Carpenter Reaches St. Petersburg on His Way to the Famine Districts.

EASY TRAVELING SO FAR.

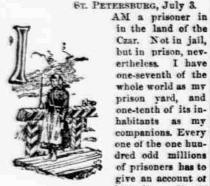
Passports Always Required, but That's the End of Trouble.

RUSSIAN CUSTOM HOUSE METHODS.

Magnificent Horses That Don't Know What It Is to Go in a Walk.

PIRST MEAL IN THE GREAT EMPIRE

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. St. Petersburg, July 3.



one-seventh of the whole world as my prison yard, and one-tenth of its inhabitants as my companions. Every one of the one hundred odd millions of prisoners has to give an account of man in Russia, whether born there or a stranger, must have a passport, and if he goes from one part of Russia to the other ha

must be gotten for his departure. All this looks very hard. It is really very easy, and I find it so far but little trouble. The hotel authorities attend to everything and a few cents of a fee is the only charge. I entered Russia from Ger-

enunot stay in a town over night without

showing his passport. He cannot leave the

country without his passport has been vised

by the authorities, and their permission



many. The ride from Berlin to St. Petersburg takes 36 hours and the first-class fare is \$35. I took a sleeper and found the roads good and the accommodations fair. How the Trains Compare With Ours.

There was nothing of the fine woods, the silver-plated vestibules and the gorgeous fittings of our limited express trains, but the cars were box-like affairs divided up into pigeon-hole compartments, entered from a by, and queer carts and wagons with great the box of the cars were box-like affairs divided up into pigeon-hole compartments, entered from a narrow passageway that ran along the whole side of the car. Each compartment had two upper and two lower berths, and the lower opposite mine was occupied by a German colonel, who snored in four languages all night long. The berths are about 3 feet wide and the pillow I had was a little rubber bag filled with air from the garlic-tainted lungs of the conductor. It had a white pillow case on it, but its size made me think of the cowboy who upon going to bed for the first night in a Western hotel took out his revolver and began to fire at the electric button. When the waiter appeared he pointed to the pil-low and told him to take that darned little thing away, for he was afraid it would get into his ears. The single towel furnished me in the box-

The single towel furnished me in the ookshaped washroom next morning was no
bigger than the pillow, and the looking
glass was of about the size of Scribner's
Magazine. I luckily had some soap in my
bag, or I would have had to wash without it, and the sleepers here provide no brushes or combs of any kind. The conductor acts as the porter and your boots are not blacked, though the man expects a fee, as our porters do. The conductor spoke English, French, Russian and German and he was dressed in more style than one of our army generals. Still, he accepted the quarter I gave him with more bows and thanks than I have ever gotten from a negro on a Pullman, and he carried my baggage into the Custom House at Wir-ballin, on the Russian frontier.

At a Eussian Custom House,

If you are not a suspicious character and if you passport is all right you will have no trouble in getting into Russia. Thanks to a note from the Russian Minister at Berlin my trunks were not opened at all, and my passport was taken, carried away, registered and brought back in less than 15 min-utes. I had to show it again before I



could get out of the Custom House, and when I arrived here the first thing I was asked for at the Hotel de Europe was my passport. If I change my hotel in St.
Petersburg it will have to be registered again, and if I leave St.
Petersburg the hotel keeper will ask
me where I am going and the fact
will be announced to the authorities. By this means the Government knows just where every citizen and every traveler is at where every citizen and every traveler is at any time, and if you wish to get the address of anyone in St. Petersburg you can do it for a postage stamp. All that is necessary is to write out your inquiry on a blank which the police have tor the purpose and drop it in the post. A few hours will bring an answer giving full information concerning the whereabouts of the man. In this refrect the passport everem has its adrespect the passport system has its advantages. Such mysterious disappearances

as occur here are not untraceable by the police, and the Government is a great in-telligence bureau, which the people patron-

ize quite extensively.

I am told here that but few Americans I am told here that but few Americans have trouble at the Custom House in Russia, and some are said to have even gotten through without passports. The officials, however, have a pretty good list of suspicious characters, and such a woman as Mrs. Creamer, the Polish nihilist, would not have been allowed to come into Russia even if she had been sent by the order of the Red Cross, as I believe she pretended, and George Kennan would hardly be allowed to visit the country.

Papers With Paragraphs Blocked Out,

Buildings Like Those of the Fair.

Speaking of Mr. Kennan, his books are not sold in Russia, and at the Custom House all trunks are examined and only certain books are allowed to come in. The admission of books is harder to accomplish than the admission of men, and all newspapers are given up. Russian public opinion is carefully watched and the mails are examined as carefully as the trunks. All papers are looked over, and those on file at the hotel here are spotted with great black

Buildings Like Those of the Fair.

Our public buildings at Washington are large, but those of Russia over far greater areas. The only things that compare with them are the mammoth structures of the Chicago Exposition, and as to the churches here, one of them, St. Isaac's Cathedral, has cost nearly \$20,000,000, or as much as will be the total outlay of the Exposition. There are other churches nearly as expensive, and the whole city has been built without regard to cost. It is almost a Sabbath

I stood yesterday in the log hut that Peter the Great bullt on the swamp here when he decided that he would make this point his capital. All this was a forest, a marsh and a wilderness. The Russia of that day, as the Russia of this, was in the interior, but Peter decided he wanted to have his capital where he could look out upon Europe, and he called St. Petersburg his window, and, like Aladdin, he made it rise upon the mud in almost a night. He made every noble in the empire build a house here. Every boat on the Baltic and the Russian rivers had to draw a load of stone to the city, and 40,000 men worked year in and year out till the men worked year in and year out till the great capital rose.

Buildings Like Those of the Fair.



patchers where the censors have blocked out some paragraphs they do not think the peo-ple ought to read. Anyone, however, who can show that he is all right can get any can show that he is all right can get any book or paper he wants by making an application to the police for it, and at the big English book store here I was told they could get me Kennan's books, the Century Magazine or any other anti-Russian works I wanted if I cared to order them.

At the Custom House I got my first Russian meal. The soup was served in a bowl and there was a great lump of ice in it, while some sour cream was offered me in a while some sour cream was offered me in a gravy bowl to add to the soup to give it a flavor. I took, two spoonfuls and then tried the second course. This was a chicken of the size of a pigeon, and following this came a beefsteak and potatoes. All of these were good, but I could not make out what to do with the little green cucumber which was laid beside my plate until I noticed my neighbors, and found that in Russia everynce cut up and dresses his own cucumbers. one cuts up and dresses his own cucumbers, and that they are always served with the kin on and green.

From a Garden to a Waste, Leaving the frontier of Germany you see the moment you cross the line that you are in a new country. You have left a land of stone. You are now in a land of wood. Instead of stone cottages, whitewashed and roofed with red tile, you have wooden houses not unlike those of our western towns, and here and there you see log cabins that would not be out of place on our frontier. The northern part of Germany is a garden. North Russia is a swamp, a forest, a waste. You ride for miles through pine forests that look like those of Minsota or northern Wisconsin, and you have o look at the queer costumes of the people before you can realize you are in autocratic Russia and in the wilds of the Czar. Here, however, you make no mistakes. hat long-coated guard at the station, with

bis pants in his boots, his sword at his side and his revolver in a leather case on his right hip, is one of the famous Russian police, and those flat-faced, high-cheek boned, rosy-cheeked peasants in caps and yokes rising high above the heads of the horses stand about the depots. The pas-sengers of the trains are almost pure Rus-



sians, and I take my kodak and photograph

The Hebrew Exodus to America

Poland itself is about as big as the State Poland itself is about as big as the State of New York, and the part I passed through was or about the same character as Northern New York about Chautauqua Lake. It is the land of the emigrating Russian Hebrew, and the most of those pauper Hebrews who are now coming to America from Russia come from Poland. They are of a far lower class than any Hebrews we have ever had, and they are by no means popular ever had, and they are by no means popular here. Of all Poland 13 per cent of the people are Hebrews, and you find Hebrew colonies in all the large cities of Russia. They generally have a quarter and a market They generally have a quarter and a market of their own, and they are sharper than the Russian in their dealings and take advantage of his simplicity, his extravagance and his happy-go-lucky way of life. The result is that soon after a Polish Hebrew settles in a Russian town he has a mortgage on half the property belonging to it, and the simple peasant cannot understand that he got this, to a certain extent, legitimately. This is, I am told, in a great measure the cause of the unpopu-larity of the Hebrews in Russia and the reason for their expulsion from the country. There is a law in Russia that a Hebrew, unless he be an artisan, may be returned to the place where he was born in case he has replace where he was born in case he has removed from it and has become obnoxious to any of the people of his new home. Our Consul General at St. Petersburg tells me the Hebrews who have gone to America have not been expelled from Russia, but have been ordered by the Government back to Poland or to the other Russian places of their nativity. America they look upon as the land of gold for all, and instead of going back from whence they came they go on through and sail for the United States.

The Russian Is still Barbarous. The Czar is a genuine Russian, with a great love for his own people, and in this way he protects them. As to the cruelties of the officials, there is probably much that is true in the stories to that effect, for the Russian is still half barbarous and his ideas Russian is still half barbarous and his ideas of punishment are more cruel than ours. I wish I could give you a stereopticon view of St. Petersburg. It is one of the queerest, one of the fastest, one of the gayest, and by all odds one of the most unique capitals of the world. Lying as it does on the great Gulf of Finland, a river as wide as the Mississippi at St. Louis runs through it, and great canals out it up so that it looks like a second Venice. It is a city of wide streets, of big three, four and five-story flats; of vast palaces, many of which cover acres; of a multitude of gorgeous churches, of great schools, of art galleries, of factories and the thousand and one other features which make up the capital of the greatest empire on the globe. You have heard the story of its building.

day's journey to go through some of these palaces. The winter palace, on the banks of the Neva, would spoil the area of a ten-acre field, and its corridors if stretched out

would reach miles.

The finest street of St. Petersburg is the Nevaki prospect, which runs from the river at the Navy Department or Admiralty buildings back through the city. This street is over three miles long in a straight line, and it is walled with magnificent stores. It is paved with cobblestones, flags and wooden blocks. The averagent or side stores. It is paved with cobblestones, flags and wooden blocks. The pavements or side-walks are of flagstones. The center of the street, where the double deckers of street cars go, is of cobblestones, and on either side of this there is a wide strip of wood for driving. The wooden pavement is made of octagonal blocks of pine about six inches thick and five inches in diameter set flat on a base of planks which yest on great logs. a base of planks, which rest on great logs sunken into the street. These blocks are cemented together with pitch and they make a driveway equal almost to a dirt

A Great Place for Driving. I have been in all the great capitals of the world from Paris to Pekin and I have the world from Paris to Pekin and I have nowhere seen such horses and such driving as in St. Petersburg. Every other man owns a fast team and all drive as though the devil was after them. A great many of the horses are of the Orloff breed, big, tall, well-made blacks, all of whom are high steppers. They have a touch of Arabian blood in them and they are trained so that they step in time and go very tast. I have been in time and go very fast. I have been in St. Petersburg over a week and I have not seen a horse walk yet, and one of the exciting incidents of life here is the narrow escapes which you seem to be constantly making whenever you go out to drive. The droschkies are among the most com-fortable rigs I have ever ridden in. If you

could put a Japanese jinriksha on four wheels, put a seat in front of it and harness wheels, put a seat in front of it and harness a horse instead of a man to it you would have something like a St. Petersburg droschky. Or if you would cut down a victoria to half size, make the wheels no bigger than those of a baby carriage and put the bed of the rig about a foot from the ground you would have the body of the best sort of droschky. If you wish the poorer class you must take off the back and you have a fair sample of the 25,000 cabs which fly day and night along these which fly day and night along these Russian streets. The droughty horses are quite as curious as the vehicles they pull and their drivers are equally strange. The horses seem to be harnessed with thongs, and you could cut the whole outfit ent of a pair of Russian top boots. There are no tugs and no cruppers, and the droschky shafts are tied to a yoke which goes around the horse's neck and over which stands a great wooden bow two feet high, to which the bridle is fastened, reining the horse well up. FRANK G. CARPENTER.

A CURIOUS RAILWAY RELIG.

of the First Passenger Ticket in Use on the Railroads. Chicago Times.]

Among various trophles secured by Chief Smith of the transportation department during his recent visit to Europe is a small brass pocket piece resembling an ordinary baggage check, which is worth a great deal more than its weight in gold. It is of deal more than its weight in gold. It is of octagon shape and on one side is stamped the inscription "L. & S. Railway" "Bagworth, No. 29." On the opposite side the number is repeated. This fortunately preserved relic represents the kind and form of tickets in use in 1832 for "open-carriage passengers" on the Leicester and Swannington Railway

Railway.

The distance covered by the main line was The distance covered by the main line was a trifle over 16 miles, and the passenger fares charged were 1½ pence per mile. There was one class only, and passengers stood up in an open carriage, generally known as a tub, which was nothing better than a high-sided goods wagon, having no top, no seats, no spring buffers. These brass tickets were issued to the various stations, the guard of the train carrying a leather bag something in the style of a collection box, having eight separate divisions, one for each station. At the end of each passenger's journey his ticket was taken up and placed in the bag by the guard to be returned, recorded on the books, and again used.

WOMEN IN THE RANKS.

ome Famous Females Occupying Positions in the Prussian Army.

New York Tribune.)
Seven women now hold the place of regimental chief in the army of Prussia. The present Emperor is responsible for the appointment of five women. The oldest woman-colonel is the Empress Frederic, who was placed at the head of a regiment of Hussars, October 18, 1861, the date of the coronation of Emperor William I. Princess Frederic Charles, widow of the famous "Red" Prince, ranks second in point of time, having been made chief of a regiment

time, having been made chief of a regiment of dragoons in 1871.

Queen Victoria, the third female commander by courtesy, has been chief of another Prussian regiment of dragoons since 1889. The Princess Albert of Prussia, wife of the Regent of Brunswick, has been chief of a regiment of fusiliers since 1889, also, The Empress Augusta Victoria, wife of Hia Majesty, has been commander of a regiment of the same branch of the service since 1890.

The Duchess of Connaught, daughter of the The Duchess of Connanght, daughter of the Red Prince, is a colouel of infantry, receiving the honor two years ago. The Queen Begent of the Netherlands became a colonel a lew weeks ago. The Duchess of Edinburgh, although not head of a regiment, is attached in the records to one of the regiments of the Guards.

GOULD'S FLOWER FAD.

He Has Issued Orders for the Finest Conservatory in the World.

AN ORANGE GROVE UNDER GLASS.

Panana Plantations and Peach Orchards in Bloom in January.

A BIG MOSQUE PACKED WITH PALMS

All men of note have their hobbies. Jay Gould's hobby is flowers. He has already spent many thousands of dollars in the culti vation of rare plants and shrubbery at his magnificent conservatories on the Hudson, and Mr. F. Mangold, his chief gardener, says Mr. Gould has just given orders for the expenditure of many mere thousands of dollars in adding to his bothouses. When his plans have been fully carried out the "Wizard of Wall street" will have the most extensive private conservatory in the world. New buildings are to be erected and the rarest and most costly trees, shrubs and flowers are to be collected from every quarter of the globe.

For 20 years Mr. Gould has been adding to his summer home, Lindhurst, at Irvington on the Hudson. His collection of plants and shrubs is said by experts to be the finest of any private collection in the world, but the money king keeps on making extensive additions each year. The present structure of glass has been so overcrowded with its costly tensnts that Chief Gardener Mangold found it necessary to have more buildings or else cut off importations. So Mr. Gould ordered a \$100,000 addition to the greenhouses.

A Rivairy of the Millionaires.

Many New York millionaires have had the same desire that Jay Gould possesses. the same desire that Jay Gould possesses. First John Hoey started in with the idea of vanquishing Mr. Gould in the elegance and costliness of his conservatories and after spending half a million dollars drew out. A prominent New York florist says all of Mr. Hoey's costly imported plants were allowed to run wild and that the finest of shrubs and trees were permitted to die for want of care. Jay Gould kept on sinking thousands of dollars on his hothouses and Mr. Hoey stepped out of the race. Next Cyrus W. Field, the wizard's old enemy, began erecting conservatories at Ardsley Park, near irvington on the Hudson, that were intended to overshadow Mr. Gould's, but financial and famfily trouble came to that brainy man and the Field conservatories are unfinished.

"Since the death of Mrs. Gould, about three years ago, Mr. Gould has given more time than ever to his conservatories," said one of his intimates in Wall street recently. "He has for years been a great student in botany, but he left the selection of purchases to his chier gardener, Mr. Mangold, who has been with him many years. Mr. Gould's intentions now are to enter into the cultivation of rare flowers, tropical plants and choice fruits on a grander scale than ever before attempted outside of the great botanical gardens of Europe. It is a fact, though, that after Mr. Gould has built the new addition to his conservatory it will rank with the famous public conservatories across the Atlantic.

A Tract Devoted to Trees and Shrubs. First John Hoey started in with the idea of

A Tract Devoted to Trees and Shrubs. "There are 750 acres in Mr. Gould's estate, and it is well adapted to a botanical garden. The entire collection of trees, the finest in the country that will exist in this climate, are growing in Mr. Gould's park. A glance at the completed conservatories at Lind-hurst will better enable us to comprehend

hurst will better enable us to comprehend the grandeur of the proposed new garden, which will, indeed, be a rival of the Kew Gardens at Richmond, England, or Jardin des Plantes in Paris.

"The mann conservatory, from which the other hothouses are built out at all angles, is in the form of a Turkish mosque and is 500 feet in length. The eastern and western wings, running north and south, are 100 feet long and 35 feet in depth. Beginning with the east end the main entrance of the conservatory leads to the rose house, with great terraces of the choicest buds, like the Bon Silene, Catharine Mermet, the Bride, Nephetis and Perle des Jardins, with their myriad of buds. Passing along the red-tiled flooring the conservatory of begonlas and stephanotis is reached. Adjoining is the pink the conservatory of begonias and stepha-notis is reached. Adjoining is the pink house, 40 feet in length, with over 45 varie-ties in bloom half the year round. The fernry comes next, with its vast collection of the various species that are indigenous to

Finest Lot of Palms in the World, "In the main circle of the mosque-shaped conservatory is the palm house, with its lofty dome, roomy rotunds and spacious niches, all artistically filled by what is conneded to be the finest private collection in the world. A fountain in the center of the palm house, in which aquatic plants lux-uriate, adds much to the beauty of the fairyuriate, adds much to the beauty of the fairy-like place. There are \$10 varieties of palms, that embrace the rarest and choicest specimens, while there is a great profusion of sugar, date, sago, india rubber and arrow-root plants. At a cost of more than \$2,000 Mr. Mangold recently bought the Cleatea Emperor William, a tree that all the scientists had hunted after in Europe, but for which Mr. Gould's order was the first to reach Berlin by cable. Mr. Gould values his paim collection at \$200,000."

On leaving the farm house in a westerly direction the grape houses, in four sections, are disclosed. Mr. Gould is specially fond of fruits, and he can secure at any season a plentiful supply of every known variety, for their culture is so controlled as to permit of the supply being spread over the B months of the year. In the rear of the conservatory of roses, and skirting the easterly extension of the rear wall, is the orchid house filled with 10,000 plants and over 150 varieties.

Rivals the Public Gardens of Europe, The collection of crotans, or plants of variegated foliage, adjoins the orchids and is without question the finest private collec-tion in the world, and is said by many exis without question the finest private collection in the world, and is said by many experts to rival those of the public gardens of Europe. In the adjoining house are kept the nepenthes, or pitcher plants, while upon the lattice work of the tessellated glass roof are suspended baskets of cold air oronids from the East Indies and China.

The buildings to be built at once will extend the conservatory east and west so there will be a range of 1,000 feet. A solid glass square, 500 feet in each direction, will separate these from the main buildings, and is to be filled with oranges from every clime. In the center of the square will be artistically arranged a miniature plantation of banana.

All the glass is to be movable, so when the weather permits the structure is to be stripped, and a natural peach and orange grove is to be imitated and the entire flooring through which the heat is to be admitted is to be sodded over so as to make everything as true to nature as possible. This will involve an elaborate system of underground heating. A similar idea is to be carried out in the cultivation of rhododendrons and azaleas and a space 300 feet long, running west from the seed house, is to be utilized. Mr. Mangold says this is the grandest project of the nineteenth century in scientific botany and would outdo the spiendor of the wonderful exhibition at the Horticultural Gardens in London.

Caught at Last

In the toils of dyspepsia after imposing on the stomach for years, how shall the sufferer restore his much abused digestion? By a resort to Hostetter's Scomach Bitters, coupled with an abandonment of eatables and drinkables calculated to injure the digestive apparatus in a feeble state. Nothing like the Bitters for conquering malaris, bilious and kidney trouble, rheumatism and liver disorder.

First Come, First Served. There is going to be a great crowd at Saller's on Monday who are going to take advantage of the great pants sale. Men's allwool pants going at \$25 and 50 styles to pick from. Join the crowd. The sale is for Monday only at Saller's, corner Smithfield and Diamond.

Take Good Care of the Children.

If you have children you will be interested in the experience of Mr. John Cook, of Pilot, Vermilion county, Ill. He says: "Two years ago two of my family, a young man and a girl, had very severe and dangerous attacks of bloody flux. The doctor here was unable, after a week's time, to check or relieve either case. I threw the doctor overboard and bagan using Chamberlain's Colic, Chelera and Diarrhess Remedy. Improvement was seen very soon and my children arose in a few days from what I feared would be their death-bed. It is a grand, good medicine." Take Good Care of the Children.



WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH

#### BY DORA RUSSELL

Author of "Footprints in the Snow," "The Broken Seal," "The Track of the Storm," "A Fatal Past," Etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Two lovers, Sir James MacKennon, Bart., and Miss Miriam Clyde, are standing by the seashore, and the former is urring her to name the wedding day. She pleads for delay. In the meantime an accident occurs, a soldier being wounded by a firing party. Miriam binds up his wound and saves his life. Glancing at each other's face a mutual recognition takes place. On arriving home the doctor who was summoned to the wounded man gave her a note which the soldier had hastily scribbled. It contains the words "For God's sake keep my secret." Miriam, by means of Dr. Reed, sends to her soldier-patient a brief message, "Do not be afraid!" which he receives as he is lying in the hospital. In the meantime Miriam's mother, Mrs. Clyde, makes up her mind that her daughter shall be married to Sir James in a month, and tells her so. But Miriam, thinking of a life dearer than her own, hanging in the balance, pleads earnestly for more time. Mrs. Clyde writes to her other daughter, Joan, who is married to hard and stern General Conway, asking them to the wedding. Conway thinks it's a good match, but rains Joan by intimating that Miriam should not so soon forget another affair in which his nenhew was the hero. He and Mrs. Clyde agree it is best to hurry the wedding for fear Sir James should hear of that, Miriam is obstinate, and gets Sir James to ask Mrs. Clyde for postponement. Colonel Clyde is unable to change Miriam's mind. She worries herself sick, and Dr. Reed is sent for. By means of notes through him, Miriam and Private Dare arrange a clandestine meeting. Miriam tells her secret lover he must leave the country. He says he would have to buy his way out of the army. At her next meeting with Sir James she asks him for the necessary money, and he gives her double the amount. Then she arranges another clandestine meeting, and just as she is returning to her room in the night Mrs. Clyde catches her. Mrs. Clyde suspects the truth, but Miriam refuses to tell her. Dare meets Ford and gives her the money to give back to Miriam. Mrs. Clyde de

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CHAPTER XV.

THE SISTERS. Two days after her arrival in town Miriam herself posted the letter she had written addressed to the soldier Dare at Newboroughon-the-Sea. And she had some little difficulty in doing this, for she was conscious that her mother watched her closely. Still she found her opportunity, and after the letter was gone she felt with a sorrowful heart that she could do no more. In the meanwhile Mrs. Clyde was going on actively with her preparations for the marriage. Then Sir James joined them in town, and he naturally was constantly with Miriam, and so the days glided away until it wanted but three to the one on which Miriam had promised to become Sir James' wife.

On this day-the third before the marriage-General Conray and his wife arrived in town to be present at the ceremony. The sisters-Joan and Miriam-had not met for long, and they met now with deep though suppressed emotion. They clasped each other's hands, they kissed each other, and in both their dark eyes there was a troubled look of secret meaning. There was an extraordinary likeness between them, and this struck their mother more vividly than usual. "How like you two are!" she exclaimed, looking at her daughters as they stood to-gether. "I declare you grow more like each other every year."

"Yes, there is great likeness between them, certainly," said General Conray, who was present at this meeting, but neither Joan nor Miriam spoke; they just glauced at each other a moment and that was all. Joan nor Miriam spoke; they just glauced at each other a moment and that was all.

Presently the General went out, and Mrs. Clyde was called away; and the sisters were still excitedly. "You screened him still?"

alone. Then again they looked at each other, and once more silently clasped each other's hands. Miriam was the first to

speak.
"Joan." she said at length, in a trembling voice, "I—have so much to tell you."
"About Sir James?" asked Joan, looking earnestly at her sister.

"Oh! no, no, Joan," and Mirlam's voice sank to a whisper, "who do you think I have seen—have talked to?"

have seen—have talked to?"
"Not —" and Joan's face suddenly pa'ed. "Not—"
"Hugh Ferrar," whispered Miriam, below her breath, and her face, too, grew pale; "I saw him at Newborough."
"At Newborough!" echoed Joan; "what was he doing there? Did—he go to see you? Oh, Miriam, surely not!"
"We met by chance. Oh, Joan, what I have gone through! One day there was an accident on the sands—a soldier was shot who was marking at a target—and I was

accident on the sands—a soldier was shot who was marking at a target—and I was there. I ran forward to try to help to stop the bleeding, and when I looked at the man's face—it was Hugh Ferra."

"Oh, Miriam!" Oh, Miriam!" and Joan clasped her hands despairingly together."

"It was Hugh, Joan. He is a soldier; and—and he knew me as I knew him. And he looked at me. Oh, I shall never forget that hour."

Suddenly Joan Conrav's face changed and a strange light shone in her eves. and a strange light shone in her eyes.
"I should have hated him!" she cried, passionately, and she clenched her little hands. "Did he die? I should have been

glad to see him die!"

"Oh! Joan!"

"Yes, Miriam, for did not that man kill
my life—all that made my life worth liv"Miriam paused with sudden hesitation and
Miriam paused with sudden hesitation and
Miriam paused with sudden hesitation and

Yes; Joan, do not speak thus-you forget, you forget!"

Joan Conray gave a kind of mean and

forget, you forget!"

Joan Conray gave a kind of moan and flung herself on a couch near, and covered her face with her hands.

"Oh! poor Robert," she moaned; "oh! Miriam, I cannot, cannot forget."

Miriam went up to her, and stooped down and kissed her brow.

"Hush, hush, Joan," she said, "he, poor Robert Conray, is at rest; but, Hugh, think of his misery, his remorse, his wasted life."

Joan did not speak. She rocked herself to and fro as if in bitter grief.

"He's so changed; oh, so changed," continued Miriam; "but I knew him at once, and I was afraid, if General Conray came to Newborough, that he also might recognize him, and so I put off my marriage. I wanted to see him to tell him to go."

"I thought he was abroad; I hoped we should never see or hear of him again," said Joan, now looking up. "And you saw him? Do you mean you spoke to him?"

"I met him at night—I pitted him so much; and—and I also could not quitte forget——"

"But, Miriam—oh, surely, Miriam!" and it was now Joan's turn to look at her sister entreatingly, "you surely won't let this come between you and right?"

I was always afraid, and Robert was always afraid for me, and afraid and ashamed, too, when he remembered his uncle. But we were blinded; we thought at times only of each other, and you see the end! Death to Robert, and endless, unending misery to me."

"You will get over it, dear Joan; you will "Never! I shall never forget the dving look on Robert's face—his last words. They haunt me day and night, Miriam; they have burnt into my brain, and are killing me, slowly killing me. But I pray only my husband may never know; not in this world, at least, and in the next he will know—if he at least, and in the next he will know-if he knows at all-our temptations, our struggles—how, how we loved each other so long, so long! From the time I went to Tyford, the young wife of an old man, I loved Robert, and to think that I caused his death; that my very love killed him!"

"General Conray must never know, will never know," said Miriam, who was deeply moved by her sister's orist.

him? Do you mean you spoke to him?"

"I met him twice and spoke to him. I met him at night—I pitied him so much; and—and I also could not quite forget——"

"But, Miriam—oh, surely, Miriam!" and it was now Joan's turn to look at her sister entreatingly, "you surely won't let this come between you and right?"

Miriam raised her eyes and looked at her sister, and Joan understood the silent reproach.

"I know! I know!" she cried, and once



more she put her hand over her face. "I have no right to speak; I am the last one that should dare to speak; but, Miriam, let my shipwreck, my broken heart, my broken

shortly before the shot was fired that caused his death—and—and Richard be-lieved this!"

my shipwreck, my broken heart, my broken life, be a warning at least to you."

Again the younger sister was silent for a few moments, and then she said slowly and painfully:

"It is best not to speak of these things, Joan—of the past, even between ourselves. I would not have told you that I had seen him (Hugh) except that you must persuade, must try to prevent, General Conray from going near Newborough until Hugh is gone. I got him the money to go at once, but he would not take it, but he said he should try to be transferred to some regiment in India. He is best away; best out of my sight, and I pray and hope out of my mind; best for his own sake and for mine; for—for I mean to try to be—"

"He must always believe it, and I dhi it to save you, and would do it again. And, Joan, you should pity Hugh Ferrars, too. Conray was his friend, his most trusted friend, and he knew—how we had loved each other—Hugh and I; and when he thought I was false, doubly false, and Robert Conray falser still, he told me he grew mad. He fired the fatal shot, and then when he knew what he had done—when he recognized you, his bitter remorse was terrible, is terrible now, and he would have given himself up if I had not prayed him for your sake, for all our sakes, to go away."

try to be—"
"A good wife," said Joan, eagerly, as
Miriam paused with sudden hesitation and
a blush. "On, do! Oh, do, my dear," she
continued, passionately; "God knows there
is no real happiness, none, none, when even
the fondest love is mixed with constant fear.

Joan Conray moaned aloud.
"We must all bear it as best we can,"
went on Miriam more bravely; "it has been
went on Miriam more bravely; "it has been
to bear since I saw Hugh again;
since my engagement. I have felt false to
Sir James; have felt that I am deceiving

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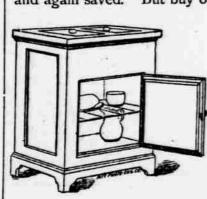
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