

The following happened... Arthur Aston... a few days made it evident to Arthur that his utopian dreams were unlikely to be realized... a little longer, and cold water came; and with it sickness and fresh sorrow... a little longer, and cold water came; and with it sickness and fresh sorrow... a little longer, and cold water came; and with it sickness and fresh sorrow...

who had carried home as a rich prize, and thrust them into his hand with a tearful eye... Five minutes before that, the richest man in the city, whose autograph signature he had engraved not a week before on a plate for a visiting card, had denounced him for a drunken dog, and bid him work, or go to the almshouse... Then in an instant, as if by an electrical impulse, the autograph flashed on his mind, and at the same point of time, the name of the bank wherein the rich man kept his large deposits, occurred to him—at any other time he could not have recollected it perhaps, had it been to save his life...

built in that country to the Living God, when as he paused at the base of the ascent, two men came down from the door in earnest conversation... One—Arthur's eye recognised him at a glance—was the young, burly, heartless merchant, whose sneer on the preceding night had almost maddened him; whose simulated check he was about to offer at the counter... The other was a hale old man, with hair as white as snow, small twinkling eyes as bright as stars on a frosty night, a broad, hale, ruddy face, from every line and dimple of which smiled out benevolence and good will toward men... His eye fell on the face of Arthur as he passed, scanned all his features for a second or two, with quick and decisive intelligence; and then, as if satisfied, he stopped short, and said in a loud cheery tone...

2 M... 3 M... 4 Q... 5th 9... 6th answer had in the... 7 ans 8... The right hand of the Czar rested familiarly on the shoulder of the young man, whom he called by the name of Vladimir. This youth had in different circumstances and on several occasions, given proofs of an excellent mind, and a rare courage, that Peter had not known in any of his officers, one of them a young man, the other much advanced in years... The sight of Ludmilla's picture in the hands of the Emperor was a terrible revelation to Vladimir. This young girl was his beloved, his betrothed, whom he was soon to call his wedded wife. He now remembered several little incidents, that tended to convince him of her unworthiness. The anxiety, apparently causeless, which she had shown during some of his last visits, her embarrassed manner—her sudden paleness—her melancholy, which she never would explain; all were now but too clear before his eyes. His heart was crushed by incurable misery. Was the idol he had worshipped then, a creature unworthy of his affection as an honorable man? Must he tear her cherished image from his bosom for ever?

KISSING BRIDGE. In a remote quarter of old Petersburg, not far from the fortress and the bridge of Tolstoi, behind the spires and cupolas of the little church of the Trinity, and facing the summer garden which lies on the other side of the Neva, stands a small wooden house, or rather hut, rudely constructed, but in careful preservation. It is surrounded by a narrow strip of garden, full of foliage and flowers. A soldier, decorated with Russian crosses and medals, is the only inhabitant of this dwelling; it is he who shows to travelers the wooden-arm-chair where sat Peter the Great, the ridge stool on which he used to kneel in his hours of devotion, the boat he made with his own hands, of the sacred jewelry which he carried to Poltava. The maddest looking abode, in truth, contrasts vividly with the great recollections associated with it. The stranger who surveys it, cannot but feel some emotion at the thought that this obscure place was the asylum of Peter Alex. Iwicz, while he caused to rise from the marshes of Ingria a city—a civilization; an empire. One day, in August of 1719, Peter was in this hut, with two of his officers, one of them a young man, the other much advanced in years. The right hand of the Czar rested familiarly on the shoulder of the young man, whom he called by the name of Vladimir. This youth had in different circumstances and on several occasions, given proofs of an excellent mind, and a rare courage, that Peter had not known in any of his officers, one of them a young man, the other much advanced in years. The sight of Ludmilla's picture in the hands of the Emperor was a terrible revelation to Vladimir. This young girl was his beloved, his betrothed, whom he was soon to call his wedded wife. He now remembered several little incidents, that tended to convince him of her unworthiness. The anxiety, apparently causeless, which she had shown during some of his last visits, her embarrassed manner—her sudden paleness—her melancholy, which she never would explain; all were now but too clear before his eyes. His heart was crushed by incurable misery. Was the idol he had worshipped then, a creature unworthy of his affection as an honorable man? Must he tear her cherished image from his bosom for ever?

cause a post in her presence—the lover caused the Emperor to be forgotten. In the full tide of his exaltation, founded on the belief that Ludmilla returned his passion, Peter for once forgot the reserve that he had hitherto maintained on the subject. Suddenly giving up to Vladimir, and vouching the miniature towards him, he asked: 'What think you of this face, my young friend?' At the sight of the young face started back involuntarily; and his face was overspread by a deadly paleness. Mastering his agitation, however, by a powerful effort, he replied with trembling lips: 'It is charming.' The Czar did not observe his evident emotion, but Stepan fixed his eyes upon him with an expression of malignant joy. He remained silent, however, till, in a few moments, the young officer quitted the hut. Then approaching Peter, the captain made a low bow. 'Sir,' said he, 'I have a secret to reveal to you.' 'Speak.' 'Did you notice the major's countenance while he examined the miniature?' 'No,' replied the Czar, raising his head with a look of surprise and curiosity. 'Sir,' resumed Stepan, 'the beloved of the Czar is the mistress of Vladimir. Last evening, a few moments after you left the dwelling of Ludmilla, the major entered it, and the moon had risen before he departed from the Fontanka.' 'Are you sure this is true?' demanded Peter, speaking slowly and in a calm voice. 'Quite sure, sire.' 'It is well.' The Czar said not a word more; but, lifting up the wooden chair before him, he dashed on the floor with such violence, that its legs were broken in pieces. Then fastening the buckle of his belt, he wrapped himself in his caftan, and went out.

single that had fallen over her forehead, wiped the tears from her eyes, and fixed them on her lover with an expression of noble sincerity. 'Listen, Vladimir,' she said, 'before you condemn me; before you crush me with your reproaches and contempt. You are right—I have deceived you.' 'And you give the Czar your picture?' exclaimed the officer, with a sneer of scorn. 'Listen to me!' said the young girl, with commanding tone. 'It was for your sake, not my own, that I existed in the possession of beauty, the reputation of which costs me at least so dear. The Czar has seen me, and wished to know me. He saw me one day on the road—what I knew but too well from his first look, that I had made an impression upon him. Ever long, I found it impossible to leave this house without meeting the Emperor; still he never addressed a word to me. His looks, however, showed that he recognized me. It is some weeks since he came here for the first time. He entered the room where I was sitting, without being announced, and giving me no time to recover from my astonishment, came close to me, and said aloud: '—Ludmilla, have you? I felt the blood leave my cheeks; I fell at his feet; I implored him to transfer to some one else the regard of which I felt myself unworthy, having nothing but obedience to give in return. You love another, then?' the Czar exclaimed, in a terrible voice, and with flashing eyes, in which I read a sentence of death.' 'How did you reply?' cried Vladimir breathlessly. 'One thought filled my mind. It was that the Emperor's anger would fall on the head of him I loved, should I disclose his name; that his life would be the sacrifice! I trembled—I hesitated—I dissimulated. Thinking but of you—I suffered the Czar to believe that I would receive his homage. When he gave me that picture; I decided you, I thought how deep must have been the feeling for him that could lead her to practice such deception; he must have loved her, and sealed the pardon for her lips. The young girl smiled again, and blamed herself for cowardice, while she protested that she would never have stooped to dissimulation to save her own life. During the conversation of the evening, another man had silently entered the dwelling of the lovely orphan. The old servant advanced to stop the intruder. He threw off his hat and caftan, and she recognized Peter Alexievitch. The Czar placed his finger on his lips with a menacing look. He then passed quietly towards the apartment; he had returned the evening before radiant with the hope and joy of a lover. Suddenly throwing open the door, he stepped into the room. There sat the officer, and his betrothed; the head of Ludmilla rested on the shoulder of Vladimir. At sight of the Emperor, the young girl sprang up, uttered a cry of terror, and sank mechanically upon her knees. The first movement of the young man had been to grasp his sword and dash it upon the sheath; but, recollecting himself, he let go the weapon, and stood with his head bent before his superior officer and sovereign. Peter had drawn his sword and stood upright, his flashing and angry eyes glancing from one to the other. At length he muttered: 'Vladimir! Ludmilla! A double infidelity!' 'Pardon!' implored the young girl, her eyes fixed eagerly on the monarch's face. And she dragged herself nearer to him, her hands clasped in the utmost charity of supplication. 'Pardon! for such a crime? Never!' thundered the Czar. There was a brief pause during which he seemed to struggle with violent emotion, as might have been seen by the nervous distortion of the muscles of his countenance. Controlling himself by a strenuous effort, he became suddenly calm and cold, as if disdaining to show to mortal eyes how deep the wound that rankled in his bosom. 'Major!' said he, turning towards Vladimir, 'you will go and receive yourself a private order at the fortress.' 'Eileen days after, there was an...