

A MYSTERY OF THE NEVA.

A STORY OF RUSSIAN INTRIGUE.

(Continued.)

Another gun was fired as signal, echoing through the wood, but the sound came from the opposite direction to that we were travelling; therefore we hoped we had eluded those whose earnest desire was to capture us for the reward. Suddenly however, a second gun was fired from straight before us, and that revealed the truth. We were actually between the two parties, and they were closing in upon us.

They had already driven us to the edge of the bog. The Finlander recognized our peril as quickly as I did and halted.

"Let us turn straight back," he urged, breathlessly. "We may yet elude them."

Then we again turned off at right angles, travelling as quickly as we were able back towards the lake shore.

It was an exciting chase in the darkness, for we knew not whither we were going, nor into what pitfall of ravine or of treacherous marsh we might fall. Once we saw afar through the trees the light of a lantern held by a guard, and all ready the sweet-faced girl beside me seemed tired and terribly fatigued.

But we hurried on and on, striving to make no noise, and yet the crackling of wood beneath our feet seemed to us to sound like the noise of thunder.

At last, breathless, we halted to listen. We were already in sight of the grey mist where lay the silent lake that held so many secrets.

There was not a sound. The guards had gone straight on, believing they had driven us into that deadly bog, wherein, if we had entered, we must have been slowly sucked down and engulfed. They were surrounding it, no doubt, feeling certain of their prey.

But we crept along the water's edge until, in the grey light, we could distinguish two empty boats, that of the guards and our own. We were again at the spot where we had disembarked.

"Let us row to the head of the lake," suggested the Finn. "We may then land and escape them." And a moment later we were all three in the guard's boat, rowing with all our might under the deep shadow of the bank northward, in the opposite direction to the town of Nystad.

We kept a sharp look out for any other boat, but saw none. The signals ashore had attracted all the guards to that spot to join in the search, and now, having doubled back, and again embarked, we were every moment increasing the distance between ourselves and our pursuers.

I think we must have rowed several miles, for we landed again, upon a low, flat and barren shore, the first grey streak of day was showing in the east.

Elma noticed it and kept her great brown eyes on it thoughtfully. It was the dawn for her—the dawn of a new life.

Our eyes met. She smiled at me and then gazed eastward, full of silent meaning.

Having landed, we drew the boat up and concealed it in the undergrowth, so that the guards on searching should not know the direction we had taken, and then we went straight on northward across the low-lying lands to where the forest showed dark against the morning grey.

The mist had now somewhat cleared, but the air was keen and frosty.

This wood we found, was of tall, high pines, where walking was not difficult, a wide wilderness of trees, which hour after hour we traversed, in the vain endeavor to find the rough path which our guide told us led for a hundred miles from Alavo down to Tammerfors, the manufacturing centre of the country. But to discover that path in a forest of considerable width is a matter of considerable difficulty, and for hours we wandered on and on, but alas! always in vain.

Faint and hungry, yet we still kept on. Fortunately we found a little spring, and all three of us drank eagerly from our hands. But of food we had nothing save a small piece of hard rye bread which the Finn had in his pocket, and this we gave to Elma, who, half famished, ate it quickly.

We knew quite well that it would be an easy matter to die of starvation in that great trackless forest, therefore we kept on undaunted, and through the dark pines, glinting on the golden grey trunks and reflecting a golden light in that dead unbroken silence.

How many miles we trudged I have no idea. It was a consolation to know that we now had no pursuers, yet what fate lay before us we knew not. If we could only find that forest road we might come across some wood cutter's hut, where we could obtain rough food of some sort, yet our guide, used as he was to those enormous woods of Central Finland, was utterly out of his bearings, and no mark of civilization attracted his quick experienced eye.

The light above gradually faded, and over a sharp stone Elma stumbled and ripped her shoe.

I looked at my watch and found that it was already five o'clock. In an hour it would be dark, the beginning of the long northern night. Elma, who was weary and footsore, asked by signs to be permitted to lie down and rest. Therefore we gathered a bed of dry leaves for her and she lay down, and while we watched she was soon asleep. The Finn, who declared that he did not suffer from the cold, removed his coat and placed it tenderly upon her shoulders.

While there was still a ray of light I watched her white, refined features as she slept, and was sorely tempted to bend and imprint a kiss upon that soft inviting cheek. Yet I had no

right to do so, no right to take such an advantage.

The long, cold night passed wearily and the howling of the wolves caused me to grip my revolver, yet at daybreak we arose refreshed, and notwithstanding the terrible pangs of hunger now gnawing at our vitals we were prepared to renew our desperate rush for liberty.

Although I had paper I possessed no pencil with which to write, therefore I could only communicate by signs with the mysterious prisoner of Kajana, the beautiful, dark-eyed girl who held me irrevocably beneath the spell of her beauty. All the little acts of homage I was able to perform she accepted with a quiet, luminous eyes I read an unfathomable mystery.

The mist had not cleared, for it was soon after dawn when we again moved along—hungry, chill and yet hopeful. At a spring we obtained some water, and then, in silent procession, pressed forward in search of the rough track of the woodcutters.

Elma's torn shoe gave her considerable trouble, and, noticing her limping, I induced her to sit down while I took it off, hoping to be able to mend it, but, having mended it, I saw that upon her stocking was a large patch of congealed blood, where her foot itself had also been cut.

Yet she never complained, knowing too well the imminent peril of recapture.

I managed to beat the nails of the shoe with a stone, so that its sole should not be lost, and she readied it, allowing me to lace it up for her and smiling the while.

Forward we trudged, ever forward, across that enormous forest, where the myriad tree-trunks presented the same dismal scene everywhere, a forest untrodden save by those wild, half-savage lumbermen who cut down the trees, lopped off their branches, branded them, and then three them into the river to float down to the sea.

Through that dull, grey day we marched onward faint with hunger yet suffering but little pain, for the first pangs were now past and were succeeded by slight light-headedness. My only fear was that we should be compelled to spend another night without shelter, and what its effect might be upon the delicately-reared girl whose hand I held tenderly in mine.

Surely my position was a strange one. Her terrible affliction seemed to cause her to be entirely dependent upon me.

Suddenly, just as the yellow sunlight overhead began to fade, the stolid-faced Finn, whose name, he had told me was Felix Estlander, cried:

"Polshait! Look, Excellency! Ah! The road at last."

And as we glanced before us we saw that his quick, well-trained eye had detected alone in the twilight at some distance a path traversing our vista among the grey-green tree-trunks. Then, hurrying along, we found ourselves upon a track on which we turned to the right—a track rough and deeply rutted by the felled trunks that were dragged along it to the nearest river.

(To be continued.)

THE POOR BOY.

(S. W. Gilliam in Baltimore American.)

I know a small boy and I pity him so. He's poor in what made me rich—long ago.

In tame little clean little sand piles he plays, And can't romp around with the calves and the pigs.

No trees may he climb, for his clothes are too good. He mustn't roam around by himself in the wood.

He hasn't a dirty old dog that he can squeeze, He dare not play horse around the lawn on his knees.

Can't even blow dust off his mamma's bedeck, His form with a towel tucked in around his head.

Can't jump up and down on a walk board that squeaks, He's just so indecently clean that it hurts.

He can't go out barefoot at dawn for the cows. Shove hay to the horses or follow the plows.

Hunt eggs in the hay mow or swim in the pool. Way down in the meadow—through June he's in school.

Can't dam up the branch with black muck to his eyes, Can't play that he is a baker, with mud for his paws.

He hasn't a big, husky dady whose hands Are horny and strong, like the best iron bands.

Instead, once a week, or such like, he may meet A man like the others that he sees on the street.

Who orders him 'round—maybe loves him a bit.

While this little boy would as leave he should quit,

In fact, for this poor little coddler I groan,

And knowingly, too, for the boy is—my own.

WILL RESIDE AT OTTAWA.

Montreal, July 26.—Hon. S. N. Parent, former premier of the Province of Quebec arrived in Montreal last night and registered at the Place Vigor for a short while before his departure for Quebec. When seen, Hon. Mr. Parent admitted that Sir Wilfrid Laurier, yesterday afternoon at Ottawa, had offered him the chair-

manship of the Transcontinental Railway commission, and that he had accepted.

The former Premier said he was on his way to Quebec for a short rest, and would return to Ottawa and take up the duties of his new office shortly.

The ex-Premier said he sincerely regretted having to leave Quebec, where he had spent so many happy years. The chairmanship of the commission would make it incumbent upon him to reside at the capital. The appointment would also necessitate his resignation as Mayor of the City of Quebec, and as a member of the provincial Legislature.

He said he would ever endeavor to do his duty not to any one section but to the whole of Canada and the Canadian people and it would be no fault of his if he did not make a success of the responsible office he was about to enter. If hard continuous work would avail he would be sure to succeed, for he intended to devote all his time and attention to the great work entrusted to him by the Premier whom he knew was anxious to see the new transcontinental railway proceed with all the despatch possible.

INDIAN PAID PENALTY.

New Westminster, July 26.—Weirdly and plaintively chanting the Lord's prayer in Chinook, spiritually encouraged by Rev. Thomas Crosby, and supported in a wavering walk by the nervous hands of Public Executioner Radcliffe, Tom Klidamikdenhu, the Hope Island Indian, convicted of the murder of Knaizil, one of his tribe, went to his death on the scaffold in the provincial jail yard here this morning. Yesterday afternoon the condemned man managed to secure a piece of broken glass and make a gash upon his knee in an attempt to cut an artery. He was detected in time to prevent a fatality and weak from the loss of blood and half crazed by the terror of his approaching execution he had spent a restless night.

Klidamikdenhu was the terror of the islands at the north of the straits of Georgia, and the self-con-

fessed murderer of at least four persons. The convict to the last held the view that he ought to have got off Scot free. "We killed Knaizil," he said, "I held her hands and Yunukwa struck her with the axe. Yunukwa said in the big court house that I, Tom Klidamikdenhu, killed her. Yunukwa lied, he is free. I speak truth, but I die. It is not right."

He had hoped for a pardon until the last.

RECENT THEORIES ABOUT THE MOON.

(The Searchlight.)

That the volcanoes of the moon are not all extinct is the opinion of many experts, especially Professor Pickering of Harvard. They base it upon the persistence of volcanic action in a like crater called Linne, which has periodical fits of expansion and contraction, and by the dense clouds of white vapor which issue from a tortuous cleft, known as Schroeter's Valley. That the moon is not utterly dead is also the opinion of the most expert observers. What is expelled from the moon's craters resembles what is expelled from the earth's craters—water and carbonic acid gas. But as the temperature of the moon's surface is probably four hundred and sixty degrees Fahrenheit, the water issues as ice and snow, and this accounts for the brilliant appearance of the mountain tops when the sun shines upon them.

But what of the "variable spots" that darken rapidly after sunrise and gradually disappear toward sunset? They are not shadows, since shadows would be least visible when the sun is directly overhead. Professor Pickering avers that they are "organic life resembling vegetation that flourishes luxuriantly when the sun shines and withers when night falls," and is nourished by the carbonic acid gas which issues from the volcanoes and clings to the moon's surface with great tenacity. Since a moon day lasts for fifteen of our days, the apparently short visibility of the "variable spots" is in reality a miniature season.

SOME MEN LEARN THE VALUE OF ADVERTISING

by not trying it. There are hundreds of men in the business world who have seen their competitors commence to advertise and promptly and loudly prophesied their failure.

These have learned, their mistake and paid a high price for their experience. To see your competitor prosper at a track on which you turned to the right—a track rough and deeply rutted by the felled trunks that were dragged along it to the nearest river.

Others have thought that there might be something in ADVERTISING.

but have perferred to wait and see how those who tried it came out. These must now be content to occupy a position as "also rans" as the advertisers have forged so far ahead and gained such a foothold that it is a hard matter to dislodge them.

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ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

In Effect, June 4th, 1905

Atlantic Time. Trains daily except Sunday unless otherwise stated.

LEAVE FREDERICTON

6.25 a.m.—Express from St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and points north: Edmundston, Riviere du Loup and Quebec, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc. Pullman Parlor Car, Fredericton Jet, to Boston.

7.30 a.m.—Mixed, via Gibson Branch, for Woodstock, Presque Isle, Edmundston, Riviere du Loup and Quebec. Leaves St. Mary's 8.15 a.m.

9.30 a.m.—Express for Fredericton Junction, connecting with Atlantic Express for St. John and points east. Atlantic Express will not stop between Fredericton Junction and Fairville.

5.30 p.m.—Mixed for Fredericton Jet, connecting with Short Line Express for Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and with Imperial Limited and Pacific Express from Montreal for the West, Northwest and Pacific Coast. Also connects for Vancouver, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc. (St. Andrews after July 1st), Houlton and Woodstock.

Palace Sleeper Fredericton Jet, to Montreal. Pullman Sleeper Fredericton Jet to Boston. C. P. R. Dining Car F'ton Jet to Mattawankeag.

9.00 p.m.—For St. John and East.

ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON

9.00 a.m.—From St. John and points east.

11.30 a.m.—From Boston, Montreal, St. Stephen, St. Andrews after July 1st), Woodstock and Houlton.

8.35 p.m.—From St. John and east.

9.05 p.m.—From Woodstock and all points north via Gibson Branch. Arrives at St. Mary's 8.27 p.m.

10.40 p.m.—From Boston, Portland, Bangor and Houlton.

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INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after Sunday, June 4th, 1905 trains will run daily (Sundays excepted), as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE FREDERICTON

No. 303 Mixed for Chatham, Loggieville, Campbellton, St. John and Halifax

No. 301 Express for Montreal, Chatham, Loggieville. 10.30

No. 317 Suburban for Marysville. 6.15

No. 319 Suburban for Marysville. 10.00

No. 321 Suburban for Marysville. 11.15

No. 323 Suburban for Marysville. 15.00

No. 325 Suburban for Marysville. 17.15

No. 327 Suburban for Marysville. 18.25

No. 329 Suburban for Marysville. 21.00

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON.

No. 302 Express from Montreal, Quebec, Chatham and Loggieville. 12.05

No. 304 Mixed from Chatham Junction, Chatham and Loggieville. 10.30

No. 318 Suburban from Marysville. 8.15

No. 320 Suburban from Marysville. 11.00

No. 322 Suburban from Marysville. 12.35

No. 324 Suburban from Marysville. 17.05