THE BRIGADIER.

BY IVAN TOURGUENIEFF.

I

Do you know, reader, those little manor houses which abounded twenty-five or thirty years ago in the Ukraine of Great Russia? Few remain at this day, and perhaps—as they are built of wood—before ten years the last will have disappeared without leaving a trace. One observed at first a pool of running water bordered by reeds and dwarf willows, where paraded broods of duck, with whom at times was associated a shy teal; beyond the pool a garden planted with lindens (the pride of our region of dark earth), and cut into long borders, where bellflowers, vetches, and stray cars of rye and oats mingled with strawberries; then a thicket of red and black currents and raspberries, in the midst of which at the hour of the dumb heat of noon, one was sure to see pass the striped kerchief of a maid servant singing at the top of her voice. Further off a scanty kitchen garden, where a swarm of sparrows covered the stakes, while a cat crouched on a ruined well, surrounded a little greenhouse raised as our fairy tales say, on chichens' claws; further off still, a meadow of tall grass, green below, gray at the point, thick set with pear trees, apple trees with bushy heads, and cherry trees with slender arms. Near the house reached a flower garden full of poppies peonies, and the flowers we call "Aniouta's eyes" and "maid in green." An incessant humming of bees and hornets, joyful and dense, was heard in the tufted, gluey branches of the wild jasmine, yellow acacia, and lilac. At last one reached the house. One story in height, raised on a layer of brick work, with greenish glass in its narrow windows which projected from a plank roof, formerly painted red, it displayed a doorstep, surrounded by a worn-eaten balustrade, under which in a hole lived a dumb old watchdog. Beyond the house the vast courtyard extended, covered with nettles, dock, and wormwood, with the work buildings, such as the cellar, the kitchen, and the barns whose thatched roofs, burrowed by mice, were the dwelling place of pigeons and crows. And last rolled into view the highway, with streaks of soft dust in its deep ruts, the cultivated grounds, the long torn hedgerows which surrounded the hemp fields, the poor scattered *isbds* of the village, and the immense meadows inundated in spring time, from which rose the clamor of thousands of geese. Do you know all that, reader? Within all is askew and shaky; still it holds together and keeps warm. There are elephantine chinneys, and incongruous pieces of furniture made with the household tools. Narrow whitish paths, worn by feet, wind over the oiled and varnished floor boards. The antechamber is full of little cages enclosing larks and greenfinches; an immense English clock, high as a tower and bearing the mysterious inscription. "Strike and silence," stands in the dining room. Ancestral portraits with an expression of severe dulness, or perhaps a frayed picture representing either flowers and fruit or some mythological subject offering nudities under blown draperies, are the ornaments of the walls of the room. Everywhere is the odor of *kvass*, of apple, of rye bread, of leather; swarms of flies hum and buzz in striking the ceiling, while active moths play with their feelers behind the worn gilt frame of a mirror. All the same, one can live there, and well.

II.

Such a cottage I happened to visit thirty years ago; an old story, as you see. The little domain in which it was found belonged to one of my university comrades. He had inherited it quite recently from a bachelor uncle, and did not live on it himself. At a short distance, however, extended some large marshes, where during the passage of summer abound great snipe. My comrade and I, passionate sportsmen, had appointed a meeting at this house for St. Peter's Day, the opening of the season. He had to come from Moscow, I from my village. My comrade was detained and did not come till several days later. I did not begin shooting without him. I had been received by an old servant named Narkiz, who had been warned of my arrival. This old servant did not at all resemble Caleb or Savelitch, but deserved more the nickname of Marquis, which my friend jocularly gave him. He had a bearing full of assurance, almost of dignity, and manners refined in their slowness. He looked with pity on us young fellows, and evinced little respect for the class of gentlemen. He spoke of his old master with a disdainful negligence, and as to his fellow-servants, he despised them profoundly "for their ignorance"—that was his expression. In fact, he could read and write, expressed himself with clearness and precision, drank no brandy, and rarely went to church, which caused him to be held a heretic. He was tall and spare, had a long and regular face, nose sharp, and eyebrows thick and always in motion. He wore a long and very neat overcoat, and high boots pointed in form of a heart.

III.

The day of my arrival, Narkiz, after having gravely served my breakfast, stopped in the doorway, considered me, moved his thick eyebrows, and said at last:

"Well, sir, what are you going to do now?"

"I don't know. If Nicholas Petrovitch had kept his promise, we should have gone out shooting."

"Hum! Then you hoped, sir, that he would keep his promise faithfully?"

"Certainly, I counted on it."

"Hum!"

Narkiz regarded me anew fixedly, and shook his head with an air of compassion.

"If you feel inclined to amuse yourself by reading we still have some of the old master's books. Only, so far as I can suppose, you will not read them."

"Why?"

"They are good-for-nothing books; they are not written for gentlemen of the present day."

"You have read them?"

"If I had not read them, I would not speak of them. A book of dreams for instance, what sort of a book is that? There are others, truly; but you would not read them either."

"Because."

"They are books of divinity."

I remained silent, and Narkiz also. A sort of inward sneer moved his lips.

"What is above all disagreeable," resumed I, "is to remain in the house in such fine weather."

"Walk in the garden, go in the wood; we have a birch of wood here. Or would you rather fish?"

"Have you any fish?"

"Yes, in the pool—perch, tench, gudgeon. True, the season is over; we are near July. Still one might try. Shall a line be prepared for you?"

"Do me the pleasure."

"I will send you a young boy to thread the worms on the hook——or must I come with you myself?"

It was evident Narkiz doubted my ability to get through the affair alone.

"Yes, certainly, come, come," said I to him.

He gave a broad smile in silence, knit his brows, and left the room.

IV.

Half an hour afterward we set out fishing. Narkiz had wrapped himself up in I know not what long-eared cap, which rendered him still more majestic. He marched in front with a solemn and measured tread; two lines swung in cadence from his shoulder. A little boy with naked feet, and with eyes fixed respectfully on the back of Narkiz, followed him, bearing a pot full of worms and a watering can to hold the fish.

"Here, near the dyke," explained Narkiz to me, "a floating bank has been prepared for greater convenience. Eh! eh! our idlers are already there! Look! it has become a regular habit."

I raised, and on this same bank perceived two men, seated with their backs to us fishing tranquilly.

"Who are they? asked I.

Neighbors," answered Narkiz impatiently. "They have nothing to eat at home, and so they honor us with their visit."

"They are permitted to fish here?"

"The old master permitted them. I don't know whether Nicholas Petrovitch——The taller of the two is a sub-deacon out of engagement, a worthless man; the stouter is a brigadier."

"How! a brigadier!" exclaimed I.

The garments of this brigadier were almost more pitiable than those of the sub deacon.

"It is as I have the honor to tell you. He possessed a very good property, and now it is by favor that he gets a corner in an isba, and be lives on what God sends him. But what are we to do? They have taken the best places. We must disturb these amiable visitors?"

"No, Narkiz, leave them alone, do not disturb them. We will take another place. I wish to make the brigadier's acquaintance."

"As you please: but as to making acquaintance, you must not hope, sir, to get much pleasure from it. He has become very weak of comprehension, and as stupid in conversation as a little child. In fact, he is near his eightieth year.'

"What's his name?"

"Vasili Fomitch; family name, Gousskof."

"And the sub-deacon?"

"The sub-deacon? He is called Cucumber—Everybody calls him so, and as to his true name, God alone can know. A good for nothing, I tell you—a regular vagabond."

"They live together?"

"No, but the devil, as they say have joined them by a cord."

V.

We approached the bank. The brigadier raised his eyes to us for an instant, and immediately returned them to his float. Cucumber leaped from his place, pulled his line with one hand and with the other drew off his greasy cap. After having passed his trembling fingers over his rough, yellow hair, he made us a profound bow, giving out a little constrained laugh. The puffiness of his face betokened a regular drunkard, and his little eyes winked with a timid humility. He gave his a neighbor a nudge, as if to remind him that it was time to be off. The brigadier began to fidget on his seat.

"Stay, I beg you," cried I, "you are not in our way. We will take this place. Stay."

Cucumber pulled up the flap of his worn overcoat, shrugged his shoulders, and shook his beard. Our presence visibly troubled him. He would have preferred to go away. But the brigadier was reabsorbed in the contemplation of his float. The ex-sub-deacon coughed in his hand, drew his naked feet under him, covered his knees with his cap, and modestly replaced his line in the water.

"Do they rise?" gravely asked Narkiz.

"We have caught five little tench," answered Cucumber in a hoarse and broken voice, "and His Grace has taken a large perch."

"Yes, a perch," said the brigadier in a shrill voice.

VI.

I set myself to consider attentively, not himself, but his image reflected in the water. It was presented to me as in a mirror, more sombre, and at the same time more silvery. The vast surface of the pool breathed coolness to us, whice came also from the humid earth of the bank, all cracked and as it were ploughed by the melting of the snow. This coolness was the more agreeable, that above, over the summits of the bushy trees, one felt hanging in the gilded azure of the sky the burden of a motionless heat. The water round the bank did not stir; in the shadow cast on it from the bushes on its margin, shone like little steel buttons, water-spiders describing their incessant rounds. Slight ripples played round the floats when the fish dallied with the bait; they did not bite. In the space of an entire hour we took only two gudgeon.

I do not know why the brigadier so excited my curiosity. His rank could have no influence on me, and in those times a ruined gentleman was no rare thing. His exterior also had nothing remarkable. Under a padded cap, which entirely covered his head from neck to eyebrows, was seen a round and red visage, with small lips, and small eyes of clear gray. Simplicity, feebleness of spirit, and I know not what ancient sorrow, surviving without consolation and without relief, were expressed by this meek and almost childish visage. His hands. white and plump, with short stout fingers, also indicated an irremediable awkwardness. I could not imagine how this poor little old man could ever have been a warrior, have commanded others, and that during the rude age of the great Catherine.

From time to time he swelled his cheeks and puffed as do little children; then he seemed to make efforts to see what was before him as do decrepit old men. Once only he opened wide his eyes, which seemed to me larger than I had thought them at first. Their gaze was directed toward me from the bottom of the water, and this gaze appeared to me strangely touching and significant at the same time.

VII.

I tried to open conversation with him; but Narkiz had not deceived me. The poor old man, in fact, had become very weak of comprehension. He inquired the name of my family, made me repeat it two or three times, seemed to reflect, and cried cut suddenly:

"But we had a Judge of that name. Cucumber, wasn't there such a judge, eh?"

"Yes, yes, my little father Vassili Fomitch; yes, your Grace," answered Cucumber, who seemed to treat him as a child—"yes, there was a judge; but give me your line—I believe the worm is eaten. It is eaten, in fact."

"Did you know the Lomoff family?" said the brigadier suddenly to me making a great effort over himself.

"What family?" said I.

"How! What family! Fedore Ivanitch, Andre Ivanitch, Alexis Ivanitch, the Jew, Theodulie Ivanovna the plunderess, and besides—"

The brigadier brusquely interrupted himself and lowered his eyes.

"They were his greatest intimates," said Narkiz in a low voice, leaning toward me."

"It is, thanks to them, thanks to that Alexis Ivanitch, whom he spoke of as a Jew, and especially, thanks to another sister, Agrafena Ivanovna, that he has lost all his fortune."

"What are you muttering there about Agrafena Ivanovna?" cried the brigadier suddenly. And his head raised itself, and his white eyebrows contracted.

"Take care that! How dare you name her with that clownish impoliteness? Agrafena? Agrippina, you should say."

"See, see, little father," said Cucumber, interposing.

"You do not know then what the poet Milonoff wrote in her honor?" continued the old man, who was entered in an agitation I had not been able to anticipate. And he began to declaim with emphasis, pronouncing the sylables "an" and "en" in a subnasal tone, in French manner, as did our ancient *petits maitres*.

"'No; the flaming hymeneal torches'—that's not it, but this: 'No; it is not the vain idol of frailty, it is not amaranth nor porphgry which fill them with their charms'—them, do you hear? It is us two that it is all about. 'Their only care without impediment agreeable, delectable, full of langour, is rather to nourish in their blood a mutual flame.' And you dare to say Agrafena?"

Narkiz smiled with an air half indifferent, half, disdainful. But the brigadier had already again let his head fall upon his breast, and the line glided from his hand into the water.

VIII.

"I see it is not worth the trouble," said Cucumber suddenly. "The fish did not rise and his Grace is just seized with an access of melancholy. Let us go in—that will be better."

He drew from his pocket with precaution a little tin bottle stopped with a wooden peg, and poured on the back of his hand several pinches of bad tobacco mixed with ashes, which he stuffed in both nostrils at the same time.

"Oh! divine tobacco," cried he, coming to himself as from an ecstasy, "it gives you a thrill right to the teeth. Come, my little pigeon, Vassili Fomitch, deign to rise."

The brigadier rose from his seat.

"Do you live far from here?" I asked Cucumber.

"His Grace does not live far away, less than a verste.

"Will you permit me to see you home?" asked I of the Brigadier, not wishing to separate from him so soon.

He regarded me fixedly, and smiled with that particular smile grave, polished, and slightly affected—which I have never seen but on the faces of very old men, and which always reminds me—I don't know why—of powder and a French coat with Strass buttons, in a word, of the last century. Then he added, laying stress on each syllable, "he would be enchanted," and immediately fell again into his torpor. The gallant chevalier of the time of Catherine had for an instant reappeared.

Narkiz was astonished at my insistance; but I gave no heed to the disapproving shakes of his tall cap and left the garden, following the brigadier, whom Cucumber supported by the arm. The old man walked fast enough, but with short steps, quick and stiff as if with stilts.

IX.

We followed a bypath hardly traced in a grassy dale between two knots of birch trees The sun was broiling; orioles answered each other in the green thicket; landfails gave forth their strident cry, little blue butterflies fluttered in troops on the clover flowers; bees, as if asleep, entangled themselves and bummed in the motionless grass. Cucumber shook himself and recovered his spirits; he feared Narkiz, under whose eyes he had to live. As to me, I was to him nothing but a stranger, a passer; he soon became familiar.

"See," said he, in his hurried, thick voice "his Grace is very moderate; but how could you expect a single fish to satisfy him, unless your Honor deign to make us a little gift? There is, round the turning, a famous inn where one can get very good rolls of brown bread, and if you should wish to extend your benevolence to me, a fisherman, I should treat myself to a little glass to your health, to wish you length of days."

I gave him a piece of twenty kopecks, and had hardly time to withdraw my hand, which he had snatched to kiss. He learned that I was a sportsman, and began to relate that he had a good acquaintace, a retired officer, who possessed a true Swedish firelock, a "Min-din-den-ger with a copper barrel, a regular cannon," added he, "for you fire a shot and you stand quite stunned and dreamy. It was found after the retreat of the French in 1812. This officer had a dog of which I can only say a single thing; it was a freak of nature. Myself, I have a veritable passion for sport, and my pope finds nothing to blame in it. Far from that. One night we both placed ourselves in our shirts, to go and catch some quail by call-note; but our Archbishop is an implacable tyrant. As to Narkiz Semenitch," added he with a bitter smile, "if according to his judgment I have become a man of little account, I shall have the honor to object that he has forced his eyebrows out like a blackcock, and imagines by that he has traversed all the sciences."

Discoursing in this manner we approached the inn, an old solitary *isba* without courtyard or enclosure. A lean dog was curled up under the window, and a fowl no less emaciated scratched the dust under his nose. Cucumber seated the brigadier on a little bank of earth and disappeared immediately behind the door of the inn. While he was buying his rolls and treating himself to a glass of brandy, I did not take my eyes off the brigadier, whom I persisted in regarding as an enigma. "I am sure," said I to myself, "that something extraordinary has taken place in the life of this man." As to him, he did not seem even to notice me. He was seated on the bank with arched back, and he rolled in his fingers several pinks gathered in my friend's garden. Cucumber reappeared at last with a string of rolls. His face, red, and in perspiration, expressed a sanctimonious astonishment, as if he had just learned something very agreeable and unexpected. One of the rolls he immediate offered to the brigadier, who put it between his teeth, and we set out again.

X.

The glass of brandy had, as we say, unscrewed Cucumber. He began to lavish his consolations on the brigadier, who hastened to walk in front with his short steps, tremulous and stiff.

"Oh! your Grace, my little father, why are you not gay? Why do you let your nose hang down? Permit me to sing you a little song. You will have great satisfaction with it at once. No doubt of it," resumed he turning to my side," "our master is a great laugher. Oh! great God! what a laugher. Yesterday I saw a peasant woman washing her husbands breeches in the pool. Such a big peasant woman it was. And our master who kept behind, died of laughing at her, I swear to you. But permit me—do you know the song of the hare? Never mind my appearance. We have in the town a Bohemian woman, a regular guy. She begins to sing: Quick! a coffin! lie down in it and die of pleasure." Cucumber opened wide his thick wet lips, and with head thrown back and eyes half closed, chanted the following song:

"The hare is crouching under a bush; some sportsmen cross the fields; the hare hardly breathes; he is content to raise one ear, for he looks for death.

"'How have I vexed you my dear sportsmen? What troubles have I caused you? It is true I visit the cabbages, but I eat only one leaf at a time, and that is in the pope's kitchen garden, alas!'"

Cucumber's voice rose higher and higher:

"The hare leaped in the sombre forest and showed in derision his tail to the sportsmen.

"Adieu, dear sportsmen, contemplate my tail, as to myself, I am free."'

Cucumber no longer sang—he howled:

The sportsmen wandered all day on the plain. They discussed the hare's actions. They ended by insulting each other and fighting.

The hare will not be caught; the squint-eyed villain has made fun of us.

Cucumber sang the first two verses of each stanza in a drawling voice, the three last on the contrary, with agility, skipping and pushing his legs one before the other. At the end of each stanza he made his floriture, that is to say, he struck himself behind with his heels. After having screamed out the last verse he did a wheel. His hope was realized. The brigadier burst out suddenly into a roar of laughter, trembling and tearful; it was so strong that he could go no further, and bent forward striking his knees with his feeble hands. I regarded his face, become purple and convulsively twisted, and in that moment, more than before, I was seized with a great compassion for the poor old man. Animated by success, Cucumber began to dance like a Cossack, and ended by falling with his face on the ground. The brigadier brusquely ceased laughing and resumed his walk.

XI.

We passed over a quarter of a verste more. A hamlet appeared at last on the border of a ravine of no great depth. In a by-place was a cottage with a thatch roof, half uncovered, and a single chimney. In one of the two chambers of this wretched *isba* lived the brigadier. The lady of the hamlet was the wife of a counsellor of state, Mme. Lomoff, who resided constantly at St. Petersburg. It was she, I learned later, who had given this corner to the brigadier. She had also assigned for his nourishment a monthly allowance of a pood of flour with a little salt and oil, and finally had allowed him as a servant a young idiot girl, taken from the serfs of the hamlet, who, though she hardly understood human language, yet sufficed in the judgment of Mme. Lomoff to sweep the floor and cook a cabbage soup. On the threshold of this cottage the brigadier turned toward me, and, making me enter before him with his smile of the time of the Empress Catherine, he asked me if I would deign to visit his apartment. Everything was so dirty, so destitute, so miserable, that the brigadier, having probably caught on my face the impression produced upon me by the sight of his abode, said to me suddenly in French, shrugging his shoulders: "Ce n'est pas * * * œil de perdrix." I could not make clear what he had wished to say by these words, because, I having addressed him in French, he no longer answered in that language. Two objects had struck me especially and from the first in the brigadier's chamber: the cross of an officer of St. George under glass in a black frame, which hung on the wall, and which bore in old characters the following inscription; "Received by the Colonel of the regiment of Tchernigof, Vassili Gousskof. for the taking of Praga by assault in 1794;" and also a portrait in oils, the bust of a young woman, very beautiful, with black eyes, brown complexion, long face, a high powdered head of hair, dressed in a full robe of large design, bordered with blue fringe, as was worn about 1780. This portrait was, no doubt, ill-painted; but it must have been a likenness; so much one felt in it an individual and indubitable life. In the strict, close curve of the nose, in the lips, regular, but flat, and thin, in the nearly straight line of the thick eyebrows, might be read a character, imperious, proud, and passionate. No effort of the imagination was needed to represent to oneself how this face might suddenly become inflamed with passion and fury. Under the portrait, on a little pedestal, was a bunch of half-withered wild flowers in a common glass jug. The brigadier approached the pedestal, placed carefully with the other flowers the pinks he had gathered, and, raising his hand in the direction of the portrait, he said in a respectful voice: "Agrippina Teleghine, nee Lomoff!" The words of Narkiz came back to my mind, and it was with two-fold attention that I examined the features, expressive, but dry and hard, of the woman to whom the brigadier had sactificed all his fortune.

"I see you assisted at the assault of Praga, Monsieur le Brigadier." I began, pointing out to him the cross of St. George. "You have merited to receive a distinction rare at all times, and still rarer then. Do you remember Suvarov?"

"Alexander Vassilitch?" answered the brigadier, after a moment of silence, during which he had appeared to muster his ideas; "yes, yes, I remember him—a little old man, very alert. You stand upright before him, you hardly breathe; and he, he skips here and there."

The brigadier burst out laughing.

"He entered Warsaw on a Cossack's jade, and himself all covered with diamonds; and he said to the Poles, 'I have got no watch; I have forgotten it at St. Petersburg;' and they to say, 'Vivat! vivat! rogues! what! rogues!' Eh! Cucumber, lad," added he suddenly, changing and raising his voice (the merry sub-deacon had remained outside), "where, then, are these rolls? and tell Grounka to bring some *kgass*."

"Here! your Grace, here!" said Cucumber, entering and handing to the brigadier the string of rolls.

And leaving the cottage, he approached a being in rags, with rough hair, who was probably the idiot girl Grounka. Inf act, as soon as I could distinguish through the dusty glass he began to ask her for drink by raising to his lips one of his hands, which he gave the form of a funnel, while with the other he made signs in the direction of the chamber we had entered.

XII.

I tried again to resume conversation with the Brigadier, but he was visibly fatigued; he let himself fall groaning on a sort of truckle-bed and, having said in a doleful voice, "Oh! my poor bones; my poor dear bones!" he began to unfasten his garters. I remember being much surprised at a man wearing garters; but I had forgotton that in his time it was the general custom. The brigadier began to gape lenthily and naively, without taking from me his eyes, which were become troubled; very little children de so. The poor old man seemed no longer to comprehend my questions. And he had taken Praga! It was he who, sword in hand, through the smoke and dust, a flag riddled with balls about his head, mutilated corpses under his feet, had led the soldiers of Suvarov!

It was he—he! Is it not strange? But it seemed to me that in the life of the brigadier there must have passed something stranger still.

Cucumber brought some bad white kvass in an iron pitcher. The brigadier drank with avidity. His hands trembled; Cucumber supported the bottom of the pitcher. The old man carefully wiped his toothless mouth with the palm of his hand, and after having looked fixedly, he began to mumble with his lips. I understood that he wished to sleep, so made him a bow and left.

"His Grace will go to rest now," said Cucumber, who had come out after me. "He is very fatigued to-day; he has made his pilgrimage."

"What pilgrimage?"

"Oh! to the tomb of Agrafena Ivanovna, five verstes away in the parish burying ground. Vassili Fomitch goes there every week without fail."

"Has she been dead long?"

"It will soon be twenty years at least."

"Then she was his mistress?"

"Don't you know she passed all her life with him? To tell the truth, I never knew the lady; but it appears there were between them things——things——Sir," said he precipitately, seeing that I was going away, "won't you give me something more to drink your valuable health?"

I gave Cucumber another piece of twenty kopecks and returned to the house.

XIII.

Upon my arrival I went to Narkiz for information. Naturally he assumed an air of difficulty and importance. He was surprised that such trifles could interest me. However he finished by relating to me what he knew. This is what I learned:

"Vassili Fomitch Gousskof had made the acquaintance of Agrefena Ivanovna Teleghine at Moscow, shertly after the last disaster of Poland. Agrafena's husband served in the suite of the general who was governor of the province, and Gousskof had come to the town on leave. He was smitten with her immediately, but still did not quit the service. He was 40 years of age, was unmarried, and possessed a respectable fortune. Agrafena's husband died soon after and left his wldow childless and in debt. Gousskof heard of this situation, quitted the service immediately, retiring on a pension, and after having rediscovered he dearly beloved widow who was twenty-five years old, he paid all the debts, and redeemed her property. After that they never left each other, and Gousskof finished by even establishing himself at her house. Agrefena seemed also to love him; "The deceased," said Narkiz, "was crazy, she was a regular lunatic. She maintained that her liberty was more dear to her than all the rest. But as to profiting by him, she did that extensively. All the money he could get he brought to her like an ant. But the madness of Agrafena increased, and took great proportions. She was of an ungovernable character, even so far that she could not stay her hands. One day she threw down stairs a little Cossack lackey who had brought her some sour milk, and this little lackey fell so unfortunately that he broke a leg and two ribs. Agrafena was frightened beyond measure; she soon had the wounded lad enclosed in an obscure closet, never left the house, gave to no one the key of this closet until the groans that were heard there had completely ceased. The little Cossack was buried secretly.

"And if this," added Narkiz in a low tone, leaning toward my ear, "had taken place in the time of the Empress, nothing would have followed. Many such things have remained secret. But, then," here Narkiz drew himself up and raised his voice, "the just Czar, Alexander the Blessed of Heaven, had just ascended the throne, and the affair was inquired into. Justice came to the place, the corpse was disinterred, traces of violence were discovered, and so forth. Well! would you believe it? Vassili Fomitch took all on himself. 'It is I' he said, 'who pushed him. I buried him.' Naturally, the officers of justice—magistrates, notaries; policemen—all rushed on him like a pack of hounds, and shook him and knocked him about until his last penny was jerked out of his pocket. They released him for some time, and then, pop! again the hand on the collar. Until the coming of the French into Russia in 1812 they did not cease to worry him. They would not have abandoned him until this moment like an old bone without marrow. But truly he had saved Agrafena Invanovna; and afterward he continued to live with her until she died, and they say that she made such a catspaw of this brigadier that she sent him on foot from Moscow to get the rents from her peasants. I swear to you before God it is true. For this same Agrafena he fought at long swords with the English Lord Gousse-Gouse. Now the brigadier is no longer to be reckoned among men. He is an old horse without hoofs."

"And who is that Alexis Ivanitch the Jew, who is also the cause of his ruin?"

"That was a brother of Afgrafena's. A greedy soul, a thorough Hebrew, a usurer. He lent to his sister by the week, and the brigadier was surety. Oh! they skinned him well, like a lime tree on its bark."

"And Theodulie the plunderess, who was she?"

"Another sister, and as cunning as the brother. A true lance always ready to pierce."

XIV.

"Behold, then Werter has reappeared," said I to myself the next day, again taking the road to the brigadier's house. I was very young then, and precisely because of my extreme youth I made it a rule to disbelieve in the endurance of love. Still, very much impressed by all I had heard, I had the greatest desire to excite the old man to speak.

"I will bring up Suvarov again, thought I; "even now some spark of warlike fire must survive in him. Having once warned him I will lead him to this—what do they call her?—Agrafena; old name for a Charlotte!"

I found Werter Gousskof some paces from his cottage, in a very small kitchen garden, near the remains of and old *isba* destroyed and already covered with nettles. Along the worm-eaten beams of family of skinny young turkeys marched, squalling stumbling, and agitating their wings. Some sickly vegetables sprouted in two or three borders. The brigadier had just pulled from the earth a young carrot, and after having whipped it under his arm he began to chew it from the point. I saluted him and inquired about his health.

Doubtless he did not recognize me, but he carried his hand to his cap, while continuing to bite his carrot.

"You did not come to-day to catch some fish," I began, in the hope of bringing myself to his memory.

"To-day," repeated he, and he began to muse, while the carrot diminished between his lips. "But it is Cucumber that catches the fish. And I too—I am permitted."

"Certainly, respectable Vassili Fomitch—no question of that. But aren't you very hot in the sun, like that?"

The brigadier wore an old and thickly wadded dressing gown. "Really! it is warm."

And having at last finished his carrot, he began to look around him in a scared manner.

"Will you condescend to enter my apartment?" said he suddenly.

The poor old man had little but this phrase at his disposal. We went out of the kitchen garden, but here I stopped involuntarily. An enormous bull stood between us and the cottage. With head lowered to the ground, he rolled his wild, angry eyes, blew with force through his quivering nostrils, and plied brusquely one of his feet in front, casting into the air with his large cloven hoof handfuls of dust. Seeing us he recoiled a little, struck his flanks with his tail, obstinately shook his powerful shaggy neck, and gave out one dull bellows, plaintive and threatening. I confess I was quite disconcerted. The brigadier advanced with the greatest phlegm, and having said in a tone of authority.

"What now, lout, ill-bred!" he struck it with his handkercheief between the horns. The bull retired still further, then flung himself on one side and set out at a gallop, throwing his head from right to left.

"He did indeed take Praga," thought I, following the brigadier into his chamber.

He pulled his cap from his hair in perspiration, gave a prolonged "ouf!" and dropped on the edge of a chair.

"I have come to-day, Vassili Fomitch," said I, beginning diplomatically, "first for the pleasure of seeing you; and then, as you have served under the orders of the great Survarov, and have taken part in events of the highest importance, I wished to know—"

The brigadier suddenly raised his eyes to me; a strange animation was pictured on his face. Already I expected, if not a story at least some words of encouragement.

"I shall probably soon die, sir, he said in a low voice.

"Why such a supposition?"

The brigadier moved his arms together up and down as do little children at the breast,

"This is why, sir. I often see in dreams—perhaps you know. Agrafena Ivanovna the deceased, may the kingdom of heaven be hers! and I can never catch her. I run after her. and I can never catch her. But last night I saw her. She stood half turned toward me and smiled; I ran immediately toward her and I catch her. Then she turns right round to me and says to me 'Ah, well my little Vassili, then you have caught me at last.'"

"And what do you conclude from that, Vassili Fomitch?"

"From that I conclude, sir, that henceforth we shall be to-gether. And glory be to God may I venture to add glory be to the Lord God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost" (here the Brigafer began to chant)

He began to make hasty signs of the cross I could not draw from him another word and could only retire.

XV.

Several years later I again visited my friend's domain. The brigadier had long ceased to exist; he died soon after I had known him. Cucumber was still flourishing. He conducted me to the tomb of Agrafena Ivanova. An iron rail surrounded a large slab bearing an epitaph in trifling and pompous words; and there quite near. as it were at the foot of the deceased was a little mound surm ounted by a wooden cross already decaying, and bearing the inscription, "The servant of God, Vassili Gousskof, brigadier and chevalier, rests beneath." His remains had at last found a final shelter near those of the being he had loved with a love beyond the loue of mortals.

A Safeguard.

The fatal rapidity with which slight **Colds and Coughs** frequently develop into the gravest maladies of the throat and lungs, is a consideration which should impel every prudent person to keep at hand, as a household remedy, a bottle of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

Nothing else gives such immediate relief and works so sure a cure in all affections of this class. That eminent physician, Prof. F. Sweetzer, of the Maine Medical School, Brunswick, Me., says:—

"Medical science has produced no other anodyne expectorant so good as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. It is invaluable for diseases of the throat and lungs."

The same opinion is expressed by the well-known Dr. L. J. Addison, of Chicago, Ill., who says:—

"I have never found, in thirty-five years of continuous study and practice of medicine, any preparation of so great value as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, for treatment of diseases of the throat and lungs. It not only breaks up colds and cures severe coughs, but is more effective than anything else in relieving even the most **serious bronchial and pulmonary affections.**"

AYER'S

Cherry Pectoral

Is not a new claimant for popular confidence, but a medicine which is to-day saving the lives of the third generation who have come into being since it was first offered to the public.

There is not a household in which this invaluable remedy has once been introduced where its use has ever been abandoned, and there is not a person who has ever given it a proper trial for any throat or lung disease susceptible of cure, who has not been made well by it.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has, in numberless instances, cured obstinate cases of chronic **Bronchitis, Larnygitis,** and even acute **Pneumonia,** and has saved many patients in the earlier stages of **Pulmonary Consumption.** It is a medicine that only requires to be taken in small doses, is pleasant to the taste, and is needed in every house where there are children, as there is nothing so good as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL for treatment of **Croup and Whooping Cough.**

These are all plain facts, which can be verified by anybody, and should be remembered by everybody.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all druggists.

"OUR BABY

thrives on Horlick's Food," write hundreds of grateful mothers. Mothers' milk contains no starch. HORLICKS' FOOD FOR INFANTS (free from starch) requires no cooking. The best food in health or sickness for INFANTS. The best diet for DYSPEPTICS and INVALIDS. Highly beneficial to nursing mothers as a drink. Price 40 and 75c. All druggists. Book on the treatment of children, free.

"I believe it to be superior to anything of the kind for children."—*D. Simmons, M. D., New York.*

"Unhesitatingly pronounce it the best Food in the market."—*W. M. Burwett, M. D., Boston.*

"One of the best substitutes for mother's milk."—*H. G. Preston, M. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Will be sent by mail on receipt of price in stamps.

HORLICK'S FOOD CO., Racine, Wis.

USE HORLICK'S DRY EXTRACT OF MALT

CONTRACT WORK.

Retaining Walls on Rice Street.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS, CITY OF ST. PAUL, Minn., April 2, 1884.

Sealed bids will be received by the Board of Public Works in and for the corporation of the city of St. Paul, Minnesota, at their office in said city until 12 m. on the 14th day of April, A. D. 1884, for the construction of the necessary retaining walls on Rice street, from Bianca street to the northerly city limits, in said city, according to plans and specifications on file in the office of said Board.

A bond with at least two (2) sureties in a sum of at least twenty (20) per cent. of the gross amount bid must accompany each bid.

The said Board reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

JOHN FARRINGTON, President.

Official:

R. L. GORMAN, Clerk Board of Public Works.

94-104.

Sealed Proposals.

CITY COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE, CITY HALL, CITY OF ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA, March 28th, 1884.

Sealed proposals will be received at the office of the City Comptroller of the City of St. Paul, State of Minnesota, until 3 o'clock p. m.

Friday, the Eighteenth Day of April, 1884,

FOR

$600,000

FIVE (5) PER CENT.

BONDS

OF THE

City of St. Paul,

(COUPONS ATTACHED),

All issued for the extension of the St. Paul Water Works, under Acts of the Legislature of the State of Minnesota, approved February 10, 1881, and January 26, 1883, and Resolutions of the Common Council of the City of St. Paul, approved March 14, 1883, viz:

$100,000

under act of February 10, 1881, maturing in 30 years from April 1st, 1884.

$500,000

under act of January 26, 1883, maturing in 25 years from April 1st, 1884.

All bearing interest at the rate of five (5) per cent per annum, payable semi-annually at the financial agency of the City of St. Paul in the city of New York.

These bonds will be issued in denominations of

One Thousand Dollars Each,

and delivered to the successful purchaser in the City of St. Paul.

The surplus revenues of the Water Works are sufficient to pay the principal and interest, promptly at maturity, exclusive of the general tax levy for such purpose.

No bid will be entertained at less than par and accrued interest, as provided by law.

Bids will be entertained for all the bonds AS A WHOLE OR FOR ANY PORTION THEREOF.

The Committee reserving the right to reject any or all bids.

Mark bids, "Sealed Proposals for Water Works Bonds."

Address, ROBERT A. SMITH, Chairman Committee of Ways and Means of the City of St. Paul, City Comptroller's office, St. Paul, State of Minnesota. 89-109

PROPOSALS will be received at the office of the Board of Water Commissioners, No. 23 East Fifth street, until 12 M, on the 12th day of April, 1884, for constructing about one mile of

BRICK CONDUIT

for water supply. Work to be done in accordance with plans and specifications on file in the office of the Engineer of said Board.

A bond of twenty per cent. of the amount bid with two sureties, resident of the state of Minnesota, must accompany each proposal. A form of bid will be furnished on application.

The Board reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

L. W. RUNDLETT, Engineer Board of Water Commissioners. 95-103

TAILORING.

McGrath

Fine Tailoring,

146 EAST THIRD STREET.

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

THE FAST MAIL LINE!

The finest Dining Cars in the world are run on all through trains to and from Chicago.

DEPARTING TRAINS.	Leave Minneapolis	Leave St. Paul.
River Division.		
Milwaukee & Chicago Ex..	A 12 noon.	A 12:45 p m
Milwaukee & Chicago Ex..	A 7:00 p m	A 7:45 p m
La Crosse, Dubuque, Rock Island & St. Louis Ex....	C 4:50 a m	C 5:25 a m
Iowa & Minn. Division.		
Sou. Minn., Ia. & Dav'pt Ex.	C 8:00 a m	C 8:10 a m
Owatonna Accommodation.	C 4:30 p m	C 4:30 p m
Mason City,, Sou. & West. Ex	E 6 00 p m	E 7:10 p m
Hastings & Dakota Div.		
Milbank Ex.....	C 8:40 a m	C 8:00 a m
Ellendale & Aberdeen Ex...	A 4:35 p m	A 4:00 p m

ARRIVING TRAINS.	Arrive St. Paul.	Arrive Minneapolis
River Division.		
Chicago & Milwaukee Ex..	A 7:20 a m	A 8:10 a m
Chicago & Milwaukee Ex..	A 2:25 p m	A 3:10 p m
La Crosse, Dubuque, Rock Island & St. Louis Ex....	C 9:35 p m	C 10:10 p m
Iowa & Minn. Division.		
Owatonna Accommodation.	C 10:28 a m	C 10:35 a m
Sou. Minn. & Ia. Ex.....	C 6:55 p m	C 7:05 p m
Mason City, Sou. & West. Ex	F 7: