

BETRAYED BY LOVE.

KAFFSKY was a born genius, destined in time to soar to the dizzy heights of a professional chair. So, at least, said his professors at the University of St. Petersburg. We students like etaoinsrdlucmfw wise held him in awe, and hedged him around with reverential ostracism.

That same Kaffsky used to squander his days and nights over mathematics and chemistry and half a dozen kindred sciences, as if life were to last for eternity. We did not believe in a man having so many irons in the fire, and we limited our own efforts to the accomplishment of one single task—the regeneration of mankind—as a preliminary step to the remodeling of Russian society.

We had weighed Kaffsky in the political balance—the only one in vogue at Russian universities ten years ago—and had found him sadly wanting.

He was a member of none of the three churches—outside of which there is no salvation—that of the sworn conspirators, who edited forbidden journal, Land and Liberty, hatched plots against the state and sometimes helped to carry them out; that of unsworn conspirators, from whom the former were usually recruited; and the bulk of students who sympathized with everything and everybody who embarrassed the government.

And to crown all, we had just heard of his impending marriage. "A nice time to be thinking of marrying and feathering his nest!" we remarked to each other, "just when the pillars of the social edifice are giving way, and we are doing our best to pull them down in order to build something better."

When the name of the future bride was mentioned those among us who knew her were staggered a bit. Anna Pavlona Smirnova was not a Venus. But if she had much less beauty than her photograph—which is a common failing of women—she had a good deal more wit, which is not by any means so common.

Although apparently young enough to be his daughter, Anna Pavlona was Kaffsky's senior by five or six years, and, to make matters still more mixed, she was a red radical at heart.



ON THE ROAD TO SIBERIA.

Formerly her democratic views had got her into hot water with the authorities, and it was not without considerable difficulty that she had obtained her present position as teacher in a girls' gymnasium, which enabled her to live in modest competency with her widowed mother.

The police, we knew, had twice or thrice made elaborate inquiries about him, had noted his comings and goings out, and had set a watch upon his actions. Platoff, when arrested a week ago, chanced to have Kaffsky's card in his pocket, and was subjected to a long secret cross-examination about his dealings with him.

"As well suspect the stone sphinxes at the Nikolai bridge as that piece of stuck-up selfishness called Kaffsky," exclaimed Lavrov.

"There must be some reason for the suspicion," cried Brodsky; "there's always fire where there's smoke, and as we know there's no fire here, then there cannot possibly be any smoke. It's a matter of smoked glass spectacles."

This remark struck us all as the acme of cleverness. It was warmly applauded. "Well, who could have smoked the government's spectacles?" somebody asked.

"Boorman, Boorman; he alone has a grudge against Kaffsky," cried half a dozen voices.

Now, none of us had a doubt that he was the Judas Iscariot. His hang-dog expression, his slouching gait, his furtive glance and stammering devilry proclaimed the nature of the spirit that lived and worked within him.

The present case strengthened our suspicion, for Boorman and Kaffsky had quarreled years before.

Summer vacations were at hand. The last of the examinations would take place in ten days, and then we would disperse over the length and breadth of the empire, many of us never to return again.

Suddenly we were stunned and stupefied by a bolt from the blue in the shape of a rumor that Kaffsky had been arrested.

He and Alexieff had gone to the theater the night before. They had walked home together and made an appointment for the morrow at the university; but at about 2 a. m. Kaffsky had been spirited away, and was now in the secret wing of the Lithuanian fortress.

A written request was presented by some of the professors, who were beside themselves with indignation, that

Kaffsky should be released on bail, just to finish his examination and take his degree, for they knew very well it was all a misunderstanding.

But to our utmost astonishment their request was refused, and Kaffsky was removed from the Lithuanian fortress only to be immured in the more terrible fortress of Peter and Paul.

The excitement caused by the arrest was assuming dangerous proportions. Nobody had cared a rap for Kaffsky a week before, and he was already a most popular hero now.

Perhaps it was hatred for the heartless informer—who had already been arrested, no doubt, to save him from being lynched—and sympathy for Anna Pavlona, whose womanly feelings had got the better of her philosophy. She had completely broken down.

She had been taken to her bed, had refused all food, had forwarded petition after petition to the minister of the interior, and when it became clear that she might just as well be sowing salt on the seashore, her mind gave way. The doctors sent her mother and herself in post haste to the Crimea.

In October a few of us met in St. Petersburg once more—but only a few. The police had made a tremendous haul among the students the day the university closed session, and many were now in their distant native villages expelled from the university; others in prison, others again on the road to Siberia.

Kaffsky, we learned, was among the latter—condemned to the mines as a dangerous conspirator, in spite of the intercession of the professors; Anna Pavlona was dead, according to others; but it came to pretty much the same thing in the end.

I had heard of many evil things done by diabolical reformers, but this was the most crying injustice I had ever actually witnessed; and when talking with a friend who was a relative of one of the ministers I told him so.

He was astounded at what I told him, and asked me to draw up an account of Kaffsky's case in writing. He would see, he said, that justice should be done.

I had no difficulty in obtaining precise particulars. I discovered even the name of the forwarding prison, over 1,000 miles away, in which Kaffsky was then interred, and having made out a very strong case, I gave it my friend the paper, and he presented it to his relative, the minister.

A week passed, then a fortnight, and still there was no answer.

One day my philanthropic friend shook his head, said my data were all wrong, said that Kaffsky was the most dangerous conspirator that had ever been tripped up in the very nick of time, and that he would advise me to keep aloof from political reformers in future, as it was evident they could make black appear white without an effort.

Six years later I heard that Kaffsky was no more. He died of disease, or was shot in a tumult, or disposed of in some such way. The particulars were not very precise, but he was really dead, that was certain.

"Nothing else but d— is certain in Russia," I remarked to an ex-minister to whom I had been telling the whole story after dinner.

"So you are going to write about it, you say," he asked me, "to ease your feelings?"

"I am," I replied.

"Very well, then, if you will come here in two or three days I will supply you with a most interesting postscript."

And he did.

His statement was based on official documents and this is the gist of it.

"When the terrorist movement was at its height the leaders were invisible and ubiquitous. We suspected that they were in the university, but that was only a guess. Once or twice Kaffsky appeared to be in the movement, but we had no proof, and could get none. It then occurred to General O. of the secret department to employ a spy who had never played the part of a detective before."

"I know. You mean the scoundrelly informer, Boorman," I broke in.

"Boorman! Boorman! Was he? O, of course he was. Yes. No. Boorman was not the detective. Boorman, I see, was nearly as dangerous as Kaffsky; he was Kaffsky's right-hand man, and he got the same punishment."

This announcement took my breath away, but it only deepened the mystery.

"Two thousand three hundred rubles was what it all cost, and dirt cheap, too," he went on.

"You mean the detective's reward?" I asked.

"Yes, that, of course, was over and above her regular salary, which was fifty rubles a month. It was the only clever stroke of business she ever did."

"She!" I repeated. "Was it a woman, then?"

"O, yes; didn't I tell you?—and a woman with the making of a saint in her, too. Ha, ha, ha! She is now a god-fearing sectarian—a pietist of some kind."

"Well, I remarked, "she would need a good long course of penance, were it only to atone for the fate of poor Anna Pavlona, whose life she snuffed out."

"Ha, ha, ha!" he laughed, till the big tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks. "Why, hang it, man, Anna Pavlona was herself the detective. But that was the only clever thing she ever did. She soon after left the service, found salvation, as they term it, in some obscure seat, and is a plump bigot now."

Pitiful Outlook.

"Mamma."

"Well?"

"You licked me last week for whaling Jimmie Watts and papa licked me yesterday 'cause Johnny Phelps wallowed me."

"Well?"

"I'm wondering what'll happen sometime when it's a draw."



HORTICULTURE.

The Beauty of the Trees.

The landscape of northwestern Iowa and of Nebraska and of South Dakota has been wonderfully changed, as the early settlers will bear us out, by the planting of trees. It used to be that as far as the eye could see was one monotonous roll of prairie, and now as far as the eye can see, the landscape is dotted by groves, in the midst of which are villages and the homes of farmers. The trees are great contributors to the comfort of man and beast. They shelter from the heat of summer and from the storm of winter—and the old settlers recognize the change as the later comers cannot.

The influence of trees is important. They are beautiful, especially so in such a year as this, and they stimulate love of the beautiful; and so to match the trees we have the well kept lawns, the fringes of flowers, the climbing vines—the beautiful homes. Nature is kind to us all—kind to the poor. What the rich do in conjunction with nature they cannot hide away for their exclusive enjoyment. It is something in which we all have a sort of co-partnership. The lightest taxes we

pay are those assessed by nature. It makes itself beautiful if left alone, out on the sweeps of prairie, which it sprinkles with wild flowers, and along the tangled banks of the water courses, where trees and vines and wild fruits are grown without the intervention of man's help.

In such a place as Sioux City, where the homes of the people are not crowded, the family having little but the patch of ground with a roof can make the place lovely with a creeping vine, flowers here and there, and a tree or two which will rise as grandly and spread its sheltering arms as far on ground belonging to the humble or the poor as on ground belonging to the proud and the rich.

The smaller towns and the country have compensations that crowded cities cannot know. It is a wonderfully good thing to own your own home, and, owning it, to have pride in it, and to make manifest your love of it by making it beautiful.

There are many ways of rendering public service, which in the main, is closely identified with service of ourselves, but there is no way that is better, so universally within the reach of people of whom we are speaking, as this way of trees, and grass and vines and flowers at home.—Sioux City Journal.

Fruit House.

In some localities it is rather difficult to secure a good cellar without considerable work. Often draining by digging a trench is necessary; and when this is the case it will often pay to build a fruit house above the ground, rather than to run the risk of water flooding in and damaging the fruit and vegetables. A fruit house, if well built, so as to be frost-proof, is much more convenient than a cellar in many ways, but good care must be taken in doing the work if good results are to be secured.

Two by six inch studding will be the best; that is, not less than this should be used. They can be placed two feet apart, and it is usually best to brace the corners. Eight feet is plenty high, and in most cases six will be sufficient. It should be built close to the ground, so that it can be banked up readily on all sides. On the outside rough boards can be nailed on first, and over that a layer of tared paper or heavy straw carefully weather-boarded.

When it can be done, it will be best to fill the space between the studding with sawdust, taking care to fill in tightly. Rough boards can be nailed on the inside, and over this tared paper should again be tacked.

Overhead a tight layer of boards should be put on them a good layer of sawdust. A chimney, or place for ventilation, should be provided. Care should be taken to make tight; the door and ventilation should be all the openings. Good, close-fitting doors, one to open outside and one inside, will help. Boxes or bins should be built inside and about four inches away from the wall. This will give air space between the wall and the fruit. To make doubly sure, an old stove set in the room in which a little fire may be made in the severest weather, will be found a benefit, as a very little fire will lessen very materially the danger of damage. A house of this kind, in a winter like the last one, will keep fruit and vegetables without freezing, but in winters such as we sometimes have a little fire will be necessary.

"Come on!" cried the wicked brother-in-law with a grin. And they ran down, pit-a-pat, spit-a-splat, just in time to meet a stiff roller curling in.

"Jump now!" yelled the married sister, but the wicked brother-in-law dragged her down with him, smothering a piercing shriek of terror.

When the gentle, freckled face came up again it was white instead of red, and she choked with salt water, and the smart in her eyes made the tears flow. She looked reproachfully at the wicked brother-in-law and shook him off, but before she recovered speech another wave knocked her over and buried her, screaming and all.

"Keep hold of George!" cried the married sister.

"Go 'way, you brute!" gasped the little one. "Don't you see I'm drowning? Oh! Oh! Yeow!"

Down she went again before a wave not more than knee high. The wicked brother-in-law laughed.

"I'll never speak to you again!" she sobbed, shivering all over, and cowering between the fear of the sea and the mocking crowd on the sands.

"Come in here by the rope, Mary!" yelled the married sister. "Bring her in, George. What are you standing around there for?"

"Never!" cried the freckled girl, getting her voice once more. "You never told me it was ice water! And that it is nasty—ugh! I've swallowed a bucketful of it—yes; and you think it's funny—don't you touch me! I'm going out! Now, you dare!"

But the wicked George grabbed her round the slender waist and bore her, kicking, struggling, shrieking, her eyes flashing fire, out to the rope to his wife. And there she remained in wild frolic, terrors soon all forgotten, until both the wicked brother-in-law and his wife had to join in coaxing her to come out.

Acute Kleptomania.

"When I was in India," said the man who had traveled, "the native thieves stole the sheets from under me while I slept, and I never knew it!"

"Yes, and when I was in the Northwest during the boom," said the man who will never admit that America can be outside. "I had to sleep in a room where there were four real estate agents and one of them stole a porous plaster from my back without awakening me."

Mysterious Affair.

First Doctor—I had a very interesting case the other day. The diagnosis was all right, but the course of the disease was decidedly abnormal.

Second Doctor—What course did it take?

First Doctor—The patient recovered.

Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours, And ask them what report they bore to heaven.

—Young.

MAN WITH A SHADOW.

We had driven the Apaches into the wild fastnesses of Devil's Mountains, but there they successfully eluded us, and Colonel Bradwick was about disengaged, when, one night shortly after dark, a sentinel brought in a stranger.

He was at least six feet and three inches in height, and he could not have weighed more than one hundred and forty pounds, but still he did not seem to be a man who was suffering from a disease, as his step was steady, though catlike, and his voice natural if restrained at times.

This stranger had a wild, haunted stare in his eyes, which combined with a manner of glancing nervously over his shoulders at intervals, made it seem that he was in constant dread of something. When he was presented to the colonel he dropped the butt of his long rifle on the ground and made an awkward salute.

"Well, my man," said Colonel Bradwick, curiously, "what are you doing in this Apache-infested section of the country?"

"Wa-al, kunnel," was the drawled reply, "thar be some things as is wuss'n Paches, though you may not believe it. My name's Saul Tropp."

"What is your business, Saul Tropp?"

"It's mostly keepin' under kiver when the sun shines an' layin' low moonlight nights."

"Well, you seem to be in a bad section of the country for such a business. The sun shines every day, and there is not much cover for a man. There is more moon here than in any other part of the world. What do you want in this camp?"

"Reckoned I'd like ter be sociable, ef you hev no objections. Out hyar a man don't find much of anything to be sociable with, an' when white folks come along he feels as tickled as a dorg with two tails."

"Are you acquainted with these mountains?"

"Are I? Wa-al, I should say I are! I know 'em durned nigh from one end to t'other."

"Then you may prove of service to us. We are hot after Red Hand's butchers, but they know the section so well they have twice given us the slip when they were cornered."

"Are you and will you assist us in tracking down the red d—ls?"

"Wa-al, I'll try it, but I warn ye, kunnel, I'm not a very 'greable galoot ter hev around. I hev spells