The Cossack thought, pernaps, that he had made a fine capture. He had no computation or false sensibility about the matter, for the contempt for exiles is so great that the natives repeat this popular saying: By killing a squirrel one gets only one skin. but by killing a vergak one gets three—the man's coat, shirt and hide!

Yermac was about to speak, but the Paris-

jan was too quick for him. "We do not refuse," said he, to the Cossack; "and, if you will lead the way, we follow you willingly. For my part, I should greatly relish something warm to eat. Do they cook well at the ostrog? I do not believe that my-companions would have anything to say against some good pemmi-can (extract of meat) broth and a venison

M. Lafleur said this in a pleasant tone, at the same time endeavoring to make Yegor comprehend by signs that it was impossible to get clear of the plain invitation of the

Yegor then resumed his place, first questioning, with a look the countenance of the chief of police. The latter seemed absorbed in a deep meditation, the subject of which the exile divined. Had Yermac not been present, Yegor certainly would have given the Cossack some trouble. But an attempt of that kind, with the chief of police against him, could not have been made without running the greatest risks.

Nadege was much alarmed at the intervention of this soldier and Ladislas already had tears in his eyes. Yegor reassured them both, and directed Tekel to regulate the speed of his sledge by that of the vehicle of the fatal Cossack who had thrown himself scross their road.

The three nartas started abreast.

The Cossack took a notion to have a race between his dogs and the reindeer. Tekel and his friend Chort were not averse to the proposal and accepted the challenge, driving off at a furious rate. In less than a quarter of an hour the ostrog was in sight. Yegor had scarcely had time to think over how he should face the terrible trial that was coming.
His heart beat violently.

The ostrog was a small, ruined fortress, with walls formed of beams confusedly heaped together. A little square tower still stood at each angle, despite the age of the structure, the whole being surrounded by a palisade of huge logs of wood. It was what remained of one of those ancient fortifications built, in the seventeenth century, to protect the first Russian pioneers against the incursions of the natives.

Beside the ostrog stood a small village one of the most remote stations in this north-

In the fortress, ten Cossacks composed post placed under the orders of an Esacule. Thanks to this armed band, the officer of the Czar was enabled to collect by force the tax payable in furs-the yasak-owed by the mads of the district.

Yegor and his companions were brought before the Esaoule, who occupied the largest house in the village. He was an aged Russian-an old fox whitened in his burro -perhaps, a former under-officer of the army who had been promoted, perhaps, a disgraced functionary who had been punish-ed by banishment.

ed hand by one of the soldiers of the ostrog, protesting that he was accustomed to more

M. Lafleur, thinking that his friend was assuming too lofty a tone, interposed.
"Look here, my dear fellow," said he:

"my gluttony did as much towards deciding you to come to pay your respects to our Esacule as all that abominable Cossack said. I am hungry and want something warm to eat," added he, addressing the

"It was not your intention to stop here then?" said the latter. "You wished neither to renew your stock of provisions nor to procure fresh animals?"

This officer, all-powerful in the district, could alone grant permission to obtain rein-

"We came from Yakoutsk," answered Yegor, "but our reindeer, which were

brought to us from Zachiversk, are not yet fatigued and our provisions are still abun-"And you are going—"
"To Nijni-Kolimsk. This young girl and

her brother are the children of your colleague, the Esaoule of that town; their father is very ill-and I am taking them to

"Ah! Toumanoff is ill?-dying? I have heard nothing of it!" said the old officer. knew that his daughter and son were being educated at Yakoutsk."

"They are before you," said Yegor, blushing deeply at the lie he was forced to tell. His color and confusion did not escape the

"Have you passports?" asked he.
"Certainly," said Yegor, drawing from his

bosom the document he had prep red. "Let me look at it," said the official. He took the stamped paper, read and reread it, turning it over and over in his hands

and staring at the fugitives in a disturbing Yermac smiled; he kept his eyes on the Esaoule and was amused at the embarrassment of Yegor, whom his presence alone

greatly troubled. "The passport is in proper shape," said the officer, at length, "but it is only for you and my colleague's children. Have the two

men who are with you passports, also!"
"One of them," said Yegor, drawing or all the powers of his imagination, "M. Laf-lew," and he presented to the Esaoule the former herbalist, "is a Parisian and, further, a distinguished naturalist and the author

of the "Flora Altaica!" "All this is not a passport," observed the old Russian official.

"M. Lafleur has a ticket permitting him to go as far as Aldanskoi where I met him, and he risked accompanying me out of pure love for science.'

"Hum!" muttered the Esaoule, but half convinced.

"Never," said M. Lafleur, "am I asked for my passport—no, never! and every year I run through Siberia from the Ural Mountains to Kamtchatka, and from the Altai chain to the Arctic Ocean. The rest of my time I pass in the intimacy of the governor of Yakoutsk and his charming family. I enjoy the respect of the povernor, the esteem of his wife, and the friendship of Miles. Agrafena and Elena, their daughters. Arc you satisfied, Esaoule? For a relay-master You are furiously exacting! Look at me of the "Flora Altaica." well—I am a Frenchman, born in Paris, on the Place de la Bastille. My spine is straight and I have not the air of being accustomed to receive the knout-know that, and vive la liberte! Respect in me a further with your ridiculous fo nalities!"

While speaking, M. Lafleur had, nevertheless, handed his ticket to the officer.
"I ask your pardon, Monsieur," said the latter, respectfully taking the paper; "but the chief of police of Yakoutsk," (the fugitives could not repress a start of great sur-prise) "notified me through my Cossacks of the escape of several exiles and sent me descriptions answering exactly to you, this young lady, her brother, and the young man accompanying them!" Yermac drew himself up, radiant at hav-

ing succeeded so well. Yegor thought he was about to speak-to

denounce them. He made a desperate attempt to assure his silence.

"You have not asked me," said he, to the Esaoule, "who is my other traveling com-panion. I have the honor to present to you in him one of the four or five Polish priests, (Yermac seemed overcome with supreme amazement)—"one of the Polish priests whom the Russian government allows to travel through Siberia, to visit once a year the settlements in which are the political convicts of their race and faith. He passes bravely through the Siberian cold from Tobolsk to the colonies of the Amoor, and from the mines of Nertchinsk to the shipyards of Okhotsk."

"He ought to have a regular passport!"

murmured the Esaoule.

The chief of police had about him only papers establishing his identity. To show them, would be equivalent to a denuncia-

"Permit me to finish," resumed Yegor, to whom the danger lent activity of mind.
"The devoti n of our new friend does not always receive its recompense; among the Verkho-Yansk Mountains, we drew him, so speak, from the jaws of a bear-

"Which had already cruelly torn his arm," said M. Lafleur, coming to Yegor's aid.

"But the passport?"
"Eaten by the bear," said M. Lafleur. "Lost with a valuable wallet, in the agony

of the terrible strife," said Yegor, drewning the voice of the distinguished naturanst. The Esaoule, astonished at the silence of the pretended Polish priest, looked at him as if to obtain from him a word agreeing with the declarations of his companions.

The chief of police replied to this look. "I have nothing to add," said he, "to what has been told you-the Verkho-Yansk Mountains, the bear, the wound-all this is the exact truth."

This was an immense relief to Yegor and Nadege, but all the trouble was not yet over.

"All this," said the Esaoule, scratching his head, "is far from being regular. "What further can I do?" asked Yegor.

"You?-nothing. But I must do what the circumstances render necessary. I arrest you, and shall ask instructions of the governor of Yakoutsk and his chief of police, at the same time sending a Cossack to Niini-Kolimsk to announce to the Esaoule. my colleague, your speedy arrival-provided that what you have told me be true

CHAPTER XV .- THE JEW AND HIS GOLD DUST. Yegor was thunderstruck. He saw Nad-

ege turn pale, ready to swoon. "As you please," said he to the Esaoule, though it is a wretched piece of business o delay children who are hastening to their father's death-bed. But you should, Mon-sieur," added he, firmly, "when travelers are obliged to present themselves before you, fatigued by a long journey made under the worst conditions to gain a few hours-With such a man, firmness was necessary;
Yegor summoned up all he possessed. He complained of the invitation made with armed hand by one of the coldier and the control of the coldier and the control of the coldier and the districts-especially when there are delicate persons among them, like this young girl and this little lad."

The Esaoule, in confusion, offered Nad-ege a chair, and showed Ladislas some kind-

"Monsieur." said he to Yegor, "my house is yours, and all it contains is at your service. You can dispose of them as you like until my couriers have returned from the seat of government and Nijni-Kolimsk. Meanwhile, I will endeavor, believe me, to diminish for you and your companions the weariness of your forced captivity."

"But the lost time!" exclaimed Nadege. "Mademoiselle, I will regain it for you by furnishing you with excellent teams of

"As for me." said Yermac. "I can but congratulate you, Monsieur Lavrenti Kantier. upon your interpretation of your duties as a functionary of the Empire!'

"You know me, then?" said the Esaoule. considerably surprised to hear his name mentioned by the so-called Polish priest. "No matter about that," said the latter. "It is enough that my compliments are sin-

cere. The Esaoule, seeing that these words were spoken seriously, took them in good

"I do all I can," said he, "to properly discharge my duties, which are often disagree-

Yermac's countenance beamed. Thus, without being compelled to display ingratitude towards his companions, without breaking an engagement made with them by implication, he would accomplish his ends, thanks to his care in sending by the partrol of Cossacks' instructions to the four most important posts, which form a vast quadrilateral in the solitudes of the districts of the Indiquirka and the Kolima. The law would triumph! He would recover his liserty of action, without having weakened,

without having failed in what he owed himself as chief of police. "Pray be seated also, Messieurs, and tell me something about the burning of the forest of Ostrovoye," said the Esaoule. "You must have witnessed the conflagra-

tion. "Ah! you may well believe it!" cried M. Lafleur, who had lost nothing of his confidence.

And he pompously began the description, of the disaster, making use of numerous Latin quotations taken hap-hazard from his recollections of the rudiments of that tongue, for he was forced to maintain in the presence of this ignorant official the reputation for learning with which Yegor had endowed him. Each word of the dancing-master, uttered with perfect ease, seemed intended to communicate to the fugitives the calmness

and assurance he was showing. While he was talking, a Cossack who served the Esaoule, at his master's order, placed upon the rustic table roughly fashioned with a hatchet the best the house possessed. The prudent Esaoule, prepared for everything, did not wish his unwilling guests to be in a position to accuse him of having been lacking in hospitality. He already possessed the esteem of the pretended Polish priest; he now aimed to win that of the governor's friend, the so-called author

The warmth of the apartment was comforting to the travelers. They disembarrassed themselves of their heavier garments. Yegor insisted that Nadege should do honor to the dishes served upon the Esaoule's table. The young girl's depression might well be attributed to the sad and imperious no-

cessity that had obliged her to undertake this difficult winter journey.

Yermac ate with an appetite he had not felt for a long while. A tchi of meat was served, accompanied with rye loaves fresh from the oven, and with preserves made of a kind of small gooseberries which had reached exceptional

maturity the preceding summer. "I shall without losing a moment," said the commander of the ostrog, "prepare my despatches and send off my couriers before an

aour has passed."
"Wait a little," said Yegor, audaciously; your couriers shall also bear a letter from me to the father of these children, your colleague of Nijni-Kolimsk."

"And one from me," added the Parisian. "to the governor's wife complaining of your severity, Esaoule, and giving her a description of your excellent preserves."

The Esacule seemed somewhat disconcerted. He evidently feared to be exhibited in a bad light to so many important per-

sonages. Yermac, who noticed his hesitation, suddenly ceased to manoguvre his fork and his forehead clouded.

"While awaiting your couriers' return," said the exile, "I advise you to busy yourself with the preparations for our depar-ture. Besides, I intend to recompense you

The Esaoule appeared instantly to take a resolution. At the word recompense his face lighted up. He promised himse f that he would profit by this windfall, while taking every precaution to shield his responsi-

bility.
"Let me see," said the former judge of the tribunal of Moscow to himself, "what reliance can be placed upon the honesty of this Russian functionary?"

The Esaoule, in snuffing a candle, put it

"An unexpected visit!" exclaimed M. Lafleur, who was familiar with the Russian He did not think that he was so near the

At that moment, at the half-open door of the low-ceilinged apartment in which they were, appeared a huge nose, a bony head and a thin face beneath a dirty fur cap. The caftan of the person was in no better condi-

tion. Yegor divined the presence of a Jew peddler The intruder, on perceiving so many people, withdrew his nose, his head and his chest, afraid, doubtless, of being indiscreet

Yegor thought that if the man were, as he believed, a Jew merchant, a few little pur-chases made of him and bestowed upon his nost, in return for the forced hospitality they were receiving at his hands, might pro-

duce an excellent effect.

The Jew—for it was, indeed, a Jew—re mained in the ante-chamber, a gloomy and dirty apartment, feebly lighted by a window having, instead of glass, plates of ice solder ed with cold water, according to the custom in these regions where the low temperature breaks panes of glass. He comprehended that someone was approaching. Mysteriously, he seized Yegor's reindeer skin pelisse, and said to him, in a low voice: "Esaoule, I have some more-of the pur-

est, and in much greater quantity." "I am not the Esaoule," said Yegor; "but what have you for sale!"

"You are not the Esacule!" exclaimed the other, alarmed and, doubtless, fearing that ne had said too much.

"I will willingly buy," resumed Yegor, "something that I can offer to the excellent Essoule, to whom I am under obligation. What have you to sell?"

The Jew scratched his forehead with his

long, lank fingers. "Will you speak?" "This is how the matter stands-what I am selling cannot be offered to everybody.

From whence come you!" "I am from-Barnaoul." "And whither are you going?"

Yegor began to think the man excessively "I am going to Nijni-Kolimsk."

"I came from there." "You came from Nijni-Kolimsk?" claimed Yegor, in alarm. "Do not tell that to any one here and take these twenty dollars for your discretion. Is it a bargain?" While the exile was taking a note from his

vallet, the Jew said to him, as he stretched out his hand: "If you also have secrets-"

"Then we can have an understanding." "Speak!" "I am selling gold dust-in good condi-

tion!" "Stolen gold?" "Not so loud! Gold taken from those who

put their hands on it without having taken the trouble to mine it. This," added he, drawing from his bosom a small squirrel skin bag "comes from the sands of the Amou-Daria. Feel the weight of it! Twentyeight ounces—almost no silver at all mixed with it and still less copper than silver."

"And you will give me all this dust for a

little of my own gold?"
"Yes—for gold coin or even paper money. Yegor could not avoid smiling at the idea of this exchange of contraband gold for that bearing the stamp of the State. "There is more than three hundred dol-

lars worth. Iask only seventy-five. Is that too much !" "No; it is not too much. But I am not rich, and I wish to present your bag to the

"You have then a very great favor to purchase?" "Perhaps. I will give you fifty dollars." "No; I prefer to go to the Esaoule, for whom I have, besides, a verbal commission

from the Esaoule of Nijni-Kolimsk." "But what of the money I gave you and

our agreement?"
"I forgot that," said the Jew. "Well, I will not see the Esaoule, but you will go as high as sixty dollars?"

"Agreed, my friend. Pass me your bag; there are people in that room who must be weary of waiting for me." The exchange of gold and paper was made,

and the purchaser and seller departed in different directions, apparently satisfied with the bargain.' "It was with you, Esaoule," said Yegor,

the Jew had business. He asked me to hand you this." The official weighed the little bag in his hand. He partially opened it, and saw the precious yellow gold sparkling within.

returning to the low-ceilinged room,

He did not hesitate a second "I know," said he, "and I thank you!" He grasped the bag and gave Yegor a look which could have but one signification, namely, that he trusted to his discre-

"The scoundrel" muttered Yermac, who had lost nothing oner of the brief dialogue or the movements accompanying it. "He allows himself to be bought."

[TO BE CONTINUED.] Spacer- . What kind of poetry do you write?" Liner—"The poetry of motion." Spacer — "What kind is that?" Liner-"The kind that is constantly being sent out and returned.' -N. Y. Herald.

Au Aid to Astronomy. rening shadows fast were falling,

Over mont and cast were taking.

Over mont and castle gate;

In the dew we stood and whispered—
We'd been very soft of late—
Suddenly her father's shadow
Fell between us like a bar—

Then I saw them: "Twinkle, twinkle; How I wonder what you are!"
—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Mouthly.

Treatment for scalds: Pour sweet oil over the burned part and sprinkle with soda or starch; lay on soft old linen and keep the cloths constantly wet with lime water. Frosted fingers and toes may be successfully treated the same as scalds or burns.

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There is a 3-inch display advertisement in this paper this week which has no two words alike except one word. The same is true of each new one appearing each week from The Dr. Harter Medicine Co. This house places a "Crescent" on everything they make and publish. Look for it, send them the name of the word, and they will return you book, Beautiful Lithography, or Sample Free.

-The late khedive was a good talker and spoke English, French and German fluently. Though of dignified bearing he meenty. Though of dignified bearing he was very shy, especially with strangers. He was simple in all his tastes, hated all parade, loved his home and had the reputation of being an exceedingly good husband and father.

Coughing Leads to Consumption Kemp's Balsam will stop the Cough at once. Go to your Druggist today and get a FREE sample bottle. Large bottles 50 cents and \$1.00.

Mr. Gladstone sat on the same benchys Oxford with Cardinal Manning, and saat of the grand old man who has gone that "his place can hardly be filled."

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-Judge Abraham Jefferson Seny, the overnor of Oklahoma, at 21 could barely read and write. But at 32 he was a lawyer of some standing, next a county attorney and for twelve years thereafter he sat on the bench as a circuit judge.

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I have been bothered with catarrh for about twenty years; I had lost sense of smell entirely, and I had almost lost my hearing. My eyes were getting so dim I had to get some one to thread my needle. Now I have my hearing as well as I ever had, and I can see to thread as fine a needle as ever I did, my sense of smell seems to be improving all the time. I think there is nothing like Ely's Cream Balm for Catarrh. Mrs. E. E. Grimes, Rendrill, Perry Co., O.

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Wayback-Mandy, did you mrs. Wayback—Mandy, and you notice that all the time was visitin' at Cousin Eldora's, in the city, she never once had pie on the table?

Mandy—Yes, I did. I s'pose it's cause them silver knives o' ther'n ain't sharp enough to cut pie with.

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—By the death of Prince Victor the sin-ecure office of governor of Windsor castle is placed at the disposal of the queen, who is certain to appoint a member of the royal family—probably Prince Christian or Prince Henry of Battenburg. The place is worth £1,200 a year, and the salary for it is paid out of the civil list.

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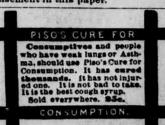


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