

The Governor's Daughter.

When Paul Andronovitch Vronowski returned to Russia after a long sojourn abroad, he threw himself into the question of reform with a vigor and enthusiasm that allowed but a small margin for the exigencies of those in authority. Therefore, it was not surprising that the governor, a harsh-featured, irascible old general, wholly absorbed by the idea of his own importance, should resent his attitude, and endeavor to restore harmony and peace in the government over which he ruled, by seeking to remove the youthful perpetrator of the disturbances.

A sudden police raid on his house at the dead of night, when Vronowski should have been sleeping placidly in his bed, ignorant of the danger that menaced him, resulted in nothing but the finding of a brief, unsigned note in a woman's file, almost undecipherable handwriting, evidently dropped by the fugitive in the hurry of departure, which revealed the fact that some one had betrayed the governor's secret and warned Paul Andronovitch, just in time, of his danger.

There was only one person in the whole government, however, who could have enlightened him as to the betrayer of his secret, and she was his own daughter, Vera Ivanovna Esteletski was a slight, pale-faced girl with large pensive eyes and an air of gentle timidity. On several occasions, unknown to any one, she had met Vronowski while driving across the steppe, and there was something in his handsome face and vigorous personality that had instantly produced a strong influence on her.

Once he had come to her assistance when her sledge had sunk into a snowdrift and helped the driver to extricate the struggling horses. Few words were spoken between them, and those few were forgotten all too soon by the one, but the other had lain awake over greater part of that night living over again those few brief moments.

She was fully cognizant of the danger when she resolved to warn Paul Andronovitch of her father's intentions, but her timidity was wholly submerged by the thought of Vronowski's peril. At lunch time she had remained impassive when the general had declared vehemently that he would rather discover the woman who had betrayed him than the fugitive himself.

But when the meal was over her courage waned; she felt she could not face her father again, knowing how she had deceived him, and, quitting the room hastily, she donned her thick furs and stole out into the gardens that stretched behind the palace.

With head bent to meet the blast that came surging over the snow-bound steppe, Vera walked slowly to the end of the garden, then paused. Close to the high stone wall that separated the grounds from the open country was a small datcha (wooden house) which had formerly been occupied by an old nurse of the family, and which the Governor had converted into a little summer retreat for his only daughter.

That day, moved by a sudden impulse, she drew out the key and threw open the door. She was about to enter the inner room when its door opened noiselessly and a tall figure stood out abruptly.

The girl paused, her hand to her throat as if to arrest a cry of alarm. One glance sufficed to tell her that this was no ghostly visitant, but a tall, broad-shouldered man with fair hair and piercing gray eyes that were quick and kind, eyes that had once on a time smiled into her own.

Her own hand stooped with ready courtesy to brush the clinging snow from her furs. There was no smile in them now as they met hers, but she was quick and glad to note that there was no fear in them either, only surprise and a shade perhaps of something akin to disappointment, which vanished, too, as Paul Andronovitch Vronowski advanced into the room and bowed.

Fate had placed him in her hands. He was innocent, she knew, and therefore it was her duty to protect him whatever befell. Her breath came in little gasps, but she was conscious of an immense relief at her own decision.

"I assure you there is nothing to be nervous of," he said kindly. "See, I am unarmed," and he spread out his hands for her to examine as a proof of his defencelessness, and laughed lightly. "I shall make no resistance whatever," he continued, "and you shall have the satisfaction of handing over such a notorious anarchist as myself to the Governor with your own hands."

to hesitate in handing me over to justice, it is your duty to do so as "I know," said the girl. "I know my duty, and I will perform it whatever happens. Remain where you are as long as you like, and I shall take care that no one shall find out your hiding place." She swept her furs about her as she spoke, and turned as if to go, but Vronowski intercepted her.

Paul Andronovitch took her little cold, gloved hand in his, and drew it gently to his lips. "You are a brave girl," he murmured hoarsely, "and I thank you for your generosity, but I cannot accept liberty at such a price. I shall deliver myself up immediately."

"You cannot, you must not," the girl cried in sudden alarm. "My father is a hard man, you would be condemned and exiled for life."

All at once Vera started. Her quick ear had caught the sound of advancing footsteps and her quicker brain had devised a plan to compel him to accept his liberty at her hands. She rushed across the room and out through the open door, which she allowed to swing heavily to behind her.

"Ah! Verochka," said the Governor, who, in astrack cap and military coat, was advancing leisurely down the walk accompanied by the chief of police. "Captain Popoff was just asking my permission to search



After ten years they met.

your little datcha, as it is rumored that the anarchist Vronowski was last seen in this locality."

For a moment Vera was silent. Then she lifted her head proudly. "There is no need to search there," she said calmly, but in a voice loud enough to be clearly audible to the solitary occupant of the datcha. "I have just been all over it."

"Ah, slavo bog!" (thank goodness), said the Governor in a relieved tone of voice. "I knew the scoundrel would not dare hide himself beneath my very roof of all places."

The following morning Vera hastened down to the datcha, and in fear and trembling unlocked the door and entered. The place was deserted. If Vronowski had been able to escape detection he must now be safe across the frontier. She retraced her steps slowly to the palace. Now that the hour of confession was at hand her courage failed her and she paled at the thought of her father's wrath.

The general was reading despatches, but he turned at the sound of his daughter's step and stretched out his arm to draw her to his side. But the girl evaded his grasp, and in a few words told him how she had betrayed him. The general listened in silence, and when she had finished he put his arm about her tenderly.

"Dushenka" (little one), he said, and his voice quivered with emotion. "I recognized your handwriting the moment that letter was handed to me, but remained silent, wondering whether you would conceal your action from me. Had you done so, I would not have spared you, but now I know that I have a brave daughter who is not only brave but honorable, and I am proud of her." And he kissed her tenderly on the brow.

Ten years later Vronowski was granted a free pardon and permitted to return to Russia once more. The new Governor of Olgino saw nothing in the quiet man who had taken up his residence on the outskirts of the town to occasion his alarm. He knew him to be wealthy and of unimpeachable origin, and he considered it expedient to invite the newcomer to one of his little card parties. It was a very select entertainment, and among the guests was a lady with soft hair and great pensive dark eyes. There was no need of any introduction, for Vronowski knew her immediately.

"Vera," he said softly, as he took a seat at her side, "many years ago you gave me my liberty, but at the same time you took my heart prisoner. Will you render it back to me now?"

And raising her eyes fearfully to his she answered gently, "Paul, will you not take mine instead?"

NO WASTE IN CANDY BUSINESS.

The Scrap Always Made Use Of—Seasoned Confections the Best.

There is this similarity between the candy business and the iron business—the scrap is not allowed to go to waste. An observer who had an idea that candy manufacturers must have to stand a lot of loss because candied get stale took the trouble to investigate and learned that his idea was wrong.

The big candy makers ship their agents throughout the country at stated intervals, usually of a week, their standard confections, and all not sold at the expiration of the interval are returned to the factory as scrap. As the candy is mostly sugar, and sugar is as indestructible as iron, it is only a question for the candy maker of getting the sugar value out of the scrap.

It is impossible to work over the candy into its original form, but it can be used in many ways. For example, the chief use to which stale chocolates are put is in making caramels and other chewy confections.

It's a mistaken idea that candy must be fresh to be good. One manufacturer who makes only for the trade confines himself chiefly to high class chocolates and bonbons said that candy wasn't fit to eat until it had been seasoned for at least ten days.

This man has no patience with those who assert that colored candy is poisonous. His argument is simple. As he puts it:

"What's the use of putting poison in candy when natural and harmless coloring matter costs less? Who'd put opium in cigarettes when tobacco is cheaper than opium?"

The candy business demands an artist these days, when you have to make displays of form and coloring to keep in the fore-front of the business.

Great Cities of Germany.

Any city of more than 100,000 inhabitants is considered a great city. Of these Germany has more than any other country, namely, forty-one.

Great Britain and the United States have thirty-nine each. Then there is a break till we reach Russia, with sixteen, France with fifteen, Italy with twelve, Japan and Austria-Hungary with eight each.

When the present German Empire was founded, in 1871, Germany had only five such cities, but by 1900 they numbered thirty-three. Five of them have more than half a million population each. Berlin, for instance, has more than 3,000,000 inhabitants. The next largest is Hamburg, 800,000, followed by Munich, Dresden and Leipzig.

In five years Krupp's town of Essen has increased 93 per cent. Cologne, with its 420,000 people, has had an astonishing growth.

Weight Borne by Ice.

The army rules are that two-inch ice will sustain a man or properly placed infantry; four-inch ice will carry a man on horseback or cavalry or light guns; six-inch ice, heavy ordnance, such as eight-pounders; eight-inch ice, a battery of artillery, with carriages and horses, but not over 1,000 pounds per square foot on sledges, and ten-inch ice sustains an army of an innumerable multitude. On fifteen-inch ice railroad tracks are often laid and operated for months, and ice two feet thick withstood the impact of a loaded passenger car after a sixty-foot fall, or perhaps 1,500 tons, but broke under that of the locomotive and tender, or perhaps 3,000-foot tons.

The Original New England.

There is a common saying that if the Pilgrim Fathers had only landed on the Pacific coast a large portion of the Atlantic seaboard would never have been settled, says the *Outing Magazine*. Californians, Oregonians, and Washingtonians believe this implicitly. In other words, the charms of the Pacific coast in the way of climate are so appreciated that, having once experienced them, men are unwilling to live elsewhere contentedly. Now not one man in a thousand living on the Pacific coast knows that as a matter of fact the accents of our mother tongue were heard on the beach not far from San Francisco forty-one years before English was spoken on Plymouth Rock. More amusing still is the fact that the original New England was on the Pacific coast; for Francis Drake in 1579, at the close of a month's stay, took possession of the country for his sovereign Nova Albion (New England) because he thought the white cliffs near what is now Point Reyes resembled the chalk cliffs near Dover.

When Latin Was Spoken.

The Latin language ceased to be spoken in France about the ninth century, and was succeeded by a mixture of the language of the Franks and in different Latin, which was called the Romance language or dialect. Most of the early poems and tales of chivalry were written in this language, and consequently obtained the title of "Romances."

Queen Louise of Denmark is said to be the richest Princess in Europe. She is believed to have inherited \$15,000,000 from her mother's father, who was Prince Frederick of the Netherlands. She received another fortune from her father, King Charles of Sweden.

TANAGRA FIGURINES.

Reason Why These Delicate Objects Were Encased With the Greeks.

Among the various objects placed in the grave those of terra cotta were by far the most interesting. They formed a little world themselves of infinite variety in which were found every style, every fashion and every period; figurines of men and women—statuettes of divinities and spirits; jointed figures with a stone inside like rattles; animals of every kind; statuettes of every degree of merit—rudimentary or exquisite—all differing from one another according to circumstances and date.

The tiny statuettes vary considerably in size. The largest are as much as fifteen inches in height, while the smallest only measure two or three inches, but the greater number reach a height of about eight inches when seated, from five to seven inches when kneeling and eight to ten inches when standing.

One person endeavors to show, with an astonishing degree of argument that these figurines, so delicate and fanciful, have a religious and symbolic meaning, and that under their mundane appearance are concealed the great and mysterious divinities of the lower world. On the other hand, another person, with a simpler and more ordinary explanation, seeks for representative of daily life in these statuettes.

Another question arises as to why these figurines were placed in the tombs, and in order to reach a solution in this respect it may be worth while to recall conceptions which the Greeks held of the life beyond the grave. For them life did not come to an abrupt close at death, but in the tomb where the body was imprisoned an obscure existence was maintained with all the needs and pleasures and desires of humanity. Even at a later time, when the Greeks pictured to themselves that the souls of the dead assembled in Hades, their only conception of the future life was as a repetition of life on earth.

It was, therefore, the duty of the living to supply food to the dead, who continued an existence in the tomb, and for this reason wine, cakes and milk were placed upon the grave, and this is also why on occasional anniversaries funeral banquets were celebrated there, at which time the shade of the dead man was thought to be present, although invisible. It was the sacred duty of the living to see that in the solitude of the tomb the departed were surrounded by the objects they had cared for on earth, and therefore these things were all placed in the tomb.

It was also thought that they must take their friends and companions down with them into the other world in order to recommence their pleasures there. For this reason horses and dogs were buried with them, and in early times slaves and captive women were often sacrificed, that they might go down to Hades to wait upon the departed or lighten his lonely existence. To cheer the departed in the depths of the tomb and to protect him during the dangerous journey was the twofold desire by which the piety of the survivors was inspired. The Egyptians placed statuettes in the tomb to answer to the summons of the departed and to aid him in the cultivation of the celestial fields and to form a devoted escort around him, and to secure him immortality.

The Assyrians, from a similar motive, placed in their graves figurines designed to avert the hostilities of the chthonic powers, and this, too, is the object of the sepulchral idols found in the ancient burial grounds at Rhodes, which represented the guardian divinities of the tomb and afforded escort and society for the departed.

Vegetarian Athletes.

It would almost seem that athletic records are set up by meat eaters only in order that they may be knocked down by vegetarians, says the *London Daily News*.

In 1905 George Allen knocked seven days off the walking record from Lard's End to John o' Groats, and now G. A. Olley has lowered the unpaired cycling record over the same route by eleven hours, which is a feat that is likely to remain unequalled for some time to come.

Strict training is indispensable to those severe athletic feats, and a most important part of that training depends upon diet. It is not true that diet is everything but it is so much that these repeated victories by vegetarians are the best advertisement that could be given.

The grand challenge has not yet been won by a vegetarian crew, or even the diamonds by a graminivorous sculler, but it certainly seems that the physically active man whose digestion is equal to it keeps himself in best condition without tasting meat.

How much intellectual vegetarians like George Bernard Shaw owe to the things they eat or do not eat is a question that will take longer to thresh out. At any rate, the day has gone by when vegetarianism was looked upon as a mild but fairly certain form of suicide.

A miner who lost his life 2000 years ago has been taken from a copper mine in Chile recently. Copper oxide had mummified the whole body. The mummy is in a fine state of preservation.

THE WEALTH OF OUR FOREST.

Lumbermen Through Carelessness Destroy Fine Specimens.

In recent years there has been much agitation concerning the waste of the timber of the United States, and there have been many promises that the control of it should be handed over to the federal and the State authorities. The division of forestry of the Department of Agriculture has wrought much good in this direction, but much remains to be accomplished.

The most distressing feature of the waste is mostly due to carelessness and want of foresight. The lumbermen have been working for years to lay waste the forests, and in spite of this there are thousands of acres of woodland which they have not thought worthy of their attention that affords a rich field for investigation. The trees which the lumbermen have taken are mostly the common trees, the sugar pine and the redwood. And so eager have they been in demolishing these trees that they have ruined superb specimens of trees which were of far greater value for cabinet purposes.

One of these is the laurel. It grows on the hillsides wherever there is an underground stream of water sufficient to moisten its foliage. In the valleys it grows still larger, and also along the banks of streams. This tree is without a rival in furnishing a wood which has great delicacy of coloring, shading from palest lemon to soft mauve and gray. The fine grain makes a high polish.

The yucca, which has been proved by recent investigations in Egypt to be nearly imperishable than any other known wood, grows everywhere in the canyons and valleys of the State, but, like the trees already mentioned, it has been constantly cut down for firewood. It is a sad fact that the same fate has overtaken those giant oaks, thousands of years old, which are the staple firewood in every country town throughout California.

A Sural of Fossils.

It is says Prof. Henry Fairfield Osborn of the United States Geological Survey, an extremely slow and difficult matter to prepare a fossil for exhibition purposes. The collection of a single specimen may require more than two years to work out. The result is that all of our museums are collecting much faster than they can digest and every cellar is full of boxes of fossil treasures not available to the public simply because they have not been time to mount them.

Obviously, this is a difficulty which every year increases, for if it requires two years to work up one season's collection, when these are but half done another two years' supply has been accumulated. This has been going on in some museums for a number of years, and their exhibitions are now from ten to twenty years behind their collections. Prof. Osborn urges the need of more museum workers and larger endowments to digest properly this growing surfeit of fossils.

Bottling Grapes.

The growers in France market fresh outdoor grapes all winter by a new and curious method. Bunches of grapes when ripe are cut so that a piece of the vine six or six inches long remains attached. A large number of wide-necked bottles filled with water are placed in horizontal rows in racks in a cellar, and the stem of the grape is placed in the mouth of the bottle, while the grape hangs over the water, but is supplied with water through the stem. The low humidity of the cellar keeps the grapes fresh to the preservation of the fruit, and water is supplied daily to the bottles to make up for the evaporation. Such grapes are expensive, but plenty of people are glad to pay a high price for them.

Punishing Cannibals.

The punitive expedition sent to avenge the murder of Dr. Stewart, the British physician who was killed and eaten by Nigerian cannibals, returned to Calabar with the following report: "Some remains of the unfortunate doctor were found, including the skull and the lower jaw, which were preserved in a tin. The tin was found in a village near the scene of the crime, and it was ascertained that they had killed a great many."

Dr. Stewart was captured from the main body while accompanying a British expedition in the interior, and walked into a village where he was murdered.

Sunlight for All the Leaves.

The telegraph plant of India has a method of its own for catching the sunshine. Each of its leaves is composed of three leaflets.

The larger terminal one erects itself during the day and turns sharply downward at night, while the other two smaller leaflets move constantly day and night, describing complete circles with a peculiar jerking motion like the second hand of a watch. Occasionally they rest for a brief period, and then go on again. The business of every part of every leaf is the action of the sunlight.

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The largest pin factory in the world is that in Birmingham, England, where 27,000,000 pins are manufactured every working day.