A Summer Journey from New York to Warsaw.

Scenes to Be Witnessed by Way of the Caucasus, at Rostov-on-the-Don, at Nijni Novgorod, and at Moscow.

Hon. Chas. A. Dana, in the Sun.

In the strict sense, the Caucasus is a body of mountains parallel to the coast of the Black sea, beginning on the west at Anapa, near the Sea of Azof, and extending in a southeasterly direction to Cape Apchorn on the Caspian. The length of the mass is about 700 miles, and its breadth varies from 70 miles to 150. Mount Elbruz, the highest elevation in Europe, is pretty nearly in the center of the chain, and Kasbek, the next in height, is about 60 miles to the east of Elbruz; and there are a great number of other peaks of almost equal importance. The Russian political divisions, which are attached to the Caucasus and are generally known as Cis-Caucasia and Trans Caucasia, make together about 200,000 square miles of territory, with an aggregate population at present of perhaps 8,000,000 souls of various races and numerous religions. Among the aboriginal inhabitants of this country there are said to be some sixty or seventy different tribes, speaking as many different tongues and dialects, living mainly by agriculture and the chase, and carrying on various domestic manufactures, generally marked with the stamp of high artistic instinct, such as the weaving of rugs and carpets, the making of a peculiar kind of silverware ornamented with black inlaying, known as niello, and the making of swords and daggers, as well as of woollen cloth, felt, and articles of Astrakhan fur. In fact, foreign manufactures, except those of Central Asia, seem as yet to have gained very little foothold in this region. The people, as they are seen in the cities and villages, are apparently, for the most part, what is called half civilized. They are very handsome, athletic, and graceful. The women have always been famous for their beauty, and the Caucasian gentleman has all the distinction and dignity of appearance and manners, that belong to the character of a gentleman in the most civilized countries.

ONLY ONE ROAD.

In all this region there is, in fact, only one road leading through the mountains from south to north, namely, the Georgian Military road, so called. It starts in the south from Tiflis, passes the foot of Kasbek, and continues through the Darial Pass to Vladikavkaz, a distance of 201 versts, or about 130 miles. The railway from Novorossisk to Rostov-on-the-Don turns the western extremity of the mountains, but does not cross them; and the railway, 560 miles in length, from Batoum and Poti through Tiflis to Baku on the Caspian, turns the southeastern extremity of the range in the same manner. This railroad, by the way, running along mountain gorges, with no well-defined natural line to follow, is in many places built on masonry supports, and at almost every turn is subject to serious damage from freshets. But the Georgian Military road, following almost a direct line, crosses the mountains through what seems to be the one available north and south pass; it is macadamized, about 100 feet in width, and is kept in perfect condition.

TIFLIS.

The capital of this vast and little known region is Tiflis, with perhaps 350,000 people, and still growing, as new buildings going up here and there afford very sure evidence. This picturesque town was the capital of Georgia in old times, and here the Russian governor general, the military authorities, and the judicial tribunals have their seat. As befits an Alpine metropolis, it is planted in the valley of the Kour, a rushing mountain torrent which falls sixty feet or more in its passage through the town, and occasionally wears away a bit of the shore and tumbles down a house or two. The day we got there the river had furiously attacked a small island opposite our hotel. The public excitement was intense. Crowds gathered on the bridge just below the island, and a gang of laborers were hard at work getting out a quantity of goods that were stored in a wooden building on the island. The goods were carried away and the building was almost taken to pieces ready for removal, when the water fell and the danger was over for the time.

There are no big mountains close at hand at Tiflis, but in every direction the place is surrounded by heights whose rocks sometimes stand out naked and pictorial without any earthy covering, while one or two have monasteries on their summits, which must be very difficult for the monks to climb. On one of the more gentle among these heights there is the ancient wall of a citadel inclosing perhaps a dozen acres whose well-grassed interior now performs the useful function of pasturing a few sheep, and serving as a lounging place for any unoccupied travelers who may like to wander over it in a pleasant afternoon. Just below this on the east, is a large slope containg what is called a botanic garden, though it is difficult to find among its alley-ways any great variety of plants or any sharp scientific arrangement. In this vicinity, also on the steep declivities of several hills, are what I took to be the cabins of the early inhabitants, curious bird-cages of abodes, clinging one above another to the sides and irregularities of the rocks, and reached from below by queer and erratic stairways. In the level-led valley-botoms among these ancient eyries modern streets and rows of buildings have everywhere made their way, so that there is now very little space in what we will call the native quarter remaining to be occupied. But on the same side of the river—and I am speaking of the right-hand bank as you go with the stream—are the most important public buildings, all modern and substantial, the palaces of the governor general and of the military commander, the museum, and a whole array of public offieces, as well as the court house, which last I had the good fortune to visit in company with his excellency the chief judge. We happened upon a very interesting scene in the court house, and a very unusual one, even in Russia. The proclamation of the new czar announcing his accession to the throne, contained as usual, a clause providing for a certain reduction in the sentences of all criminals already condemned by the courts; and we entered the court room at Tiflis just as members of the court, with the exception of the president, were taking their seats to apply this act of grace in the cases of perhaps twenty men who had recently been tried and had not yet taken their departure for their places of punishment. I did not count the number of judges upon the bench, but I should say there were four or five of them, all dressed in a kind of semi-military uniform such as I had never seen worn by judges elsewhere. The criminals were made to stand up in line on the left hand of the court. The clerk called their names, and each individual was identified. Then the imperial decree was read, and the amount of reduction in punishment was written down for each, after which they were removed from the court room under guard. They were not an attractive set of characters, though they were mostly young men, and the proceedings did not seem to have much interest for them. I asked the chief judge what was the nature of their offenses, and he said that they were brigands or highwaymen. The proceeding was grave enough, but it lacked the formality and the solemnity which it might have worn in the court rooms of some other European countries.

MUSEUM AND BAZAAR.

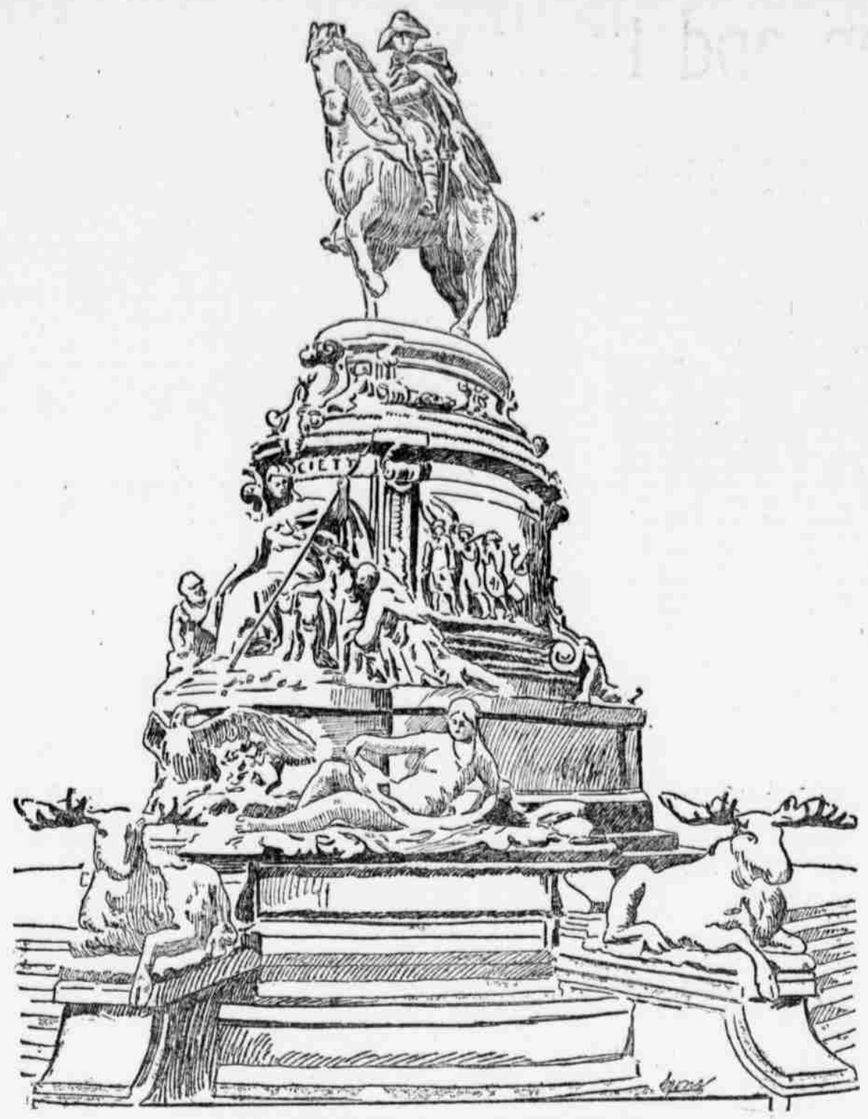
The museum is a very attractive establishment, with collections of animals, birds, plants, minerals, primitive human habitations, and everything available to illustrate the natural history of the Caucasus, and the modes of life prevailing among the earlier inhabitants of the country, as well as those of the present day. It is under the learned direction of Dr. De Radde, and its arrangement and classification are practical and instructive. The establishment fills the three floors of a large building, and also extends into an adjoining garden, where it occupies a great deal of space. Nobody should leave the city without seeing it.

In Tiflis, as in every other Oriental or semi-Oriental town, the most interesting lounging place is the bazaar. As a mart for Oriental carpets, embroideries, silks, gauzes, and so on, Tiflis is as good as any other place, and perhaps better than most—better, I might almost say, than Constantinople itself. All sorts of Eastern rugs, cheap, dear, commonplace, and of high art, are to be found there is abundance. But, strange to say, it takes perseverance and determination to get at them. I never saw traders who seemed so indifferent to the chances of selling; and I would advise my friends who may go there to get some important banker, or wholesale dealer or other commercial magnate, to go with them to the bazaar and overawe the dealers so that they will bring out their best wares. This is especially the case with carpets and embroideries. If you are looking for silver goods, or weapons, or Caucasian hats, you may find merchants who will exhibit their whole stock, and allow you to choose what you want without attempting to make you buy the less salable articles; but among the undisguised old Orientals, Hindoos, for example, it is not easy to get a sight of the best in the shop, and not easy to buy it after it has been shown. They will ask you twice the genuine price and stick to it as if their salvation depended on it; and when they come down to bedrock, they show that they are doing you a favor which only a life of peace and humility ever afterward on your part can justify. However, the dealers in Oriental merchandise are numerous and their stores very extensive, and you can loiter and chatter and bargain in them day after day with perpetual amusement and the agreeable conviction that you are not so much cheated after all. One delightful old Persian hadji, who thought he spoke French, and from whom after several visits I bought some little traps, embraced me as we parted, exclaiming effusively: "Oh, mon cher amant!" and I am sorry I may never see him again.

SHY ON AMUSEMENTS.

What Tiflis seems to lack is means of amusement. If there is a theater there, I did not find it out, and the only substitute seemed to be the occasional divertissements of two or three concert gardens. We went to one of these one evening. The garden was very large and partially lighted, consisting mainly of alleyways opened among clumps of trees and shrubbery; and the public was not numerous. We heard a concert of Armenian instrumental music with attention, but its prevailing sentiment was rather sad and its technical perfections were limited.

The time to move on having come, we went to the office of the postal establishment to make arrangements for the journey northward. Not merely the transportation of the mails, but also the carrying of passengers over the Georgian military road, is in the hands of the Government, and we went to the office duly fortified with certifications of introduction. It was situated beside an immense yard with an extraordinary array of carriages of different kinds. Stating to the official in charge the number of our party and the time when we desired to start, he advised us to examine the carriages and select those we might prefer. Accordingly we chose for our principal vehicle what they call a kareta. It is a big and heavy conveyance swung upon leather thoroughbraces, and requiring six horses to draw it. In front is the driver's seat, wide enough to hold two or three persons. Behind and above, under a projecting hood, there is a seat with room for three passengers. Back of this, and still high on the top, is the place for luggage, and the size of this can be estimated when I say that the baggage of our whole party, seven to ten heavy trunks, was firmly packed there and fastened so that it could not move. Underneath, in the center of the vehicle, is a coupe, with glass windows on each side, in which three persons can be transported; and behind the body of the coach is a seat for a single individual, apparently intended for a guard. With the passengers, the luggage, the driver, and the guide, whose duty is to supervise the expedition and to see to getting fresh horses whenever they may be necessary, the whole outfit, horses, carriage, and contents, must have weighed about eight tons, and it turned out that a very comfortable mode of travelling it was. In addition to the kareta, with its six horses, and I should mention that four of these were on the wheel and two in the lead, we took a two-horse carriage like an English phaeton, in which three or



THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

four passengers could conveniently find room. I should add that our party had become considerably enlarged beyond its first dimensions by the presence of two English gentlemen and also by that of a new Italian Minister to Persia, who was obliged, owing to the impossibility of getting to Baku by rail, to go through the mountains and to Astrakhan, in order to find a steamboat which would take him across the Caspian.

A GOOD GUIDE.

Before leaving New York my friend, Mrs. MacGahan, had advised me, if possible, to secure the services of Alexander Mamatsett as our guide from Tiflis to Vladikavkaz, and we were fortunate enough to find him disengaged. He is a giant, dark, evidently a Georgian, dressed in Caucasian costume, and speaking only his native language and Russian; and when my statement that I had asked for him on the advice of Mrs. MacGahan, was translated to him, a smile spread over his features and he said, "Oh, yes; I remember her with pleasure, and shall be delighted to be of service to any friend of hers."

The next morning at 9 o'clock we started with a bright sunshine, though the mountains in the distance were still covered with clouds which made them invisible. Our six horses seemed at first rather light for so heavy a cargo, but the pace at which we set out was lively. We had scarcely got out of the city when we overtook two or three trains of carts, and when they did not get out of the way rapidly enough, Mamatsett would take the big whip from the hand of our coachman and lay it over the shoulders of the delaying cartmen. The first one he struck turned in a rage, but the moment he saw who it was his anger seemed to disappear, and he took his flogging with meekness and almost with an expression of satisfaction.

About fifteen miles from Tiflis we came upon the old town of Mtskhet, formerly one of the capitals of Georgia, a place of very curious interest, bearing all the marks of extreme antiquity. The cathedral is described as built in the fourth century, and a number of the Bagratide kings are said to be buried there. Tamerlane destroyed it at the end of the fifteenth century, but it was rebuilt a hundred years or so later. A striking feature of Mtskhet, as of other important Georgian towns, is a great number of ancient towns rising to a height of sixty or eighty feet, belonging apparently to different antique strongholds, and scattered all about the heights and hillsides as if to look out for some approaching foe. As we did not belong to that category, we drove off with some regret at our inability to stay long enough to explore, at least, the cathedral and the royal tombs.

ON TO MOSCOW.

During the rest of the day we passed many cultivated farms, all on elevations considerably above the road, where the farmers were busy ploughing small fields, or making their earliest crop of hay; and they were good farmers, too, judging by the neatness with which their work was done. As the afternoon wore on, we came into a land where the grass in the valleys was very lovely; where the forests were made up of large trees richly furnished with foliage; and we began to get misty glimpses of the great central chain of the Caucasus.

Thus the scenery was extremely varied, picturesque and beautiful. The Aragva presently became its most attractive feature, now flowing smoothly through meadows, and now roaring in ravines and cataracts. Our chief attention, however, was given to the famous piece of engineering, the Military road, also a monument of the genius of Prince Michael Woronzoff. For a mountain highway nothing better could be imagined. Winding along the edge of the river or climbing over a hill where the solid rock had been blasted or carved out to make room for the roadway, it was everywhere of equal width, thoroughly macadamized, smooth and even, and kept in perfect repair in every part. We saw workmen at a dozen places during that day's drive putting in new masses of broken stone to fill up inequalities, and rolling them down with heavy machines.

As sono as we got fairly away from the city's traffic, we began to drive like fury, Up hill or down the rate of going was almost always the same, and sometimes when going down, it became rather alarming to the nerves. As the road had to follow the inequalities of the mountains, and in many places was carried out around projecting crags, it was impossible to see whether or not other carriages were coming to meet us on the other side of the projection. On the one hand was the solid wall of the mountain and on the other a precipice of perhaps five hundred or a thousand feet down. On the outer side of the road, the side toward the precipice, there was everywhere a solid stone wall laid in mortar and about three feet high; but if, when rushing down hill at the rate of twelve miles an hour, your equipage, weighing so many tons, should strike in turning a corner upon another carriage and cargo, whether heavier or lighter, the result would be a collision, and the wall of three feet in height would not avail to prevent one party or the other from bouncing over the precipice. This consideration did not seem to occur either to Mamatsett or the coachman, and as we approached some of these little turns it was impossible not to imagine that this time we might catch up with disaster; yet there was never any trouble. Our fears always proved to be groundless, and we swung around the projection of the mountain just as smoothly on the lower side as we had swung toward it on the upper. Yet it made an exciting and breakneck sort of coaching, and we were very glad when at night, after having completed half the length of the Military Road, we stopped before the comfortable post house in the old Georgian village of Mleta. But when we delivered the official recommendation which we had procured at Tiflis, advising the keeper of the post house that the reserved imperial apartments were to be opened for our use, he said: "I am very sorry, but, unfortunately, you come a little too late. His excellency the Persian minister, with his suite, arrived here an hour ago on his way home from the coronation at Moscow; and we have been obliged to put him in possession of those apartments. However, we think that we can make you comfortable, and that you will not have to undergo any serious inconvenience." So it turned out for the whole party, excepting the Italian minister to Persia, whose lodgings were inferior to the average. But when I condoled with him the next morning, he said that he had slept perfectly, and that there was really nothing to lament in the incident.

SLIGHTLY MIXED.

The Effect of a Fine Metaphor Was Somewhat Spoiled.

History teems with examples of the power of eloquence. A good story of an incident which occurred the other day in a Cardiganshire chapel, where the congregation was made up largely of sea-faring men, is now going the rounds. A figure used by the preacher related to a captain at his wit's end when navigating his ship through a narrow, shallow, winding channel, abounding with rocks and strong currents. The faces of some of his listens were perfect pictures as the preacher elouently described the details and the difficulties of the voyage. The ship ran against a bank, and in a thrilling burst the preacher shouted, "What shall we do?" "God knows," cried an old sailor, "for you are going starn foremost!"

TOO CLEVER BY FAR.

How the Father Got Even with a Smart Young Son.

"Father," said a young hopeful the other day, "how many fowls are there on this table?" "Why," said the old gentleman, as he looked complacently on a pair of nicely roasted chickens that were smoking on the table, "there are two." "Two!" replied the smart boy. "There are three, sir, and I'll prove it." "Three!" replied the old gentleman, who was a plain, matter-of-fact man. "I'd like to see you prove it." "Easily done, easily done. Is not that one?" said the smart boy, laying his knife on the first, "and that two?" poniting to the second, "and do not one and two make three?"

"Really," said the farther, turning to his wife, who was stupefied at the immense learning of the son; "really, this boy is a genius and deserves to be encouraged," and then, to show that there's fun in old folks as well as in young ones, he added: "Wife, do you take one fowl and I'll take the second and John may have the third for his learning."—Tid-Bits.

TALK ABOUT STORMS.

Here Was One That Blew Seed Out of the Ground.

From the St. Louis Republic.

A terrific storm swept over the Arkansas valley in southwestern Kansas today. The wind blew at the rate of forty miles an hour. The great valley, which averages ten miles wide, is in a bed of sand, and passengers who arrived on the trains from that section tonight say people were driven to their homes for protection against a cloud of dust and sand which no human being could face.

Many farmers will have to replant their corn. The storm was so violent that corn planted two inches under ground was blown with the dust and sand for miles, while the irrigation ditches are full. Engineers could not see ten feet ahead of them, and windows and ventilators in the cars were closed to protect the passengers from being smothered. Wheat fields have suffered.

ONE RAILROAD'S GROWTH.

Remarkable Figures Concerning the Progress of the Lehigh Valley.

Asa Packer, now deceased, founded the Lehigh Valley railroad, which has now grown to be an immense thoroughfare. The first charter for this road was granted April 12, 1846. It was for a line from Easton to Mauch Chunk. The road was not completed till 1855. Since then the corporation has made wonderful strides, and besides its main line stretching from New York to Buffalo, it has branches covering the coal fields of the Wyoming, Schuylkill and Sullivan collieries and now owns 685 locomotives, 16,369 freight cars, 41,926 coal cars, 1,171 passenger and other cars used in conducting the business of the company.

It has 1,145 miles of single track, 530 second track, which with branches and sidings, make a total trackage of 2,400 miles. The company has acquired 100,000 acres of coal lands.

To Care for Pearls.

It is pretty generally understood by women who have achieved choice pearl rings that while clear, pure water does not injure the gem, soap and water will soon affect their lustre and color, and in time will cause them to peel, or shed an outer coat. This crumbling, however, takes place, even when the gems are most carefully treated, and when the tendency is noted the ring or brooch or necklace should be promptly taken to a jeweler. The course of treatment often prescribed by that authority is that of the rest cure. Put it aside in its box, carefully closed from light and air, and a few weeks or possibly a month or two of this lying fallow will often entirely restore the original beauty and health of the gem.

Probably a Good Job.

Charles Goldmack, composer of "The Queen of Sheba," is not celebrated for his modesty. He met in a German railway wagon, recently, a young woman, to whom he said, with an engaging smile: "I suppose that you do not know who I am." She replied, indifferently, "I do not." He insisted, triumphantly, "I am the composer of 'The Queen of Sheba,'" and she commented, tranquilly, "That must be a good job."

A MUSICALE.

The programme, she informed me, was a charming one, indeed,
From the splendid Wagner overture, which nothing could exceed,
To the lovely little scherzo and the minuet for strings,
And the latest bit of Dvorak, which made her sigh for wings.

Through the Grieg concerto her emotion was intense;
It seemed to me at times she held her breath in deep suspense;
She raved of Ops this and that, of Schubert, Bach and Liszt,
Beethoven, Brahms, Tschaikorksi, and a score whose names I missed,

But when at last 'twas over and I led her down the stair
I noticed that beneath her breath she hummed a little air;
It was not upon the programme, being commonplace and tuny,
And I wondered at the sudden drop from Bach to "Annie Rooney."

THE TREASURE OF THE CLIFF

A Story of Modern Greece.

By JOHN LANGDON HEATON.

(Copyright, 1897, by John Langdon Heaton.)

PART II.

Ashby held up a tense forefinger. Then thrusting his lips close to Morgan's ear he formed, rather than uttered, the words: "Stop! Put down de book! Take somep'n wot won't rattle and come!"

The bits of steel were already in Ashby's great pockets. Hastily he tucked a rich reliquary under his left arm, shifted the lantern to that hand and caught with his right a jeweled crozier which he balanced like a weapon in his practiced grip. Then, shading his lantern, he stole through the door. The taller man followed with three or four vessels from a communion service.

As they retraced their steps along the now silent passages no sound was heard. Their own footsteps fell so carefully on the worn old floor that no echo of them woke the night. They almost began to think themselves the dupes of their own guilty terrors, when again that haunting expectancy smote them like the soul of a sound; and again it grew to the agonizing certainty of an unmistakable hiss, and louder than before. And again it died gradually away into silence.

While the memory of the sound yet dwelt in the air the two men stood as if frozen in their attitude of listening dread. Then, with a gasp, Ashby lunged forward and turned the last corner of the winding way, the other close at his heels.

They had emerged upon the gallery in front of the building, where about midway the belfry jutted out over the valley like a tiny oriel window. At the other end was the guest chamber, but between stood a figure confronting them, looming big and black in the darkness.

It was the Prior.

With his long, white beard flowing down his chest and his fine head well thrown back, he stood gaspinig in one hand the triple chains of an ironlamp hastily clutched from its support. The other held the rope of the bell. At this vantage point, where he commanded the situation, he had uttered the sound that broke in upon their unhallowed toil.

Instinctively the taller stranger moved forward, but the other put himself in front.

"Stop!" he whispered. "Want 'im t' ring dat bell, ye fool? It's his game now. See?"

The Prior stood looking at them. No trace of reproach or fear or anger or any human passion was in his calm regard. He was as if carved in stone. At last—it seemed to the two men an age—he opened his lips.

"Cheires," he said, in a low tone, pronouncing each syllable slowly and distinctively. Then, after a pause: "Epano! Cheires epano."

Even Ashby recognized the carefully-chosen words. "Epano" had become familiar to him on the lips of Greek horse-drivers who wished to indicate the upper path.

"'E wants us to put up our han's," muttered Ashby; "an' I t'ink it's wise to oblige. See? Lay down the pretties. It gives a pain, but—"

"Cheires epano!" repeated the monk, shifting his attitude a trifle.

In an instant holy reliquary and ikon-frame, crozier and goblets were put upon the floor, and both men stretched their hands above their heads.

"Kala!" whispered the Prior; "very well!" Then he seemed for a time to consider by what words he could issue a further command to men of alien speech. When at last he spoke it was a single word of Italian, familiar in all the Lavent.

"Camera," he said, forming each syllable with the same slow care.

"He says "the chamber,"' whispered the taller man; "let us go!"

Together the two men tiptoed along the gallery, holding up their hands as they went. When they passed the belfry they brushed the long gown of the Prior. He stirred not so much as the fractiono of an inch as the two desperate men, with murder in their hearts, crept past.

They gained the guest chamber and closed the door, and Morgan, with tremulous fingers lit the candle. Then they sat down and stared at each other across the table.

"Beaten out by a monk!" cried Morgan, after a long pause, filled with bitter memories and gloomy forebodings.

"Yep. But say!" Ashby replied, with a burst of genuine admiration; "ain't 'e a darlin'? Say, ain't 'e got a nerve? Ain't 'e de real stuff? Say, wot a crook 'e'd make!"

"What do you think he'll do?"

"Jes' wot 'e's a-doin' of now. Keep watch till mornin'."

"Well, we might as well retire to our downy couches and sleep the sweet sleep of innocence, I suppose," said Morgan, bitterly.

Some sudden, reminiscent flash of former days was struck from Ashby's flinty soul by the harsh words, and to his own surprise as much as his companion's, his strained nerves gave way.

"Wish t' God I could!" he cried aloud; and then he dropped his head upon his arms and sobbed like a child.

* * * * * * * * *

"The Prior has invited you to take coffee of the morning with him. It is a large honor," cried the little courier, as he bustled next morning into the guest chamber.

"Yes, yes," said the courier, at last, "I understand," and he turned to translate: "This Prior is very glad to have men from America as the guests, and very glad to have a man of such important business interests"—a bow in Ashby's direction—"because he would ask some practical advices. One time two thiefs did come here—"

Morgan could not repress a little start.

"Tipote!" said the courier. "It was nothing! Be reassured, my sir! The thiefs did secure nothing, because the Lord permitted not the Prior to sleep that night, and he did prevent. But since, he have thought much. Many have told him these strangers are of much worth, and that they should be more secured. The thought gives the Prior pain, because for a thousand years these doors have been open to rich and poor and to men from every place; and they have come and gone, and neither they, or any monks, have ever thought of these beautiful things as earthly treasures at all. But the two thiefs make him think the tim are different now. He have confide the librarian alone. No other knew of the coming of the thiefs, and I am promise not to say of it, and you also, gentlemans. It is not well to talk of evil deeds, and I think the Prior would wish you not to speak the two thiefs, but he is to polite to say that. What he wish to know is how rich men in the great world—how the American millionaire of whom he has read—protect their treasures."

"A time lock's de hardes' to beat. An' dat's right, see?" responded the man of business.

"I agree that more adequate protection ought to be provided for the contents of the church and library," said Morgan, who now found his tongue, "and I think Ashby is right in recommending a time lock. Indeed, there are few men who are better authorities on the subject."

"Youse are too blame' modest," said Ashby.

"But a time lock," resumed the courier. "The Prior does not understand what it is. Nor can I explain."

Morgan was forced, albeit unwilling, to enter into an elaborate explanation of the principle of the time lock and to answer a number of inquiries about it. At last the Prior nodded satisfaction.

"Now he understand," said the courier; "no one can get in at night; not even the librarian himself. And by day no thiefs would make attempt. The Prior thanks you very much, and thinks you must know much about locks. No one of his guests before has made such wise an advice. And do they make good time locks in London and Paris?"

"Yep," said Ashby; "but dey ain't in it wit' good ol' New York."

"I should think, however," said Morgan, "that you would be able to get a sufficiently good one in Vienna. Doubtless the Greek consul there would be glad to make the necessary inquiries."

"The Prior thanks you the most heartily and will long remember your visit," said the courier after another lapse into Greek. "He feels that his poor convent, has been highly honored by the presence of such distinguished guests from such a far country. And now, as you are doubtless anxious to breakfast, he will not further delay you at present."

"We will gladly retire, as the Prior is doubtless anxious to begin his day's duties," said Morgan; "but first I would like to ask what became of the—" he moistened his lips nervously—"of the two thieves."

"I, too, am curious," said the courier. "I will ask."

When the quetion was repeated to him the Prior put his hands upon the arms of his chair and with an effort struggled to his feet. Pointing his finger straight at Morgan he said: "I said to them, as if I were speaking to you, for they eat where you now do—"

He paused and slowly turned to include Ashby in his glance.

"I said to them: 'Go and sin no more!'"

Half an hour later, breakfast was eaten and the travellers were ready to set out. From some mysterious retreat the Greek peasant emerged to carry the handbags and the roll of blankets down the hill again. The monks gathered about at the departure, the heads of the little community to bid them Godspeed, the others to look on. Only the librarian was absent, and the two men caught themselves wondering if he were not busily at work putting away his treasures before their disarray was noticed by any othe eye. The Prior stood at the top of the steep path and waved his hand to them, as they passed behind a jutting point of rock.

A moment later, turning again, they came in view of the convent on the cliff and the bell away above them pealed out a lusty note. Both men started.

"Aha!" cried Dimitri. "It is always thus. When guests of such distinction leave the convent, they ring goodby on the bell, every time they come in sight. You shall see, there down! Each time you become visible, ding dong dong go the bell. Is it not a beautiful custom, my sirs? But I will hasten to prepare the horses. You may come more slow, if the walk pleases you. It will be beotter for you."

The sky was cloudless. The sun streamed down upon the fine Greek hills, cut and torn and scarred by mountain torents, and bare of tree or verbage, save on the northern slope of one far peak, where clumps of swart evergreens clung. Away below them the path descerned the cliff in loops and zig-zags. Coming out again some paces below from behind a point had hid them from the convent they heard once more the sweet greeting of the bell rung by some stalwart monk who still stood watching their descent.

"Ring away, W'iskers!" shouted Ashby in a burst of forced merriment, to hide a deeper feeling. "Soun's betterer now dan it would last night, no, I dont t'ink not. Say Jnoes, or Morgan, or Oxford Joe, or wotever yer fav'rit name is— say, ain't my ol' pal up dere a peach? Say, ain't 'e got a nerve? Ain't 'e a darlin'? Say, ain't 'e?"

Fainter and fainter to their ears came the blessing of the bell at every turn of the path that brought them into view of the water on the cliff. At the last, they paused as if by common consent and gazed back at the building, now a tiny speck of gray against a brown rock. The rill, grown to a rivulet, babbled at their feet almost drowning the last greetinig from the belfry above.

THE END.

Inflammatory Rheumatism Cured in 3 Days.

Morton L. Hill, of Lebanon, Ind., says: "My wife had Inflammatory Rheumatism in every muscle and joint, her suffering was terrible and her body and face were swollen almost beyond recognition; had been in bed for six weeks and had eight physicians but received no benefit until she tried MYSTIC CURE FOR RHEUMATISM. It gave immediate relief and she was able to walk about in three days. I am sure it saved her life." Sold by Carl Lorenz, druggist, 418 Lackawanna avenue, Scranton.