PRINCE NARASKIN'S JOURNEY.

A Russian Tragedy, A.D. 1780.

Henry D. Bigelow in the Ingleside.

Through the snow-clad villages along the Neva dashed Prince Naraskin's sleigh. Verst upon verst of the frozen way would disappear behind his whistling runners, and as the horses sank down beneath the driver's cruel thongs hundreds of roubles were ready to buy fresh relays for the journey.

For the prince was in haste. He sat in his cloud of furs, moody and silent, his eyes ever gazing toward the west, where his estates lay, and where he was lord of ten thousand slaves. He brooked no delay. The slightest stoppage, such as the falling of a horse, the impediment of huge snow-drifts, threw him into angry fits of passion. The servants who galloped on behind were ready with headlong speed for the slightest emergency. They were silent as their master, under fear of his terrible displeasure.

Far behind them, in St. Petersburg, the tongues of the court gossips were wagging with the news. Vague stories flitted from street to table of how the young prince had quarreled with the Countess Jeanne. And the court gossips said it served him right for losing his head over the painted French doll, with her patches, and her powder, and her letters from Voltaire, and her brocaded satins and enameled fans. He had thrown away his thousands at her gilt card-table, and, more than that, had flung down his heart for her to vex and trample under foot, until, stung beyond endurance, he burst forth with a torrent of bitter reproaches.

She made merry at his rage, and, as he waxed hotter, laughed in her dainty contempt, saying that he was a young bear, only fit for sport and baiting. He crushed the Sevres coffee-cup, from which he was drinking, between his fingers, and strode down the wide staircase choking with fury. Then he flung himself into his sleigh, and grimly ordered the bewildered attendants to carry him at the utmost speed to his estates on the Volga, hundreds of versts to the southwest.

Not a moment was allowed for rest. The servants would occasionally nod through the long night watches of way, as they crossed some level path; the mounted men behind would doze mechanically between the stations, allowing their animals to take the course, but no stay was made for sleep. Their lord might sink into fitful slumber in his sheltered seat, but their worn out frames must endure the rack and torture and make no murmur. The night would seem never to end, with its frozen blackness. Day would dawn begrudgingly, and then, with sullen eagerness sink into night again.

Once as they rushed through a gloomy forest an old woman tottered across the road, laden with faggots.

"On!" cried Naraskin, when the driver would draw rein.

And on they went with a feeble shriek beneath their horses' hoofs and a following cry, whose echo would come to them on Judgment Day.

When the stations became fewer as the country grew more wild and sparsely settled, horses would flag in their headlong pace and pant laboriously. Then would Naraskin curse the driver fiercely, and the horses would leap forward madly under the flaying thongs.

Half way across a vast and desolate plain, a horse sank down in death. With a furious oath Naraskin leaped from the sleigh and aided the men to drag the body from the traces. Then seizing one of his followers horses he swung him into place, and in a moment was flying over the snow again, leaving the horseless attendant to the hungry wolves.

As night passed day, and day passed night again, a blinding storm set in. The servants steeled themselves to the blast of snow and sleet with huge draughts of the fiery vodka. They felt their way over the almost trackless country, through a day and night of bitter struggle, Naraskin goading them on with merciless rage.

At last they reached Volga, with its inky flood and thawing ice. The cumbersome boat at the ferry was dragged out amid the protests and remonstrances of the ferryman.

With a fierce cut of the whip Naraskin drove him to an oar, and, under the united strength of the servants, the boat made its dangerous way amid the huge cakes of ice. Twice they reached the swift current of the middle stream, and twice were they sent reeling back against the floating mass by monstrous cakes which crushed against them. But at last the current was passed, and they slowly neared the other shore where lay Naraskin's estates.

Horses were procured, and they pressed on again through Naraskin's domain. As morning came, grim and tempestuous, they reached the wide, rumbling buildings, with low sloping roofs, in which the Naraskins had dwelt since the days of Ivan the Terrible.

The young man dismounted and stood before the wide doorway. The mad haste, which, until now, had possessed his soul, seemed suddenly to have vanished. He stood upon the low step as if loth to enter. The house servants came out in a bewildered crowd to bid him welcome. With an angry exclamation he lashed them aside with his heavy whip, and strode into the long, low hallway.

The huge rooms were cheerless and deserted. The servants were hurrying to and fro with wood for fires to warm the chill air, while meat was hastily placed on the spit and preparations made to lay the table.

Naraskin wandered aimlessly through the empty rooms and passages till he reached the further wing. Sounds of men's voices came from the chapel adjoining. It was Sunday, and serfs had come from the little hamlet near by to attend morning service.

He stepped through a narrow passage and opened a heavy door that led into the inner tabernacle behind the altar, where the priest and his ministrants partake of communion and change their vestments. Then he walked quickly out toward the choir stall on the left.

The service had just ended, but the little congregation stood still in their places as they saw their lord enter. A fragrant curl of smoke ascended from the censers, filling the air with a pungency which beguiled the senses and cast the soul into a dreamy calm.

A young woman, holding in her arms a little baby, had approached the old priest, but now, as she saw Naraskin enter, she drew back. She wore the red sarafan and short waist of her class, while her hair was done in the long straight plait which marks a Russian maiden.

The priest saw her hesitation, and stepped forward:

"What dost thou wish, daughter?"

A silence fell upon the congregation, and the women leaned forward excitedly.

"Is it for baptism?" asked the priest, pointing to the infant in her arms.

The girl gave a slight nod of the head, but was silent.

"Hast thou the god-parents?"

The girl glanced timidly around, but no one seemed to respond.

"Where is its father?" asked the priest.

She drew back with a frightened start.

"Where is the father?" came the stern question once more.

A slight murmur went through the congregation, and a wrinkled creature, on the woman's side, stepped out and pointed her shriveled finger at a youth who stood sullen and downcast among the men.

"It is Vassili," she said, with an evil laugh.

The priest looked searchingly at the girl, who blushed with shame.

"Depart!" he cried angrily: "thou wouldst desecrate this holy place."

"Stay!" exclaimed Naraskin, stepping forth. Then turning toward Vassili he exclaimed: "Come hither!"

The youth stepped slowly forth from his fellows, walking toward the chancel step with bowed head.

Naraskin, with swift grasp, caught the child from its mother's arms. He laid it on the gilded table, where stood a holy Icon with its picture of the virgin, and drew from his girdle a short dagger.

"Strike!" said he, handing the knife to Vassili.

"Where?" cried Vassili, shrinking back.

"Thy child!" thundered Naraskin.

"I cannot!" cried the youth in horror.

"Cannot?" said Naraskin, motioning to two serfs. "Then we will see if thou canst die."

The men seized upon Vasili and dragged him from the church.

"Have mercy! Have mercy, my lord!" cried the girl, catching at Naraskin's cloak. "Spare him, and I will do thy bidding."

Naraskin gazed at her grimly. He picked up the dagger from the floor, and thrust it between her fingers. Then he walked over to the double window and pushed it open.

The girl with blanched face gazed stonily at the knife. Each second seemed an eternity. The blade flashed in the air; and, as it fell, a sob burst from her lips.

She tottered to the door and Naraskin, leaning out from the window, directed the men below to loose Vassili.

The girl stood in the snow in stunned bewilderment. Vassili was walking slowly toward the village. She followed him in a daze.

He reached his hut and was opening the door. She placed her hand upon his arm. He turned hastily around and stared stupidly at her.

"Where is thy child?" he exclaimed suddenly.

She looked piteously at him, and pressed her hand to her heart.

"What hast thou done to thy child?" he fiercely demanded.

She gave no answer but a bitter wail.

With a mad curse he flung her hand from off his arm, and stepped into the house.

The girl gave a cry of agony and dashed through the snow out on to the plain. The sky was black and pitiless; the frozen whiteness over which she passed seemed a shroud of death. Her brain was a chaos of despair. Sin and crime were crushing in upon her soul. There was pity neither in earth nor heaven; only hopelessness and death on every side. In the delirium of horror she strove to shut out her crimes, lest her brain burst with the thought. She was alone in the universe. No one, even in hell, had reached her depth of guilt. She dared not look upward. God was too terrible; no pardon could ever reach her.

The river was at hand. The tumbling, surging mass of broken ice rushed by. She reached the brink. Here was refuge—not the refuge of eternity, but an escape from bodily existence.

"Christ have mercy on a lost soul!" she cried, and plunged into the seething gulf.

* * * *

A horseman dashed up to the ferry on the other side and demanded the boat. Five days and nights had he ridden from St. Petersburg without halt, save for change of horse.

In his hand was a letter for Prince Naraskin. The paper was pink and perfumed, and around it was a ribbon of satin.

"Laugh and Grow Fat,"

is a precept easily preached, but not so easy to practice. If a person has no appetite, but a distressing nausea, sick headache, dyspepsia, bile or any other ill resulting from inaction of the bowels it is impossible to get up such a laugh as will produce aldermanic corpulence. In order to laugh satisfactorily you must be well, and to be well you must have your bowels in good order. You can do this and laugh heartily with "Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets," the little regulators of the liver and bowels and best promoters of jollity.

Passenger to conductor—Look here, aren't we behind time?

Conductor—Yes, sorter.

Passenger—Then why don't you run faster?

Conductor—Because we are waiting for two men and a boy to catch up.

Passenger—What for?

Conductor—They are going to rob the train.

—Orion Catlin, 49 Pearl street, Buffalo, N.Y., says: "I tried various remedies for the piles, but found no relief until I used Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil which entirely cured me after a few applications." Since Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil has become celebrated, unprincipled persons are imitating it. Get the genuine.

"Did you see Mr. Crimsonbeak?" said the storekeeper of his boy, who had just returned from a bill-collecting tour.

"Yes, sir."

"Did he receive you politely?"

"Oh, yes."

"What did he say?"

"Call again."

—The cheapest medicine in use is Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, because so very little of it is required to effect a cure. For croup, diphtheria, and disease of the lungs and throat, whether used for bathing the chest or throat, for taking internally or inhaling, it is a matchless compound.

"Hello! Hello!" shrieked Jones to Smith this morning. "Hello!"

"I'm no walking telephone to be 'hallooed' at. Why don't you say 'good morning' to a gentleman?

"I do when I meet one."

The polls closed and the ballots were counted. It was a tie. Neither party had carried the day.

—Premonitions of approaching danger, in the shape of digestive weakness, lassitude, inactivity of the kidneys, pains in the region of the liver and shoulder blades, mental depression coupled with headache, furred tongue, vertigo, should not be disregarded. Use Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, and avert the peril to health. It removes all impurities and gives tone to the whole system.

She—There are always train-robbers about.

He—What do you mean?

She—Why, those awkward brats who tear down our dresses. If they are not train-robbers, what are they?

—Iron, potash, and the best vegetable alteratives, render Ayer's Sarsaparilla unequaled as a blood medicine.

"Great ends may be accomplished by self-denial," said a Fourth ward philosopher on New Year's day. "I used to feel that I must have three cocktails a day, but three weeks ago I cut down to two a day, and this is the result." Here he pulled aside his overcoat and displayed a magnificent "Alaska" diamond pin.

Mr. George Tolen, druggist, Gravenhurst, Ont., writes: "My customers who have used Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure say that it has done them more good than anything they have ever used." It has indeed a wonderful influence in purifying the blood and curing diseases of the digestive organs, the liver, kidneys and all disorders of the system.

A flat "bat"—A spree in an apartment-house.

TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE.

Mails close and are due as follow:

	CLOSE. a.m.	CLOSE. p.m.	DUE. a.m.	DUE. p.m.
G. T. R., East	6.00	6.30	9.30	10.45
O. & Q. Ry	6.00	5.30	9.45	10.45
G. W. R.	11.30	9.30	10.30	7.20
G. T. R., West	7.0	3.00	11.45	7.20
N. & N.W.	6.30	4.00	10.30	8.30
G. T. & B.	6.00	4.00	11.00	8.00
Midland	6.00	3.0	12.00	9.15
C. V. R.	6.00	2.45	9.30	5.50
U. S. N. Y.	6.00	2.45	9.00	1.10
U. S. Chicago	11.30	9.30	8.30	7.20
British Mails—Monday		2.30		
" " Wednesday		9.3		
" " Thursday		2.3		

TORONTO RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

Departure and Arrival of trains from and at Union station.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Departures, Main Line East.

7.15 a.m.—Mixed for Belleville.

8.30 a.m.—Fast express for Kingston, Ottawa, Montreal Quebec, Portland, Boston, etc.

1 p.m.—Mixed for Kingston and intermediate stations.

5.30 p.m.—Local for Belleville and intermediate stations.

8.00 p.m.—Express for main points, Ottawa Montreal, etc., runs daily.

Arrivals, Main Line East.

9.18 a.m.—Express from Montreal Ottawa and main local points.

10.18 a.m.—Local from Belleville.

8.48 p.m.—Mixed from all points east.

10.35 p.m.—Express from Boston, Quebec, Portland, Montreal, Ottawa, etc.

Departures, Main Line West.

7.55 a.m.—Local for all points west to Detroit.

1 p.m.—Express for Port Huron, Detroit, Chicago and all western points.

4.00 p.m.—For Stratford and London.

6.25 p.m.—Mixed for Stratford and Sarnia.

11.15 p.m.—Express for Sarnia and western points; sleeping car for Detroit.

Arrivals, Main Line West.

8.55 a.m.—Mixed from Sarnia and intermediate points.

8.10 a.m.—Express from Chicago, Detroit Port Huron, and all western points.

12.32 p.m.—Local from London, Goderich, etc.

7.10 p.m.—Express from all points west, Chicago, Detroit, etc.

11.15 p.m.—Local from London Stratford, etc.

Departures, Great Western Division.

7. a.m.—For Niagara Falls, Buffalo and local stations between Niagara Falls and Windsor.

9.25 a.m.—For Detroit, St. Louis and points in the southwest.

12.20 p.m.—For Detroit, Chicago and the west and all points east from Hamilton; runs daily.

3.55 p.m.—For Niagara Falls, Buffalo, New York, Boston and local stations between Hamilton and London, and Brantford, St. Thomas, etc.

6.30 p.m.—Local stations between Toronto and Niagara Falls.

11 p.m.—For Niagara Falls, Buffalo, New York, Boston and all points east and west of Hamilton.

Arrivals, Great Western Division.

8.25 a.m.—Express from Chicago, Detroit, Hamilton, etc.

10.15 a.m.—Express from London, Catharines, Hamilton, etc.

1.45 p.m.—Express from New York, Boston, Buffalo and all points east.

4.30 p.m.—Express from New York, Boston Chicago, Detroit, London, etc., runs daily.

7.05 p.m.—Mail from Buffalo, Detroit, London, Hamilton and intermediate stations.

7.45 p.m.—Express from Detroit, St. Louis, etc.

11.10 p.m.—Local from London and intermediate stations.

Suburban Trains Great Western Div. Jct.

Leave Toronto at 7.35, 10.55 a.m., and 2, 4.20 and 6.30 p.m.

Returning leave Mimico 8.35 and 11.35 a.m., and 2.35, 4.55 and 6.05, calling at Queen's wharf, Parkdale, High park and the Humber both coming and returning.

Sunday Trains, G. W. Division.

Trains leaving Toronto for Hamilton at 12.20 and arriving from Hamilton at 4.30 p.m., run on Sundays, but do not stop at intermediate stations.

Departures, Midland Division.

9.15 a.m.—Mixed—Peterboro and intermediate stations.

7.35 a.m.—Mail—Sutton, Midland, Orillia, Coboconk, Haliburton, Lindsay, Port Perry, Whitby, Peterboro, Lakefield, Post Hope, Madoc, Belleville, Hastings, Campbellford and intermediate stations.

4.35 p.m.—Mail—Sutton, Midland, Orillia Coboconk, Lindsay, Port Perry, Whitby Peterboro, Port Hope and intermediate stations.

3.15 p.m.—Mixed—Sutton and intermediate stations.

Arrivals, Midland Division.

12.25 p.m.—Express. 10.15 a.m.—Mixed from Sutton and intermediate stations. 9.20 p.m.—Mail. 5.05 p.m.—Mixed from Peterboro.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Departures Credit Valley Section.

8.10 a.m.—St. Louis express, for principal stations on main line and branches, and for Detroit, Toledo, St. Louis and Kansas city.

1.25 p.m.—Pacific express, for Galt, Wood stock, Ingersoll, St. Thomas, Detroit, Chicago, and all points west and north-west.

4.10 p.m.—Local express for all points on main line, Orangeville and Elora branches.

6 a.m.—Mixed for all stations on main line.

Arrivals, Credit Valley Section.

8.45 a.m.—Express from all stations on main line and branches.

5.35 p.m.—Atlantic express from Chicago and all points west and stations on main line.

8.10 p.m.—Montreal express from all stations on main line and branches.

10.55 a.m.—Mixed from St. Thomas.

Departures, Toronto, Grey and Bruce Section.

7.20 a.m.—Mail for Orangeville, Owen Sound, Teeswater and all intermediate stations.

4.40 p.m.—Express for Orangeville, Owen Sound and Teeswater.

8.15 a.m.—Mixed from Toronto Junction.

Arrivals, Toronto, Grey and Bruce Section.

10.45 a.m.—Express from Owen Sound and Teeswater.

8.30 p.m.—Mail from Owen Sound and Teeswater.

4.45 p.m.—Mixed arrives at Toronto Junction

Departures, Ontario and Quebec Section.

8.25 a.m.—Limited express for Peterboro, Norwood, Perth, Smith's Falls, Ottawa, Montreal, and intermediate points.

3.35 p.m.—Mixed for Peterboro, Norwood and all intermediate stations.

7.55 p.m.—Montreal express for Peterboro, Norwood, Perth, Smith's Falls, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec and all points east.

Arrivals, Ontario and Quebec Section.

8.30 a.m.—St. Louis express from Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Brockville, Peterboro, and intermediate points.

11.25 p.m.—Mixed from Peterboro, Norwood and intermediate points.

9.55 p.m.—Toronto express from Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Brockville, Peterboro and intermediate points.

NORTHERN RAILWAY

Trains depart from and arrive at City hall station, stopping at Union and Brock street stations.

Departures.

7.55 a.m.—Mail for Muskoka wharf, Orillia, Meaford, Penetang and intermediate stations.

11.45 a.m.—Accommodation for Barrie, Gravenhurst, Meaford and intermediate stations.

5.05 p.m.—Express for Collingwood, Penetang, Orillia and Barrie.

Arrivals.

10.05 a.m.—Express from Collingwood, Orillia, Barrie and intermediate points.

2 p.m.—Accommodation from Meaford Collingwood, Penetang, Muskoka wharf Orillia, Barrie and intermediate points.

8.45 p.m.—Mail from Penetang, Gravenhurst, Orillia, Barrie and intermediate stations.

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