

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY THE WOOLFALL PUBLISHING CO.

At this moment, when the danker was most critical, a startling interruption came from the prison yard. Round the front angle strode a sentinel, rifle on shoulder. He marched down the avenue beneath the very roses of the frightened fugitives, staring straight ahead under the visor of his cap. He failed to see the log projecting from the stockade, and, catching his foot on the end, down he went with a crash full length on the ground.

"Jump quick," whispered Platoff, and all three sprang from the stockade together, landing heavily on the snowy crust below.

"Don't rise," said Platoff. "Follow me on hands and knees." He crawled away into the darkness at a speed which the boys found difficult to equal. Glancing to their right, they saw the sentinel still motionless at his post. Whether he was facing them or not it was impossible to tell. Foot by foot they left the stockade behind, and still the silence was unbroken. Then on the night air rose a single loud cry. It was answered by a shout, and then another and another boom thundered from the little cannon in the courtyard and the echoes quivered through the valley.

Platoff leaped to his feet. "The alarm gun!" he exclaimed. "The whole settlement knows we are free. Run as you never ran before and keep me always in sight."

With great strides he plunged forward over the snow. Close at his heels came Maurice and Phil, amazed at their own speed. The sentry, catching a fleeting glimpse of the fugitives, raised his rifle and fired. The bullet whistled overhead. He fired again, shooting aimlessly into the night.

Six times the rifle cracked, and the red flash blazed briefly athwart the darkness. Then came silence, an ominous, fateful calm, and the daring fugitives fleeing across the valley heard nothing but the rapid tramp of their own footsteps. In single file they sped over the deepening snow, facing the cutting blast and breathing quickly through clinched teeth.

Platoff ran at the head, every muscle strained, his ears alert to catch the faintest sound. From time to time he uttered cheering words to his companions.

Before them and on both sides was darkness, but looking over their shoulders they saw the twinkling lights of the prison still perilously close at hand.

Twice Maurice stumbled, exhausted by the fearful strain, but Platoff dragged him to his feet with new encouragement.

Then Phil gazed out almost entirely, and his companions had to help him along between them.

"You must keep up," said Platoff, impatiently. "See, we are on the downward slope now. The river is not far



All three sprang from the stockade together.

off. Once there we are comparatively safe."

"Listen. What is that?" cried Maurice, and as he spoke a dull noise was heard in the distance that seemed to grow more distinct each second. Platoff threw himself upon his knees and put his ear to the ground. "As I thought," he exclaimed, "the mounted Cossacks are coming. They will spread in all directions and carry on the search in squads of three and four. Now is the time to show your speed. Here, give me a hand, each of you."

He dashed off again, fairly dragging his companions with him. Faster and faster they ran, louder and louder grew the trampling of hoofs in their rear, and then with a sudden effort they checked themselves on the bank of the Kara.

"Here we are!" exclaimed Platoff, fervently. "There is one important thing in our favour. The direction in which we must go is the very last one that will be suspected. But it will be a terrible ordeal and full of suffering. Can you endure it, do you think?" "As I thought," he exclaimed, "the mounted Cossacks are coming. They will spread in all directions and carry on the search in squads of three and four. Now is the time to show your speed. Here, give me a hand, each of you."

He dashed off again, fairly dragging his companions with him. Faster and faster they ran, louder and louder grew the trampling of hoofs in their rear, and then with a sudden effort they checked themselves on the bank of the Kara.

He plunged sturdily off the bank into the running water, and they followed without hesitation. The Kara is a river only in name. The channel is shallow and not more than thirty yards broad at the widest part. The water flows swiftly over a gravel bed and among big stones that rise in profusion above the surface. Being fed entirely by mountain springs, it never freezes in winter, though a fringe of ice forms on the edges, and floating

chunks are borne down with the current. The fugitives waded into midstream through water waist-deep.

"We must throw these bloodhounds off the track," said Platoff, "and I think I know how to do it."

He led the way across to the other shore and climbed out on the bank. "Now, come with me," he said to Maurice. "No, you stay here, right on this rock," he added to Phil, who started to follow. "Two of us will be enough."

He dashed off at right angles to the stream, and halted thirty or forty yards from the bank. Then, still facing forward, he began to take great strides backward toward the river, bidding Maurice to do the same.

"It will appear as though there were four of us," he remarked, "but no one will notice that."

But what will they do when they come to the end of our tracks?" asked Maurice.

"They won't wait that long," laughed Platoff. "If they discover that we have crossed the river at this point, they will dash off at full speed without attempting to stick to our footsteps."

They soon reached the water again, much to Phil's relief, who could not imagine what they were trying to do.

The mounted pursuers were alarmingly close to the river by this time. Without a second's delay Platoff started up the channel, followed closely by the boys. Their sufferings were almost forgotten in the fear of recapture. They pressed forward over the slippery stones, waist-deep at times, but mostly barely knee-deep.

It was snowing so fast and thickly that only the merest outlines of the shores could be seen.

As Platoff had predicted, the tramp of the horses now seemed to come from various directions, as though the troopers were spreading over the plain. A stray light was visible here and there, and occasionally the cannon boomed above the noise of the water, spreading farther and farther the news of the escape.

Before the first of the horsemen reached the river the fugitives were some distance up stream, and it was impossible to tell whether their tracks were discovered or not. At times the sounds of pursuit seemed to die out in the distance, only to return closer than before. Beyond a doubt the Cossacks were on both sides of the stream, and the general location of the fugitives seemed to be suspected, for the horsemen could be heard galloping to and fro within a limited space.

The darkness of the night and the driving snowstorm placed the odds against the pursuers.

They will never think of looking for us in the water," remarked Platoff. "We are safe here if we can only hold out."

That was a formidable "if," however, and the sufferings which the boys endured that night they will never forget. Tossing painfully from rock to rock, they crept up stream through an icy current. At first the pain was agonizing, but presently their limbs were benumbed and weak, and they found it difficult to move. Sometimes they crept out on big rocks and stamped up and down or rubbed their legs with their aching hands, until they were able to proceed again. Several times mounted soldiers passed close by along the shore, and the fugitives bent low among the stones until the danger was over. Not a murmur escaped Platoff's lips.

He went resolutely forward, seeking out the easiest channel, and showing the boys the way. The force of his example helped them to endure their sufferings with comparative fortitude. For two hours they marched up the bed of the river, stopping for short intervals of rest. The immediate danger seemed to be past. Occasional sounds of pursuit still floated up the valley, but no horsemen had approached for a long time, and the lights of

the prison and town, since vanished. It was a joyful moment when Platoff announced the mines were close at hand, and his prediction was verified ten minutes later when the sharp ridge of the hill appeared before them. They scrambled up the water and started in single file up the slope past the very spot where Lara Melikoff had been hidden during the eventful interview. The snow was knee-deep, but had ceased falling. On the top of the ridge Platoff halted and pointed to the distant lights of the settlement three miles away. "I have entered that prison for the last time," he said, impressively, "and gone my last day's work in yonder mines. I will never be taken back alive."

He was silent for a moment, and then, in a more cheerful tone, he resumed: "But it is time to seek the cave. We must journey two miles along this ridge."

"Won't our tracks in the snow be started briskly off?"

"It will soon snow again," answered Platoff, "and fill up our tracks beyond all discovery. Between now and then it is not likely that any of our pursuers will visit the mines."

The truth of this statement was readily apparent, and the boys followed their leader with lighter hearts than they had known for many months, walking rapidly to restore the circulation to their benumbed limbs. The way was rough and stony, but Platoff pressed on without stopping, and finally paused by the side of a huge rock.

"Yonder are the pine trees," he said, pointing ahead. "It must be the place, for I have noted the spot while marching to the mines, and they are the only trees on this ridge."

CHAPTER XVIII. OFF AT LAST.

The party pressed eagerly forward and were soon standing in the shadow of the pines. The trees were indeed seven in number, all of mammoth size and growing close together on the very verge of the cliff. Huge rocks were scattered about in all directions.

"Now for the cave," said Platoff, as he began to go over the ground enclosed by the seven trees, inspecting every stone and peering into each cranny. The boys joined in the search, but in spite of their efforts the location of the cave remained undiscovered. With nervous haste they went over the ground again and again, afraid to confess their own fears.

Finally Maurice crept to the verge of the cliff and looked down. The rock had a sheer descent for a distance of forty or fifty feet. At its base the hill sloped more gradually toward the valley. Four feet below the edge was a narrow platform, on which grew a few scrubby pine shoots.

Impelled by a singular impulse, Maurice cautiously lowered himself to this edge, and stooping low was confronted by a hole of impenetrable blackness.

"The cave, the cave!" he cried, and Platoff and Phil were quickly at his side.

Together they crawled into the opening, which led downward at a sharp angle. The passage became wider and higher, and in a short time they reached a level space.

"I have found something," exclaimed Platoff, who was ahead. "Clothes, firearms—yes, and matches," he added, joyously; "a tin box of matches."

The boys heard something rattle, and then their eyes were blinded by a bright light. They were able to see clearly in a moment, and the sight that met their gaze was a strange one. They were standing in a circular cavern, twenty feet in diameter and six feet or more in height. The floor and walls were dry, and the atmosphere was warm and pleasant.

"Here are the things which that brave girl has provided," said Platoff, pointing to a heap on the floor. "She has overlooked nothing. There are even candles." And taking one from a box he lit it with the burning match and placed it in a crevice on the floor. With trembling hands they turned over the articles, uttering cries of delight at every new discovery.

There were three complete outfits of clothes, coarse, heavy garments, such as are worn by the Russian peasants, including trousers, flannel shirts, and thick, warm coats. In a canvas bag were two silver-mounted revolvers, with accompanying boxes of shells, and a sharp knife in a sheath, while another and larger bag contained a supply of provisions, bread, tea, and dried meat, enough for two weeks at least, Platoff declared.

In addition there were a dozen candles, while it remained for Maurice to make the most important find of all, in Platoff's estimation—a leather belt, which proved to contain one hundred rubles in silver.

"With that money," asserted the Russian, "we can purchase food along the way, and we shall be regarded with less suspicion. Everything is now in our favour. I believe that we can reach Vladivostock in safety. Heaven bless that noble girl!" Platoff broke off abruptly, and covering his face with his hands sank to the floor, overcome with emotion.

The boys, too, lost all control of their feelings. Phil sobbed aloud, and Maurice, with an overflowing heart, knelt on the rocks and uttered a grateful prayer.

At last Platoff rose to his feet and dashed the moisture from his eyes.

"We had better change our clothes," he said, "or we shall be ill from that long journey in the water." This suggestion was welcomed, and the boys flung off their wet garments with all haste. Their new attire proved to be an excellent fit, so much so, indeed, that Platoff's curiosity was aroused.

"If that girl knew nothing of your companions," he observed, shrewdly, "how did she choose such suitable garments?"

"She probably had seen both Phil and me," replied Maurice, with a smile, "and knowing that my third companion was to be a Russian she naturally procured a larger set of clothes. You Russians are a big race, you see."

"Yes, yes, that's it," remarked Platoff, well satisfied with the explanation.

How the brave maiden had succeeded in getting the things and conveying them to the cavern was a problem none could clearly understand. It had undoubtedly been accomplished with

help from other aids, from that moment Maurice felt that in spite of his unjust treatment he would always have a soft spot in his heart for a nation that could produce such specimens of young womanhood.

Sleep was impossible under the circumstances, and all remained awake until a faint gray streak shined into the cavern announced the approach of dawn. Platoff crept to the entrance to make a reconnaissance.

"All is well," he declared, on his return. "Our hiding place is perfectly safe. The rime scrubs on the ledge hide it completely. It is snowing hard, and our footprints have been destroyed long ago. And besides," he added, "they would never search for us here. It is even probable that when they fail to discover us they will believe we have perished under the snow, and will abandon the pursuit. We will remain here for a week at least, probably two weeks. Then it will be safe to start."

"What kind of country must we travel through?" asked Maurice. "Is it wild?"

"Yes," said Platoff, "the valley of the Amur is wild and desolate. The post road follows the river, of course, with stations at long intervals, but we must avoid that. There are wolves and deer in the hills, and fish in the river, while in the vicinity of Vladivostock fierce tigers are said to abound. But with our arms we need have little cause for fear." Platoff spoke more fully concerning the valley of the Amur, answering the boys' questions with a readiness that proved him to be acquainted with the general nature of the country.

At last, after a hearty meal, they went to sleep with a feeling of absolute security.

When they awoke, it was apparently late in the afternoon. It was still snowing, and so thickly that from the mouth of the cavern it was impossible to see any distance into the valley.

For several days this storm continued, and the fugitives felt thankful, indeed, for their secure refuge. The time passed monotonously, it is true, but they had plenty to eat, and were comfortably warm. Melted snow supplied them with water.

On the fourth day the weather changed, becoming clear and cold. From the ledge it was possible to see across the valley to the settlement.

CHAPTER XVIII. OFF AT LAST.

The party pressed eagerly forward and were soon standing in the shadow of the pines. The trees were indeed seven in number, all of mammoth size and growing close together on the very verge of the cliff. Huge rocks were scattered about in all directions.

"Now for the cave," said Platoff, as he began to go over the ground enclosed by the seven trees, inspecting every stone and peering into each cranny. The boys joined in the search, but in spite of their efforts the location of the cave remained undiscovered. With nervous haste they went over the ground again and again, afraid to confess their own fears.

Finally Maurice crept to the verge of the cliff and looked down. The rock had a sheer descent for a distance of forty or fifty feet. At its base the hill sloped more gradually toward the valley. Four feet below the edge was a narrow platform, on which grew a few scrubby pine shoots.

Impelled by a singular impulse, Maurice cautiously lowered himself to this edge, and stooping low was confronted by a hole of impenetrable blackness.

"The cave, the cave!" he cried, and Platoff and Phil were quickly at his side.

Together they crawled into the opening, which led downward at a sharp angle. The passage became wider and higher, and in a short time they reached a level space.

"I have found something," exclaimed Platoff, who was ahead. "Clothes, firearms—yes, and matches," he added, joyously; "a tin box of matches."

The boys heard something rattle, and then their eyes were blinded by a bright light. They were able to see clearly in a moment, and the sight that met their gaze was a strange one. They were standing in a circular cavern, twenty feet in diameter and six feet or more in height. The floor and walls were dry, and the atmosphere was warm and pleasant.

"Here are the things which that brave girl has provided," said Platoff, pointing to a heap on the floor. "She has overlooked nothing. There are even candles." And taking one from a box he lit it with the burning match and placed it in a crevice on the floor. With trembling hands they turned over the articles, uttering cries of delight at every new discovery.

In addition there were a dozen candles, while it remained for Maurice to make the most important find of all, in Platoff's estimation—a leather belt, which proved to contain one hundred rubles in silver.

"With that money," asserted the Russian, "we can purchase food along the way, and we shall be regarded with less suspicion. Everything is now in our favour. I believe that we can reach Vladivostock in safety. Heaven bless that noble girl!" Platoff broke off abruptly, and covering his face with his hands sank to the floor, overcome with emotion.

The boys, too, lost all control of their feelings. Phil sobbed aloud, and Maurice, with an overflowing heart, knelt on the rocks and uttered a grateful prayer.

At last Platoff rose to his feet and dashed the moisture from his eyes.

"We had better change our clothes," he said, "or we shall be ill from that long journey in the water." This suggestion was welcomed, and the boys flung off their wet garments with all haste. Their new attire proved to be an excellent fit, so much so, indeed, that Platoff's curiosity was aroused.

"If that girl knew nothing of your companions," he observed, shrewdly, "how did she choose such suitable garments?"

"She probably had seen both Phil and me," replied Maurice, with a smile, "and knowing that my third companion was to be a Russian she naturally procured a larger set of clothes. You Russians are a big race, you see."

"Yes, yes, that's it," remarked Platoff, well satisfied with the explanation.

How the brave maiden had succeeded in getting the things and conveying them to the cavern was a problem none could clearly understand. It had undoubtedly been accomplished with

help from other aids, from that moment Maurice felt that in spite of his unjust treatment he would always have a soft spot in his heart for a nation that could produce such specimens of young womanhood.

Sleep was impossible under the circumstances, and all remained awake until a faint gray streak shined into the cavern announced the approach of dawn. Platoff crept to the entrance to make a reconnaissance.

"All is well," he declared, on his return. "Our hiding place is perfectly safe. The rime scrubs on the ledge hide it completely. It is snowing hard, and our footprints have been destroyed long ago. And besides," he added, "they would never search for us here. It is even probable that when they fail to discover us they will believe we have perished under the snow, and will abandon the pursuit. We will remain here for a week at least, probably two weeks. Then it will be safe to start."

"What kind of country must we travel through?" asked Maurice. "Is it wild?"

"Yes," said Platoff, "the valley of the Amur is wild and desolate. The post road follows the river, of course, with stations at long intervals, but we must avoid that. There are wolves and deer in the hills, and fish in the river, while in the vicinity of Vladivostock fierce tigers are said to abound. But with our arms we need have little cause for fear." Platoff spoke more fully concerning the valley of the Amur, answering the boys' questions with a readiness that proved him to be acquainted with the general nature of the country.

At last, after a hearty meal, they went to sleep with a feeling of absolute security.

When they awoke, it was apparently late in the afternoon. It was still snowing, and so thickly that from the mouth of the cavern it was impossible to see any distance into the valley.

For several days this storm continued, and the fugitives felt thankful, indeed, for their secure refuge. The time passed monotonously, it is true, but they had plenty to eat, and were comfortably warm. Melted snow supplied them with water.

On the fourth day the weather changed, becoming clear and cold. From the ledge it was possible to see across the valley to the settlement.

CHAPTER XVIII. OFF AT LAST.

The party pressed eagerly forward and were soon standing in the shadow of the pines. The trees were indeed seven in number, all of mammoth size and growing close together on the very verge of the cliff. Huge rocks were scattered about in all directions.

"Now for the cave," said Platoff, as he began to go over the ground enclosed by the seven trees, inspecting every stone and peering into each cranny. The boys joined in the search, but in spite of their efforts the location of the cave remained undiscovered. With nervous haste they went over the ground again and again, afraid to confess their own fears.

Finally Maurice crept to the verge of the cliff and looked down. The rock had a sheer descent for a distance of forty or fifty feet. At its base the hill sloped more gradually toward the valley. Four feet below the edge was a narrow platform, on which grew a few scrubby pine shoots.

Impelled by a singular impulse, Maurice cautiously lowered himself to this edge, and stooping low was confronted by a hole of impenetrable blackness.

# TEETH

Fineness of fit and finish, and natural as life are the qualities of our artificial teeth. Having the best fitted Dental Mechanical Department east of Boston, fitted with all the latest and best improvements and under personal supervision of a specialist in that line of work, is the reason why our Artificial Teeth are such a success. During the past year we have made 257 sets of Artificial Teeth, for patients from all parts of P. E. I. and we pride ourselves that satisfaction is given in every case.

You can eat with them  
You can talk with them.  
You can sing with them.  
You can laugh with them.  
You'll Have Comfort With Them

You forget that they are Artificial, and no person can distinguish them from natural teeth. You can call in in the morning and have your teeth same day. Persons from a distance will find this a great advantage, as they do not have to loose time by waiting, and our facilities for quick work is the reason of our low prices. We make Artificial Teeth without plates, We put gold fillings in Artificial Teeth. We use best materials. We carry 300 sets to choose from. We guarantee satisfaction or no money. Teeth extracted FREE when new teeth are ordered. PAINLESS DENTISTRY by use of our famous BERLIN METHOD, or by Electricity, you have your choice. Warranted work, low prices. Inspection invited, examination free. Open evenings 7 to 8.

BERLIN DENTAL PARLORS,  
Over Store of Prowse Bros.

## Examine Our Stock of all Wool Beaver Overcoating

All well made and first class trimmings. Prices \$14, \$16, \$18 and up.

Those in need of a winter overcoat, should call and see these wonderful values before purchasing.

JOHN MACLEOD & CO  
MERCHANT TAILORS.

## Headquarters for Shoe Bargains

Macdonald's  
Market Square.

Look for your fall and winter BOOTS, from us, We are selling at the lowest price yet. Womens strong leather boots for 75c. children's strong boots 50c. men's strong boots \$1.00. Other lines equally low. You will be sorry if you buy without seeing our prices.

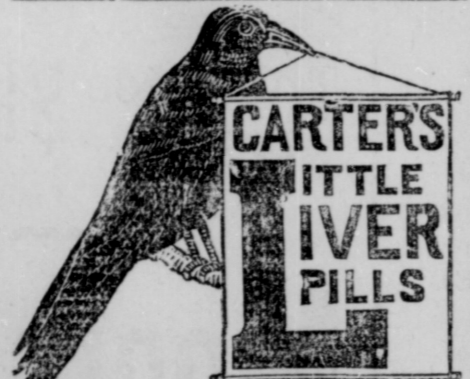
J. B. Macdonald & Co  
FOR SHOE BARGAINS.

## 200 Bicycles Wanted

To be stored (free of charge) for the winter, and cleaned repaired, nicked or enameled, thoroughly renewed, ready for spring.

ENAMELING  
We use the highest grade Enamel (black or colors) that money can buy in New York, and bake it on in a manner that the most fastidious cannot criticize, and the cost is the same as others charge for ordinary paint. See sample at shop.

W. P. DOULL, Kent Street.



**SICK HEADACHE**  
Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Meaty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drunkenness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price. Substitution

the fraud of the day.  
See you get Carter's,  
Ask for Carter's,  
Insist and demand  
Carter's Little Liver Pills.