

poor unfortunate man is giving up the ghost!"

Palkin approached the doctor and seized him by the arm. Tired and disgusted with the punishment he had been compelled to inflict, the executioner looked in amazement at the man who dared defy his colonel, and never thought of picking up the nagalka.

Hass quietly confronted the colonel.

"Do you know, doctor, that you are guilty of realising the authority of the government, and that you may have to pay dear for it? How did you get in? Answer."

Hass disengaged himself calmly and said:

"Allow me first to assist the dying man."

"A man who is dying and yet takes his secret with him into the grave, you mean. But do you know what is awaiting you yourself old quack?"

Hass cast a cold look at him, and replied with unaffected calmness.

"No one knows his fate. Allow me just now, however, to assist this poor man."

This calmness infuriated the colonel beyond control.

"He and you and your count, you are all of you simply a land of traitors. You say he is dead. Well, then you no doubt know his secret, and will perhaps reveal it to me. Hallo, there! unto that dying man there and go to work on this mad fellow in his place. That'll give us new pleasure. Ha! ha!" he laughed wildly, "after all, I shall attain my end!"

Hass measured him with a look of contempt.

"You, insane man, threaten me when you ought to be very humble. Listen—"

"Do you think I'll listen to your empty stuff? But this old man. You are too tired," he said to the man who had beaten Popoff, and called another gentleman. "Now it is your turn?"

The man was slow to obey the colonel. Hass rose to his full height now and said:

"I do not like to take vengeance. As you, however, will not give up your intention, your wish shall be fulfilled. . . Help!" he cried with a thundering voice.

Instantly a rattling noise was heard as if windowpanes were broken, and in the opening appeared two rifles pointed at the colonel. At the same time the door was burst open violently, and soon 30 exiles, armed with clubs and swords, filled the room. Palkin was at first confused, but soon recovered his insolence.

"Here is the rebellion! Aha! We are only three of us, but this unarmed rabble we shall soon master. Come on, children! We shall soon have assistance sent from town!"

The gendarmes obeyed, but they fell almost instantly being shot down by the two riflemen. The exiles surrounded Palkin. Hass busied himself with the dying man as if the combat did not concern him at all.

"You must take the colonel alive," ordered a voice from the window. "If ten of you fall, you must take him alive."

"We shall see that," replied the gendarme, undaunted. "You have not gotten me yet."

He fired a pistol twice into the thickest of his assailants. Then he alone resisted the overwhelming force of exiles. Gigantic as he was, he struck with his sword right and left, and fought on, even after he had been seriously injured by heavy clubs. He tried to gain the door, wounding and killing whoever was in his way, and all the time shouting for help. Blood was flowing in streams.

A certain mistrust seized upon the exiles. Eight men had fallen under the blows of the colossal, raging soldier. Palkin had actually reached the door, when, all of a sudden, he lost his balance and fell to the ground. A new enemy had appeared and struck him down with one powerful blow.

The gendarme roared like a wild beast.

"At last I have you, vile vermin!" exclaimed Miller. It was he who, watching the fight from the window, had used a favorable moment to attack Palkin from behind. In a moment the colonel was disarmed and bound in spite of his violent resistance. Now Miller went to the window, and, taking off his kospak, he said:

"Countess, there is no danger now. You can enter!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Summer Months.

They come the merry summer months of
bear-y, song, and flowers.
They come the gladdest months that bring
thick leafiness to bowers.
Up, up, my heart! and walk abroad, fling
care and care aside;
Seek silent hills, or rest thyself where peace
ful waters glide;
Or, underneath the shadow cast of pain
arched trees,
Lean through its leaves the cloudless sky in
rapt tranquillity.

—WILLIAM MORRIS.

Something delicious and healthful to
chew, Adams' Fruit Gum, 5c.

ROYAL PLEASURE SHIPS.

The Yachts in Which the Crowned Heads
of Europe Go to Sea.

The Majority Are British Built.

Dry-rot has, it seems, attacked Her Britannic Majesty's yachts *Osborne* and *Alberta* to such an extent that, to make them seaworthy, £9000 will have to be spent on the latter and £6000 on the former.

The oldest surviving English royal yacht is the *Royal George*, which carried the Queen on her first trip to Scotland half a century ago. Built in 1813, the glory of this ancient craft has long since departed; but she still serves in Portsmouth harbour the humble but useful purpose of a floating barracks for the crews of her modern successors. In 1833, another royal yacht—the *Royal Adelaide*—was launched at Sheerness. She was a tiny frigate, fifty feet long and fifteen feet broad. Like the *Royal George*, she has had her day so far as royalty is concerned. Her Majesty has at present four pleasure-ships at her command—the yachts *Victoria* and *Albert* and *Osborne*, and the tenders *Alberta* and *Elfin*. Though the average age of these vessels is only twenty-nine years, not far short of a million sterling has been spent on them up to the present. The *Elfin*—the oldest of the four—was built at Chatham in 1849, and has a displacement of only ninety-three tons. Her original cost was £1165, and the cost of her maintenance up to date has been about £40,000. The *Victoria* and *Albert*, the

LARGEST AND HANDSOMEST.

of Her Majesty's private fleet, is the second of her name. When she was laid down at Pembroke in 1855 it was as the *Windsor Castle*; but at her launch in 1854 she was given her present name, the old *Victoria* and *Albert* being then renamed the *Osborne*, which was broken up in 1868.

The present *Victoria* and *Albert* is three hundred feet long and rather over forty feet broad, has a displacement of 2470 tons, and engines of 2850 indicated horse-power. Her spacious cabins and saloons are furnished and decorated in the most luxurious and artistic style, and she has the reputation of being not only a fast but a comfortable vessel. She carries a crew of one hundred and fifty-one officers and men. It cost £179,520 to build her; and keeping her afloat has entailed an additional expenditure of more than £357,000—so that altogether more than half a million has been spent on her. The *Alberta* and the *Osborne* were also built at Pembroke, in 1863 and 1870 respectively. About £70,000 was laid out on the former, a vessel of three hundred and seventy tons; while the latter, with a displacement of eighteen hundred and fifty tons, cost nearly £134,000. Like the *Victoria* and *Albert*, the *Osborne* is a paddle-steamer. She is two hundred and fifty feet long and thirty-six feet broad, her indicated horse-power is 3360, and her crew consists of one hundred and forty-five all told. As during her comparatively short life of nineteen years the *Osborne* has cost over £150,000 for maintenance, it is somewhat surprising to be told that she now stands in need of a large further outlay to render her serviceable. Her Majesty, as is well known, makes very little use of her little squadron of yachts.

ONCE OR TWICE A YEAR

one or other of them is requisitioned to convey her across the Solent; and on rare occasions she crosses the Channel in one of them; but nearly all the year round they are lying idle. Being all built of wood, they decay rapidly, and would soon fall to pieces if they were not constantly overhauled and patched and painted. Economists urge that these four old wooden ships, on which large sums have been spent year by year, should at once be replaced by one or two new steel yachts of a modern type. Dry-rot cannot attack a steel ship, and though it may cost more to build, it would cost far less to keep in repair.

But it must not be supposed that Queen Victoria's yachts cost more than those of any other monarch. That is far from being the fact. Among crowned heads the Emperor of Russia ranks first as a yacht-owner. When, ten years ago, the late Czar ordered the notorious *Livadia* to be built, he was already the owner of half a dozen fine yachts. All things considered, it must be allowed that the *Livadia* is the strangest and most useless yacht that has yet been seen. To secure the Imperial family against sea sickness, she was built with a breadth of one hundred and fifty-three feet equal to about two-thirds of her length (two hundred and thirty-one feet), and in order to give her greater speed and make her handle like other ships, she was supplied with engines indicating 10,500 horse-power and with three screws. On her upper deck was reserved a veritable palace, and had she not the expectations of her designers, she would no doubt have been

THE MOST MAJESTIC YACHT

that ever floated, albeit the ugliest. So far, however, from "walking the waters like a thing of life," she behaved in a generally awkward manner, and, in short, turned out a grotesque and monstrous failure. To-day, with her name changed to the *Opyt*, she figures as a sort of barracks somewhere in the Black Sea. The *Livadia* was constructed at Govan, and launched in 1880. Altogether, there can be little doubt that over half a million pounds was spent on her. When the White Czar goes for a sea trip now, it is in the *Derjara*, a wooden paddle-ship, built in St. Petersburg in 1871. She is three hundred and eleven feet long and forty-two feet wide, has a displacement of 3346 tons and engines of 2700 horse-power, and her internal arrangements are on the most magnificent scale. The Czar is, however, now having built, also at St. Petersburg, a yacht which is to surpass in splendour—and in costliness too, one may safely predict every other in the world. The *Polaris* *Sveida* is to be a twin-screw vessel of 3346 tons and 6000 horse-power, and measuring three hundred and fifteen feet by forty-six feet. His Imperial Majesty's other steam yachts are the iron single-screw schooner *Czarena*, of 706 tons, built at Hull in 1874; the paddle-yachts *Alexandria* and *Strieland*, built on the Thames in 1851 and 1857; the screw *Slavanka*, launched at Hull in 1874; the *Marero*, the *Zina*, and the *Sutla*. Besides these, he has several small sailing yachts.

The young German Emperor is also a considerable yacht-owner. In addition to several little river-craft, he has a frigate-yacht, which was built at Woolwich in 1832, and sent by King William IV. as a present to the king of Prussia. She was modelled—like the old *Royal Adelaide* mentioned above—after the renowned English frigate *Pique*, and as a youth the Emperor William was very fond of sailing her. The Kaiser's chief yacht is the *Hohenzollern*, an iron paddle-ship built at Kiel in 1875. She is two hundred and sixty-eight feet by thirty-four feet, has a displacement of 1675 tons and a horse-power of 3000, and carries a crew of one hundred and thirty-three including officers. Though the *Hohenzollern* is beautifully fitted and can steam about

SIXTEEN KNOTS AN HOUR,

the Kaiser must needs have another yacht. It is said that the *Hohenzollern* is not nearly large enough to accommodate the Emperor's staff and suite when he assumes the command of operations at sea, and the Budget Committee of the Reichstag have accordingly included in the naval estimates a grant of 4,500,000 marks (nearly £225,000) for a new Imperial yacht.

The Sultan owns no fewer than ten yachts, all of which are of British build. Of these the most important is the *Sultaniyah*, which dates from 1861. She is three hundred and sixty-four feet long, and has a displacement of 2902 tons and a horse-power of 800. The *Mesari-Nur* and the *Medar-Zaffer* are of 1344 tons and 350 horse-power each; while the *Taraid*, *Imail*, *Qunhir*, and *Imzid* are rather smaller. The remaining three are the *Stamboul* (909 tons and 330 horse-power), the *Rakimo*, and the *Sureya*. All ten are paddle-yachts.

The Italian royal yacht, the *Savona*, is remarkable for her size and power as well as for the completeness of her armament. In fact, she is more of a war-ship than a pleasure-ship. Built at Castellamare in 1883, she is a deck protected cruiser of 2800 tons displacement and 4350 indicated horse-power. Her length is two hundred and seventy-five feet and her breadth forty-two feet. She is furnished with four 12-inch and six 6-inch quick firing guns and six machine guns in addition to which she carries two torpedoes discharging tubes.

The *Mesari*, the principal yacht of the Austrian Emperor, was built in England in 1872. She is a fast iron paddle-ship, fifty feet long and thirty-two feet wide, with a displacement of 1830 tons and 2500 horse-power. Complaints measure two hundred and sixty-two feet by thirty-two feet. Another royal yacht is the *Argo*, built by all Dealers, the king of Greece. She was built twenty years ago, and is a fast iron paddle-ship, with a displacement of 1830 tons and 2500 horse-power.

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Roumania's yacht, the *Stefan cel Mare*, was built in 1868. She is an iron paddle-ship of 350 tons and 570 horse-power.

Among Asiatic potentates the king of Siam, the Mikado, the Sultan of Johore, and the Rajah of Sarawak are yacht-owners. The yacht at present used by the Mikado is the *Suria*, an iron screw-steamer of 300 tons and 270 horse-power. She was built in 1856, and will soon give place to a new and large vessel. *Chambers' Journal*

Don't Like the Cherry?

A fruit dealer on Market street, incensed at the liberties taken by loafers and friends with his stock displayed at the door, placed half a gallon of cayenne pepper in a basket, labelled it, "New Zealand Cherries," and hung it in a conspicuous place in front of his stand. In a few minutes the next door merchant sauntered up, inquired how trade was, picked up a New Zealand cherry placed it in his mouth and suddenly left to attend to a customer. Rev. Dr. Holly next rounded to, observed that it had been years since he had tasted a New Zealand cherry, whereupon he ate one, remarked that it was superb, wiping his eyes on his coat sleeve, supposed that New Zealand was getting warmer every year, gave the dealer a look of lingering reproach, wished him good morning and disappeared, lamenting the growing weakness of his eyes in the sunlight. A chronic deaf beat then came up, took a mouthful of cherries, spluttered them out with an imprecation hotter than the fruit, stuffed a pear, banana, and a bunch of grapes into his mouth to take out the fiery taste, informed the innocent fruit dealer that he would have him prosecuted for keeping green fruit, and hurried down the street to a pump. A lady with two children next appeared, stopped to admire the cherries, asked if she mightn't taste them—she had never seen any before—supplied the children, and walked away with a face fiery with scorn and anger, whilst the children set up a howl that brought all the people to the doors and windows and above all the policeman off the street. Thus the fun went on all the morning. The fruit dealer never laughed so much in all his life. The occupants of the adjacent and opposite stores and a shoal of small boys soon learned what was up, and watched for the proceedings, eagerly joining in a ringing roar as each new victim tried the cherries. Finally a solemn looking countryman lounged up, inquired the price of them, took New Zealand cherries invested in a pint and put one in his mouth, took it out again, gave the fruit dealer a withering look, threw off his coat and waded into him. When he left the fruit man with tendencies to practical jokes had a black eye, a red nose, a purple face, a sprained wrist, a torn collar and several baskets of fruit scattered promiscuously around among the small boys, while a ringing roar of laughter was going up from the on-lookers.

The Month of Marriages.

When the clover's in its prime,
Then's the sweetest marriage time.
They the longest honeymoon
Have who marry now in June,
When the earth's been wooed and won,
And the summer's just begun;
When the daylight loves to stay,
And steals half the night away;
And the moonbeams shine so deep
That there seems no time for sleep;
When the air thrills with the gush
Of the silver-throated thrush;
And the swallows felt the thrill,
And are's into bloom at will,
Lining every shade
That the alms have ever seen;
When the perfume of the flowers
Earth's fulfillment of her powers,
Steal into the human heart,
Making all the world a part
Of the harmonious whole.

Adams' Fruit Gum, 5c.