

One Blow For Russia.

I.

Two men sat at one of the little tables at Garriani's, in Soho, London.

Garriani's spells soiled tablecloths, vin ordinaire, and the smell of yesterday's cooking. If you ask at Garriani's for the daily paper, they will bring you "The Petit Parisien," and if you complain Antonio, the head waiter, suave and unshaven, will apologise, and bring in exchange "L'Imparcial."

But it was an English newspaper that was spread before the elder of the two men. It was the foreign page that lay under his impatiently drumming fingers, and heavy black headlines, that stood out from the sheet that oversteered the matter that filled his mind.

Leonine of head, Paul Kressler had never been a handsome man. His was the face that men call "striking." He had the eyes of the dreamer, and the square jaw of the tyrant, as befits the nihilist who seeks the idyllic through ways of violence. His companion, squat of figure, fat of face, puffy of eye, yet comfortable withal, was of the class that sees in Nihilism, Anarchism, Socialism, and any ism that is opposed to established law and constitutional practice a means to personal end. Such men have no cause—they have only a purpose.

"You are mad, my friend," he was saying, and his tone was almost jovial. "There is nothing to be gained, unless you see in this a means of regaining your position."

Paul Kressler gave a bitter laugh. "Something for something, eh? That's your creed, Von Maselich. Have I not given sufficient proof of my disinterestedness?"

"Your pardon, baron. I did not mean—" muttered the other, averting his eyes.

"Five years ago, what was I?" continued Kressler. "Captain of the Petroski, with an admiral's flag for the reaching. To-day I am—what? I am—exile, suspect, Anarchist, what you will!"

"You have made great sacrifices," cooed the German, flicking the grey ash from his cigar.

"And you think, having made the surrender, I want to go back on the principles that are so dear to me—"

"To us," corrected his companion comfortably.

"It is because I love Russia, as I hate its Government—because I love the land as I hate its lords!"

"But the Czar will never—"

Kressler waved an impatient hand. "That remains to be seen; I can but try. Look at this—look at this!" He brought down his great fist with a crash on the table, and Antonio, dozing at the service, woke with a jump.

"Can I read day by day such things as these? Can I see the glory of Russia pass away before my eyes, and never lift my hand to strike a blow?"

The German rose, and the other followed suit.

"Then you persist?"

"There was a sneer in the question. Yes—quietly. Then, with an outburst of that fiery passion that had made him at once the joy and terror of the Brotherhood, he cried: "Not for the Czar, I tell you—not for the cursed bureaucracy—not for the cruel little devils that sit behind desks, and send innocents to damnation; but for Russia! You hear? For Russia, the land, and the people—the Fatherland!"

The German bit the end from a fresh cigar, and balanced a silver matchbox on two fingers.

"Some will call you patriotic," he said slowly, "some may call you quixotic. As for me—"

"You think I am a fool," rejoined the other quickly.

"Ach, Gott!" said the little fat man admiringly. "You are the occult!"

They stepped out into the thin drizzle that fell on the London streets, and the German went to his club, and Paul to the dark little room on the third floor of a back street off the Tottenham Court Road.

A week after this meeting, the Imperial Secretary at St. Petersburg sent a telephone message to the Grand Master of the Police, in response to which the high official came post haste to the palace.

"Who is Kressler?" asked the Secretary, without any preliminary.

"Paul Kressler—Naval officer; flag captain 88; author of 'Torpedo Boat Tactics,' and," added the chief of police, with a certain grim emphasis, "a most excellent brochure, 'God and the Czar'; a member of the society known as the Little Brethren of Russia; a revolutionary of the most dangerous type. Present address—"

"I know—I know!" said the great Secretary, impatiently tapping an open letter that lay before him.

"But what plot, conspiracy, assassination, if you like, was he associated with?"

The other shrugged his shoulders. "None that I know about; but he is a dangerous man. He has even spoken against—"

And the head of the police lowered his voice to an aversive whisper. The Secretary bit the end of his pen thoughtfully.

"As a naval officer, what sort of a man was he?" he asked.

The police chief threw out protesting hands.

"I am no judge of a naval officer's abilities. If he was as thorough an officer as he is a revolutionist, he deserves to control the navy!"

The Secretary stretched back in his chair.

"If half he says is true," he muttered, partly to himself, "he is sincere, such a man might work wonders. We want good men."

His brows knit in a perplexed

frown, and he sat for a moment silent; then he started forward, as though on some sudden impulse, and, seizing a pen, wrote a few words on a printed slip.

He read it over carefully, and fixed a tiny red seal to the corner of the document.

"Take this," he said tersely. The chief took the paper, and glanced at it. He expressed no surprise, nor anything more than a casual interest.

"You understand, monsieur?" said the Secretary, pointing his remarks with a white forefinger. "Paul Kressler is to be allowed to return to Russia. He is to go on his way unmolested. You will arrange that he is watched carefully?"

The policeman smiled, as at an unnecessary question.

"You intend that he shall receive his commission as a naval captain, and leave immediately for Vladivostok," was the quiet reply.

And even the policeman, hardened as he was to the eccentricities of his Government, raised his eyebrows as he left the room.

II.

So it came about that when Paul Kressler called at the little shop to which his letters were directed, a square official envelope was handed to him.

He clutched it eagerly, and walked rapidly back to his lodging. He reached home, and with trembling hands struck a match and lit the tiny lamp. Eagerly he ripped open the flap of the envelope, and extracted two documents. He read the first in silence, but there was eloquence in the glow of his cheek and the dancing light in his eyes.

It was a formal notification of his liberty to return to Russia. It bore the official stamp of the Chief of Police, and the counter-seal of the Imperial Secretary. The other document he unfolded with a puzzled face.

His bewilderment was only momentary, however, for he started up from his seat with a great cry of joy, as he read the words that gave him back his old rank and his old profession. A slip of paper fell to the ground. He picked it up.

"You will proceed by the shortest route to Dalny, and take over command of the torpedo vessel 'Riga,'" it ran briefly, and was followed by the signature of the Secretary to the Admiralty.

That night Captain Paul Kressler left Charing Cross by the nine o'clock mail train, traveling third-class, and carrying, carefully folded in a bundle by his side, a uniform, which according to no less than three distinct Admiralty orders, was obsolete of pattern.

It was a tired-looking man that stopped down on to the platform at Vladivostok a month later. The train had brought him from Dalny, in response to an urgent telegram from the commandant of the naval port. A dapper young officer, in uniform, and saluted, eyeing him curiously.

"Captain Kressler?" asked the officer, with his hand to his cap.

Kressler nodded awkwardly. Before the stripping, resplendent in his well-fitting uniform, he felt shabby and mean.

Something of his thoughts was reflected in the face of his junior.

"If it would please you," said the young man urbanely, "you will come at once to the office of the commandant."

Paul bowed, and followed his conductor.

In a large, bare room near the docks sat the naval chief of the ill-fated port.

A grey-haired man, sallow of face and stout of build, he sat at the head of the table, rather than behind, the table.

He rose as Paul entered, and adjusted a pair of pince-nez.

Without unnecessary introduction, he plunged into the subject that filled Paul's mind.

"The enemy's fleet are ten miles out," he said, speaking rapidly; "the destroyer 'Riga' is laying in the inner harbor. You wrote to the Czar, saying you wished to strike a blow for our Holy Mother—"

"It is the same," said the commandant haughtily. "For the Czar or for Russia, you are willing to take great risks—to make great sacrifices?"

"I have already made great sacrifices for Russia," said Kressler, speaking slowly.

"The enemy is brave, with a reckless courage that is past all understanding. Officers and men deem it a delight to die in the service of their barbarous country. The damage our fleet has sustained is mainly due to the extraordinary disregard they have for their personal safety."

"I have not noticed," he added, with some bitterness, "the same qualities displayed amongst my officers." He rose to his feet, and walked to where Kressler, who had also risen, was standing, and laid a big hand upon the other's shoulders.

"When a Japanese officer takes his torpedo-boats out," he said, and he dropped his voice, "he does so with the full intention of never returning alive. You understand, my child?"

Paul nodded. "The admiral went on," he said with one desire, and that is to do as much damage as he can before he himself is killed. I make myself clear?"

"Perfectly, admiral," said Paul quietly.

The admiral tightened his grip on Paul's shoulder.

"At ten o'clock to-night you will take the 'Riga' out of harbor, and set a course for the enemy's fleet."

And the elder man dropped his hand suddenly, and returned to his place by the table.

"You may go," he said shortly. Paul saluted, and walked to the door.

As he opened the door, he turned to the man at the table.

"I shall not return," he said, with simple directness.

The admiral nodded.

"It will be better so," he said gravely.

When the stars were struggling

through the mist that lay on the waters, the 'Riga' slipped from her mooring, and, passing between two cruisers adrift with the naked lights of working engines, glided silently to sea. As he felt the throb of the engines beneath his feet, and swayed with the motion of the little vessel, a wild joy filled the heart of its captain.

The smell of the engine-room, the scent of the sea, the taste of the first errand drop of the flying spray, filled him with a mad delight. There were no other officers on board but himself. His second in command was a petty officer, who, by the masked light of a lantern, was picking a course clear of the mine-fields that guarded the harbor's entrance.

Under quarter speed the destroyer zig-zagged a path through the floating engines of the enemy's fleet. The thin steel hull of the destroyer trembled for a second; then came a sudden leap ahead as the well-nigh throw the captain off his feet. From her three funnels poured a rain of red-hot cinders, sizzling down to her sordid decks. High lung clouds of spray broke over her bows, and great waves smashed against her.

In the conning-tower Paul set his course. According to the instruction he had received, the enemy's fleet lay sixty miles off. In a little over two hours he could come up with his quarry at the speed he had set, but he knew that the last twenty miles must be run dead-slow, lest the flame from the funnels betray him.

Shuddering, trembling, leaping like a light of life, the torpedo-boat thrashed through the tumbled seas.

Paul looked at his watch. "An hour and a half out," he muttered, and laid his hand on the telegraph.

The pace of the 'Riga' slackened; the convulsive shudders that had shaken the little ship died away to a tremble.

The second officer clutched his arms. "Look-look!" he whispered, as though fearful that he would be overheard.

They had run out of the mist, and the night was perfect. The sky was all a smother of blinking stars, and on the horizon winked one bright comet. A comet, with a straight white tail, stretched upward, that moved uneasily from left to right.

III.

Paul's hand sought the telegraph, and the boat stopped.

"They've got their searchlights working," he said.

And his subordinate's perplexed face reminded him that unconsciously he was speaking in English.

"Go ahead dead slow!" he ordered in Russian.

And now, at various points on the horizon, other comets came into view, and the sea's rim bristled with swaying spokes of white light.

Paul frowned.

"We shall never get near them—never get near them!" he said bitterly.

An hour passed in helpless contemplation of the foe. At the speed she was moving, and with a strong current running against her, the destroyer had progressed less than five miles.

With rage in his heart, Paul watched the whirling searchlights play on the sea, lacing the black waters with a fret of silver. He had no fear of discovery. He was too far away to be observed.

"I shall not come back," he repeated to himself. "It will be better so," rang in his ears.

It wanted an hour to the dawn, when the searchlights of the fleet grew strangely blurred. Each ray shone in a strange nimbus, that faded and diffused the fierce white light.

The captain of the 'Riga' took one longer, eager observation through his glasses, and a smile broke the hard lines of his face.

"Half-speed ahead!" he signalled; and the 'Riga' moved under the stripped hull of the destroyer.

The searchlights were now but a white, steamy glow on the horizon.

"Sea fog!" said Paul, in fierce exultation. "Every man to his post! Quick—quick—stand by to torpedo!"

The lights were now blotted out, and Paul threw over the indicator to "full speed." Again the 'Riga' leapt forward, peering ahead through the spray-washed outlook of the conning tower, saw the white banks of the sea-fog rolling towards him. In a moment the ship had plunged into the mist.

For twenty minutes the little craft raced onward, then, out of the thinning mist, ahead loomed the huge hull of a battleship.

In a minute they were abreast. Paul pressed a button, and something white and long and slender leapt into the water ahead.

Then came a burst of white flame, and a deafening roar, and the fog lifted. There was the flash of a searchlight.

By its rays Paul saw a great vessel sinking astern of his milky wake.

"Hit!" he cried, clapping on his knees. "Merciful Heaven, I thank thee!"

Then a dozen searchlights focussed fiercely on the destroyer. It seemed that a regular inferno had been let loose round the gallant ship. Torn and racked by shell, Paul Kressler felt his ship sinking rapidly beneath him.

What Paul died without knowing was that the blow he had struck for Russia was at Russia herself. For the ship he had come upon in the mist belonged to the long-waited Auxiliary Russian Fleet—London Answers.

CREDENTIALS WANTED.

Child—"Are you the trained nurse mamma said was coming?"

Nurse—"Yes, dear, I'm the trained nurse."

Child—"Let's see some of your tricks."

The Woman who Would And The Grocer who wouldn't.

Every day from five to fifteen letters are received by The Ogilvie Flour Mills Co. from women living in the smaller towns throughout Canada, saying they have asked their grocer for Royal Household Flour but can't get it. One writes—"I told my grocer, Mr.----, that I would buy 'Royal Household' regularly if he would always keep it on hand, but he said he wouldn't take on another brand of flour until he was obliged to." Another says—"My grocer is an 'old fogie' and never gets the newest or the best things until the year after." A third says—"We haven't an enterprising grocer in our town and are obliged to send to-----for 'Royal Household' or take a poorer flour."

Write direct to Ogilvie's.

If you can't get "Royal Household" from your grocer, write to us direct—we will immediately give you the name of the nearest grocer who keeps "Royal Household" and send you also the "Royal Household" recipes. There is no good reason why your grocer should compel you to use inferior flour—no first class grocer will hesitate to order "Royal Household" for you, and even the smallest dealer will get it if you insist upon it.

THE OGILVIE FLOUR MILLS CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL.

ON THE FARM.

HINTS ON SPRAYING.

The time to spray many orchards for the San Jose scale and leaf curl is at hand. Fruit growers should not forget the value of the lime, sulphur and salt as a fungicide as well as an insecticide. In northern Ohio and other places splendid results have been obtained for both scale and leaf curl where this material was used. Latest methods for making the wash are given by Dr. John B. Smith as follows: On peach and plum in orchards use the boiled lime, salt and sulphur wash, made as follows: Lime, stone or shell, 50 pounds; sulphur (flowers or ground), 50 pounds; salt, 50 pounds; water, 150 gallons.

Stake the lime with water enough to do it thoroughly, and during the process add the sulphur. Boil with just water enough to prevent burning and until the lime has become a deep amber color. Dissolve the salt in water enough to do it quickly and add slowly to the boiling mass.

When all is thoroughly mixed together and has actually boiled at least one hour, add water enough to make up the 150 gallons and apply while hot. If ground sulphur is used, boil at least 1½ hours to dissolve it all.

This has the advantage of controlling peach curl and seems to act as a stimulant. If only one spraying can be made, apply in March, or early April, and before the trees are in full leaf. If sprayed too late, the plum has been injured by the spray.

In the garden use either a soluble petroleum reduced to 50 per cent., or the kerosene-lime wash with 20 per cent. kerosene. On pear, use crude petroleum, 43 degrees test, slightly warmed, through a fine nozzle, and before the trees start to leaf.

In apple, use the kerosene-lime wash with 25 per cent. kerosene or the soluble crude oil, to contain 10 per cent. oil. If the lime, sulphur and salt combination is preferred, make two applications, and if the trees are large and in full bearing be ready to make a summer application when the fruit begins to show infestation.

FOR TREES AND SHRUBS.

The lime, sulphur and caustic soda mixture may be used with fair prospects of good effect. But I would look in with more confidence upon a 25 per cent. kerosene-lime wash.

The formula for the lime-sulphur-soda combination is as follows: Lime, 30 pounds; sulphur (flowers), 15 pounds; caustic soda, 6 pounds; water, 50 gallons. Slake two-thirds of the lime with water enough to prevent either burning or drowning, and during the process sift over and stir in half the sulphur. Then add the remainder of the lime with more water and, as the boiling continues, stir in the balance of the sulphur.

Add water as needed, stirring to help the combination. While the mixture is yet steaming add one-third of the caustic soda, which will cause a violent boiling, and before this is over add another third. If the mixture has not reached a brick-red color, add the remainder. If too much water is used at the beginning or during subsequent operations, it may be necessary to use more soda than the formula calls for to insure the red color of the mixture. This is then diluted to make

60 gallons. If warm water is used in the process, the chemical action will develop heat enough to make a good combination, and if warm water is used to dilute, a perfect spraying mixture will result. A good quality of stone lime should be used and a good quality of caustic soda.

FOR GROWING PIGS.

An inquirer asks what is the most profitable feed for pigs during the winter season, the feeds available for his use being corn at 50 cents per bushel, chopped stuff and shorts at \$1.10 per hundred and rye at 65 cents per bushel, writes Mr. H. G. Van Pelt. He is at present feeding a straight ration of corn and asks for arguments in favor of balancing his ration with the feeds mentioned.

This man will find it impossible to make a balanced ration for growing pigs by combining the feed stuffs mentioned, because no one of them contains a large enough proportion of protein to balance the carbohydrate found in the others. Assuming the rye is grown on the farm, it would be advisable to substitute some other feed stuff in place of shorts, to supply the protein. I would suggest the following ration: Ten parts corn, two parts rye, one part tankage.

It will be found that the above ration will not only produce greater, but more economical gains and the general health and thrift of the pigs will be more vigorous than when corn alone is fed. Tankage guaranteed to contain 60 per cent. protein can be purchased from any of the leading packers, if ordered exclusively for feeding purposes, and will well repay its purchase.

FARM NOTES.

Seed potatoes in the cellar need looking after at this season. They will sprout badly in the bottom of barrels and bins, and look all right on top.

In sandy soils the loss of humus is most severely felt. If poorly drained soils, where there is a deficiency of lime potash and other similar materials, the humus may form sour mold, but this can usually be corrected by a dressing of lime, manure or wood ashes.

With a short handle hoe or some kind of a box scraper remove the old rough bark which shelters innumerable insects and fungi and then spray thoroughly, while the trees are in dormant condition, with copper sulphate at the rate of one pound to each 25 gallons of water.

Ignorance and carelessness in saving seed is the cause of many farmers having poor crops, and it would seem a simple matter to avoid such misfortunes. Do not use seed corn that has been frosted. Remember that well-matured seed corn will deteriorate if stored in a stable where animals are kept.

In harvesting seed corn, do not allow it to remain in piles or heaps, as the germ will become heated and lose much vitality, if it is not altogether destroyed. If possible, cure the seed with fire heat, sunshine and air.

Combinations of grasses and perennial legumes are usually to be preferred to any single grass both for pasture and for hay.

Selection of grasses is especially desirable for pasture, giving more variety, and perhaps a better balanced food ration. In choosing grasses for pasture the object should be to select such varieties that the deficiency of one variety may be balanced by the good qualities of another. Grasses should be chosen which are different in their methods of growth and their dates for maturing in order to

lengthen the grazing period and give the greatest amount of most continuous grazing. Also a combination of grasses may be made which will make a more perfect sod than any one grass will produce and a more permanent pasture.

HOW TO PRUNE TREES.

We must prune young fruit trees before they are planted, cutting the top severely, to produce a balance between the top and the root, the latter having been greatly reduced in digging the tree from the nursery.

We must cut out at this time any branches not needed for the formation of the head, and we may pare the ends of the roots smoothly, that they may be roughly cut with the spade in digging. We must watch the young tree during the growing season, and stop the growth of any shoots outgrowing their neighbors, and rub off any shoots not desired as soon as they are discovered.

We must prune out here and there, as the trees grow older, such shoots as are being smothered by branches above them, or that are being injured by others rubbing against them, and aim to give the tree a symmetrical low headed form. When the lower branches become weak, must be removed by cutting them out from the top, thus forcing growth into them; and never, if it can be avoided, cut a large branch from the main trunk.

PAUPER AND THE CORPSE.

Gruesome Joke Played by Inmate of a Workhouse.

Details have just leaked out of a gruesome incident in a Montgomeryshire workhouse, where the dissection of one of the inmates has caused considerable trouble, says the London Express.

The other day the reprobate overstepped the bounds, and the officials, thinking it the most severe punishment they could inflict, locked him in the mortuary, where the dead body of an inmate was lying in a coffin. The man, however, was not in the least degree disconcerted, and coolly proceeded to arrange his treatment by preparing a sight that would terrify his first visitor.

Lifting the body out of the coffin, he propped the white-robed corpse against the wall, facing towards the door, and lay in the coffin himself. A few hours later a woman appeared with the reprobate's meal. The gruesome sight overcame her, and though she gasped, not a word could she utter.

The wag at last peeped over the edge of the coffin, and, addressing the corpse, exclaimed, "If you are to have no grub I can eat it for you." The woman fled, and no more inmates have been imprisoned in the mortuary.

CZAR'S MANY BEDROOMS.

The timid character of the Czar is well illustrated by a story told by a friend who had occasion to go to St. Petersburg several months ago, and through the influence of an Englishman occupying a trusted position in the Imperial household, was shown all over the Winter Palace. My friend inquired of his guide whether, among other things, he might be favored with a look at the Czar's bedroom, but was told that he had none in particular, as he slept in a different one every night! No wonder that his Majesty has now fled in terror from his capital.

After a man has paid a woman a few compliments he will be voted a "mean thing" if he suspends payment.

M
La

"Ease away, have the mast o' Hold your spade, Wilbur had r the dreadful ste issue from the was surprised to and spicy odor thick the air a aromatic smell, reek of oil as schooner's wail penetrating as summer breeze. "It smells pr is," he answered where he stood Out of it was dull white mat It was a hard l and about as bl Moran glanced forty feet dista were hoisting t at the steering "Get that st manded quietly. "That!" excla to the lump. Moran's blue gleam. "Yes, and do see you." "But—but I d Moran steppe unsling the ha slept and tossed "Reeve it up l line, and we'll send, those ve smells enough c ticing this. Hu erward."

Wilbur went ing as best e carcass, dug o it up in the ha "Toh!" exclai den exultation. That's the big bound. Is th Look carefully! ped to a whisp "Yes, yes; th when you haul eye on you, at them. What c Why are you Is it worth an "I don't kno a look at it an Moran haule Wilbur followe "Whew!" he closed eyes. "Samson and t coming forth fr The schooner bath of perfum of the nostrils sensation. Mo mock and, gol examined the l "It didn't s heard her sayi can't be any r right enough, things, but th to her feet, to "Well," said call it?"

"The thing to ran, "is to get and as quickl stuff with us. now, but it's l big as the Banl "Those bench the game, I'm "Look, there' would smell ac "Rot the ber bit of wind, th do four knots get clear once." Moran drazz

into the cabin deck, helped V last tricing t ed slowly to an the junk had s its crew had Hoang took t worked the ju across the Be feet ahead.

Derangement is responsible for that afflict infu For keeping the order, nothing c Tablets, that is homes where