LOVE IN FETTERS.

"Vanished! Mdlle. T- has dis-

appeared from Warsaw!"
My friend General Z. with whom I had been dining, thus concluded a story which, as a journalist, interested me strangely. It proved to be merely the beginning of a tale for the truth of which I can personally vouch.

"And the girl's father." I asked, "has no

clue to her whereabouts?" "None," was my host's reply. "All things are possible in Russia. This young lady may have been murdered, or she may have been imp isoned. In either case she is dead to her tamily and to her friends. am at a loss to account for ber sudden disappearance. Absolutely she left no clue.'

'And yet she is the daughter of a powerful man, you say, an officer on the staff of the Czir. Have all means been tried to find some trace of her?"

"I suppose so," said the General, lighting another cigarette. "By the way," he added, after a few thoughtful puffs, "I have obtained for you the permission you were asking me to get for you the other day. Here is the order to admit you to the prison." And he passed me a paper. "And it is in this prison that political offenders are confined in Warsaw?"

"Just so, until the 'administrative way'as it is called-pack them off to Siberia without trial. That is how we do things in Russia. Shall I come with you tomorrow?"

"Nothing would please me better," I replied.

The next morning we met at the gates of the gloomy prison of Warsaw, and were received by the Governor, who paid us every respect. I do not need to dwell upon the horrors of this gaol. It was with a portion of the prison only that we were concerned. We were conducted to what was called the Tenth Pavilion.

The Tenth Pavilion was in two wings, or blocks, surrounded by a description of moat that was spanned by a bridge.

"On the one hand," explained Governor grimly, "are the men and on the other hand are the women. Here you may have, almost within hearing of each other, a pair of parted lovers. Stay! it is actually the case. You recollect Ivan S -- , the artist?"

The Governor asked the question of my friend, who accompanied us, and the General replied that he remembered Ivan

"Well, Ivan S- is at this moment in the Tenth Pavilion. He is a political prisoner charged, I believe, with taking part in a secret and seditious meeting. We shall never hear of Ivan more in Russia. He is blotted out from the civilized world." "Would it be possible for me to visit

this artist in his cell?" I asked. "Well," replied the Governor, "I can see no objection. Poor beg ar! He will be off to Siberia in a few days."

A gaoler led us across the bridge to the block which contained the dungeons reserved to the men. How hideous they were I cannot describe. Foul and noisome; the cells were pestilential; but more appalling than their utter loathsomeness was the absolute darkness which prevailed. The complete absence of light was more terrifying to me than anything else.
"Ivan S—!" I said, as I entered the

The prisoner, who had been sitting on

some projection from the wall-I could not clearly discern whether it was a stool or a bed-started to his teet, but remained "I come," I continued-"I come as

your friend. It is possible that I may be able to help you. Repose some confidence in me-I ask no more of you."

Still silence! Outside in the corridor I overheard the low murmur of the Governor's

"I am not here to taunt you with your mistortune, and to drag from you secrets

which you may not wish to disclose. I do not come as a spv, but as a friend." "I have no triends," muttered a broken voice in the darkness.

"Why are you here!"

"You must ask the Government. I am accused of plotting. I know my fate-Siberia. Nothing which you may say for me or against me can avail. Don't think me ungrateful. Your voice is that of an honest man. I believe you mean well, but you can do nothing." "Nothing !"

"Great Heaven!-yes. There is one thing you can do.'

And, to my surprise, the dark, dim form of the man was convulsed with weeping. "What can I do for you?" I resumed

"This. You will probably be taken to the women's quarters in this internal prison. Ob, that I should have brought her to this degradation! You will see her. You will talk with her. Tell her-tell her to bear up bravely for my sake, and for the Cause." "And who is this lady?"

"The lady who is to be, or was to have been, my wife. She is a delicate, cultured girl; yet she is here in this pest-house! Believe me, she is innocent. It was my fault. We were together when the police raided the salon of Madame X— They called it a secret meeting. Well, it may have been.'

"Give me the young lady's name." There was a pause. Then the young

man answered-'You will find her called Marie."

At that moment the Governor pushed the door open and bade me rejoin him. With a hurried assurance to the artist that I would carry out his injunction to the letter I left him.

We visited other prisoners, and then at my special request, we were conducted to the woman's wing. I asked for the cell in "Marie" was incarcerated. I was taken to it. Again I entered alone the dungeon. It was no better but no worse than those which I had already inspected—the same nameless horrors of uncleanliness, the same appealing terrors of darkness.

Here, in the dense obscurity, crouched the woman I sought.

"Marie!" I cried. "Who call ?" responded a young girl's

"A triend to Ivan and to yourself. have a message from him to you."

"Is this some new form of torture? You come here to wring confessions from me to implicate him?" "No," I replied. "I am a journalist-

not a police agent. It may be in my power to help you. My friends are influential."
"What did Ivan say?"

The question was slow in coming, but is came of last.

"That you were to bear up bravely, for his sake and for the sake of the Cause.' "Is he well?-is he hopeful?"

"Yes-as he trusts you are." The poor girl broke down and wept; but, hastily, quenching her tears, she cried—
'If you should see him once more, don't tell him I am so-so weak and foolishtell him that I am brave."

The warning step of the Governor returning cautioned me that time was short, that the interview must soon close.

"Now tell me, mademoiselle, how can I serve you? Have you no friends, Marie?" "Hush!" she said. "I feel that I am not I believe she is a little headstrong; but I doing wrong; I know that I can trust you. I will confide in you. My name is not Marie."

"Not Marie!" "No, I assumed it. I did not wish my friends to know where I was."

"Will you tell me your real name?" "Promise that you will never divulge it,

unless to aid me. "I promise." The young girl bent towards me and whispered in my ear-a name which con-

firmed my suspicions. "You must not-you shall not remain here," I cried in amazement that a highborn Russian lady, belonging to one of the most influential tamilies, should, bý sup-

pressing her real name, languish in a goal.
The Governor of the goal now approached, and reluctantly I was compelled to take my leave, with a hurried word of comfort and reassurance to the prisoner.

Her last words were-"Tell Ivan to bear up bravely for my sake, as I shall do for his. But I was never destined to see her lover

Profoundly impressed with the nature of the secret committed to my keeping, and quite alive to the difficulties of my selt-im-posed task, I considered what I should do about this heroine's release, A false step might destroy her whole future; it remained with my diplomacy to secure a success-

I went at once to the Governor General of Warsaw, an official whose power was paramount. I knew him, by repute, to have a secret leaning towards the political party to which Ivan S-belonged. I telt assured that if he could permit his personal sympathies to be enlisted, I should find my task easier. I discovered, too, that he was a great friend of General T --- , whose daughter had mysteriously

disappeared from Warsaw. "Your Excellency," I said-having obtained a private audience with this high official—"I wish to ask your advice concerning a very delicate matter; but, as I need to speak very freely, will you give me your word of honor not to act upon the information which I may afford you unless with my permission? I ask that tavor on the behalf of another."

"Your request is singular," said the Governor, "but I grant it."

"Tell me then, first," I resumed, "what manner of girl was the missing Mdlle. T .- ? I believe you known her father, and have met the young lady frequently." The Governor raised his eyebrows in surprise, and then replied-

"She was a very charming young ladyfair, self-willed, and affectionate. Stay! Here is her portrait."

The carte-de-visite which he showed me was the likeness of the unfortunate girl in the goal. My course was now plain. "But tell me what you know," said the Governor. "I can see that you have some-

"When a person disappears suddenly in Russia. I have been told there are two alternatives; either he must be dead or in

"And you come to tell me that Mdlie. T is not dead, but in prison?"

I bowed. "But where? If she had been sent to prison I should have known of it. The lists of accused come before me."

"Remember your promise," I said, and then told him all that I knew and of my two interviews—the one with Ivan S—, and the other with the young lady known to the gaol authorities as "Marie."

"I thank you," said the Governor, as I terminated my tale. "You can leave the matter in my hands.' For two whole days the Governor-

General did nothing. On the third he sent for the Chief of Police, and—as his powers were unquestioned-he ordered this functionary to produce before him the prisoners in gaol, with proofs of their guilt-an unusual procedure. Among the prisoners was the girl "Harie"—Mdlle T—-

"Where are your proofs of this young lady's complicity in this supposed plot?" demanded the Governor-General of the police authorities.

None were forthcoming. She had been arrested in suspected company, and that was all; and the Governar-General having already made up his mind on the subject, could with a clear conscience

I saw her afterwards, and she professed the greatest gratitude to me for my inter-

My journalistic duties compelled me to travel to other capitals; and it was some while later that, in Vienna, I met a diplomatic friend, whom I fell to talking about Russian affairs.

"Ah," said he, "you recollect that little love story in which you played a share—the romantic young lady, Mdile. T—, who got herself shut up with her lover in Warsaw prison, and would have remained there undiscovered but for your journalistic disposition to meddle with matters

that did not concern you?" "Well, that is severe!" I retorted; "but admitting the impeachment, what then?" "Your object was to save the girl from the snows of Siberia?"

"Supposing that it was?" "Well, in that case, it may interest you that she chose for herselt the fate which you endeavored to trustrate. She waited kinds of shapes are in demand Then you until her lover was banished to Siberia, and torsaking friends, father, and position,

his misery together." Truth in a Well.

The Doctor: "Queer saying that, about truth lying at the bottom of a well." The Lawyer: "You wouldn't think so if you knew the amount of pumping we law-yers sometimes have to do to get at it."

of the quinine produced in the world.

SCRAPS AT THE AQUARIUM.

A Sparring Match Between Two Burgalls, and the Blackfish's Idea of It.

Fish appear to play and fight something as birds do. Two burgalls in a tank at the New York Aquarium the other day spent half an hour in downright skylarking which was at times a little rough. They would loaf about at some distance apart and then spring around and make a rush for each other, meeting or perhaps halting just before, and balancing in the water, waving their fins as though sparring for an opening. They would look at each other, noses close together, but not touching, and then perhaps one would back off, the other following until the first was pretty near to his corner. Then the one following would halt and go back to his own place.

Pretty soon the one that had backed off would come up again, and the other was prompt to meet him. This time, perhaps, they would meet-not tip to tip of their noses, for the end of the fish's nose is extremely sensitive, and he never runs it against anything if he can help it-their noses side to side, and then each would push for all he knew how. They would push until their heads overlapped about one-third of their length back from their noses. Then all of a sudden they would flash apart as though one or the other had hit the other a heavy blow and the referee had called time at the same moment.

One fish seemed to win almost every round, but the other didn't seem to care much for that. He came to the scratch again every time. Sometimes they skirmished a little and sometimes they closed at a few days longer. For over a month he once. The contest was at a point in the water to the left of the centre of the tank. The fish that generally won stayed in that He could not even lift his hand to his corner, so that he hadn't far to go after the rounds He just loafed about until the other fish came up again. But the other fish went further and further away after each round until finally he took a little more time between the rounds, and after each round went over into the right-hand corner of the tank as far as he could go.

Over the right-hand side of the tank, close against the side and lying partly under a leaf of sea lettuce, was a staid black-

"None o' your nonsense around here!" The burgall jumped out of the angry blackfish's way and the blackfish backed

down under the sea lettuce again. But the burgall wasn't disturbed by the breadth and took a little rest. A minute later one was down it the opposise corner

Muscular Monkeys.

A well known physician has devoted a vast amount of time and thought to proving his theory that babies of the human species, like all monkeys, have a wonderful power in the flexor muscles of the forearm, so that during the first tew hours after birth they are able to hang by the hands, entirely supporting the weight of the body, for a period varying from ten seconds to two minutes and a half. He has experimented upon one hundred and fifty children, some of them a tew days old and others less than an hour, and in two cases only have they failed to hang from a stick by their tiny hands, One curious fact is that when a child lets go, and falls from its support, it seems to be rather from a desire of changing its position then because it is tired. When, even after hanging for more than a minute, a finger is given it to clutch. one will find by the energetic grip of its tiny hand that the little animal is by no means exhausted. It is unnecessary to say that in each case there is no possible risk for the child. The doctor declares that a healthy baby is really a "tough little animal," and that he is careful not to select weak children who might be injured by even so slight an exposure. The temperature of the room is always exactly regulated, and no experiment lasts longer than three minutes. The doctor's aim in making these experiments was not that of proving any social theory. He merely took an interest in the young of the human race, and began studying their habits and capabilities, with the result of finding in them curious resemblances to beings of a lower order.

Sentries in Baskets.

In his book on Corea, Mr. Savage-Landor gives an account of how the Corean soldier mounts guard. He says: "The Corean Tommy Atkins mounts guard curled up in a basket filled with rags and cotton wool. Even at the royal palace one sees them. The Cho-sense warrior is not a giant; on the contrary, he is very small, only a little over five feet, or even less, so that the round basket which contains him is made only about four feet in diameter and three and a half feet deep. In the inner enclosure of the royal palace, where two soldiers at a time are on guard, the baskets are bigger, and the two men contained in themsquat or curl up to-gether like two birds in a nesi. Their the splendid tellows! Isn't it beautiful. rifles are generally left standing against the wall; but where the position to be guarded is a very responsible one, they are nursed in the basket."

Professional Posers,

Paris is the city of models: without them the great art studios could not exist. I here is always "room for one more," no matter how poor a shape a model may have, for all often see mere babies posing like statues, as heroic as possible, and never complaining. followed him thither and married him and For women the life is a hard one. Stress of circumstances throws most girls into this sphere, and awkward and shy enough they are at first; but they are quickly broken in, and in less than a week become as efficient as professional models, although they find it dreadfully hard to stand in one position for hours. Still, they become used to that. They are in it for good, for very few ever get out. Models who are well-known earn The United States uses nearly one-half fairly good wages, especially if they have posed for some of the masters, for this serves as a reputation which they lose no opportunity to profit by.

HOW I SENT THAT £10

It was a gloomy, rainy day, in the winter of 1886. The writer was seated in his favourite easy-chair in his lodgings in Upper Baker Street, London. A bright fire was burning in the great and things around me were snug and comfortable. I was and still am a bachelor, with money enough to live and more too, but not inclined to spend it on any sort of foolishness. The night was closing in, dark and wretched; yet the knowledge of it, with a plentiful hot dinner to come, made me feel only more cosy and content. So I

sat and sprawled and smoked my pipe. Ten minutes passed, Then I threw my pipe on the shelf, went to my desk, and wrote this letter. "My Dear Old Friend,— I send you this £10 note as a loan. If

you can ever pay it—why, all right. If not, don't worry over it. Yours, &c."
Enclosing the money I backed the envelope to a name and address in Edinburgh, and then went out in the storm and posted it myself. Now for the wonder! I had sent that money to a man whom I had neither seen or heard of for twenty years; a man who was prosperous when I parted from him. and of whose whereabouts I had

no more idea than you have. Now for a greater wonder! In forty eight hours I received a letter dated at that very spot, full of pathetic gratitude, saying I had saved him and his family from the pangs of

hunger and cold. Hypnotism? Mesmerism? Second sight? Account or it as you may; it is God's own truth. Blind fools that we are! Who

knows the ways of Providence? In the winter of 1890-91, Mr. Henry Fish, of West Ma'vern, was so ill that it was not expected he would last more than got no sleep whatever, except when supported in an upright position on his crutch. mouth, and had to be nursed night and day. One doctor said he had heart disease, and that his heart was big as a bullock's. Another doctor told him that it made him worse to take any nourishment, and the less he ate the longer he would live. He sank I wer and lower, until people marvelled that death delayed to come.

Mr. Fish's illness began in the previous October with symptoms which many will recognise, because they are so common. fish. He had lain there soberly all through He had a bad taste in his mouth a poor the skylarking and never moved. But appitite, and pain in the chest and sides once, when the burgall that was getting after eating. In his written statement he the worse of it was lounging back to his says: "I had a gna wing, sinking sensation corner, he got out of his course a little and in the stomach, pain and weight at the swung around near the blackfish. The right side, and my eyes and skin were blackfish made a jump at the burgall in- yellow as a guinea. Later on 1 had rheustantly, saying as plainly as anybody matic gout in my feet, and erysipelas set in and spread all over my legs and feet. My legs becam: puffed and swollen to a dreadful size, and were wrinkled as if a cord were tied tight a ound them. Then the pain struck to my heart, which thumped and palpitated all the time. My stomby the cranky old blackfish he swung | ach was swelled to double its natural size, around up in the corner, drew a long and always faint from want of food I could only take slop, the pain after eating being more than I could bear. I soon lost the again, nose to nose with the other burgall. power to wa'k, and had to hobble about on crutches. Then I grew worse, and was delirious for days. Subsequently I was unable to lie in bed, as I felt suffo ated whenever my head touched a pillow.'

After this, followed the state of things first described. There seemed no prospect of recovery. The poison of indigestion and dyspersia (Mr. Fish's real ailment) had produced rheumatism, gout, and dropsythe latter the immedia e result of the stagnation of the liver and kidneys. This might at any moment swamp the heart or lungs and end in death, as sudden as by a rifle ball through the brain.

Now for another strange thing. While in this condition-with the shadows of death's dark night already falling around him- Mr. Fish one day received a communication recommending him to use a certain remedy he had not yet tr.ed. There was nothing about this communication to show who wro e it or mailed it. But he gave heed and procured the medicine at once, and began taking it. What effect it had we leave tim to tell.

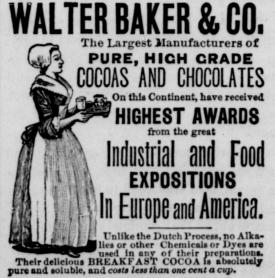
He says: "Even in a few days I felt better. I had a little appetite and digested light food. Then day by day the pains left me, the dropsy abated as the kidneys acted, and I began as you may siy, to back away from the side of the grave. I was so low it took a long time to get up my strength, but it returned at last, and I have ailed nothing since. When my friends asked what cured me, I answered, ' Mother Seigel's Cnrative Syrup,' the remedy urged upon me in the communication so unexpectedly received. It has saved my life, and I want everybody to hear of it.'

Mr. Fish has been in the employ of a builder at Ma'vern for thirty years, and is a painter by trade. And to the facts of his remarkable case he made a solemn declaration according to law, at Great Malvern, Worcester County. on the 12th of January. 1893, before Mr. Edward Nevinson, a Commissioner to administer Oaths in the Supreme Court of Judicature in England. wonderful indeed are the mysterious

powers which govern human affairs. J. M. P.

London, J nuary 17th, 1893.

Miss Pompadour-What are all those hor id drunken men yelling for out there on the street? They ought to be ashamed of themselves. Miss Grace-Those are not drunken men. They're college boys the good tellowship and gaiety of young college men?



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