

The Ghost of the Winter Palace.

By ALLEN UPWARD.

Author of "Secrets of the Courts of Europe."

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SYNOPSIS.
A former ambassador of France to Russia during a game of chess with the narrator of the story, relates an experience at the Winter Palace. Not long after the death of the Czar, Alexander III, a ghost had been seen in one of the corridors of the Winter Palace. The ambassador is calling on the Princess Nestkoff, the next day, the son of the princess, Boris, announces that it is he who had seen the ghost, in whom he had been terrified to recognize the late Czar, Alexander III. The ambassador suspects that the mysterious apparition is some emissary of the nihilists. He proposes that they repair to the gallery that night, and set a watch. This they do.

PART III.
"I had come armed with my revolver," the ambassador continued, "which I had looked carefully with my own hands. I took advantage of the interval, while we were waiting for the approach of the apparition, to make my companion provide himself with a similar weapon out of the pages' room. Lest our presence in the gallery should serve as a warning to the mysterious visitor, and prevent his approach, we concealed ourselves in this room, which was plunged in profound darkness. We sat facing the door, which we had left open, so as to perceive the passage of any one who should come along the gallery.

"Half an hour passed in this way, without anything occurring. I began to grow impatient, and to accuse Boris in my own mind of having invented some fable. But when I hinted this to him he became so indignant that I was compelled in spite of myself to believe that the boy had really some grounds for his story.

"At last tired of this useless performance, I rose from my seat and moved cautiously out into the gallery. I glanced up and down it without perceiving anything in the least resembling the figure of the previous night.



I DISTINCTLY PERCEIVED A FAINT GLOW OF LIGHT.

All at once, however, I did see something which caused my heart to give a great bound. Looking at the far end of the gallery, where the deserted apartments of which I had told me were situated, I distinctly perceived a faint glow of light along the floor.

"Instantly I turned to the threshold of the room in which I had left the young prince, and beckoned to him to come out into the gallery. He saw by my manner that I had made some important discovery, and obeyed my gesture with shaking limbs. No sooner had he emerged from the doorway, and followed with his eyes the direction in which I pointed than he gave a great gasp of terror.

"The deserted suite!" he exclaimed, in a hoarse whisper. "There has never been a light there in all the years that I have known this part of the palace!"

"It is what I expected you to tell me," I whispered back. "But do not give up to nervousness. You must see that this confirms my theory of the circumstances which we are about to investigate. A spirit, such as you were deceived into thinking you saw, would not need a light for its purposes. It is evident that we are on the track of a more real and dangerous secret. The person or persons who are engaged in it have obtained possession of these vacant rooms, in which they are probably now engaged in developing their schemes."

"The young prince no longer combated the soundness of my conclusions. "But what is to be done?" he murmured. "Shall I summon the guards, or inform Velovitch, of the secret police?"

"I considered well before answering. One of those subtle intuitions which are born of long experience in secret politics warned me that if I stood on the threshold of some discovery of no ordinary kind, one which I might perhaps regret having to share with the secret police, and which might, for many reasons, be better that Boris himself should not be made acquainted with."

"The lad was at first disposed to be indignant at my thus proposing to exclude him from the perils of the enterprise. But by dint of an appeal to the authority of his beloved mother, I succeeded at length in winning his consent to the plan I had suggested. He then consulted his watch so as to measure the lapse of fifteen minutes, and I advanced with noiseless steps down the gallery.

"The light which I had observed streamed out under an ancient and massive door set in a deep stone arch at the eastern end of the passage. My first impulse was to knock at this door, but as I got close to another idea suggested itself to me. It was evident through this door that the personage beheld by Boris had made his approach the night before, and it was just possible that he might have omitted to lock the door on his return. I laid my fingers on the oaken handle, and turned it with infinite delicacy and slowness. As soon as it ceased to revolve under the pressure of my hand, I gave a gentle push to the door. To my delight it yielded. I gave another push, equal in slight, and the door responded with a horrible grating sound. Further concealment was useless; I boldly flung the door open and stepped through it.

"The first glance was sufficient to tell me that I had merely gained an antechamber, forming a part of general apartments, the various rooms of which the suite was composed. This antechamber was deserted, but immediately on the right lay a room of which the door was partly open, and from which proceeded the light that had filtered out into the gallery. Hastily closing the outer door behind me, I made two steps into the room.

"Never shall I forget the thrill, the absolute stupor of amazement which overcame me at what I beheld. There, half risen from the chair in which he had habitually been seated when aroused by the cracking of the door, I saw the very figure which Boris had described to me, the tall form, the dark robes, and, above all, the noble and terrifying countenance of the monarch whose death had cast half Europe into mourning.

"The ambassador seemed to think this a suitable moment for returning to the consideration of the game, in which it was again his turn to move.

"Let me hear of you to continue," I exclaimed, unable to restrain my impatience. "I will resign."

"By no means," returned his excellency, with indifference, "you have got several moves to make before I checkmate you. But I will, if you prefer it, conclude my adventure before I devote myself to such trifles."

"What exclamation I uttered when I first caught sight of this startling apparition I do not recollect. But when he raised his hand to his forehead, and his hand into his pocket and drew out a revolver, it was impossible for me to doubt that I was dealing with a man of flesh and blood. Like lightning I produced my own weapon, which I leveled at his breast, at the same time exclaiming:

"Hold! I am the envoy of France! In the name of the Czar, who are you?"

"He lowered his revolver, took a steady look at my features, which he no doubt began to recognize, and replied in a hoarse voice:

"I am Alexander III!"

"At the same time he sank down again into his chair, while my pistol dropped from my hand, and I had to cling to a table for support.

Imperial state would simply be surrendered to those who sought my life. It was these considerations which ultimately forced me to entertain the idea of a deception which I lament, but to which I owe the first peaceful days I have spent for twelve years past.

"I resolved, as you have gathered by this time, to go solemnly through the forms of death and burial, and thus assure the right to retire to some unsuspected retreat, where I might pass the remainder of my days, shielded from the vengeance of my relentless persecutors. My intention was to carry out this design if it was necessary that I should take five persons into my confidence, my wife, my son, two physicians of whose personal loyalty and friendship I had had many proofs, and an old trusted body servant on whom was cast the duty of arranging for my future privacy, and sending me in my life. He is at this moment away procuring supplies of food.

"The deception was carried out with success, and was doubtless due to the very boldness of the design. The world, stifled in its narrow routine, is never willing to believe in the existence of anything so unfamiliar to its everyday experience. Your young friend, the page, of whom you have spoken, was more ready to credit that he had seen than that Alexander III. could still be in the flesh. Your impetuosity will, I feel sure, easily dispose of some means of allaying any suspicion he may have formed since I left. These words of his majesty's reminded me that Boris was impatiently awaiting my reappearance. I glanced at my watch. Twelve minutes had already passed.

"I must leave you now, sire," I exclaimed, rising hastily. "For my comrade will be seeking for me. Rest assured that I shall not forget the trust you have designed to repose in me. But I venture to advise your majesty to discontinue your visits to your son's apartments, and to remain in the room where you desire to lay your commands upon me at any time. I shall be found at the French embassy."

"With these words I took my respectful but hurried leave of the ex-czar, who bade me a cordial farewell.

"I rejoined Boris just as he was about to set off and give the alarm, and was successful in putting a stop to any questions on his part by a few judicious words.

"I am forbidden to tell you what I have discovered, but I may tell you in confidence that you must have mistaken the son for the father."

"The young prince accepted this explanation readily enough, and its effect was confirmed the next day by the issue of an order discontinuing the guard in the palace. A messenger had told you, all trace of the incident quickly disappeared from the society of St. Petersburg. At the end of a few weeks the unhappy czar, who had the honor of a lieutenant's commission in a regiment which happened to form part of the garrison of Vladivostok, on the coast of the Pacific.

"His excellency stopped, glanced at the board and made the move which I had been dreading for some time.

"Checkmate!" The end.

NEW DEVICE OF STREET FAKERS.
A Crowd Was Soon Collected and a Lively Business Followed.
From the New Haven Register.
Street fakirs always have a novelty to catch the eye of the public. A number of these wandering merchants have recently visited New Haven. One of the schemes used to draw a crowd is worth of mention. Here it is: An aged old man was leading a child in a rag, down Chapel street, one cold night recently. Every few minutes the child

would stop and utter a feeble cry as if to resist. The strong arm of the man hurried the poor little one on. Then a few tears could be seen finding their way down the small face. When Orange street was reached the little creature made an outcry. A tall, slender, and smooth-faced young man, evidently touched by the pathetic sight, grabbed the old man by the arm and exclaimed:

"What do you mean by having that poor little child out on the street on a cold night like this? It's almost freezing."

"It's cold," the little one interposed. "None of your business," was the harsh reply of the old man. He then started to go. The young man prevented this. He said:

"Stop. Out with your story. I think you stole the child."

"I want mamma," the little thing cried in a burst of tears.
By this time a large crowd had collected. "I'm taking the child home," explained the old man to the ever swelling crowd of spectators.
"Here, then, take this," said the young man, taking a small pocket stove from his satchel and giving it to the old man. "That will keep you warm," he continued.

The spectators had now become interested. "What is it?" asked a bystander. "That is an S. S. Smith's Safety Stove that can be carried in your pocket without danger of setting fire to your clothes. I have a few of them here to dispose of," said the young man, addressing the very large group of surprised listeners. The old man and child disappeared down the street, while the young man did a good business in pocket stoves.

A DISGUSTED PHILADELPHIAN.
Why He Doesn't Want to Find Another Pocketbook.
From the Philadelphia Times.
A prominent physician of this city will find the next pocketbook he finds to the police. He picked up a purse in the street a few days ago. It contained some receipts for making cake and preserving fruit, some samples of dress goods, and \$2.25 in money. He advertised the find, and it was remarkable how many people there were who had lost pocketbooks. Each tried to obtain some idea of what the one found was like in order to notify friends, but the doctor was not easily deceived. "Finally a lady came in and said: 'Are you the man who found a pocketbook?'"

"Yes, ma'am."
"Well, it's mine."
"What kind of a pocketbook did you lose and where did you lose it?" asked the doctor.
"It was a leather pocketbook, and of course I don't know where I lost it. If I did I'd have gone back and found it. I didn't want my pocketbook."

"I only wanted to see if it was the one you lost," pleaded the doctor. "Didn't I tell you so? Do you think I'm lying about it? If you don't think it to me now I'll have the police get it for me."
"Madam, if it's yours, I want you to have it," said the doctor, putting up his hands. "There ought to be a dollar more."

"Let me see. There was some money, and some receipts for making cake, and one of my mother's for putting up tomatoes. But it is none of your business, anyway. You had no right to open my pocketbook, and read the papers, even if you did find it."
"Of course it's mine. How many times do you want me to tell you so?" Then she opened it and counted the money. "There ought to be a dollar more," she said. "I had a five-dollar bill changed and only bought some little things. I don't remember what, but it didn't come to over \$1.50. Well, I suppose one can't expect a man to be honest, and you can keep the dollar. I hope it will do you more good than ill-gotten gains usually do," and she left the office with a look of scorn at the man who had found the purse.

JAPANESE INDUSTRIAL METHODS.
Within a Decade the Little Empire Will Have the Factory System.
From Gunton's Magazine.
During the last quarter of a century Japan has been rapidly westernizing her civilization, and is now rapidly westernizing her methods of industry. At the present rate she is progressing it may not take more than a decade to get the factory system, with its most modern equipments. Although this will be sure to act upon her laborers, raising their standard and increasing their cost of living, it will probably take half a century before her wages approximate the wage standard of the United States, and even of England. To the extent to which she increases her factory methods faster than she raises her wage standard will she become a successful competitor with western producers; and will demonstrate the economic soundness of protection as a permanent principle in national statesmanship. All the world should rejoice at Japan's progress. But it will be a calamity for mankind if Japan should be permitted to destroy or even lessen the rate of progress in this country or in Europe. Her advent into the use of modern methods should be beneficial to her own people, and make her the missionary to carry similar methods and civilization into other Asiatic countries, but not to injure the civilization of western countries.
H. Gratton Dannel's new political play, "A Tammany Tiger," made a distinct hit in Washington, D. C., last week, and attracted crowded houses.

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Other Bonds	200,555 50	Dividends Unpaid	85,250 00
Banking House	25,724 05	Deposits	1,536,741 13
Premiums on U. S. Bonds	8,200 00	Due to Banks	21,371 33
Due from U. S. Treasurer	1,270 00	Rio-Discounts	None
Due from Banks	157,394 73	Bills Payable	None
Cash	125,788 55		
	\$2,181,500 30		\$2,181,500 30

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