-by whom?"

"By my servant, whom I ordered to follow her."

Ivan's eyes flashed. "May I ask by what right an officer sends his servant to play the spy upon a defenseless girl because she happened to be alone and unprotected. When an officer-a man of rank-forces his attentions upon a girl who, being a musician, is presumably of lower degree than himself, he can have but one object in view-her dishonor!'

The stranger sprang to his feet, and half-drawing his sword, said in a voice of anger: "Stop, sir! When you attribute my visit here, or my actions, to a dishonorable motive, you lie! It is because I am a man of honor-because I respect the girl, that I am here to-night. Summon her here!"

Ivan stood motionless. Well, sir!" The stranger spoke

with some impatience. "Here she comes not," said Ivan

calmiy. "I forbid it!" It was now the stranger's turn to startf

"You forbid it!" he exclaimed. "And pray, sir, by what right do you assume to decide for the girl?" "By the right of being her pro-

tector." The stranger changed color. It was



as if he had received a blow that stunned him. His voice-his whole niaener-changed in an instant. He spoke with an evident effort, painfully, hesitatingly, as if afraid to trust his speech. "You are-not-her-" and he paused.

"I am her brother," was the simple reply.

The effect of this announcement on the stranger amazed Ivan. The pained and anxious expression of his face changed to one of gratified relief. which in its way gave place to a look of astonishment and surprise.

"Her brother!" and as the stranger spoke he extended his hand. Ivan grasped it involuntarily. "You surprise me," said the visitor, "but since you are her brother I have no right to object. I may leave a message for her, may I not."

Ivan bowed.

"Then say to her," continued the stranger, "that Alexis Nazimoff-"

"Alexis Nazimoff!" Ivan interrupted with a start, and then, with an eagerness which astonished the stranger, he repeated, "Alexis Nazimoff! Are you

Alexis Nazimoff?"

astonished at the intense interest of

Ivan. "I am," he replied. "Colonel Alexis Nazimoff?" went on Ivan eagerly, as if to make assurance

doubly sure. "I am Colonel Alexis Nazimoff." This with a faint suggestion of a smile at the other's eagerness. "But why

"And the betrothed husband of Olga!"

Had a shell suddenly exploded beneath his feet. Alexis Nazimoff could hardly have been more astounded. With a look of profound amazement at Ivan, and then a glance at his surroundings, he paused a moment before speaking, as if he hardly comprehended the inquiry.

"Mlle, Olga Karsicheff," Alexis said, in a tone of more hauteur than he had yet assumed, "and I have been betrothed for two years-but-" as the posa moment's hesitation entered and, sible significance of Ivan's words forced itself upon him-"who are you to speak of Mile. Karsicheff in such a

manner? I-" He was again interrupted by Ivan. now speaking with feverish haste, his words flowing in a very torrent, to the amazement of Alexis.

"Tell me, tell me," he exclaimed, as he grasped Alexis' hand with a grip of iron, "tell me, do you love her, do you worship her-is she all in all to you-has she given you her heart-do you possess her love-do you dare to make her your wife?" and he paused out of breath by his impassioned string of questions.

Alexis gazed at him in wonder. Then, as if speaking to himself, he said, "This man is insane."

"No, no!" exclaimed Ivan, "I am not insane. Listen to me-listen, for God's sake-for your happiness, mine, the happiness of Olga, depend upon your words. Do you love Olga with all that devotion, that depth of affection, that would make you give up an-life itself, if need be-for her happiness? Tell me-answer truly, for the dear God's love-would you force Olga to an unwilling marriage? would you drag a helpless, friendless girl, to an unloved life with you if her heart were given to another? Answer me now, for God's sake, for life and death hang upon your words!"

Alexis Nazimoff gazed at the man before him as if he could scarce believe his senses. This man-here-in this place, with these gloomy surroundings, to talk thus of Olga Karsicheff-of his betrothed wife-of the daughter of the powerful minister of police. But Ivan's manner moved him. "No," was his reply, "I would never marry an unwilling bride,"

Ivan dropped his head and sank on chair.

"Thank God, thank God," was all he said.

"Pardon me," said Ivan at length, "I was somewhat overcome by my agitation in the first place, and by the joy and hope which your words gave to me, and will give to one who is dearer to me than life itself-Olga!' That name was again repeated.

Alexis was annoyed. "I must ask you to explain,' he said, "by what right you speak of Mile. Karsicheff, my betrothed wife, as 'Olga!' Ivan arose. He took a hurried step to the right-and left-pause a moment, and then returned to Alexis, who sat following his movements with

intense interest. Seating himself, he turned to Alexis and said: "You are a man—a soldier can I trust you fully and freely? Will you give me your word of honor to keep, as an inviolable secret, what I

am about to say?" Alexis paused before making reply At length he spoke: "Yes, on the word of honor of an officer and a gentleman, you may trust me. I will keep your secret."

Ivan began his story. He spoke in a low and impassioned voice, but the earnestness and sincerity which marked the tones went home to the heart of Alexis, and left in his mind no doubt of their truth. In a few words Ivan made known what the reader has already learned of his early life and that of his sister Ilda. Alexis listened with interest until Ivan began his story of his career in the house of the Baroness von Rhineberg. "It was here," Ivan went on, "that I first saw Mile. Karsicheff. She and the baroness were devotedly attached to each other and the baroness frequently brought her into the library. From the first moment I loved Olga, but it was not with that hopeless passion that a peasant might feel for a princess-she was so far above me in rank, birth, station, everything,

"But as time went on, and the baroness left us together-never dreaming for a moment that the secretary would dare to raise his eyes to one as exalted as Mlle. Karsicheff-we became more and more acquainted. There were many tastes we possessed in common-music and literature and art. Finally, at the baroness' solicitation, I began to give Mlle. Karsicheff lessons in English pronunciation, and together we began to read the British poets. You may imagine the result. One day I felt myself carried away by my love for Olga, and there on my knees, in one breath, I told her of my adoration, and begged her forgiveness. I found that my love was re-

turned. Alexis started.

"Olga then told me of your betrothal. While you were away in Asia there was no immediate peril, and for months we lived in a fool's paradise. We both knew that the end must come with your return, and that the secret must be revealed. For weeks I have its capacity is 16,000 cans an hour, It was now the turn of Alexis to be begged and prayed Olga to fly with which exceeds all records.

me, but she has refused, preferring to wait until the last hope was gonean appeal to you! Now that you have returned. Olga was to have told you all, but you came into my life to-night, and you know the story. Now do you wonder that I was so astonished when you revealed your name?-do you wonder at my fervor and anxiety as I asked you if you would make Olga an unwilling bride?"

Alexis sat spellbound. Ivan watched him with anxious

"What you say may be true," at

length said Alexis, "but I must have better proof than your simple word. "You shall-you shall!" eagerly cried Ivan. "You shall hear it from

the lips of Olga herself." "When and where?" asked Alexis, rising to his feet.

"Here and where you stand within an hour's time."

"What! Here! Man, are you mad! Mile. Karsicheff here! Why, but an hour ago she drove home with her mother and family, from the fete at my father's house."

"No! By agreement with me she went to the home of the Baroness von

Rhineberg, and is there now." "Good God!" exclaimed Alexis. "Can

this be true?" "It is true," replied Ivan. "See," he exclaimed, producing a key, "here is the proof. This will admit me to the Rhineberg mansion and I can bring her here. Shall we put it to the test?



'IN GODS NAME, GO!"

Will you hear the avowal of her love for me from the lips of Olga herself?" "Yes! Go!" almost shouted Alexis. We shall put it to the test. In God's name go, and let me be convinced, and I swear that if Olga Karsicheff enters that edoor to-night she shall never be my wife."

"And I swear to you she shall enter. On that I stake my happiness-and

And now the great strain under which Ivan had been since Alexis revealed his identity began to tell upon him and for a moment he leaned back against the table.

By taking a drosky at the nearest forth until a safety signal was given. friend.

As these thoughts, one after another, rushed through Ivan's mind, Alexis sat regarding him with a searching look. The idea that Olga Karsicheff, daughter of the haughty countess whose pride was so well known, should have descended to a misalliance with this man-

His reveries were interrupted by Ivan.

"Here! You are a man and a soldier, and I have trusted you. Do me this one favor-will you trust me?" "Yes."

(To be continued.)

One of Them for the Company. A well-known comedian, celebrated

for his eccentricities, boarded a street car the other day and duly paid his fare upon demand. After riding a block or so further he produced another nickel and tendered the same to the passing conductor.

The honest conductor refused the proffered coin, while the actor vehemently protested his desire to pay his "You have given me your fare al

ready," argued the man in the uniform. "I know," responded the comedian

'but this is for the company." Every one laughed excepting the discomfited conductor, who had omitted to register the first collec-

tion.-New York Times.

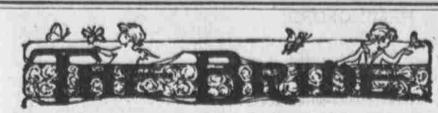
William Thaw, the Pittsburg millionaire, delights in automobiling, and has acquired a particular fondness for a certain kind of machine. A friend endeavored to dispel this prejudice and invited Mr. Thaw to a twentymile spin in a machine constructed along different lines. When the ride tion.-Exchange. was completed Mr. Thaw thanked his friend, saying:

"Splendid machine! I'm sure your baby will appreciate it." "Baby appreciate this machine? What in thunder do you mean?" ask-

ed the other in astonishment. "And is your baby, then, so unlike other children," said the Pittsburger searchingly, "that she cannot appreciate a rattlebox?"-New York Times.

Largest Pea Cannery.

It is estimated that the factory at Longmont, Colo., cans more peas than any other in the world. The factory has been enlarged this year, so that



Sunshine, fragrance, everywhere: Tender green of fluttering leaves above:

And the heart of maiden fair Raised in silent, tender prayer. As she consecrates her life to love.

Half in hope and half in fear, Love, to give, is such a mighty thing. While her voice is calm and clear, Through her smile there gleams a tear

As the vow is sealed with wedding ring.

Roses kiss the altar rail. Where she kneels with strangely beating heart.

Under rippling bridal veil Tremble lips that dare not fail In the sacred, "Until death do part."

SUGAR IN SOUP-THEN LIES. Quick Wit Enables Man to Crawl Out

of Dilemma. There had been a glorious game of coff, followed by a jolly dinner at the ciubhouse.

Sometimes it is not the correct thing to tell even a truthful story with real names, hence it happens that it was the Joneses who gave the spread and the person that happened in was

Smith is really a man of parts wealthy, intelligent and genial, and usually knows "what's what," but he is not given to swell affairs and is

not dressy, withal. A business call had taken Smith to the ciubhouse and Jones, seeing him, caffed him to the table after the others had begun. Soon as he was seated, being preoccupied by salutations from other persons at the table that he knew, he was absently sweetening the cup at his etbow, when Mrs. Jones, hoping to make the matter quite plain to this plain man, said shrinkingly:

"Ah-Mr. Smith-er-that is the "Yes, thank you," Smith nonchalantly replied, "Yes'm, I understand. But atways sweeten by boutfron," with the slightest emphasis on "bouillon." But Smith was at that moment a prevaricator, to put it mildly. He really thought the cup was tea and probably never tasted sweetened bouillon in his

PURE BLOOD-GOOD HEALTH.

No Disease Exists Where There Is Good Blood.

Keep your vitality above the negative condition, and you will never stand he could reach the house of the know disease of any kind. No disease baroness and return in twenty-five or can exist where there is an abundance thirty minutes. But Alexis here! of pure blood. To get the necessary What if he discovered the real char- amount eat nutritious food; to circu- hell, and the fearful punishment and acter of the place! There was a rule, late it perfectly take proper exercise; as Ivan well knew, that forbid the to purify it get fresh air and sunlight. members when concealed from coming If a perfectly healthy condition of the skin exists and an even temperature Even suppose one of them entered, of the surface of the body is main-Alexis could explain that he was Ivan's tained it is impossible to catch cold. Cold water baths taken every day will do much toward producing the former; proper food and exercise the latter. Nature gives you an alarm in the first chilly feeling. Heed it at once or pay the penalty. Take a brisk walk or run, breathe deeply and keep the mouth closed.

If you are so situated that you can do neither, as in a church, lecture room or street car, breathe deeply,

DISINFECTED UNIFORMS.

Japanese Surgeon Recommends Use of Clean Fighting Garb.

Dr. Wada, staff surgeon in the Japanese navy, who was in charge of the provisional field hospital in Chemulpo, to which the seriously wounded Russian sailors were taken, already has drawn one medical lesson from the war. He attended a number of Russlan sailors wounded on the Variag, and says:

"The experience has emphasized one thing, which I am going to write to my government about. In many cases the fragments of shells had carried with them pieces of clothing which often caused suppuration of the wounds before they could be extracted. To avoid that, as far as possible, I am going to propose that it be made a rule in our navy that every man when a fight is expected shall have his body well washed and his clothes disinfected.

"Happily it is a rule with our men, in the army as well as in the navy, always to go to battle in their newest and cleanest uniforms. This is not for any sanitary consideration, but it works the right way all the same. We Japanese used to say that as we always fight like gertlemen, we also die like gentlemen, and dressed like gentlemen."

CHILD'S LOVE FOR FATHER.

Typical Expression of An Affectionate Daughter.

Hand-in-hand they wandered among the posies of a New England garden, a father and his little girl, and the Sabbath peace was over all.

The father was a clergyman of the old school, and that morning he had preached to the quiet country folk of the wrath of God, and the tortures of retribution which & just and angry God sends upon the children of men. The little girl had listened thought fully as he preached long and earnestly of the wrath of God and the torments of the damned.

The clergyman returned to his home and walked with his little girl among the flowers in his garden. He loved her very dearly, and he plucked the sweetest flowers and gave them to her and kissed her, and led her footsteps with the gentleness and tenderness of fatherhood.

Suddenly the little one looked up into his face. "Dear papa," she said as he wrote an order to shorten the wistfully, "I wish God was as good as you are!"

Old-Time Stories. Recently published reminiscences left by Mme, de Crequy, who lived before and during the French revolution, give some queer pictures of high them absolutely correct. life in France in the eighteenth century. She tells, for example, the tragic fate of a small dog belonging to the Comtesse de Blot: "Attached to the chapel of the Palais Royal was a



In 1903 the relative proportions of emigrants coming to the United States from the various European countries were distributed in this manner.

rapidly and noiselessly until you are | very big fat abbe of an inferior order, who was never received on terms of satisfied that your body has passed from a negative to a positive condi-

Japan's Great Cotton City.

Osaka is the great cotton manufacturing city of Japan. There are seventeen cotton mills in Osaka, with 453,600 spindles. In all Japan there are seventy-four cotton mills and 1,-251,000 spindles. The workmen and boys, taken on an average, receive afteen cents a day, the foreman fortyeight cents a day, and the women ten cents a day. They work eleven hours, with two intervals-a quarter of an hour for smoking and half an hour for luncheon or dinner. The mills work wenty-two hours a day in two shifts. No restriction is put on age, and many of the children employed are sot more than 7 or 8 years old.

equality save on New Year's day This man called to wish Mme. de Blot the compliments of the season, and sat down on a folding chair that she had the goodness to offer him. He fancied on sitting down that he felt a slight resisting movement, and, feel ing with his hand, found he had sat down upon a little dog. Being certain that the mischief was already done he determined that his wisest policy was to make an end of it, and, press ing down firmly with all the weight of his heavy person, he effectually killed the little animal. The tail was stick ing out, so he twisted it up, and cautiously wriggling about, he grad ually got the body into one of his big pockets and carried it off. Mme. de Blot never knew what was her dog's fate "



The Rose. Ob, fragrant rose in pungent bed,
That bloometh redolent and red,
I would that I your secret knew—
Oh, rose, red rose, agint with dew!
If I but knew your charm to bloom
In soft and odorous perfume,
I too would make my fellows glad
By smiling where the path is bad!

Oh, fragrant rose, so brave and frail. Lisp in my ear your secret tale.
That I may tell the world apart
And put your beauty in each heart!
Then human life could have no woe.
And each in fellow-tove would grow!
Ah, rose! Hed rose! Agilnt with dew.
I would that I your secret knew!

To-morrow.

The to-morrow of which we dream never comes, but the real to-morrow, upon arrival is merely a commonplace to-day.

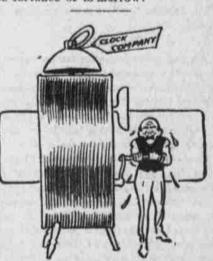
Do to-day the good things you have planned. To-morrow to you may never

Make to-day count! They may not bite to-morrow.

What a happy world this would be if people lived their pleasures to-day instead of planning them for to-mor-

"I will LIVE to-morrow," says the fool. And for such as him, there is no to-morrow.

If a man lived to be as old as Methuselah, he would still be planning on the fortunes of to-morrow!



A CEASELESS ROUND. The receiver had a hard time winding up the affairs of a bankrupt clock store!

Suiting a Customer. Jones usually orders his clothes of tailor and has strong convictions on the matter, but it was warm the other day and he stepped into a clothing establishment to buy some linen trous-

The trousers fit well except in the length. They were a trifle too short to suit him, hence were left to be length-The next day they Jones tried them on to find they were a bit too long.

He was sorry, he said to the salesman, to cause so much trouble, but those trousers were certainly too long

The salesman was obliging and promised to attend to the matter. Iones left.

Now it so happened, through an error, that the trousers had not been altered in the first place, but were the same length as when Jones pronounced them too short. This the salesman knew, and he smiled slightly trousers and pinned it to them.

But he dld not send the garment to the repair room. He merely kept the pantaloons another day, and returned them without alteration.

Jones found the order, tried them on for the third time and pronounced This is a funny world, isn't it?



A SUGAR BOWL HAIRCUT. Many a man would give \$10,000 today for one of mother's haircuts!

Peace to her memory! Nothing and Something. There's "nothing to do" for the sluggard in all of this great, wide world! Nothing to win in the battles Of Life, where the flag's unfurled! "Nothing to do!"

But there's something to do for the work-Who toils through the thick and thin! Something to do in the charges Of Life, where the bravest win! "Something to do!"

He had come on her dozing in a nammock, and when she woke up she accused him of stealing a kiss. "Well," he said, "I will admit that the temptation was too strong to be resisted. I iid steal one little kiss." "One!" she exclaimed indignantly, "I counted sight before I woke up."