



HE empress had just ended her game of chess one evening at the winter palace, St. Petersburg.

"It is enough," she exclaimed, turning to her lady-in-waiting whose duty it was to supply her with a fresh pair of gloves at the beginning of every game; "I shall not play any more. I will have my revenge to-morrow, M. le Marquis."

"Your imperial majesty has had it already," replied Marquis Stroganoff, who was the popular and accomplished French ambassador. "If you could but see the deep contrition of my heart for having had the presumption to defeat you, you would find yourself amply avenged."

The young empress smiled graciously and rejoined: "Very well, but I prefer deeds to words. That is what I try to impress upon my people. Apropos, you know how we Russians pride ourselves on the strictness and alertness of our detectives, and how nothing escapes their keen vigilance. As you seem to doubt the watchfulness of my subjects, I requested that the very next case of detected smuggling be at once made known to me."

"To doubt would be treasonable, your majesty," said the marquis, with a smile. "Do let us hear the details."

"Count Lazareff has just been arrested and detained on the frontier for smuggling all kinds of contraband articles from Paris, which were most ingeniously hidden in the linings and roof of the carriage; and the emperor, to encourage the detectives, has distributed among them the heavy fine of eight hundred roubles, which the count had to pay. What do you say to that, marquis?"

"I can but say, your majesty," he answered, with a shrug of his shoulders—"I can but say how clumsy the man must have been to fall in such a simple thing."

"Simple thing!" repeated the empress, with a slight look of surprise. "I do not think you would find it so easy to deceive our inspectors."

"Will your majesty give me leave to try?" the marquis quietly asked.

"Oh no," she answered with a smile. "It would be of no use. You know that your person and property as ambassador are sacred, and therefore you would not be a fair test. I would wager, however, this diamond ring that were you to pass our frontier as a private individual, you would not succeed in smuggling in the veriest trifle without being detected."

"I accept the challenge," replied the marquis, with a graceful bow, "and as I am shortly going to France on urgent private business, I shall avail myself of your gracious permission, return to Russia as a private individual, and subject myself and property to the most rigorous search of the custom house."

"You have accepted my challenge," the empress rejoined. "Remember, marquis, we shall have no pity on you."

Great excitement prevailed at the small frontier station on the road from Konigsberg to St. Petersburg. The officers of the custom house were on the alert, for they had received orders from headquarters that when the traveling carriage of the French ambassador should pass through that day it was to be most carefully searched and examined, and even the person of the marquis was not to be spared. Such were the emperor's orders, and unusual as they were they must be obeyed.

"Count Lazareff's rubles were nothing to it! By St. Alexander, the emperor is a kind father to us," and the men stroked their long beards and gulped down bowls of hot tea. But hark! there is a faint tinkle of bells and the swift sound of horses on the crisp snow.

"Here he comes!" cried one of the men, jumping from his warm seat. This rest quickly followed, and as the ambassador's covered sledge with its four horses drew in sight it was surrounded by the band of officers.

Respectfully touching his cap, the head man accosted the marquis and apologized for the intrusion, but he had received orders to examine the carriage effects of his excellency, and must trouble him to alight while the search was being made.

The marquis, who was luxuriously reclining in the warm folds of a magnificent black-fox cloak, roused himself at the words and replied that there was no occasion to apologize.

"Alphonse," he called, as his valet came to the door of the sledge, "take care of Fidele, and see that the poor little thing does not catch cold coming out into this frosty air."

Like eager birds of prey over a rich prize, the examiners gathered around the sledge, and began their search in the most systematic manner, ransacking every possible place of concealment. Even the cushions and linings were not spared, to the indignation of the coachman and valet, who looked on with sullen eyes, not daring to interfere, but muttering at the folly of their master in permitting such an outrage.

As yet they had not discovered a single contraband article, and more eager became the search, until at last the baffled men had to abandon it.

The marquis meanwhile was warming himself at the stove, with stolid indifference, sipping hot tea and stroking Fidele's curly hair. Nor was his equanimity disturbed when they approached him and intimated that he and his two servants must submit to being searched. "Very well," said he. "Only I warn you your trouble will be in vain, for you will find nothing. But fulfill your orders by all means."

Disappointed by previous failure, the men made the personal search as strict as possible, but it was without result. One of the inspectors even approached Fidele, and insisted on examining the rug with which the dog was covered, as it might contain something hidden in its folds. Fidele gave a low growl at being thus disturbed, and its master took it up gently, and said: "Poor Fidele is not accustomed to be treated roughly. Well, you have found nothing. I told you so. And now I suppose we may proceed on our journey."

The chief examiner, bowing low, assured his excellency that he would not be further detained, and he was soon in his sledge once more, carrying his pet dog in his arms. The horses pawed impatiently, and the merry bells began to tinkle a chime of departure. In a moment the swift sledge was out of sight, leaving the disappointed customs officers bewailing their ill luck.

It was again a brilliant evening scene at the winter palace. The young empress was surrounded by her court circle, and, when the ambassador approached, not a little curiosity was aroused as to the result of the wager. It had become a lively topic of speculation since his departure, and bets had been high on both sides. Even the emperor, who generally kept aloof from such trifles, was amused at the incident, and was curious to know how the marquis would explain the affair, as the baffled search at the frontier had been promptly communicated to St. Petersburg. The empress felt triumphant, and naturally concluded that the ambassador, rather than risk a failure, had given up the idea altogether.

"Welcome back to St. Petersburg," she exclaimed, graciously extending her imperial hand, and smiling as he bent down over it. "What news from Paris? I fear you did not find anything there worth smuggling, if I may trust the report of my officers, who seem to have treated you most unmercifully, and searched every possible corner."

"Your majesty certainly has no occasion to find fault with your faithful subjects, for I can bear witness to the keenness of their eyes and fingers," the marquis replied, with a slightly amused smile at the eager looks of the circle of auditors. "But still, I did bring back a trifle, which perhaps you will allow me to show you. My valet is in the anteroom, as I could not well intrust it to other hands, and perhaps your majesty will give permission for him to enter here."

With an incredulous look, which was reflected on the faces of her court, the empress gave the required order, and as Alphonse entered with Fidele in his arms she could not suppress a laugh, in which her whole circle joined.

"What a pretty little dog!" she exclaimed. "But it scarcely comes under the head of contraband, and if this is the only thing you have brought from Paris I am afraid you have lost your wager and my diamond ring is safe."

The marquis did not look disconcerted, but taking Fidele from the arms of Alphonse, he placed it on the ground.

"Now, Fidele, good dog, make your bow to her majesty," and in the most absurd way the dog kept nodding its head several times in succession.

"Now, Fidele, die," said the marquis, putting his hand on the dog's curly head. Fidele wagged his tail, gave a hoarse bark, and in another moment, to the surprise and horror of the assemblage, its head rolled on the carpet.

There was an involuntary scream from the ladies, and even the empress cried out: "Oh! what is that?" as the marquis, bending down over the headless body of Fidele, quietly drew forth from the opening at the neck a long white roll of lace. Unfolding it carefully, he held up to the astonished gaze of those present an exquisite dress of the far-famed Chantilly lace, so finely wrought as to be almost priceless. A murmur of admiration was heard from all. Gracefully kneeling before the empress, the marquis presented the lace.

"Will your majesty pardon my presumption and kindly deign to accept this souvenir from Paris?"

"How very beautiful it is!" the empress exclaimed, taking the delicate fabric in her hand. "It is truly a magnificent souvenir. Rise, M. de Marquis; you have indeed fulfilled your word and fairly won the wager. I herewith acknowledge myself defeated," she added, playfully; and, taking the diamond ring from her finger, she placed it in the ambassador's hand.

"I will not part with it but with my life," was the gallant Frenchman's answer, as he rose to his feet and put the ring on his finger.

"This is indeed a wonderful dog," said the empress, turning to Fidele. "I certainly never saw anything more true to life, and I must give you credit for the clever way in which you eluded the vigilance of my officers."

Fidele now became an object of great interest, and its head being replaced, it had to go through its various accomplishments of barking, nodding its head and wagging its tail, all of which, owing to the ingenious mechanism concealed in its head, it performed to perfection. It was not surprising that it had escaped detection at the custom house.—Harper's Bazar.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

GUESSES.
You bring me the words of an old refrain,
And ask me to make the meaning plain:
Three little people who wonder why
The world is wide and the heavens are high.

But how would a guess from each one do?
So, Master Harry, and first come you;
"For the ships on the sea, and the stars in the sky,
The world is wide and the heavens are high."

And what do you think, with your dreamy air,
Little Blue Eyes on the cushion there?
"For flowers to blossom, and birds to fly,
The world is wide and the heavens are high."

Last and least of the wondering three,
Here is wee Froddy, and what says he?
"To play with marbles and kites to fly,
The world is wide and the heavens are high."

Ab, well, a reason you each have found,
So now the riddle to me comes round;
And this is the guess I venture why
The world is wide and the heavens are high.

Up the great hillside our feet to set
A little farther and farther yet:
To try forever and still to try,
The world is wide and the heavens are high.

—Kate Putnam Osgood, in St. Nicholas.

THE OROYA RAILROAD.

A Trip on a Hand-Car Among the Andes Mountains.

A correspondent of Forest and Stream went up the Oroya railroad in the Andes, a wonderful piece of railway engineering. The sharp ascent began at noon, over terraces, through tunnels drilled in the solid rock, and over bridges spanning awful chasms. At three o'clock they reached their destination, some ten thousand feet above the level of the sea. After a substantial dinner, which the mountain air rendered doubly acceptable, the party began making preparations for the descent, which was to be accomplished in a hand-car by the force of gravity alone.



GOING AROUND A CURVE.

The hand-car had been brought up with us on the train, and when the men came to put it together it was discovered that the fastenings of two of the wheels were broken. After a hurried consultation, as it was growing late, some telegraph wire was found, and the broken portions were tied together. The men in charge of the descent hoped this would answer, they said.

"And if it doesn't?" I asked. They shrugged their shoulders. I looked askance at my companions, but they stood by in silence. Probably, like myself, they would willingly have seconded a proposition to return by the regular train, but were too proud to make it.

Without a word we took our seats on the car. Silently one of the employes opened a bag and took out three revolvers, handing one to each of his companions. They cocked these weapons in a matter-of-fact way and placed them between their feet.

"This car is used by the paymaster," one of them thoughtfully explained, "and it isn't uncommon for desperadoes to throw it off the track. I got a tumble and a bullet myself not so very long ago."

Again I looked at my companions. It was perhaps owing to the altitude that they seemed to exhibit the preliminary symptoms of mountain sickness. As for myself, my heart was in my mouth; but it did not trouble me long, for of a sudden the brakes were taken off, and with a spring the car shot forward, apparently leaving at the point of departure my entire internal economy.

Down we rushed with ever increasing speed, the car swaying from side to side, on one hand the mountain wall, on the other a drop of perhaps a thousand feet, through tunnels of midnight darkness, round sharp curves where the broken wheels fairly creaked with the strain.

The starless night closed in around us. It was now simply a question of chance as we plunged into the darkness.

"We ought to have started sooner," muttered one of the men; "a stick or a stone, or even a dog on the track, would throw us into the valley."

Nobody answered him. All talk, difficult enough before on account of the rushing wind, now ceased, and in silence we watched the sparks fly from the wheels.

Thoughts of the armed outlaws and of the broken fastenings kept running through my mind, and the journey seemed almost endless.

At last the sudden twists around the sharp curves ceased. We were in the valley. Presently a big light burst upon us.

"Down brakes!" cried one of the men. The station was before us. Thank God!

Not Taken as He Meant It.
Miss Highflier—O, Mr. Sappy, how nice it was of you to name your new trunter after me! What is she like?

Young Sappy—Well, she's a regular stunner, Miss Highflier. Not much to look at, don't-cher-know, but very fast. And he cannot make out why she is so cool to him now.—Vogue.

Hard Times.
"John," whispered Mrs. Squeers, "there's a burglar climbing through the window."

"Let him come in," responded her husband under his breath, "I'll yell at him and scare him. He may drop something he has stolen elsewhere."—Hullo.

CATS WITHOUT TAILS.

Curious Creatures Found Only at Long Beach, N. J.

Seven miles from the mainland on which the village of Beach Haven, N. J., stands is a narrow strip of land which is called Long Beach.

On it there is the only tribe of tailless cats in this country. Early in this century a large English ship was wrecked on that part of the Jersey coast. The sailors were saved, and so were a lot of cats on board. They came from the Isle of Man in the Irish sea, and belonged to a curious breed found only on that island, known as Manx cats and born without tails.

At first the animals were quite tame and frequented the vicinity of the lighthouse, where they nightly held open-air concerts that were not musical enough to merit the appreciation of the lightkeepers, and ultimately resulted in their being driven away. Then they took to the woods and managed to subsist during the first winter on birds, thousands of which lived in the swamps. The cats increased rapidly and in a few years numbers of them could be found almost everywhere in Barnegat's woods.

Their outdoor life made them savage, and the breed seems to have increased in both size and courage, for eventually they became so fierce that they would stand and show fight toward anyone who invaded their homes.

They are curious-looking creatures. The front legs being shorter than their hind legs causes them to make big jumps as they go about, yet it is said they can easily outrun an ordinary dog.

The cats make good fishers, and when fish are plentiful they go along the beach, and as the breakers run up on the shore, carrying with them small butterfish, mullets and silver bait, they jump into the shallow water and with their sharp claws plus a fish to the sand, and the outgoing wave leaves their prey exposed. Then, before another breaker can roll in, they catch the fish and take it up on the dry beach and devour it.

At times dozens of these strange-looking cats can be seen on the beach making meals off the surf clams that are cast up by the tide.

For the past twenty or thirty years, Long Beach has been a famous summer resort. Many of the cats have been killed by tourists or frightened back into the swamps. Occasionally some more humane visitor endeavored to tame one of the animals. It is hard work, but when the effort is successful there is no more domestic or affectionate pet than a Manx cat.—William Alsa, in Golden Days.

THE LORDLY JAGUAR.

His Glorious Colors First Attract the Beholder's Attention.

The lordly jaguar is the king of all the American felines, and right proud are we to have him for a fellow countryman—provided he does not make himself too numerous! Of all the great cats now living, he is second in size only to the lion and the Bengal tiger. South of the United States he is universally called el tigre (teegree), which is simply the Spanish for tiger. He has the big chest and loins, thick neck, big arms and legs, and bullet head of a heavyweight prize-fighter, clothed in the most gorgeous skin ever given to any animal of the cat family. He is the most stocky in build of all cats, being very different in shape from the more lithe and flat-bodied lion, tiger and puma.



THE JAGUAR OF SOUTH AMERICA.

But it is his glorious colors that first attract the beholder's attention, and hold it longest. On a ground color of rich golden yellow, which is darkest on the back and shoulders and grows paler as it descends to the legs, are arranged with regular irregularity large rosettes of black and brown. These rosettes are the prominent distinguishing character of the jaguar, by which any child can recognize him instantly wherever found. The head, top of the back, base of the tail, lower joints of the legs, and the feet are plentifully besprinkled with round black spots, not rosettes. Ordinarily the eyes are light yellow, to match the body color; but when the animal becomes enraged, they turn the color of green fire, and then it is high time to get out of the way.

The jaguar is an edition de luxe, bound in black and gold.—W. T. Hornaday, in St. Nicholas.

Pussy's Appeal for Dinner.
A young lady bookkeeper in Boston has been in the habit for some time of giving the office cat a piece of meat for her lunch every day, precaution being first taken to lay down a piece of paper to prevent the meat greasing the floor. The other day, at lunch hour, when the young lady happened to have no meat in her basket, pussy begged for some in her most intelligent fashion. Finding no meat coming the cat ran to the waste basket, dragged out a newspaper and laid it on the floor at the young lady's feet. This appeal was so touching that the young lady went out and bought meat for the intelligent animal.

A Happy Idea.
Visitor—How did you happen to name your dog Pantry, Jimmie?
Jimmie—Cause papa says he holds so much food.—Harper's Young People.

The treatment of all chronic disorders of any ailment of long standing, which has produced absolute change in the tissue affected, is so different from the treatment of acute diseases or ailments of short duration, where the function or work of the organ is involved, that it requires a life-long study and especial experience to cope with them successfully. Drs. Beckman and Pixley of 21 West 123d St., New York City, have from their experience of a large cosmopolitan and hospital practice, formulated an original plan of treating such sufferers at their homes. The peculiarities of every constitution make the same disease different in every individual case, and though the same disease has been existent in its leading features and its results, for all time, yet the secret of its relief is the discovery in each case of that one peculiarity that no one else possesses.

These peculiarities may have been inherited, may have been acquired from habit, may be due to a particular location, may be brought on by the character of one's occupation, or the result of some hidden or latent disease, which has not been discovered.

Unless this hidden truth is brought to light treatment is of little avail. If this statement were not true, a compound that would cure disease in one individual would cure the same disease in every one, and physicians, and colleges, hospitals and experience would not be necessary, and all advertised secret preparations would be successful for every one and not the failures they are.

The special feature of all treatment by Drs. Beckman and Pixley for each individual case, which is never twice alike, is aimed at these peculiarities and is the secret of their success.

The results achieved by them have clearly demonstrated that any sufferer from any long standing disease, no matter where they are situated, can, by their method avoid themselves of their experience even better than by a personal interview, because of the greater opportunity offered for a deliberate consultation over a written statement than could be given in person either at the home or the office.

Proof of these claims and further information may be secured by sending to them for an individual Statement Book.

DRIZZLE—"How long did that new play of yours run?" Fizzle—"Till it got in the next town."—Life.

The Skill and Knowledge

Essential to the production of the most perfect and popular laxative remedy known, have enabled the California Fig Syrup Co. to achieve a great success in the reputation of its remedy, Syrup of Figs, as it is conceded to be the universal laxative. For sale by all druggists.

BRAKE—not break the wills of your children.

Abraham Lincoln Stories.

An illustrated book, unmarred by advertising, containing stories and anecdotes told by Abraham Lincoln, many heretofore unpublished, will be sent free to every person sending his or her address to the Lincoln Tea Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

"SOCIETY" means you-and-I-ety, with the other fellow looking on.—Young Men's Era.

Farms for the Million.

The marvelous development of the States of Minnesota, South Dakota, Iowa, Nebraska and Wyoming, within the last few years has attracted attention in all parts of the world. It is not necessary, however, to search far for the causes of this wonderful growth, for this entire region, which is penetrated by the North-Western Line, teems with golden opportunities for enterprising farmers, mechanics and laborers who desire to better their condition. Here lands which combine all varieties of soil, climate and physical features that render them most desirable for agriculture or commerce. Rich rolling prairies, capable of raising the finest quality of farm products in luxurious abundance, can still be secured at low prices and upon most liberal terms, and in many cases good productive farms can be purchased for scarcely more than the yearly rental many eastern farmers are compelled to pay. Reaching the principal cities and towns and the richest and most productive farming districts of this favored region The North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western R.R.) offers the advantages of ready markets, unexcelled train service, perfect equipment and all the comforts and conveniences known to strictly first-class railway travel. Maps, time tables and general information can be obtained of ticket agents of connecting lines, or by addressing W. A. Thrall, General Passenger and Ticket Agent Chicago & North-Western R.R., Chicago, Ill.

It takes a sharp man to find out a woman's failings, but when a man fails the whole town echoes with the news.—Puck.

Deafness Cannot be Cured by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constant remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills, 25 cents.

The strawberry box makes a very pleasant impression even though we know how very shallow it is.—Inter Ocean.

Like Oil Upon Troubled Waters is Hale's Honey of Horchound and Tar upon a cold. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

Some boys' fishing excursions turn to wall tag on their return home.

Coronets, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, etc., quickly relieved by Brown's Bronchial Trochies. Sold only in boxes. Price, 25 cts.

The shoemaker is a man who frequently gets "beaten out of his boots."



"MY CLOTHES HUNG TO MY FRAME LIKE A BAG."
(Mr. Silas Galimore, of Spencer, Owen County, Indiana, as he appeared before using Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root.)

Almost every person is familiar with the hardships to which a Farmer's life is exposed. Mr. Galimore was a man of iron constitution and stalwart frame, but hard work and a series of colds brought on by repeated exposure, developed into

A Very Bad Case of Kidney Trouble and a general derangement of the urinary organs, which finally broke him down, and from a giant in strength he became in less than a year a weak, trembling and almost a helpless man. Mr. Galimore tells the interesting story in his own way; pausing a moment he said, "my whole trouble seemed to have settled on my kidneys and in my urinary organs and continued to distress me more or less for about eight years. I went to a number of different doctors of good repute, but kept getting worse all the time, my appetite became very bad and my strength all deserted me. I got so weak that I could walk but a few rods without resting. I used to be a big, heavy, strong man weighing

200 Pounds, but I ran down to 133 Pounds.

was weak and pale, my clothing hung to my bony frame like a bag and looked as if they

were twice too large for me. After having been treated by the best physicians receiving only temporary relief, I lost all hope and thought there was no cure. One day my son was in Frank Lawson's Drug Store, your agent at Spencer, when I was feeling more dead than alive. He persuaded him to have me try a bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, Kidney, Liver and Bladder Remedy I did so and soon began to get relief and steadily improved in every way, gaining in strength and weight until

Now I Tip The Scales at 202 Pounds.

I am at the present time a vigorous old man of 74 years and feel that I have a new lease of life. I can only say to those who have lost all hopes on account of the failure of physicians and medicines, that they will not have performed every duty they owe to themselves and those who may be dependent upon them, until they have made one more effort and tried Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root.

Sincerely yours,
Jan. 15th, 1894.
SILAS GALIMORE.

Every testimonial of SWAMP-ROOT is absolutely true. The name and address is correctly given. If you have any doubt, write and find out.

ST. JACOBS OIL

CURES PAIN, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, SPRAINS, BRUISES, SWELLINGS, BURNS.

THE POT INSULTED THE KETTLE BECAUSE THE COOK HAD NOT USED

SAPOLIO

GOOD COOKING DEMANDS CLEANLINESS. SAPOLIO SHOULD BE USED IN EVERY KITCHEN.