BY ROBERT BARR.

The conductor made a dive into the room and came out with an ordinary plack dispatch box. The policeman seemed well provided with the materials for his burglarious purpose. He selected a key from a jingling bunch, tried it, selected another, then a third, and the lid of the dispatch box was thrown back. He took out a letter so exactly the duplicate of the one Jennie had that she clutched her own document to see if it were in its place. The Russian put the envelope between his knees and proceeded to lock the box. His imagination had not gone to any such refine-



She sprang up on the seat and, placing her eye at the hole, peered through. ment as the placing of a dummy copy where the original had been. Quick as thought Jennie acted. She slid open the door quietly and stepped out into the passage. Sointent were the two men on their work that neither saw her. The tall man gave the box back to the conductor, then took the letter from between his knees, holding it in his right hand, when Jennie, as if swared by the car, lurched against him, and with a sleight of hand that would have made her reputation on a necromantic stage the jerked the letter from the amazed and frightened man, at the same moment allowing the bogus document to drop on the floor of the car from her other hand. The conductor had just emerged from room A, holding his nose and looking comical enough as he stood there in that position, amazed at the sudden apparition of the lady. The Russian struck down the conductor's fingers with his right hand, and by a swift motion of the left closed the door of compartment A. all of which hap-

to remain with her. She cogitated over the situation, and tried to work out the mental arithmetic of it. Trains were infrequent on the Russian railways, and she had no means of estimating when the burly ruffian who had planned and executed the robbery would get back to St. Petersburg. There was no doubt that he had not the right to open the letter and read its contents; that privilege rested with some higher official in St. Petersburg. The two men had got off at the first stopping place. It was quite possible that they would not reach the capital until next morning, when the Berlin express would be well on its way to the frontier. Once over the frontier she would be safe, but the moment it was found that the envelope merely contained a copy of an English newspaper, what might not happen? Would the Russian authorities dare telegraph to the frontier to have her searched, or would the big official who had



She jerked the letter from the amazed and

frightened man. planned the robbery suspect that she, by legerdemain, had become possessed of the letter so much sought for? Even If he did suspect her, he would certainly have craft enough not to admit it. His game would rather be to maintain that this was the veritable document found in the Englishman's dispatch box, and it was more than likely, taking into consideration the change of room at the last moment, which would show the officials the existence of suspicion in the messenger's mind, or in the minds of those who sent him, that the natural surmise would be that another messenger had gone with the real

document, and that the robbed men was merely a blind to delude the Russian police. In any case, Jennie concluded, there was absolutely nothing to do but remain awake all night and guard the treasure which good luck had bestowed upon her. She stood up on her bed, about to stuff her handkerchief into the hole bored in the partition, but suddenly paused and came down to the floor again. No; discomforting as it was to remain in a room under possible espionage, she dared not stop the openings, as that would show she had cognizance of them, and arouse the conductor's suspicion that, after all, she had understood what had been said. whereas, if she left them as they were, the fact of her doing so would be strong confirmation of her ignorance. She took from her bag a scarf, tied one end round her wrist and the other to the door, so that it could not be opened, should she fall asleep, without awakening her. Before intrenching herself thus she drew the eyelids down over the lamp, and left her room in darkness. Then, if any one did spy upon her, they would not see the dark scarf which united her wrist with

In spite of the danger of her situation she had the utmost difficulty in keeping awake. The rumble of the train had a very somnolent effect, and once or twice she started up, fearing that she had been slumbering. Once she experienced a tightening sensation in her throat, and sprang to the floor, seeing the rising gas, somehow made visible, the color of blood. The scarf drew her to her knees, and for a moment she thought some one clutched her wrist. Panting, she undid the scarf and flooded the room with light. Her heart was beating wildly, but all was still, save the ever present rumble of the train rushing through the darkness over the boundless plains of Russia. She looked at her tiny watch; it was 2 o'clock in the morning. She knew then that she must have fallen asleep in spite of her strong resolutions. The letter was still in the inside pocket of her jacket, and all was well at 2 in the morning. No eye appeared at either of the apertures, so she covered up the light once more and lay down again, sighing to think how rumpled her costume would look in the morning. Now she was resolved not to go to sleep, if force of will could keep her awake. A moment later she was startled by some

one beating down the partition with an ax. She sprang up, and again the scarf pulled her back. She untied it from her wrist and noticed that daylight flooded the compartment. This amazed her. How could it be daylight so soon, in northern Russia? After a breathless pause there was a rap at her door, and

the voice of the conductor said: "Breakfast at Luga, madame, in

three-quarters of an hour. " "Very good," she replied in English, her voice trembling with fear. Slowly she untied the scarf from the door and placed it in her hand bag. She shivered notwithstanding her effort at self control, for she knew she had slept through the night and far into the morning. In agitation she unbuttoned her jacket. Yes, there was the letter, just where she had placed it. She dare not take it out and examine it, fearing still that she might be watched from some unseen quarter, but "Thank God," she said to berself fervently. "this horrible night is ended. Once over the frontier I amsafe.

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ROCHESTER,

BY ROBERT BARR

-An Unlooked For Encounter

[Copyright, 1900, by Robert Barr.] At 9 o'clock the long train came to standstill, 17 minutes late, at Luga, and

breakfast in the buffet of the station. Jennie found a small table and sat down beside it, ordering coffee and rolls from the waiter who came to serve her. Looking round at the cosmopolitan company and listening to the many languages whose clash gave a babel air to the restaurant, Jennie fell to musing on the strange experiences she had encountered since leaving London. It seemed to her she had been taking part in some ghastly nightmare, and she shuddered as she thought of the lawlessness, under cover of law, of this great and despotic empire, where even the ruler was under the surveillance of his subordinates, and could not get a letter out of his own dominion in safety were he so minded.

"Ah, lost princess!" She placed her hand suddenly to her throat, for the catch in her breath seemed to be suffocating her, then looked up and saw Lord Donal Stirling, in the ordinary everyday dress of an English gentleman, as well groomed as if he had come, not from a train, but from his own house. There was a kindly smile on his lips and a sparkle in his eyes, but his face was of ghastly pallor.

"Oh, Lord Donal!" she cried, regarding him with eyes of wonder and fear. 'What is wrong with you?'

"Nothing," the young man replied with an attempt at a laugh, "nothing, now that I have found you, princess. I have been making a night of it, that's all, and am suffering the consequences in the morning. May I sit down?" He dropped into a chair on the other

side of the table and went on. "Like all dissipated men, I am going to breakfast on stimulants. Waiter," best brandy."

"And, waiter," interjected Jennie in French, "bring two breakfasts. I suppose it was not your breakfast that you lite words of regret, and will say to ordered just now, Lord Donal?"

"I have ordered my breakfast, I do not carry brandy with me, as I ditch.' Ah, well, we won't talk any ought to do, and so must drink the vile more about it!" stuff they call their best here.

"You should eat as well," she insist per profession, Lord Donal?" ed, taking charge of him, as if she had every right to do so.

if I have but little appetite."

breathlessly. "You certainly look very I resign from diplomacy!"

he replied, lowering his voice. "I



"Ah, lost princess?"

death itself. I have spent a night in hades and this morning am barely able to stagger, but the sight of you, prinbelong to the land of the living!"

"Please do not call me princess," said the girl, looking down at the table- you again. I have not the courage.

cess ?''

"My name is Jennie Baxter." she said in a low voice.

eagerly, with emphasis on the first word. "Miss Jennie Baxter." she answered. still not looking up at him.

"Well, this is not such a bad world, after all. To think of meeting you here in Russia! Have you been in St. Petersburg, then?"

"Yes. I am a newspaper woman," explained Jennie hurriedly. "When you dare not refuse you." met me before, I was there surrepti- "What an unholy tiously, fraudulently, if you like. I was posal," he whispered, "and yet they there to-to write a report of it for my call Russia the Great Lone Land. Oh, paper. I can never thank you enough, that we had a portion of it entirely to Lord Donal, for your kindness to me ourselves." that evening."

"Your thanks are belated," said the young man, with a visible attempt at gayety. "You should have written and acknowledged the kindness you are good enough to say I rendered to you. You knew my address and etiquette demanded that you should make your acknowledgments."

"I was reluctant to write," said Jennie, a smile hovering round her lips, "fearing my letter might act as a clew. I had no wish to interfere with the legitimate business of Mr. Cadbury Tay-

"Great heavens!" cried the young man. 'How came you to know about that? But of course the Princess von Steinheimer told you of it. She wrote to me charging me with all sorts of wickednesses for endeavoring to find

"No, Lord Donal, I did not learn it

from her. In fact, if you had opened the door of the inner room at Mr. Cadbury Taylor's a little quicker, you would have come upon me, for I was the assistant who tried to persuade him that you really met the Princess.von Steinheimer."

Lord Donal for the first time laughd heartily.

"Well, if that doesn't beat all! And suppose Cadbury Taylor hasn't the slightest suspicion that you are the person he was looking for ?" "No, not the elightest." ample time was allowed for a leisurely

"I say, that is the best joke I have heard in ten years," said Lord Donal, and here, breakfast arriving, Jennie gave him his directions.

"You are to drink a small portion of that brandy," she said, "and then put the rest in your coffee. You must est a good breakfast, and that will help you to forget your troubles—that is, if you have any real troubles."

'Oh, my troubles are real enough!" said the young man, "When I met you before, princess, I was reasonably mocessful. We even talked about embassadorships, didn't we, in spite of the fact that embassadors were making themselves unnecessarily obtrusive that night? Now you see before your ruined man. No; I am not joking. It is true. I was given a commission, or, rather. knowing the danger there was in it, I begged that the commission might be given me. It was murely to take a letter from St. Petersburg to London. I have failed, and when that is said all is said.

"But surely," said the girl, "you could not be expected to ward off such lawless robbery as you have been the victim of?"

"That is just what I expected and what I supposed I could ward off. In my profession, which, after all, has a great similarity to yours, except that I think we have to do more lying in ours, there must be no such word as fail. The very best excuses are listened to with tolerance, perhaps, and a shrug of the aboutders, but failure, no matter from what cause, is fell doom. I have failed. I shall not make any excuses. I will go to London and say merely, 'The Russian he said, "bring me a large glass of your police have robbed me.' Oh, I know perfectly who did the trick and how it was done. Then I shall send in my resignation. They will accept it, with poeach other: 'Poor fellow! He had a brilliant career before him, but he got said. "Still, it pleads in my favor that drunk, or something, and fell in the

"Then you don't despise the newspa-

"Despise it! Bless you, no! I look up to it, belonging myself to a profession "All shall be as you say, now that I very much lower down in the scale of have found you, but don't be surprised morality, as I have said. But, princess," he added, leaning toward her. "What is the matter!" she asked "will you resign from the newspaper if

The diri slowid shoot her here "I have been drugged and robbed," eyes on the tablecloth before her. "I will telegraph my resignation,"

imagine I came to close quarters with he said impetuously, "if you will telegraph yours to your paper." "You are feeling ill and worried this morning, Lord Donal, and so you take

> a pessimistic view of life. You must not resign." "Oh, but I must! I have failed. and that is enough."

"It isn't enough. You must do nothing until you reach London.' "I like your word must, Jennie," said the young man audaciously.

implies something, you know." "What does it imply, Lord Donal!" she asked, glancing up at him.

"It implies that you are going to leave the 'Lord' off my name.' "That wouldn't be very difficult." replied Jennie.

"I am delighted to hear you say so," exclaimed his lordship, "and, now that I may know how it sounds from your dear lips, call me Don."

"No; if I ever consented to omit the title, I should call you Donal. I like the name in its entirety.' He reached his hand across the table.

"Are you willing, then, to accept a man at the very lowest ebb of his fortunes? I know that if I were of the mold that heroes are made of I would hesitate to proffer you a blighted life. cees - Ah, well, I feel once more that I But I loved you the moment I saw you, and, remembering my fruitless search for you, I cannot run the risk of losing She placed her hand in his and looked "Then what am I to call you, prin- him for the first time squarely in the

"Are you sure, Donal," she said, "that I am not a mere effigy on which "Miss Jennie Baxter?" he asked you are hanging the wornout garments of a past affection? You thought I was

the princess at first." "No I didn't," he protested. "As He leaned back in his chair and said: soon as I heard you speak I knew you were the one I was destined to meet." "Ah, Donal, Donal, at lover's perjuries they say Jove laughs! I don't

> think you were quite so certain as all that. But I, too, am a coward, and I "What an unholy spot for a pro-

The girl sat there, a smile on her pretty lips that Lord Donal thought

most tantalizing. A railway official announced in a loud voice that the train was about to resume its journey. There was a general shuffling of feet as the passengers rose to take their places. "Brothers and sisters kiss each oth-

er, you know, on the eve of a railway journey." said Lord Donal, taking advantage of the confusion. Jennie Baxter made no protest.

"There is plenty of time." he whispered. "I know the leisurely nature of Russian trains. Now I am going to the telegraph office to send in my resignstion, and I want you to come with me and send in yours."

"No, Lord Donal," said the girl. asked in surprise.

imperative! I'll tell you all abo

when we get on the train." "It is result imperative that should not send in your resignation. Indeed, Donal, you need not look at me with that symptised air. Yes may as well get accustomed to dictation at once. You wallt yourself, you know. You can't any that I encouraged you. I eluded the estimat Cadbury Taylor as long as i ... id. But, if there is time. go to the belegraph office and send a message to the real princess. Palace Steinheimer, Vienna. Say you are en gaged to be married to Jennie Baxier.

"I'll do it, " replied the young man, When Lord Donal came out of the telegraph office, Jenuie said to him. Wait a moresent till I go into the sleeping car and got my rugs and hand beg."
"I'll go for them," he cried impetu-

and ask her to telegraph you at Ber-

why later. The conductor is a villain and was in collusion with the police." "Oh, I know that!" said Lord Donal "Poor devil! He can't help himself. He must do what the police order him to do while he is in Russia.** "I'll get my things and go into an

"Ob. no!" she said. "I'll tell you

ordinary first class carriage. When I pass this door, you must get your balongings and come and find me. There is still time, and I don't want the conductor to see 18 together. "

"Very well," said the young man, with exemplary obedience.

When the train started, they were seated together in a far forward carriage.

"One of my failings," said the girl, is that I act first and think afterward. amsorry no wthat I saked you to send that telegrams to the princess." "Wby!"

"Because I have a great deal to tell you, and perisaps you will wish to withdraw from the rash engagement you bave undertaken. **

"A likely thing!" cried the ardent lover. "Indeed, Miss Princess, if you

think you can get rid of me so easily as all that, you are mistaken." "Well, I want to tell you why I did

not allow you to resign." Slowly she undid the large buttons of her jacket. Then, taking it by the lapel and holding it so that no one class could see, she drew partly forth from the inside pocket the large envelope until the stamp of the embassy was plainly visible. Lord Donal's eyes opened to their said tremulously. "And I saves" widest capacity, and his breath seemed a bit good either. You wen't the

"Great heavenul" he gasped at last. Do you mean to say you have it? "Yes," she said, buttoning up her

jacket again. "I robbed the robbers. listen, and I will tell you all that happened. But, fint, are you armed !!

"Yes," he replied; "I have a trumpery revolver in my pocket. Little good

did me last night." "Very well; we shall be across the frontier hymnoon today. If the Russian. authorities find before that time how they have been checkmated, and if they have any suspicion that I am the cause of it, is it not likely that they will have me stopped and searched on some pretense or other!"

Lord Donal pondered for a moment, "They are quite capable of it, he mid; "but, Jennie, I will fight for you against the whole Russian ampire, and



his charge in broad daylight on a built. The president wholl crowded train. We will not go back in completed an extension of to that car, but stay here, where some has picked out seven places. of our fellow countrymen are

"That is what I was going to propose," said Jennie. "And now listen to the story I have to tell you, and then you will know exactly why I came to

Russia. "Don't tell me anything you would rather not," said the young man hus-

Blame you? Why of course I don't There is from for the blame you in the slightest. It wasn't fact, in the places where the stail, but ed to establish these curs gether. Frovidence brought us so gether. Jennie, and my belief in it hereafter will be unshaken.

Jennie laughed a contented little laugh and said she was pattered on being considered an envoy of Providence.

ing considered an envoy of Providence.

'It is only another way of saying your are an sangel; Jennie, remarked

the bold young man.
They crossed his frontier without in-"Aren't you going to resign?" he terference and once in Germany less aked in surprise.

"Yes, all in good time; but you are thou and placed it in the hands of the

Con common a light to seem and all the pendent to dress

and stir the present to drawing a Penrose was considered by Lested Young man upser on conditional but he found in lested in good word that daylight as monates resection would have him at least dayer.

"Vancy keys you I was Penhap you have he found at a firm attentions grass. "I was a firm attentions grass. "I was a firm attentions grass." "I have a change which he happiest hears as each or 'No you are not come to

No. You are not going to five minutes, eyes after a pro-eight days. She thought as and her eyes gleamed in the same.
"I have to go to town tomogram
two days. On Thursday I will give my answer-that is, if you still

"What a terribly consolerations you man," said Namey to herself in the tered the house shortly atterward told him not to kine me and he as -didnit!"

Mine Lawrence elected to walk from the station. She chose the wing white road skirtle, the see which in the town itself marge the parade. It was the reverse short cut to Rossville jost there's delictions brooms and the girl's achad.

There must be a spice of rical in me somewhere," said Na

herself. Mise Lawrence Namey jumped up and threw away him of atte. "I have just discovered the was you who wrote that research book, Tried in the Furnace." "And do you think it so very a ing!" she saked. I set blue age his brown open defiantly.

"It is the saddest story I have read," answered Pourose quietly. Nampy turned her head sides. was tired, overexulted, and the M hysterios. Yes, I could not have written less I had been awfully mahapung

at all when I've told you every Why tall me anything? at tested "It isn't accessity. Not you can say our make me sould." you are less ewest and true t

"Have not the preverbe taught you bester than that?"
Namey smilling faintly. Bessyskin dees, and sepalgaries are white you know. Not that I he thing so very dreadful, after the only that knowledge of the west solled my white robe a little. I from school a little Purities, plenty of high ideals and limit faith in my fellow greaters amusements of mother's set pages suppose, with elderly men-ing under the chairs, the strike ried women, the up-to-date see disgusted me, But there was to who didn't crawl under the chair who wasn't elderly, and and I

love with him." Nancy paused and looked are at the discouraging gray set. had set down the red covers of in-the Furnace' glowing between "He secret to care for ma." The continued, "and I was in the second continued, and I was in the second process. It was soon over that he had been engaged all the to Miss Someone or other: See at an 'at home, and distangular self by fainting. It was a hot to room, and no the process my mother the saled merili se making myself a laughing se making myself a laughing se and at eighteen one is skylystirans.

When an alles maker wish The young man took the liberty of kiesing his fair companion.

dled with. The police will besitate, however, before interfering with a measure could tell aim their and any although the lowal bery and any although the lowal bery and the low and the lowal bery a saye time he kas nam The instructions regions

town-building solement in papers tall of saven only which are planning to disc sorted (minigrants toulon "I would rather not but it must be along their various routed told," answered the girl.

The story Issled a long time, and towns: a Northwest warth when it was ended the young man cried to found thirty-sight, and enthusiantically in answer to her quesfrom ave to went to rais Son (act)