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NARKA, THE NIHILIST.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA.

CHAPTER XIV.

The fever ran its course. Sibyl's life was never in actual danger, but it was six weeks before she was able to leave her room, and then nearly a month elapsed before the physicians said that they might venture to tell her of Narka's imprisonment. Even then, though Gaston broke it to her with the gentlest precautions, the shock affected her health seriously for some days.

Of course the proposal of her taking the journey to St. Petersburg, with such excitement awaiting her at the end of it, was postponed indefinitely. The typhoid fever had left mischief be hind it, and as soon as she was strong enough to bear the fatigue she was to go to Schwalbach for the baths and waters. All these delays were terrible to

Without Ivan he could not But Ivan was a staff have born them. to them all. He lived on the railway between St. Petersburg and Kronstad and Naples, taking flying visits to the Crimea, where Sophie was rapidly fading away. Owing to the largess he scattered with royal generosity to the greedy wolves at the fortress, he was able to obtain many alleviations for Narka, and to convey written messages from her to her mother. He paid without counting wherever there was a man to be bribed or a chance secured.

Marguerite had remained with Sibyl

the present. Her purpose was still unshaken. Basil's companionship had not made her falter, and after the severe test of many months' temptation she was more convinced than ever that Heaven called her to renounce all things for God's sake, and for the servof the poor. Gaston, from the first, had not attempted to oppose her, and when Sibyl was pronounced strong enough to go to Schwalbach, Marguerite bade her farewell, and returned to Paris, accompanined by her brother.

The de Beaucrillons had given saints to the cloister and heroes to every battle-field, the Church, the State, and the camp, and more than one fair virgin face, shrouded in the veil, looked down on Gaston de Beaucrillon from the walls of his ancestral home. moment had now come for him to prove that the high courage he had inherited from a knightly race had not degenerated. He loved his young sister with the tenderest affection, but when the day came he went with her to the Rue du Bac, and in the whitewashed parloir that has so often seen enacted humble but divine drama of a life's sacrifice the brother and sister kissed and parted. Then M. de Beaucrillon rejoined his

wife. Prince Zorokoff was working in Narka's behalf with a zeal that did credit to his heart, but, as his family well knew, this particular exercise zeal was precisely what best suited his taste and capacity. The atmosphere of a court was to him the very breadth of heaven: he was in his element in the midst of its intrigues and ambitions; the splendid and awful chances which made life under the eye of a despot a standing lottery, where the prizes were wealth and titles and onors and miraculous rescues, and the blanks torture, captivity, exile, and death, were to this loyal Muscovite exhilarating as wine. He was impatient for Sibyl to come and play her part in the present drama, and exert her influence with the Empress, which would be creditable to him as well as serviceable to Narka. Finding, at last, that in spite of his urgent appeals M. de Beaucrillon insisted on his wife's carry ing out the doctor's injunctions, with out sacrificing one bath, the Prince re solved to act on his own unsided re-

sources, and to entreat the Empress "Our sovereign's birthday is approaching," he wrote to Sibyl, "and I will petition her on that occasion for Narka. Her Majesty delights to be-stow happiness at all times, but more especially does she love, in her ador able goodness, to make this auspicious anniversary a day of consolation to the orrowful, and of rejoicing for all her subjects.

Nothing in Russian life and character puzzled M. de Beaucrillon so much as this servile worship of the Czar. The abject tone used by a proud nobleman like Prince Zorokoff in speaking of the despot who destroyed or desti tuted human beings with no more com punction than the mower cuts down

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the poppies in drawing his scythe through the grass was a mystery that Gaston gave up trying to solve. So inveterate was the habit of slave like homage in the Russian mind that ever when writing to his own daughter the Prince's language was as sycophantic as if he were addressing his imperia master in person, or speaking to a brother courtier who might repeat his And the way Sibyl acquiesced in her father's blind adoration was still more incomprehensible.

The autocratic regime had, however

its redeeming point-it was exciting it was fruitful in emotions. were generally of a painful kind, but a joyful one was just now in reserve for even Gaston. Sibyl had nearly completed her course of baths at Schwalbach, and was making ready to set out for St. Petersburg, when she received a letter from her father saying the Emperor had pardoned Basil, and appointed him Chamberlain to the Empres ss. while the Empress, on her side, had implored and obtained Narka's release. The Prince was on the point of starting with Ivan Gorff to Kronstadt with the order for her immediate liberation, and they would then convey her back to Tante Nathalie at Yrakow.

Sibyl's joy was only equalled by her ratitude. "I always felt certain that gratitude. "I always felt certain tha tions if they were properly presented to him," she said, crying and laugh-ing with delight. "Our sweet Em-press! our grand, magnanimous Emperor! May their goodness bring down every blessing on their heads!" She clasped her hands, and raised her drowned eyes to Heaven in devoutest supplication.

M. de Beaucrillon was going to retort, but he shut his lips tight, with a widening grimace expressive of determination to keep them shut. He was too thankful for the cause of these ardent benedictions to sneer at his wife's loyal effusions; but what, in the name of justice and common-sense, had Nar ka done to call forth this gratitude to the Emperor for having ordered her to Basil had misbe let out of prison? behaved himself, though how far his misconduct deserved the severe punishment which had overtaken him. and the still severer fate that he had escaped, had never been explained. But Narka on some vague suspicion had been thrown into a dungeon, and kept there five months, although the active searches of the police had failed to produce anything to substantiate the smallest charge against her. And because she was now liberated the heavens were to break and rain down dew upon the heads of the sweet Em press and the magnanimous Emperor Truly it was strange to see Sibyl, the child of a freeborn French mother, so completely the victim of inher paternal blindness as to invest the victim of inherited caprice of an irresponsible tyrant with the character of divine clemency.

It was a great relief in every way that the journey to St. Petersburg was given up. M. de Beaucrillon felt as if he had nimself been let out of prison when he set his face toward France, with the prospect of respite, for a time at least, from those sudden catas trophes and hairbreadth escapes which made life within breathing distance of a Russian atmosphere a constant gasp and strain.

CHAPTER XV.

A year had gone by since Narka's elease and Basil's restoration to imperial favor. In that interval many things had happened. Madame Larik and Sophie Gorff had died, Sibyl had become a mother, and Marguerite de Resucrillon had passed her novitiate and put on the gray gown and white cornette of a Sister of Charity.

Narka, after her mother's death, left Yrakow and went to Koenigsberg, where some old friends of her mother resided. She took with her nothing but her books and a few little house hold gods, and her piano—Sibyl's gift to her before her marriage. So long as her mother lived she had accepted Prince Zorokoff's generous kindness, but when once alone, she refused to remain a pensioner on his bounty, and went to Koenigsberg, resolved to support herself by giving lessons in

She and Basil had not met. His re quest for a passport and short conge to go and see his sister was met by a peremptory refusal, and an intimation that he had better not repeat the de-mand for at least a year. He chafed, but submitted. Rebellion was useless. He corresponded regularly with Narka, and though his letters were guarded in their expressions, Basil being, as he was aware, under close sur veillance, he was able to make her feel that she was his chief object in being able to repay her even a portion of his debt; but the Prince never had rouble to spare; he was hard set to find money for his own extravagant expenses, and to supply Basil with the means of keeping up the costly de-cencies of his position at court. He kept him, in fact, like a school-boy, allowing him to run up what bills he liked, but never giving him any

Narka was, however, so far, in no straits. She had a little sum from the sale of her furniture to start with, and she had found pupils enough to keep her moderate wants supplied. The separation from Basil was her great But though she suffered, she was far from unhappy. She loved him, and she believed undoubtingly in

arm all suspicion of his purpose, and then obtain a passport under pretence of going to see Sibyl; once free, he would marry Narka, and trust to his father's forgiving him. It was a vague enough plan, but it was the only one that held any hope of accomplishing their union; so Narka was content to abide by it, keeping her heart quiet with blissful dreams of the future that each day drew nearer to

Sibyl had written affectionately, offering her a home after Tante Nathalie's death; but Narka refused to accept it. She preferred, and she knew that Basil preferred, that she should remain independent of Sibyl for the present. She gave, however, as a reason for her refusal that she hoped to find a centre of work very easily at Koenigsberg, and that for a time at least it would be better for her to be occupied and amidst new scene and people. Sibyl assented, and agreed that change of association, and work might, indeed, be the best thing for her, after all that she had gone through. Narka ought to have been satisfied, but so inconsistent is human nature that it sent a pang through her heart to see Sibvl acquiescing in her reasons, instead of contradicting and trying to over rule them.

So life seemed to have settled down into a very narrow groove for poor Narka. Sibyl, evidently, could live without her. There was no outlook but that solitary one toward the golden gate of Paradise, and for the present this seemed blocked by a mountain of obstacles.

Not many months after her arrival at Koeningsberg an important event occurred: Sibyl's baby was born. Nothing could be more charming than Sibyl's manner of announcing the joy ful event to her. "I feel," she wrote "as if my joy in him would not be complete until I see my baby in your arms, my Narka. Ah! does the future hold in reserve for me the delight of holding your baby in my arms? I believe it does, ma cherie. believe that all the sorrow that has gone before was a preparation for some great happiness in store for you.

Narka read the letter many times over. Did Sibyl guess? her own overflowing happiness that

made her prophetic? Life seemed now, indeed, a perfect joy for Sibyl, and her letters were electric in their communication of it. The baby was a little magician whose wand made everything beautiful. When in due course he performed the seemingly unparalled feat of lisping his mother's name, the wonder was that things went on as usual, that the sun rose and set just as if nothing ex-traordinary had happened. Sibyl's great anxiety was lest Narka should not see him until the glory of his inant graces had departed, and he should have entered on another phase of intelligence and fascination But these fears were suddenly dissipated by a prospect as unexpected as it was blissful to Narka.

She received a letter from Basil telling her that he was appointed to the post of Secretary to the Russian Embassy in Paris, and was to enter on his new duties in about three months. Prince Krinsky, the newly named Ambassador, had asked for him, alleging that Basil's thorough knowledge of European languages would make him a valuable auxiliary, and that he knew no other young man so suitable

for the post. "My father is very pleased," said asil, "though the appointment will Basil, cost him a lot of money. He has, however, found means of raising it at once, and has been so generous that I am able to send you two thousand roubles, which the bearer of this letter will hand you in German money. You will go, immediately on receiving it to Paris, and there await my arrival Sibyl will want you to go to her; but I prefer that you should not. We will make her understand the reason soon. I am in hopes that things will favor us more readily than I had dared expect. Of course there will be a great row. But the Empress is really kind, and I count on her support to bring round my father. That done, we shall have no more trouble. The Fates seem as if they were going to be good to us at

"I have written to Ivan to go and accompany you to Paris. He will find a nice lodging for you, and make you feel less lonely on arriving in the strange place. Sibyl is at Biarritz, which is just as well, under the cir-Au revoir soon, my own cumstances. Au beautiful Narka.

Narka could hardly believe that this wonderful news was true. Three short months, and Basil would meet He was bitterly distressed at not her and make her his wife! Gladly would she have started that same hour for Paris, so eager was she to obey him and to find herself in the city where he appointed to meet her; but it is only people in the story books who can follow instantaneously the dictates of their will, and put into execution a plan the moment it is formed. Some few arrangements were necessary before breaking up her little temporary home, and a week must elapse before she could possibly leave Koenigsberg. Meantime she must write to Sibyl and announce her intended departure Her heart beat with a new delight a the thought of meeting Sibyl, of the

welcome she would receive from her. Singing and smiling to herself, Narka sat down to write. It was only when she took the pen in her hand his love for her. She was therefore that she remembered it was impossible like one kept waiting at the gate of | for her to give the true reason of this Paradise, and soon to be admitted to its lovely shade and sweet-scented alleys.

Sudden resolution of going to live in Paris. And yet it was absolutely necessary to give some reason. She Basil's plan was by patience to dis- rested her chin in her hand, and sat

turning the pen in her fingers, con sidering what she could say. It did not much matter what reason she gave, provided it was a plausible enough one to satisfy Sibyl for the mo ment. After long deliberation she determined to say that people who knew assured her that her talent would find much wider scope and larger remuner ation in Paris, and that she had finally made up her mind to follow this indi cation, which coincided with the longings of her own heart, and come and live within reach of her beloved Sibyl's companionship. Narka's con-science pricked her as she wrote this made up story, but the next moment she laughed at her scruples. "I will tell her the truth soon enough," she said to herself, "and meantime I must do what Basil wishes."

By return of post she received an answer from Sibyl. With a pleasant flutter at her hungry heart, she opened the violet-scented envelope with its delicate gold cipher, all so suggestive of Sibyl, and read:
"Oh, my Narka, what a wonderful surprise this is! What a delight it

will be to clasp you to my heart, and gaze into those beautiful eyes that have been like two fountains of love and sympathy to me all my life! And then the pleasure of seeing my boy in his aunt Narka's arms, learning to love her and tyrannize over her But, my precious one, have you sufficiently weighed the risks you run in leaving your present home for a great wilderness like Paris? It is quite true your glorious voice and your rare musical genius would in time secure you both fame and fortune; but you must first be known, and it is very up hill work in this great Paris for a stranger to become known. I hear and see a good deal of this kind of struggle, and many a time when I have been watching the disappoint ments and heart sinkings of a young artist the thought of you has brought the tears to my eyes, and I have thanked God you were spared the misery of having to fight the battle of life under such cruel conditions. For though lessons are no doubt paid much more highly here than in Koenigs berg, the necessaries of life also are very much dearer.

"Darling, I feel it is kinder to tell you all this before you take a step which may lead to bitter regret. Of course, if you decide on coming, I can only rejoice selfishly for my own sake, seeing you will be like a breeze of weet air from Yrakow. Ever thine own Sibyl."

If Narka had been asked what effect this letter produced on her, she would have likened it to a sudden chill. Yet there was no stint of tender expressions in it from first to last, and it was per haps inevitable that Sibyl, who was the impractical of human beings, should be scared at the idea of one like Narka coming to try her fortune in a place like Paris. Sibyl only realized two manners of existence-her own gliding smoothly through broad, flow ering meadows, and that of the people sweating and toiling to keep her char iot wheels well oiled : she had no prac tical knowledge of any intervening states. Narka repeated these reasons to herself, and tried to take comfort in dwelling on the caressing endearment that were sprinkled through Sibyl's letter like dew drops over the dry dust of her cold, repelling arguments.

TO BE CONTINUED

The Girl Graduate Edward W. Bok writes to the college

girl graduate in the July Ladies' Home "Whatever the necessities, Journal her desires or ambitions," he says,
"let her not forget that first of all she was designed by God to be a woman, to live her life in true womanliness, so that she may be an inspiration, strength, a blessing, not necessarily to a world, but, what is infinitely better, to those within her immediate reach whose lives are touched by hers. Very few lives are free-free to go and come, travel, read, study, write, think, paint and sing at will. In the lives of most women these gifts are an aside in life, as it were, an underbreath. Most of us are beset with loving calls of toil, care, responsibility and quiet duties, which we must recognize, heed and obey. We must love our mother more than our Greek. If the instinct of daughter, sister, wife or mother dies out of a college bred woman, even in the course of a most brilliant career, the world will forget to love her; it will scorn her, and justly. If she does not make her surroundings homelike wherever she is, whether she be teacher, artist, musician, writer, daughter at home, or a mother in the household, and if she herself is not cheery and loving, dainty in dress, gentle in manner, and beautiful in soul, as every true woman ought to be, the world will feel that the one thing needful is lacking: vivid, tender womanliness, for which no knowledge, however profound, can ever com-pensate. It is better for a woman to fill a simple human part lovingly, better to be sympathetic in trouble and to whisper a comforting message into but one grieving ear, than that she should make a path to Egypt and lecture to thousands on ancient

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Stick to Your Engine, Jack, and Stand by Mother."

BY WILL ALLEN DRUMGOOLE

When Jack Connor was promoted to the position of engineer on the Nash. ville and Chattanooga road, which cuts the State of Tennessee from north to south, he moved his family into the pretty little cottage standing side by side with crippled Jerry Crane's, on the hill just above the railroad track, in the little village of Antioch. For the engineer was from home most of the time, and Jerry being a cripple, Jack knew, would insure his own wife considerable company and protection in Jerry's wife.

Jack Connor's cottage stood on a hill so near to the track that he could speak to his wife from his engine when she stood in t e door, as she usually did, to see No. 6 go by. The trainmen were pretty well ac-

quainted with the Antioch people in general, but there was not one among them, from conductor down, who did not know Jack Connor's son.

"Little Jack," they called him; and the train never whistled for Antioch but they would look out for the little fellow hoisted on the wood pile to see his father's engine go by.

He seldom went farther than the wood-pile; that was his mother's order; though the brakeman and the "train butch r" would sometimes try to coax him down to the platform with apples and sticks of striped candy. But he would shake his yellow curls and throw them a kiss as the long train pulled

Sometimes his mother would take him down to speak to his father, and the little fellow would go almost wild over the big engine and the glowing furnace, the great bell clanging a hasty good by, and the shrill whistle which more than once he had been permitted to "pull." "Just naturally takes to the engine."

the fireman would often say; "gets that from his pappy." And Jack did seem to have a natural love for a loco-He had his father's head, the train men said, but the neighbors declared

he had his mother's sunny, hopeful, helpful nature. But one day trouble came to their door. Engineer Connor was brought home in a caboose, both legs mashed and an arm gone, while his engine lay in a ruined heap under a bridge just

beyond the Tennessee River. Every man had jumped but him-

fireman, brakeman, all but Jack.
"Jump, Connor, for your life!" the fireman had called to him when the timbers began to crack; and the man had laid his hand upon the throttle and said

You forget I'm engineer. And there he stood until the crash came.

He was not quite dead when the boys found him, and all the time they wereworking with him he was praying. "Just for life to get home," they heard him whisper. "Just long enough to him whisper. "Just long enough to get home and die with my wife and

His prayer was granted ; he reached home and the two he loved best on God's earth. Just before he died he reached for his pocketbook under his pillow and handed it to his wife.

"It is all I've got, Annie," he said. "I wish it were more, wife."

Then he laid his hand on the little head with its crown of yellow curls pressing his pillow. He seemed to forget the boy was only a baby. "Jack," he said, "I leave mother to you. Take care of her, my

man. Then his mind seemed to wander he was on the engine one moment, the

"The company will do something for you by and by, Jack, and always remember—don't forget it, Jack—that any man in time of danger may desert -any man but the engineer. He must stick-stick-to his post, Jack.

The hand on the boy's head grew heavy; the little fellow choked back his sobs and laid one hand tenderly on his father's brow. The dying engineer opened his eyes and smiled.
"Stick to the engine and stand by your mother, Jack," he whispered. The hand on the boy's head grew cold, and when they lifted it and laid it back

upon the dead man's breast Jack turned to his mother. There was no childish outburst of grief; only an awakening, as it seemed, of the young manhood in him

as he opened his arms "Here I am, mother," he said, and

she understood It was then Jack's life began in earn-

est. The pet name of "Baby Jack no longer trembled upon his mother's lips. She called him instead "My son," "My boy," or else 'twas "Mother's man." So is the heart wont to clothe with strength that which it leans upon. She trusted him entirely, and his quick mind recognized

The prohibition no longer confined him to the wood pile, but every morning when the whistle sounded, the cottage door would open, the gate click, and a pair of bright stockings flash for a moment in the sunlight as a pair of nimble legs went hurrying down to the platform.

Pies! pies! fresh pies and cakes!" He had turned peddler. Such a tiny, industrious little peddler as he was, too; and with so many rough beared, warm hearted friends among the trainmen, Jack's business was bound to flourish.

One day the red stockings went danc ing down to the platform with unusual I speed; so fast, indeed, that the mother AUGUST 14. 1897.

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