The Honor of Nurse Joyce

CHAPTER XXVIII.—(Continued.)

Norman, however, not to be deterred, traveled by the ordinary train to Tiraspol along the main line, and from Tiraspol by the branch line, without hindrance or adventure of any sort, and in due course found himself at Sulja, on the platform of the station, in the midst of the Sisterson works. He was at once struck by the quiet and the deserted look of the place; it was apparent that the strike had begun.

He knew that his mission was, to say the least, one of considerable delicacy, as he was quite in the dark regarding Christabel's silence, and had been unable to for many theory to account for it. But he had planned to call, both on behalf of her brother and as a friend of her own, on Dmitri Anatovitch, with a view to obtaining whatever information with respect to her that gentleman might be able to give. This seemed to him the natural—indeed, the only—course to take in the circumstances. Though he was certain there was something wrong, he did not connect it in any way with Anatovitch.

Finding no one at the station to pay him any attention, he at once picked out the building which he thought likely to be the office of the company, entered it, and presented his card to one of the clerks, asking in English if he could see M. Anatovitch. His speech evidently puzzled this clerk, and he gave way to another, who inquired in fair English how he could serve him. Norman repeated his wish to see Anatovitch. In another moment he was in Dmitri's room.

Dmitri received him affably, dissembling his real feelings. Norman's card would, in any case, have apprised him who his visitor was, but the visit was not unexpected; for on the preceding day a telegram had come to Sulja for Norman from Philip Joyce, telling him there was still no news of Christabel, and this telegram Dmitri had read. He had already made up his mind to his line of action—a line that would put Norman hopelessly off the track and at the same time fill him with the utmost grief and consternation. By this time Dmitri was all savage at heart; Christabel had given no signs of submission, and the strike, which he had been unable to prevent, was a serious matter; but he was civility itself to Norman Forde.

He had read several of Norman's letters to Christabel, and that this man should love her and that she should love him was an offense more heinous in his eyes than any crime. He would have liked nothing better than to have killed Norman on the spot, but of this Norman could not have the faintest suspicion. Dmitri invited him to be seated, and said it was always a pleasure to see Englishmen in Sulja, though at the moment, owing to the fact that the workmen were on strike, he was afraid that a tour of the works would lack interest. But, if he cared, Dmitri said he would be pleased to take him round—all of which was spoken in the most frank manner in the world. How could Norman guess that it had been carefully rehearsed?

"You are very good," said Norman, cordially, "but I did not come here, M. Anatovitch, to see the works, though I am sure they would be most interesting. My business is of quite a different kind, and I should begin by apologizing for troubling you with it."

"Pray make no apology," said Dmitri, politely. "I am entirely at your service."

"I know Sir Maxwell Sisterson," said Norman; "perhaps that will suffice as a kind of introduction."

Dmitri bowed and murmured that no introduction was necessary—Englishmen were welcome at Sulja.

"Have I your permission to speak on a somewhat personal matter, M. Anatovitch?" asked Norman.

"Certainly, Mr. Forde."

"I believe Sir Maxwell's sister is stopping with you and your sister?" The sentence was put as a question.

"Yes; she has been with us for some time. I regret that she is unable to see any one at present, as she is very ill. She was in poor health when she came to us, and I fear her visit has not done as much good as we had hoped. She is confined to her room."

"I am sorry to hear it. I knew that Miss Sisterson was not well when she left London. And that brings me to what I wish to say. Miss Sisterson had with her as her nurse a young lady who is a sister of my partner, Philip Joyce."

"Miss Joyce, yes!" cried Dmitri, and his face suddenly took on a strange expression, which Norman instantly observed.

"Her brother has not heard from her for many weeks, though he has written to her frequently; he has sent her telegrams whih have not been answered; and yet only a few days ago—the day before I left London for Odessa—he heard through Sir Maxwell that she was well," said Norman, sepaking rapidly and with feeling. "I understand that it was you to whom Sir Maxwell telegraphed."

"It was," acknowledged Dmitri, in a very grave voice. "She was well, so far as I knew. That is to say, she was well when she left here."

"Left here!" exclaimed Norman.

"Yes," continued Dmitri, in a tone of some emotion. "I regret, Mr. Forde, that you will have the painful task of conveying some very unpleasant news to her brother, your partner, Mr. Joyce."

"What do you refer to, M. Anatovitch?" was asked Norman, staring at him in helpless bewilderment.

"Let me ask you another question first," said Dmitri. "Do you know Russia?"

"Not at all, except from reading about it."

"You have read a little, perhaps, about our politics?"

"Yes; but what had Miss Joyce to do with your politics?"

"That is just it," said Dmitri, very seriously. "I told you there was painful news, Mr. Forde, and I must ask you to prepare yourself for it. The authorities a fortnight ago did me the honor of paying a dimiciliary visit to my house, and, as a result, to my unspeakable astonishment and sorrow, carried off Miss Joyce, declaring her to be a revolutionist."

"Miss Joyce a revolutinist!" cried Norman, in blank amazement. "It is inconceivable. There must have been some hideous mistake. The idea is impossible!"

"I hope there is a mistake," said Dmitri, in a pitiful tone; "I trust there is. You may be sure that I protested against her arrest as much as I dared; but we are in Russia, Mr. Forde, and it is dangerous for a Russian to protest too vehemently against the action of the government. But you may be sure I did what I could." And Dmitri looked very sad and sorrowful.

Norman was stunned. Never for a single moment had he thought of such a possibility as this. At first he could not believe it but sat with strained eyes looking at Anatovitch, who gloated over the suffering he was causing this man.

"I did what I could," Dmitri repeated slowly, watching Norman with keen enjoyment and resolved to spare him nothing. "But what can a Russian do against his government? I suppose that I, who have friends among the authorities, have a little influence but I was told that Miss Joyce's case was a bad one—so bad, in fact, that her being found in my house laid me under suspicion."

Norman said nothing; the overwhelming blow had for the time being number his faculties.

"How Miss Joyce came to interest herself in this unfortunate manner in our politics," Dmitri went on, "is unknown to me, and I have told you all I know. It is a very sad business. For you must be aware that it is no easy thing to get out of a Russian prison."

"A Russian prison!" exclaimed Norman, standing up with a wild gesture. "Oh, it is incredible—it passes belief. I cannot even think it can be true."

Dmitri also rose, and his attitude expressed deep sympathy.

"Where is the prison that they took her to?" asked Norman.

"It is in Odessa, I imagine, though I do not know."

"Then to Odessa I must return at once. I shall see the British consul there. He must move immediately in this frightful matter. Oh, it must be all some horrible mistake," said Norman. Much agitated, he hastily bade Dmitri goodbye, and was in Odessa again in the evening.

Next morning he went to the consulate and put the case before the British representative, who, perceiving that here was a serious affair of international importance, promised to see what could be done, but said that he feared much time might elapse before the Russian authorities would attend to it.

And time did elapse; days passed—a week went by. Norman haunted the consulate, say-eyed, heavy-hearted, still with that feeling of being stunned. The time seemed to him an eternity—and nothing apparently was being done. He had written to Philip, pouring out his soul to him in a half-frenzy, and entreating him to go to the British foreign office. The letter took several days on the road, and, as it chanced, another day was lost because of Philip being out of London seeing to the new cathedral.

In walking aimlessly the streets of Odessa Norman passed much of that time of waiting. One day he heard his name uttered, and, turning to the voice, found himself accosted by the stranger he had met on the train—Ivan Aksakoff. A glance showed the Russian that some extraordinary change had come over Norman. They walked along for some distance, until Aksakoff halted and, pointing to a door, invited him to enter, as this was his home.

Remembering what Aksakoff had said in the train about his being a Liberal, Norman did not hesitate to tell him his story.

"Are you absolutely certain that Miss Joyce is not a revolutionist?" asked Aksakoff, at the end of the recital, to which he had listened with the deepest attention.

"Yes, absolutely."

"Dmitri Anatovitch said he thought that she had been taken to Odessa?"

Norman nodded and said, "You were kind enough to offer to help me if I needed my assistance, but as you are a Russian you perhaps can do nothing for me in this case."

"It is just possible I can," said Aksakoff, slowly. "Will you come here the day after to-morrow? If Miss Joyce has had any dealings with the revolutionary party there is a chance I may be able to get you some information that may be of use. I d onot promise it; but come here, and I shall tell you if I have heard of anything."

For two more days Norman kicked his heels in the ante-room of the consulate. There were no fresh developments, he was assured. Then he went to see Aksakoff.

"Mr. Forde," said Aksakoff, without preliminaries, "I have a great surprise in store for you, and I shall tell you of it at once. Miss Joyce has not been arrested as a revolutionist; she is kept a prisoner by Dmitri Anatovitch in his house."

Norman looked at him like a man in a dream.

"I wish you to write a letter to Miss Joyce, and I can find the means of delivering it to her," continued Aksakoff.

"Yes, yes," said Norman, incredulously. "But I do not understand. Miss Joyce a prisoner in his house! Do you tell me that Anatovitch was lying to me?"

"Undoubtedly he lied to you. All that has occurred I do not know, but Miss Joyce is shut up in a room in his house."

"The infernal scoundrel!" cried Norman, suddenly white with rage and fury.

"Will you write to Miss Joyce now?" said Aksakoff; "later I shall tell you all I have learned. There is a good reason why I ask you to do this, for I can send the letter off immediately." And he put writing materials before Norman.

"Shall I tell her that her deliverance is at hand?" asked Norman, after writing for some time.

"Yes; but we will talk about that presently," said Aksakoff. "Finish the letter first, please."

This was the letter that the Russian woman put into Christabel's hands.

CHAPTER XXIX.

To the Rescue.

As soon as Norman Forde had finished and closed up his letter to Christabel, Aksakoff took it and withdrew, leaving him alone.

He had concentrated his whole mind on the writing of this letter, steadily thrusting back the questions that Aksakoff's revelations had evoked until it was completed, and only determined to compass the sending of a message of love and hope and confidence to Christabel. He was still too much in the dark to do more at the moment. But now that he was alone these questions thronged upon him.

First and most importunate was the question of Christabel's deliverance. It seemed to him that all he had to do was to put the case before the British consul, who, in his turn, wuld bring it under the notice of the proper authorities, and Christabel would be set free at once. Like most Englishmen who have not traveled much, he had the traditional belief in the power, and in the disposition to use it, of British consuls, but his recent experience had somewhat damaged his faith in them. And if this course were so easy, why had Aksakoff not immediately suggested it? But perhaps he might still suggest it, or it might be that Aksakoff, knowing the ground better, might have some more expeditious plan.

(To Be Continued.)

CHANGE IN ENGLISH RACING.

Flat Races Will Give Place to Steeplechasing and Hurdles.

There has been a great change in the character of English racing in the last fifty years. Away back in 1783 there were held in the United Kingdom 99 race meetings. Of these 58 have been entirely abandoned. In 1845 there were 138 meetings held, of which 82 are now abandoned.

At the present time, says Bailey's Magazine, we have 92 flat race meetings, that is, those held exclusively under Jockey club rules, and 155 steeplechase meetings under the rules of the National Hunt committee.

The immense increase of steeplechase meetings and the abandonment of many old fashiond flat racing meetings, which often combined jumping races, is accounted for in a great measure by the rule that no meeting should be permitted that did not give £300 a day in prizes, and that no flat race should be of less value than £100 to the winner.

This rule has been the deathblow to country meetings of the old style, and they have in a great measure been replaced by hunt steeplechase meetings, so that now we find that the arenas for steeplechasing and hurdle racing far outnumber those of flat racing, and that many of our finest agricultural and old sporting counties have not a single flat race meeting held in them, while in others there are only one or two of them.

Oft Wounded Man.

Capt. S. J. McKinley, who died the other day at Charles City, Ia., aged 70, was shot sixteen times during the American civil war, four times in one battle. As the result of wounds seventy bones were taken from his body.

A FINE GROUP OF AYRSHIRES

Dairy Type of Cattle Which Is Gaining Merited Popularity in America.

A QUEER FATTENING DEVICE

Elaborate, If Not Practicable.

The apparatus shown in our illustration is taken from the Farm Poultry and was published recently by them with the explanation that it was an old cut printed again "for the benefit of curious readers not familiar with the literature of bygone days when

Odd Fattening Device.

illustrations of this particular kind of fattening apparatus were frequently seen." With the same purpose in view we pass it along. If it does not prove suggestive, it will at least prove interesting.

The apparatus is designed for the special fattening of poultry, and is devised to save time and labor of the attendant, and to accommodate as many birds as possible in small space. The cage for the birds revolves, and the platform for the attendant can be moved up and down.

This apparatus used to be described as a model of an up-to-date labor saving device, but actual working models seem to have been extremely rare in this country. The writer in all his journeyings never saw one in use. When making a trip through New York state some years ago he was taken by a poultryman he visited to see one of the curiosities of the locality, a poultry plant long out of use, which years before had been elaborately fitted up by a wealthy man of an inventive turn of mind, interested in poultry and especially in the development of artificial methods. At this place we saw one of these contrivances, said to have been imported long ago from France. It was stored in one of the numerous outbuildings on the place, and was in sections which apparently had never been put together.

In its other features this plant has been developed along the lines one would expect in a man of the characteristics of its owner. Everything was on an elaborate scale. There was an incubator which must have had a capacity of more than 5,000 eggs, and there were brooders, arranged in shelf-like tiers under sash, on the principle that young chicks, like tender plants would thrive in a hothouse. The furnishings besides being on an elaborate scale, were of expensive construction, probably representing in the aggregate a sum most poultrymen would consider a fortune.

Clean Off Old Bark.—Take a dull hoe some wet day and scrape the trunks of old apple trees. The old bark will come off easily when it is wet. Do the work carefully so as not to injure the live bark.

Strong Props Tell.—Props under trees are a sure sign that somebody neglected to thin the fruit last month. It may be better to thin, even now, than not at all.

Avoid Exciting the Cow.—Excitement destroys the ability of a cow to produce milk for the time being. It should always be avoided with dairy cows.

Caring for Farm Tools.—After you are through with a farm implement, paint it before rust and rot spoil the steel and wood.

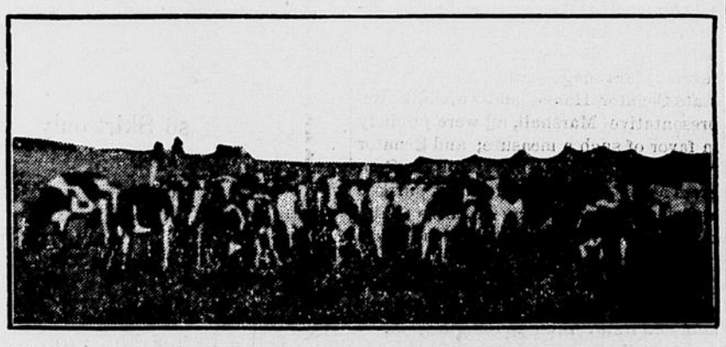
Supplement the Pasturage.—When the pastures begin to get short cut some of that fodder corn and give to the cows.

Cow Pea and Alfalfa Hay.—In cattle feeding, cow pea and alfalfa hay make up a good substitute for wheat bran.

Cut Them Out.—Cut out waterSprouts at any time you see them.

The Chores.—Make the chores a part of the day's work if possible.

WHAT GRADING-UP WILL DO



Starting with common red cows, the above herd is the outcome of 14 years' continuous use of pure-bred Holstein-Friesian sires. The result is that every animal in the herd looks like a pure-bred, and the herd tested by this station last year averaged 6,850 pounds milk, which is large, considering that a goodly number were heifers. The owner has paid only $212 for pure-bred sires during this time, and has sold $2,300 worth of fine cows to other dairymen.

The Graft of Divorce.

Mrs. Cobwigger—So you think you would be happier if we were in society?

Freddie—I would be at Christmas, ma. I know some boys in the smart set and they all have at least two papas to give them presents.—Smart Set.

Language.

"There ain't no bloke I love like youse," declared the refined and accomplished girl.

These words were set to music, remember. She was merely singing a popu'ar song.

The Ruling Passion.

Satan—In what department did you put that new arrival?

Assistant—That janitor? I set him to work at the furnace.

Satan—Take him off at once or he'll be turning off the heat.—Boston Transcript.

Quite Hopeless.

Mistress—Jane, I saw the milkman kiss you this morning. In the future I will take the milk in.

Jane—'Twouldn't be no use, mum. He's promised never to kiss anybody but me.—Illustrated Bits.

OLD COACHES TO GO.

Motor Cars to Supplant "Herdic" in Washington.

A curious public vehicle that runs along the streets of Washington is doomed to extinction. Congress, at the last session, provided that within a year the company operating these coaches must operate motor cars.

In Washington, this form of 'bus is called a "herdic," so called after Peter Herdic, its inventor. In the early '80s herdic lines were put in operation on Pennsylvania avenue and oth

One of the Old Coaches.

er important streets in opposition to the horse car lines. They were well patronized, but after several years their service grew poorer and the street car lines changed their power from horse to cable and later to the underground electric system. The herdic ceased to run on streets served by the ordinary traction lines, but survives on several of the principal residence streets. These coaches run on a regular (or irregular) schedule, and the fare, five cents, is deposited by the passenger in a box at the front of the coach after the manner of the ancient bobtail car.

Still Being Built in Washington.

An illicit still, one the collector of internal revenue does not know anything about, is being built within the traditional stone's throw of the bureau of engraving and printing in Washington. That is the place where all the stamps supposed to be put upon alcoholic liquor packages are engraved and printed. This distillery is being built around a very high telephone pole. It will shortly be one of the most perfectly appointed distilleries in the country. Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, chief of the bureau of chemistry of the department of agriculture, is superintendent of the construction of it, and when the fires are started and the properly prepared mash begins bubbling the pure food expert will begin making high class stuff.

First, he is going to use watermelon rinds, sweet corncobs, and other things the like of which are thrown into the garbage on the farms of the country. He is going to convert the sugar in these waste products into alcohol, which in turn will be denatured so as to make it unfit for use as a beverage.

His primary object is to show how the farmer, by using garbage, can provide fuel for running the farm engine—one of the internal explosion kind. Congress passed the denatured alcohol bill two years ago, but as yet the farmers are not taking much interest in their privilege. Dr. Wiley intends to show them a few things.

Tots Made Criminal by Law.

The enforcement of the new child labor law is credited with responsibility for the juvenile crime wave now sweeping over Washington. The records at the House of Detention, where the boy lawbreakers are sent pending trial, show that juvenile crime in one week increased more than 100 per cent. over the preceding week, or 75, as against 36 for the preceding week, and 32 for the week preceding that. It is asserted that the increase in juvenile crime is due to the large number of boys rendered idle by the operation of the new law.

It is stated officially that about 500 boys have been denied permits to work, to which must be added a larger number who have been deterred from working by their dread of the red tape connected with the enforcement of the law and the trouble necessary to secure permits.

House of Detention officials say it may be that matters will adjust themselves later, after the law has had time to get in good working order.

Names Don't Count.

Surnames count no longer on the visiting cards of official Washington. The job's the whole thing. Any one must have the real thing in jobs before he can break into the smart set.

Just where the idea sprang from no one seems to know. Its development was mushroomlike. In a day, almost, the fad was on. Uncle Joe Cannon was one of its first devotees. His card would make his constituents rub their eyes in amazement. It reads simply: "The Speaker."

Admiral Dewey does not have his name on his card, either. It reads simply, in large, flowing script: "The Admiral of the Navy." This means that there is only one admiral and only one navy.

It's a little hard on the senators; there are so many of them the plan will not work. Instead the senator covers himself with real distinction by leaving off his official station and simply printing it so: "Mr. Foraker."