beta! Lisabeta! Where has she run off

"I was going to dress." We have plenty of time, my dear. down, take the first volume and read to The companion took the book and read a few lines.

"Louder," said the Countess. "What is the matter with you? Have you a cold? Wait a moment, bring me that stool. A little closer; that will do."

Lisabeta read two pages of the book.

"Throw that stupid book away," said the
counters. "What nonsensel Send it back to Prince Paul, and tell him I am much obliged to him; and the carriage, is it never

"Here it is," replied Lisabeta, going to "And now you are not dressed. Why do yon always keep me waiting? It is intol-

scarcely been there two minutes when the Countess rang with all her might. Her maids rushed in at one door and her valet

"You do not seem to hear me when I "Go and tell Lisabeta that I am waiting

At this moment Lisabeta entered, wearing a new walking dress and a fashionable

"At last, miss," cried the Countess, what as that you have got on? and why? For whom are you dressing? What sort of weather is it? Quite stormy, I believe." "No, your Excellency," said the valet;

"it is expeedingly floe."
"What do you know about it? Open the ventulator. Just wirst I told you! A frightul wind, and as icy as can be. Unbarness the horses. Lisabeta, my child, we will not go out to-day. It was scarcely worth while "What an existence!" said the companion

to herself Lisbeta Ivanovna was, in fact, a most unhappy creature. "The bread of the stranger is littler," says Dante, "and his staircase hard to climb." But who can tell the torments of a poor little companion attached to an old lady of quality? The Countess and all the caprices of a woman spoilt by the world. She was avaricious and egotistical, and thought all the more of he reelf now that she had ceased to play an active part in society. She never missed a ball, and she cessed and painted in the style of a bygone She remained in a corner of the room. where she seemed to have been placed expressiv to serve as a scarecrow. Losabeta passed her life in continual torture When she went into society her position was sad. Everyone knew ber; no one paid her any attention. At a ball she sometimes but only when a vis-a-vis was Women would come up to her, take her by the arm, and lead her out of the room it their dress required attend-She had her portion of selfrespect, and felt deeply the misery of her position. She looked with im-patience for a liberator to break her chain. But the young men, prudent in the midst of their affected giddiness, took care ot to honor her with their attentions: though Lisabeta Ivanovna was a hundred times prettier than the shameless or stupid

One morning-it was two days after the party at Naroumoff's, and a week before the scene we have just sketched-Lisabeta was sitting at her embroidery before the window, when, looking carelessly in-to the street she saw an officer, in the uniform of the Engineers, standing motionless with his eyes fixed upon her, She lowered her head, and applied herself to her work more attentively than ever. Five minutes afterward she looked mechancally into the street, and the officer was habit of exchanging glances with young men who passed by her window, she remanned with her eyes fixed on her work for nearly two hours, until she was told that

girls whom they surrounded with their

unch was ready. She thought no more of him. Buttwo days alterward just as he was cetting into the carriage with the Countess, she saw him once more, standing straight before the door. His face was bull concealed by a for collar, out his black eyes sparkled beneath his helmet. Lisabeta was airaid, without knowing why, and she trembled as she took her

on returning home she rushed with a it was meant for." beating heart toward the window. The officer was in his nabitual place, with his eyes fixed ardently upon her. She at once with-drew, burning at the same time with curiosity, and moved by a strange feeling. which she now experienced for the first

No day now passed but the young officer snowed himself beneath the window. Before long a dumb acquaintance was estab-lished between them. Sitting at her work fluence of a commanding passion, and spoke she felt his presence, and when she raised her head she looked at him for a long time every day. The young man seemed fuil of eracitude for these innocent favors.

When Tomski asked his grandmother's permission to present one of his friends, the heart of the poor young girl beat strongly, and when size heard that it was Naroumoff, the bitteriv repented having compromised bassy. The Countess will be there. We her secret by letting it out to a giddy young shall remain until 2 in the morning. You

He lived on his pay and did not allow him-self the slightest fuxury. He was not very communicative, and his reserve rendered it chamber ask whether the Countess is at ithen't for his comrades to amuse themselves at his expense.

Under an assumed calm he concealed strong passions and a highly imaginative you, will meet no one. The Countess' women disposition. But he was always master of are together in a distan room. When you named and kept himself free from the ordinary faults of young men. Thus, a gambler by temperament, he never touched the Countess' bedroom. There, behind a gave thanks to Providence that he had a card, feeling, as he himself said, that his large screen, you will see two doors. The position did not allow him to "risk the necessary in view of the superfluous." Yet one on the right leads to a corridor, at the end he would pass entire nights before a card of which is a little winding starcase, which table, watching with feverish anxiety the leads to my parlor." rapid changes of the game. The anecdote of

".ink of it ali that night. burg, "if she would only tell me her secret would only name the three winning cards! I must get presented to her, that I may pay my court and gain her confidence. Yes! And she is \$7. She may die this week -is-morrow perhaps. But after all, is there a word of truth in the story? No! Economy, Temperance, Work; these are my three wininsure my independence and prosperity.

Dreaming in this way as he walked along, his attention was attracted by a house built in an antiquated style of architecture. The street was full of carriages, which passed one by one before the old house, now brilliantly illuminated. As the people stepped out of the carriages Hermann saw now the little feet of a young woman, now the military boot of a general. Then came a clocked stocking; then, again, a diplomatic pump. Fur-lined cleaks and coats passed in procession before a gigantic porter.

Hermann stopped. "Who lives here?" he said to a watchman in his box. "The Countess Anna Fedotovna." It was

Tomski's grandmother. Hermann started. The story of the three cards came once more upon his imagination. He walked to and fro before the house, thinking of the woman to whom it belonged, her wealth and her mysterious power. At last he returned to his den. But for some time he could not get to sleep; and when at lust sleep came upon him, he saw, dancing before his eyes, cards, a green table, and heaps of roubles and bank notes. He saw himself doubling stake after stake, always winning, and then filling his pockets with piles of coin, and stuffing his pocketbook with countless bank notes. When he awoke, he sighed to find that his treasures were but creations of a disordered fancy; and, to drive such thoughts from him, he went out for a

There he saw a girl's head with beautiful black hair, leaning gracefully over a book or an embroidery frame. The head was lifted, and he saw a fresh complexion and black

This moment decided his fate

CHAPTER III. Lisabeta was just taking off her shawl and her bonnet, when the Countess sent for

her. She had had the horses put in While two footmen were helping the old lady into the carriage, Lisabeta saw the young officer at her side. She felt him take her by the hand lost her head and found. when the young officer had walked away, that he had left a paper between her fingers. She hastily concealed it in her

During the whole of the drive she neither saw nor heard. When they were in the carriage together the Countess was in the habit of questioning Lisabeta perpetually. "Who is that man that bowed to us? What is the name of this bridge? What is there written on that signboard? Lisabeta now gave the most absurd an-

"What is the matter with you, child?" she asked. "What are you thinking about? Or do you really not hear me? I speak dis-

swers, and was accordingly scolded by the

tinctly enough, however, and I have not yet lost my head, have I?" Lisabeta was not listening. When she got back to the house she ran to her room,

locked the door, and took the scrap of paper from her glove. It was not sealed, and it was impossible, therefore, not to read it. The letter contained protestations of love. It was tender, respectful and translated word for word from a German novel. But Lisabetta did not read German and she was quite delighted. She was, however, much embarrassed. For the first time in her life she had a secret. Correspond with a young man! The idea of such a thing frightened How imprudent she had been! She had reproached herself, but knew not now

Cease to do her work at the window, and by persistent coldness try and disgust the young officer? Send him back his letter? Answer him in a firm, decided manner What line of conduct was she to pursue? She at last decided to send an answer. She sat down at her little table, took pen and paper, and began to think. More than once she wrote a sentence and then tore up the paper. What she had written seemed too stiff, or else it was wanting in reserve. At last, after much trouble, she succeeded in composing a few lines which seemed to meet the case. "I believe," she wrote, that your intentions are those of an honorable man, and that you would not wish offend me by any thoughtless conduct. But you must understand that our acquaintance cannot begin in this way. I return your letter, and trust you will not give me cause

to regret my imprudence." Next day as soon as Hermann made his appearance, Lisabeta left her embroidery and went into the drawing room, opened the ventilator, and threw her letter into the street, making sure that the young officer

would pick it up. Hermann, in fact, at once saw it, and, picking it up, entered a confectioner's shop in order to read it. Finding nothing discouraging in it, he went home sufficiently

Some days afterward a young person with lively eyes called to see Miss Lisabeta on the part of a milliner. Lisabeta wondered what she could want, and suspected, as she received her, some secret intention. She was much surprised, however, when she recognized, on the letter that was now handed to her, the writing of Hermann, "You make a mistake," she said, "this

"I beg your pardon," said the milliner, with a slight smile; "be kind enough to Lisabeta glanced at it. Hermann was

letter is not for me.

asking for an appointment.
"Impossible!" she cried alarmed both at the boldness of the request and at the man-ner in which it was made. "This letter is Come!" not for me," she repeated; and she tore it

"If the letter was not for you, why did you tear it up? You should have given it

"True," said Lisabeta, quite discon-certed. "But bring me no more letters, and tell the person who gave you this one that he ought to blush for his conduct." Hermann, however, was not a man to give up what he bad once undertaken. Every

They were no longer translated from the a language which was his own. Lisabeta could not hold out against such torrents of eloquence. She received the letters, kept them, and at last answered them. Every day her answers were longer and more affec-tionate, until at last she threw out of the

window a letter couched as tollows:
"This evening there is a ball at the Em-bome, and you will be told that she is out, you, will meet no one. The Countess' women

Count St. Germain's three cards had struck his imagination, and he did nothing but Countess' carriage drewup. He saw two seen the young officer from her window, huge footmen come forward and take "It," he said to himself next day, as he was wasking along the streets of St. Peterswrapped up in an enormous fur cloak. Im- was all. She had received a quantity of mediately afterward, in a cloak of lighter make, her head crowned with natural flowers, came Lisabeta, who sprang into the carriage like a dart. The door was closed,

The porter closed the street door, and ging cards. With them I can double my capital; increase it tenfold. They alone can dark. Silence reigned throughout the Hermann walked backward and torward; then coming to a lamp he looked at his watch. It was 20 minutes to 11. ference. With this noble object he had in-Leaning against the lamp-post, his eyes vited Lisabeta to take part in an interminafixed on the long hand of his watch, he counted impatiently the minutes which about her partiality for engineer officers, had yet to pass. At 11 o'clock precisely, and, pretending all the time to kno Hermann walked up the steps, pushed open the street door, and went into the vestibule, which was well lighted. As it happened the porter was not there. With a firm and rapid step he rushed up the staircase and reached the aute-chamber. There, before a lamp, a footman was sleeping, stretched in a dirty, greasy dressing gown. Hermann passed quickly before him and crossed the dining room and the drawing room, where there was no light. But the lamp of the ante-chamber helped him to see. At last he reached the Countess' bedroom. Before a screen covered with old icons (sacred pictures) a golden lamp was burning. Gilt armehairs, sofas of faded colors, furnished with soft cushions, were arranged symmetrically slong the walls, which were hung with China silk. He saw two large por-traits, painted by Madame le Brun. One represented a man of 40, stout and full col-ored, dressed in a light green coat, with a decoration on his breast. The second por-trait was that of an elegant young in his place he would behave very differtrait was that of an elegant young ently. But I am quite sure that he hair rolled back on the temples, and with a hair rolled back on the temples, and with a himself has designs upon you. At least, he hair rolled back on the temples, and with a seems to listen with remarkable interest to rose over her ear. Everywhere might be seems to listen with remarkable intereseen shepherds and shepherdesses in Dresall-that his friend tells him about you." walk. But he had not gone far when he found himself once more before the house of den china, with vases of all shapes, clocks the Countess. He seemed to have been at-tracted there by some irrevisible force. He thousand playthings for the use of ladies of

stopped, and looked up at the windows | fashion, discovered in the last century, at | At this moment three ladies came forward

the time of Montgolfier's balloons and Mesmer's animal magnetism.

Hermann passed behind the screen, which concealed a little iron bedstead. He saw the two doors; the one on the right leading to the dark room, the one on the left to the corridor. He opened the latter, saw the stalence which led to the room little comstaircase which led to the poor little com-panion's parlor, and then, closing this door,

went into the dark room.

The time passed slowly. Everything was quiet in the house. The drawing room clock struck midnight, and sgain there was silence. Hermann was standing up, leaning against the stove, in which there was no fire. He was calm; but his heart beat with quick pulsations, like that of a man deter-mined to brave all dangers he might have to meet, because he knows them to be in-evitable. He heard 1 o'clock strike; then 2; and soon afterward the distant roll of a carriage. He now, in spite of himself, experienced some emotion. The carriage approached rapidly and stopped. There was at once a great noise of servants running about the staircases, and a conlusion of voices. Suddenly the rooms were all lit up, and the Countess' three antiquated maids came at once into the bed room. At last appeared the Countess her-

The walking mummy sank into a large Voltaire arm chair. Hermann looked through the crack in the door; he saw Lisabeta pass close to him, and heard her hurried step as she went up the little winding staircase. For a moment he felt mething like remorse; but it soon passed off, and his heart was once more of stone. The Countess began to undress before a looking-glass. Her head-dress of roses was taken off, and her powdered wig separated from her own hair, which was very short and quite white. Pins fell in showers around her. At last she was in her dressing-gown

and her nightcap, and in this costume, more

suitable to her age, was less hideous than Like most old people, the Countess was tormented by sleeplessness. She had her armchair rolled toward one of the windows, and told her maids to leave her. The lights were put out, and the room was lighted only by the lamp which burned before the holy images. The Countess, sallow and wrinkled, balanced herself gently from right to left. In her dull eyes could be read an utter absence of thought; and as she moved from side to side, one might have said that she did so not by any action of the will, but through some secret mechanism.
Suddenly this death's head assumed a

new expression; the lips ceased to tremble, and the eyes became alive. A strange man had appeared before the Countess! It was Hermann. "Do not be alarmed, madam," said Her-

mann, in a low voice, but very distinctly. "For the love of heaven, do not be alarmed. I do not wish to do you the slightest harm; on the contrary, I come to implore a favor The old woman looked at him in silence,

as if she did not understand. Thinking she was deaf, he leaned toward her ear and repeated what he had said; but the Countess still remained silent. "You can ensure the happiness of my whole life, and without its costing you a I know that you can name to me

three cards -The Countess now understood what he re-"It was a joke," she interrupted.

swear to you it was only a joke."
"No, madam," replied Hermann in an angry tone. "Remember Tchaplitzki, and how you enabled him to win."
The Countess was agitated. For a mo-

ment her features expressed strong emotion; but they soon resumed their former duli-"Cannot you name to me," said Hermann, "three winning cards?"

The Countess remained silent. "Why keep this secret for your great-grandchil-dren," he continued. "They are rich enough without; they do not know the value of money. Or what profit would your three eards be to them? They are debauchees, The man who cannot keep his inheritance will die in want, though he had the science of demons at his command. I am a steady man. I know the value of money. Your three cards will not be lost upon me. He stopped tremblingly, awaiting a reply.

The Countess did not utter a word. Her mann went upon his knees.
"If your heart has ever known the passion me back, that I might take it to the person of love; if you can remember its sweet eestacies; it you have ever been touched by the found himself in the corridor which led ery of a new-born babe; if any human feeling has ever caused your heart to beat, I entreat you by the love of a husband, a lover, a mother, by all that is sacred in life, not to reject my prayer. Tell me your secret! Reflect! You are old; you have not long to day Lisabeta received a fresh letter from him-sent now in one way now in another. livel Remember that the happiness of a man is in your hands; that not only myself, but my children and my grandchildren will

bless your memory as a saint," The old Countess answered not a word. Hermann rose, and drew a pistol from his

pocket.
"Hag!" he exclaimed, "I will make you At the sight of the pistol the Countess for the second time showed agitation. Her head shook violently; she stretched out her hands

as if to put the weapon aside. Then sud-denly she fell back motionless. mann. you name the three cards?"

The Countess did not answer. Hermann saw that she was dead !

CHAPTER IV. Lisabeta was sitting in her room, still in her ball dress, lost in the deepest meditation. On her return to the house she had and, in that case, you must resign yourself sent away her maid and had gone upand go away. In all probability, however, stairs to her room, trembling at the idea of finding Hermann there; desiring, inmissed the appointment. She sat down pensively, without thinking of taking off her cloak, and allowed to pass through her memory all the circumstances of the intrigue which had begun such a short time back, At 10 o'clock Hermann was already on and had already advanced so far. Scarcely and already she had written to him, and he letters from him, but he had never spoken to her; she did not know the sound of his voice, and until that evening, strangely enough, she had never heard him spoken

But that very evening Tomski, fancying he had noticed that the young Princess tom, with another man, had wished to re-venge himself by making a show of indif-ference. With this noble object he had inble mazurka; but he teased her immensely much more than he really did, hazarded purely in fun a few guesses which were so happy that Lisabeta thought her secret must have been discovered. "But who tells you all this?" she said,

with a smile. "A friend of the very officer you know, a most original man. "And who is this man that is so original?" "His name is Hermann."

She answered nothing, but her hands and feet seemed to be of ice. "Hermann is a hero of romance," con-tinued Tomski. "He has the profile of Napoleou, and the soul of Mephistopheles. I believe he has at least three crimes on his conscience. . . . But how pale you are!"
"I have a bad headache. But what did this Mr. Hermann tell you? Is not that

his name ?" "Hermann is very much displeased with his friend, with the Engineer officer who

"And where has he seen me?" "Pernaps in church, perhaps in the street; heaven knows where."

according to the custom of the mazurks, and asked Tomski to choose between "forgetful-ness and regret."* And the conversation which had so pain-fully excited the curiosity of Lisabeta came

to an end.

The lady who, in virtue of the infidelities permitted by the mazurks, had just been chosen by Tomski, was the Princess Pauline. During the rapid evolutions which the fig-ure obliged them to make, there was a grand explanation between them, until at last he conducteds her to a chair, and returned to

his partner. But Tomski could now think no more, either of Hermann or Lisabeta, and he tried in vain to resume the conversation. But the mazurka was coming to an end, and immediately afterward the old Countess rose

Tomski's mysterious phrases were nothing more than the usual platitudes of the ma-zurka, but they had made a deep impression upon the heart of the poor little companion. The portrait sketched by Tomski had struck her as very exact; and with her romantic ideas, she saw in the rather ordinary countenance of her adorer something to fear and admire. She was now sitting down with her cloak off, with bare shoulders; her head, crowned with flowers, falling forward from atigue, when suddenly the door opened and Hermann entered. She shuddered. "Where were you?" she said, trembling

all over. "In the Countess's bedroom. I have ust left her," replied Hermaun.

'Great heavens! What are you saying?' "I am afraid," he said, "that I am the cause of her death." Lisabeta looked at him in consternation, and remembered Tomski's words: "He has at least three crimes on his conscience." Hermann sat down by the window, and

told everything. The young girl listened with terror.
So those letters so full of passion, those burning expressions, this daring obstinate pursuit-all this had been inspired by anything but love! Money alone had inflamed the man's soul. She, who had nothing but a heart to offer, how could she make him happy? Poor child! she had been the blind instrument of a robber, of the murderer of her old benefactress. She wept bitterly in the agony of her repentance. Hermann watched her in silence; but neither the tears of the unhappy girl, nor her beauty, rendered more touching by her grief, could move his heart of iron. He had no remorse

loss of the secret which was to have made his fortune. "You are a monster!" said Lisabeta, after a long silence. "I did not mean to kill her," replied

in thinking of the Countess' death. On

sale thaught distressed him-the irreparable

Hermann coldly. "My pistol was not loaded." They remained for some time without speaking, without looking at one another. The day was breaking, and Lisabeta put out her candle. She wiped her eyes, drowned in tears, and raised them toward Hermann. window, his arms crossed, with a frown on his lorehead. In this attitude he reminded her involuntarily of the portraito! Napoleon.

The resemblance overwhelmed her. "How am I to get you away?" she said at last. "I thought you might go out by the back stairs. But it would be necessary to go through the Countess' bedroom, and I am too frightened. "Tell me how to get to the staircase, and I

will go alone." She went to a drawer, took out a key, which she handed to Hermann, and gave him the necessary instructions. Hermann took her icy hand, kissed her on the forehead and departed.

He went down the staircase, and entered the Countess' bedroom. She was seated quite stiff in her armehair; but her features were in no way contracted. He stopped for a moment and gazed into her face as if to make sure of the terrible reality. Then he entered the dark room, and, feeling behind the tapestry, found the little door which opened on to a staircase. As he went down strange ideas came into his head. "Going down the staircase," he said to himself, "some 60 years ago, at about this time, may have been seen some man in an embroidered coat with powdered wig, pressing to his breast a cocked hat: some gallant who has long been buried; and now the heart of his aged mistress has ceased to beat."

At the end of the staircase he found an other door, which his key opened, and he

CHAPTER V.

Three days after this fatal night, at 9 his conduct had hitherto been marked, the convent where the last respects were to be paid to the last remains of the old Countess. He felt no remorse, though he could not deny to himself that he was the poor woman's assassin. Having no religion, he was, as usual in such cases, very superstitious; believing that the dead Courtess might exercise a malignant influence on his life, he thought to appease her spirit by at-

tending her funeral. The church was full of people, and it was difficult to get in. The body had been "Come, don't be childish!" said Hercanon. "I adjure you for the last time; will
ou name the three cards?"

placed on a rich catafalque, beneath a canopy of veivet. The Countess was reposing in an open coffin, her hands joined down here, as a first stake, more than 175 on her breast, with a dress of white satin, and head-dress of lace. Around the catfalque the was family assembled, the servants in black caftans with a knot of ribbons on the shoulder, exhibiting the colors of the Countess' coat of arms. Each of them held a wax candle in his hand. The relations, in deep mourning-children, grand-children, and great-grandchildren-were all

present; but none of them wept.

To have shed tears would have looked like affectation. The Countess was so old that her death could have taken no one by surprise, and she had long been looked upor as already out of the world. The funeral sermon was delivered by a celebrated preacher. In a few simple, touching phrases he painted the final depart-ure of the just, who had passed long years of contrite preparation for a Christian end. The service concluded in the midst of respectful silence. Then the relations went toward the defunct to take a last farewell. After them, in a long procession, all who had been invited to the ceremony bowed, for the last time, to her who for so many years had been a scarecrow at their entertainments. Finally came the Countess' household; among them was remarked an old governess, of the same age us the deceased, supported by two women. She had not strength enough to kneel down, but tears flowed from her eyes, as she kissed the hand of her old mistress.

In his turn Hermann advanced toward the coffin. He knelt down for a moment on the flagstones, which were strewed with branches of yew. Then he rose, as pale as death, and walked up the steps of the catafalque. He bowed his head. But suddenly the dead woman seemed to be staring at him; and with a mocking look she opened and shut one eye. Hermann by a sudden movement started and fell backrard. Several persons hurried toward him. At the same moment, close to the church door, Lisabeta fainted. Throughout the day, Hermann suffered

from a strange indisposition. In a quiet restaurant, where he took his meals, he, contrary to his habit, drank a great deal of wine, with the object of stupefying himself. But the wine had no effect but to excite his imagination, and give fresh activity to the ideas with which he was preoccupied. He went home earlier than usual; lay down with his clothes on upon the bed, and fell into a leaden sleep. When he woke up it was night, and the room was lighted up by the rays of the moon. He looked at his watch; it was 2:45. He could sleep no more. watch; it was 2:30. He could sleep no more. He sat up on the bed and thought of the old Countess. At this moment someone in the street passed the window, looked into the room, and then went on. Hermann scarcely noticed it; but in another minute he heard the door of the ante-chamber open. He thought that his orderly, drunk as usual, was returning from

one to which he was not accustomed. Some *The figures and fashions of the maturka are reproduced in the cotilion of Western Europe. —Translator.

some nocturnal excursion, but the step was

body seemed to be softly walking over the floor in slippers. on Hermann's card. The door opened, and a woman, dressed entirely in white, entered the bedroom. Herthe right a ten, and on the left a three.
"I win," said Hermann, exhibiting his thought it must be his old nurse, and he asked himself, what she could want at

that time of night.

But the woman in white, crossing the room with a rapid step, was now at the foot of his bed, and Hermann recognized the Countess. "I come to you against my wish," she

said in a firm voice. "I am forced to grant your prayer. Three, seven, ace, will win, if played one after the other; but you must not play more than one card in 24 hours, and afterward as long as you live you must never touch a card again. I forgive you my death, on condition of your marrying ny companion, Lisabeta Ivanovna. With these words she walked toward the door, and gliding with her slippers over the floor, disappeared. Hermann heard the

door of the ante-chamber open, and soon afterward saw a white figure pass along the street. It stopped for a mon window, as if to look at him. Hermann remained for some time as-tounded. Then he got up and went into the next room. His orderly, drunk as usual, was asleep on the floor. He had much difficulty in waking him, and then could not obtain from him the least explanation.

The door of the ante-chamber was locked.

wrote down all the details of his vision.

CHAPTER VI. Two fixed ideas can no more exist together in the moral world than in the physical two bodies can occupy the same place at the same time; and "Three, seven, ace" soon drove away Hermann's recollection of the old Countess' last moments. "Three, seven, ace" were now in his head to the exclusion

of everything else. They followed him in his dreams, and ap peared to him in strange forms. Threes seemed to be spread before him like mag nolias, sevens took the form of Gothic doors, and aces became gigantic spiders.

His thoughts concentrated themselves or

one single point. How was he to profit by the secret so dearly purchased? What if he applied for leaves to travel? At Paris, he said to himself, he would find some gambling house, where, with his three cards, he could at once make his fortune. Chance soon came to his assistance. There was at Moscow a society of rich gamblers

presided over by the celebrated Tchekalin-ski, who had passed all his life playing at ards, and had amassed millions. For while he lost silver only, he gained bank notes His magnificent house, his excellent kitch en, his cordial manners, had brought hin numerous friends and secured for him gen

When he came to St. Petersburg, the young men of the capital filled his rooms, forsaking balls for his card parties, and pre-ferring the emotions of gambling to the fascinations of flirting. Hermann was taken Tehekalinski by Naroumoff. The through a long suite of rooms, full of the most attentive, obsequious servants. The place was crowded. Generals and high officials were playing at whist; young men were stretched out on the sotas, eating ices and smoking long pipes. In the principal room at the head of a long table, around which were assembled a score of young players, the master of the house held a faro bank.

He was a man of about 60, with a sweet and noble expression of face, and hair white as snow. On his full, florid countenance might be read good humor and benevolence. His eyes shone with a perpet-ual smile. Naroumoff introduced Hermann. Tchekalinskie took him by the hand, told him that he was glad to see him; that no one stood on ceremony in his house, and then went on dealing. The deal occupied some time, and stakes were made or more than 30 cards. Tchekalinski waited patiently to allow the wippers time to double their stakes, paid what he had lost, listened politely to all observations and, more polite ly still, put straight the corners of cards, when in a fit of absence some one had taken the liberty of turning them down. At last when the game was at an end, Tchekalinski collected the cards, shuffled them again, had

them cut and then dealt anew. "Will you allow me to take a card?" said Hermann, stretching out his arm above a nan who occupied nearly the whole one side of the table. Tchekalinski, with a gracious smile, bowed in consent. Narou-moff complimented Hermanu, with a laugh, on the cessation of the austerity by which o'clock in the morning, Hermann entered wished him all kinds of happiness on the oceasion of his first appearance in the char-

-They say in Indianapolis that William A. Woods, United States District Judge for Indiana, will be elevated to the Circuit Court of Appeals created by Congress. acter of a gambler. -Indians joined the whites at Brown's Val-ley, Minn., in celebrating the opening of a 1,000,000-acre reservation in South Dakota to settlement. The Indians received \$3 an acre "There!" said Hermann, after writing some figures on the back of his card.
"How much?" asked the banker, half closing his eyes. "Excuse me, I cannot —Robert Lindsay Antrobus, second son of Sir Edmund Antrobus, Bart., and a junior part-ner in the banking house of Coutts & Co., Lon-don, committed suicide in his bed by shooting yesterday morning. Cause unknown.

"Forty-seven thousand roubles," said Hermann. Everyone's eyes were directed toward the new player.
"He has lost his head," thought Narou-

"Allow me to point out to you," said

"Very well," said Hermann; "but do you accept my stake or not?" Tchekalinski bowed in token of acceptation. "I only wish to point out to you," he said, "that although I am perfectly sure of my friends I can only play against ready money. I am quite convinced that your word is as good as gold; but to keep up the rules of the game and to facilitate calcula-tions, I should be obliged to you if you would put the money on your card."

Hermann took a bank-note from his pocket and handed it to Tchekalinski, who, | Fleming & Sou's, Market st.

PASTOR AND PEOPLE. after examining it with a glance, placed it Then he began to deal. He turned up on

the assembly. The banker knitted his eye

"Shall I settle at once?" he asked.
"If you will be kind enough to do so,"

aid Hermann. Tehekalinski took a bundle of banknotes

pocketed his winnings and left the table

Naroumoff was lost in astonishment. Her-mann drank a glass of lemonade and went

The next evening he returned to the house

Tehekalinski again held the bank. Her-mann went to the table, and this time the players hastened to make room for him. Tenekalinski received him with a most

he counted out the 94,000 roubles to Her-

he again appeared. Everyone was expect

who, still smiling, watched the approach o

notes. It was like the preliminaries of a

kin in Strand Magazine.

heavy snowfall yesterday.

-The snow blockade in Mexico is broken

-The squadron of evolution is at Pensacol:

—In an interview published in the Siccle, M. Herbette, the French Ambassador to Berlin warmly praises Emperor William.

The opening of the Cœur d'Alene reserva-tion, in Washington, for settlement has started boomer stampede for that region.

-To save the Provincial Bank at Bueno Ayres from ruin the Government has suspende

—A bill has been introduced in the Arizona House declaring the Indians who left the San Carlos Agency with arms in their possession outlaws, and offering a reward of \$300 for each

Indian killed upon whom, at the Coroner's in-quest, arms shall be found.

quest, arms shall be found.

—The late Cardinal Newman bequeathed all his manuscripts and copyrights of his book to Rev. Mr. Nevillo; his real and honsehold property to Rev. Mr. Pollen, and the whole residue of his pessessions to Messra Neville, Pollen and Bellassa. The entire value of the late Cardinal's estate is £3,574.

GIANT FUCHSIAS and other pretty plants

that come with the spring, by Ella Sparr and other florists in THE DISPATCH to-mor-

NERVOUS debility, poor memory, diffi-dence, local weakness, pimples cured by Dr. Miles' Nervine. Samples free at Jos.

ner, rose from the table and went away.

gained the evening before.

Hermann exhibited a seven.

Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott's Views on the Sunday School Lesson. A murmur of astonishment ran through

brows, but speedily his face resumed its A FEW OF THE TOPICS WHICH WILL

> Be Treated in Pittsburg and Allegheny Pulpits To-Morrow.

> GLEANINGS FROM CHURCH FIELDS

The Sunday school topic for to-morrow's study is, "Naaman Healed." Dr. Lyman Abbott, of Plymonth Churco, Brooklyn, has this, among many other good things, to say of the lesson:-

gracious bow. Hermann waited, took a card, and staked on it his 47,000 roubles, to-"The condition of healing. Faith-but gether with the like sum which he had what kind of faith? The kind that obeys Tchekalinski began to deal. He turned It was not required of Naaman that he up on the right a knave, and on the left a should declare his belief in any articles of theology whatsoever. Nor was there required of him any expression of feeling. There was a general exclamation. Tchek-alinski was evidently ill at ease, but He was not questioned as to his experience. He might go to the river doubting; that would not prevent the cure. If obeyed, that was enough; he should be healed, The next evening, at the accustomed hour, Nay, more than that; it is tolerably evident that neither his faith nor his feeling was of ing him. Generals and high officials had left their whist to watch this extraordinary a very commendable sort. He simply resolved to try the experiment, with apparently small expectation of any result. Set play. The young officers had quitted their sofas, and even the servants of the house your class to look through the Bible to see pressed round the table.

When Hermann took his seat, the other if they find any case in which feeling was required as a condition of healing, either spiritual or physical. They will look in vain. Let them look for a case in which there was not some act of obedience. And still they will look in vain. To have faith players ceased to stake, so impatient were they to see him have it out with the banker, his antagonist and prepared to meet him. Each of them untied at the same time a pack of eards. Tehekalinski shuffled, and us do. He who does this is saved-no mat-Hermann cut. Then the latter teck up a card and covered it with a heap of bankter what creed he starts with—no matter what lack of feeling may be his. He who disobeys cannot compensate for that lack of duel. A deep silence reigned through the obedience either by a correct creed or by

Tchekalinski took up the cards with trembling hands and dealt. On one side he Sunday Services in Fittsburg Churches. put down a queen and on the other side an -St. Peter's P. E. Church, Rev. W. R. dackay, rector-Services at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30

"No. Queen loses," said Tchekalinski. Hermann looked. Instead of ace, he-saw queen of spades before him. He could not -Shadyside U. P. Church, Osceola street choolhouse-Rev. J. K. McClurkin, D. D., will reach at 3:00. rust his eyes! And now as he gazed, in -First U. P. Church, Seventh arenue-Preaching at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. by Rev M. G. Kyle, of Philadelphia. fascination, on the fatal card, he fancied that he saw the queen of spades open and -Fourth Avenue Baptist Church, H. C. Applegarth, pastor-10:30 A. M., "Grieving the Spirit?" 7:30 P. M., "A Man's Life," then close her eye, while at the same time she gave a mocking smile. He felt a thrill of nameless horror. The -Eighth Presbyterian Church, Rev. E. R. Donchoo, pastor-1045 A. M., "Suppressed Lives;" 7:30 P. M., "The Model Sermon." queen of spades resembled the dead Coun-Hermann is now at the Obonkhoff Asy lum, room No. 17 - a hopeless madman

-Denny M. E. Church-10:30 A. M., "Casting He answers no questions which we put to him. Only he mumbles to himself without -Lawrenceville Presbyterian Church, Rev. A. E. Linn, pastor-Subject, 19:30 A. M., "Look On." 7:30 P. M., "Wilt Thou be Made Whole?" cessation, "Three, seven, ace; three, seven, queen!"-From the Russian of Alex. Push--Southside Presbyterian Church, corner Twentieth and Sarahstreets, Rev. F. R. Far-rand, pastor-Services at 10:33 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.

HOW to choose a dog, by H. Clay Glover veterinarian to the Westminster Kennel Club, in THE DISPATCH to-morrow -St. Mark's Memorial Reformed Church North Highland avenue—Services at 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M., to be conducted by Rev. S.S. Gil-LATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

-First English Lutheran Church, Grant street, Rev. Edmund Belfour, D. D., pastor-Services morning and evening at the usual -East End Christian Church, T. D. Butler -The price of Scotch iron fell yesterday at pastor-Morning: "Peace, How Gained and Lost." Evening: "Paradise Lost and Re--The new Mississippi levees at Natchez are

-Unitarian Church, Rev.J.G. Townsend, D.D. -The Northwestern States experienced minister-Topic, "American Mechanics and Workingmen." Sermon subject, "Christian Tolerance." -The South Dakota Legislature has killed the World's Fair bill for economy's sake. -Lawrenceville English Lutheran Church, C. P. Harrah, pastor-Morning subject, "Be-hold the Man." Evening, "The Wreck of a Noble Life." -The slayer of Sheriff Crammer in the Boone-ville, Mo., jail, John Oscar Turlington, was hanged yesterday. -Banker Nichols, of Kansas City, accused receiving deposits in his insolvent bank, is jail in default of a new bond.

-First Presbyterian Church, Wood street, Rev. George T. Purves, D. D., pastor-Services at 1030 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. Evening subject, "Judas Iscariot." -Central Presbyterian Church, Rev. A. A. Mealy, pastor-Morning subject, "Here We Have No Continuing City;" evening subject, "Righteous Rulings."

-Emory M. E. Church, Rev. C. V. Wilson, pastor-Services at II A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Evening sermon, "The Sower," the first of a series on the parables. -Forty-third Street Presbyterian Church, Rev. H. H. Sriles, pastor-Services at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Young people's meeting on Monday evening at 7:30. *—Senator Bocher, the private adviser of the Count of Paris, will resign. His real reason is supposed to be that he believes monarcifism is dead.

—Shady Avenue Baptist Church—Morning subject, "Four Fundamental Facts in Religion." Evening subject, "The Morals of Earth versus the Morals of Heaven." —Central Christian Church, H. W. Talmage, pastor—Services at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 p. M. Morning theme, "The Crucifixion of Christ." Evening: "The City of God." —Oakland M. E. Church, Rev. T. N. Eaton, pastor—Subject for morning service, "Some Personal Friends of Jesus;" evening, "How We May Learn to Love God."

-Oakland Baptist Church, Rev. William Ward West, pastor-Morning services at 10:16, "The Believers' Union With Christ." Evening gospel services at 7:20 o'clock. -Thirty-third Street U. P. Church-Preaching 10:30 by Rev. J. H. Paxton, subject, "Perfect Walk Before God?" 7:20, by Rev. W. K. Fulton, subject, "Christian Joy."

-Third Presbyterian Church, Sixth avenue, Rev. E. F. Cowan, D. D., pastor-Services 10:45 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. Eveningsubject, "A Rain-bow Round About the Throne." -Firth U. P.Church, Webster avenue, Rev. J. W. Hartsha, pastor—10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Morning, "The Model Congregation, IV." Evening, "How to Use a Blessing." -Fifth Avenue M. E. Church, L. McGuire,

pastor—10:30 A. M., "Joy and Gradness, for Sor-row and Sighing;" 7:45 P. M., "Joy in Itehven Over One Sinner Than Repenteth." -First R. P. Church, Rev. Nevin Woodside, pastor-Morning subject, "A Pious Servant in a Heathen Home." Evening, "The Necessity for Religious Worship While Traveling." -Grace Reformed Church, Rev. John H.

"The Sacret of a Blessed Death."

Subject: "The Sacretof a Blessed Death."

-Lawrenceville Baptist Church-Services in German church, Forty-fourth street, services at 3 P. M., led by Rev. D. S. Mulhern. Subject, "The City of God." Sunday school 1:30 P. M.

-Seventh Presbyterian Church, Herron avenue, Rev. C. S. McClielland, pastor-10:30 A. M.: "Giving Oneself;" 7:30 P. M.: The second of a series in answer to the question, "What Is Sinf"

-Mt. Washington Presbyterian Church, Rev. E. S. Farrand, pastor-10:30 A. M. "Living in Faith;" 7:30 P. M., "What Hinders Our Conversion?" 6:30 P. M., "Obedience in Little Things."

Prugh, paster-Morning sermon by Finley 7.

-Christ M. E. Church, Rev. G. W. Izer, D.D., nastor-Morning subject: "The Tene Motive, Aim, and Engagement-of Life." Exening subject: "A Universal Reception-The Penitent Welconied."

-First Christian Church, Mansfield Valley Pa., O. H. Philips, pastor—Services Sune March S. 91. Morning, "Gideon;" even "Reformatory Forces of Christianity," S day school at 10 A. M.

—Second Presbyterian Church, Rev. J. R. Sutherland, D.D. pastor—Subject in the morning, 'One of the Veritable Mistakes of Moses,' in the evening, 'Christian Manliness'—specially for young people. -Sixth United Presbyterian Church, Rev.

—Sixth United Presbyterian Church, Rev. E. M. Russell, pastor—Services II A. M. and 7:45 P. M. Morning Sermon: "A Triumph of Faith." Evening: Gespel meeting. "The Invitation of the Church to the World."
—Second P. M. Church, Patterson street, Southside. Rev. H. J. Buckingham, pastor—Services, 10:30 A. M. and 7 P. M. Subjects, morning, "The Danger of Spiritual Indifference," Evening, "Mountains, and How to Remove Them."

-Point Breeze Presbyterian Church, Rev. DeWitt M. Benham, pastor-Morning service, It A. M.: subject, "As He Thinketh in His Heart, So is He." Evening service, 7:30 P. M.; subject, "In the Beginning God." Services conducted by the pastor.

-Bellefield Presbyterian Church, Rev. Dr. Holland, pastor—At the morning service the sacraments will be administered. In the evening Rev. J. M. Allis, of Santiago, Chile, will speak in reference to the political and religious condition of affairs in that country. -Universalist Church, Curry University Chapel, Sixth street and Penn avenue, Rev. W. S. Williams, pastor—Morning service at lively subject, "The Doom of the World's Billions;" evening service at 7-25; topics of the daily pressit subject of sermon, "The Fellow We Meet Duily, but Don't Like."

-Homewood Presbyterian Church-Gospel meetings every evening the coming week. Sunday evening services will be conducted by Rev. G. W. Chalfant; Monday at 7:15 Rev. C. C. Miller will preach; Tuesday, Rev. Dr. R. B. Ewing: Wednesday, C. L. Chalfant; Thursday, Rev. De Witt M. Benham.

-Smithfield Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Seventh avenue, Rev. Charles Edward Locke, pastor-Preaching at 19:39 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; in the morning, adult haptism and re-ception of probationers; evening subject, "The Generation." Sunday school at 2 p. M. prane

Generation." Sunday school at 2 P. M.: young people's meeting Sunday at 6:30 P. M.; Epworth League Friday evening at 7:45. Allegheny Churches. -Fourth U. P. Church-Preaching morning and evening by Rev. Joseph Kyle, of Spring-field, O.

-North Presbyterian Church, Rev. John

Fox, pastor—Services at the usual hours, morning and evening. -Eighth United Presbyterian Church, W. f. -Providence Presbyterian Church, Rev. W. A. Kinter, pastor-Services at 10:30 A. M. and 1:45 P. M. Young people's meeting at 7:10 P. M. -Central Presbyterian Church, Rev. S. B. McCormick, pastor-Morning, 10:45, communion service; evening, 7:30, subject, "Profit and

> -Nixon Street Baptist Church, J. B. Hutson, pastor-At 10:30 A. M., "The Subject and Ob-ject of Freaching," at 7:30 P. M., "Moral Lep-rosy." -Arch Street M. E. Church, Rev. W. F. Con-nor, pastor-10:30 A. M., "A Knowledge of God the Only Grounds of Peace." 7:30 P. M., "Ishmael."

> -North Avenue M. E. Church, T. J. Leak, naster—Subject in the morning, "The Sons of Jod," and in the evening, "Man and His Pos -Rev. I. C. Pershing, D. D., will conduct services and preach at the McCandless Street M E. Church at 10:30 A. M., and at the North End M. E. Church at 7:30 P. M. -Central R. P. Churen, Rev. J. W. Spronil, pastor-At 19:39 A. M., subject, "The Alleglance We Owe to Civil Government," at 3 P. M., "The War in Which There is No Discharge."

> -Green Street Baptist Church, R. S. Laws, D. D., pastor-Preaching at 1930 A. M. Ludles' missionary meeting at 3 P. M. Rev. W. W. Collier, late African missionary, at 7 P. M. -Second Congregational Chufch, Rev. William McCracken, pastor-Morning theme, "The End of the Commandment;" evening, "Jacob at Peniel." Young people's meeting at 6:30. -First Christian Church, Rev. W. F. Richor-Morning sermon: "The Arme ardson, paster—Morning sermon: "The of God." Evening sermon: "Redeemin Time." Christian Endeavor prayer mee

> -First Presbyterian Church, Carnegie Hail, Rev. David S. Kennedy, pastor-10:30 A. M., theme, "We are Saved by Hope:" 7:45 P. M., theme, "The Glory of Young Men is Their Strength."

-First Congregational Church, Rev. 8, W. McCorkle, pastor-Subject of sermon at 10:30 A.M., "The Word of God Not Bound;" at 7:30 P. M., "The Handwriting on the Wall," a temperance sermon. —Sandusky Street Baptist Church, B. F. Woodburn, pastor—10:30 A. M., "Communion;" 7:30 P. N., "The Rest of Faith." Rev. A. J. Bonsall, of Kochester, will preach every night next week except Saturday.

-Buena Visia Street M. E. Church, Rev. J. H. siller, pastor-At 10:30 A. M. Dr. A. L. Petty will preach and administer the Lord's Supper; sermon by the pastor; at 7:30 P. M., "The Bible Problem of Profit and Loss."

-McClure Avenue Presbyterian Church, Rev. S. J. Glass, pastor-Morning subject: "Walking Like Jesus," In the evening the missionary societies of the church will held their annual thank-offering meeting. Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 6:45. -Believue Presbyterian Church, Rev. Newton Donaldson, pastor-10:39, "The Lamb of God," 6:45, Y. P. S. C. E., "Obedience in Little Things," 7:30, "The Elessedness of Seing Reconciled to God," Baptism of infants in con-

FRANK R. STOCKTON, the king of short begins in THE DISPATCH to-morrow.

nection with the morning service.

Proclaim

ing to health

Remember last winter's siege. Recall how trv-

Diseases (specially in Children). Palatable as Milk.

were the frequent changes of the weather. What was it that helped you win the fight with disease, warded off pneumonia and possibly consumption? Did you give due credit to SCOTT'S EMULSION of pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda? Did you proclaim the victory? Have you recommended this wonderful ally of health to your friends? And what will you do this winter? Use Scott's Emulsion as a preventive this time. It will fortify the system against Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility, and all Anæmic and Wasting

SPECIAL .- Scott's Emulsion is non-secret, and is prescribed by the Medical Profession all over the world, because its ingredients are scientifically

combined in such a manner as to greatly increase their remedial value.

CAUTION.—Scott's Emulsion is put up in salmon-colored wrappers. Be sure and get the genuine. Prepared only by Scott & Bowns, Manufacturing Chemists, New York. All Druggists.