

DARKEST RUSSIA

BY H. GRATTAN DONNELLY.

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CHAPTER II.—Continued.

Beginning with a glass of vodka, which evidently sharpened his appetite, Radaloff enjoyed with apparent zest the viands set before him, and having lighted a cigar paid his bill and withdrew.

The restaurant he had just quitted was only an occasional resort, but a visit there was necessary because Radaloff had need to interview this waiter. The fact is that Radaloff and the waiter both served the same master, and drew their income from the same source, the secret service fund of the imperial police. There was one customer of this restaurant regarding whom it was essential to ascertain certain facts. It was this particular individual to whom the obliging and observant waiter referred in his brief conversation with Michael Radaloff.

Radaloff after leaving the restaurant hailed a second-class drosky. A drive of some twenty minutes sufficed to bring him to another point in his allotted pilgrimage. This time the drosky was driven up to the door, the driver paid and dismissed, and Radaloff entered with the confident step of a visitor on familiar ground. The place was a bookseller's shop, indicating a fine edition of Tennyson which was conspicuously displayed, Radaloff signified a desire to examine it more closely. With a polite bow the proprietor, taking the work, begged his customer to examine it at his leisure, at the same time leading the way to a private office in the rear of the store. We will leave Monsieur Radaloff to the perusal of England's famous poet-laureate. It would be useless to await his exit from the private office. As a matter of fact, when he did leave the establishment it was by the door of a house round the corner in another street, there being a secret means of communication between the two. And when he did appear no one would have recognized in the scholarly-looking professor, with the package of books under his arm, the trusted and trained police agent, Michael Radaloff.

CHAPTER III.

The Nihilist Propaganda.

Nihilism, at the time of which we write, was manifesting itself in many ways and was sufficiently aggressive to cause his excellency, the minister of police, no small degree of anxiety. In all revolutionary movements there are to be found two classes, the extremists and the moderates. The revolutionary party of Russia at this time was perhaps as striking an example of divided councils as could have been found in history.

Among the large class of educated and intelligent Russians who believed that the time had come for the substitution of a constitutional government instead of an autocratic and despotic monarchy, the views of the extremists found little favor. Most of the ruling spirits of the party of the people were too well informed not to perceive that the assassination of any one man—or of dozens of men, for that matter—never accomplished the regeneration of a people. Those who held this view were no common conspirators. Many of them held positions of power and influence.

The end they sought, they were convinced, could best be obtained by a propaganda of education—using the word in its best and truest sense. They were an courier with the development of political economy in most of the countries of the world, and their friends kept them well supplied with such publications as were essential to keep them in touch with the advanced thinkers of the day. The rigid censorship prevailing in Russia at the time made it somewhat difficult on occasions for the leaders of the movement to obtain interdicted literature; but in spite of all the vigilance of the government many forbidden



"SAT IN HER LUXURIOUS Boudoir"

books and pamphlets had found their way into the hands for which they were destined. Especially was this true of a recent number of a publication bearing the imprint of a Geneva publishing house. It gave a thrilling account of the recent death by starvation of a number of political exiles in Tobolsk in Western Siberia.

"Let the monster," concluded this article, "pay the penalty of his crimes. His hands are bathed in the blood of the innocent, and the avenger who shall put an end to his bloody career will be blessed by the Russian people for all time to come."

Within four days after its publication in Geneva the article had found

its way into St. Petersburg; had been reproduced and scattered broadcast throughout the empire. It was on the first discovery of this paper that Gortshakoff had summoned the minister of police. He had in no uncertain manner indicated that the perpetrators of this latest outrage against the peace and dignity of the czar must be discovered. It was then that he uttered the words still ringing in the ears of Constantine Karsicheff—"Do something." And it was in pursuance of his determination to "do something" that Karsicheff had sent Michael Radaloff on his mysterious mission.

Madame le Baroness von Rhineberg, widow of the banker Ferdinand von Rhineberg, of the great banking house of Von Rhineberg and Strauss, sat in her luxurious boudoir in her princely residence in the most fashionable quarter of the city. She was a true type of the upper class German, and although she had lived most of her life in Russia and spoke the language like a native, she had never entirely lost her national characteristics. Her pink and white complexion, light blue eyes and wealth of light golden hair, gave her somewhat the appearance of a great doll of the most approved pattern. A letter she had been reading had fallen from her hand and she sat, with a rather serious look upon her face, gazing out of the window.

"Poor child,"

That was all; and having murmured the words, almost involuntarily, the baroness relapsed into her reverie. Alone in the world, for her marriage had been childless, the baroness found a certain degree of happiness in sharing other people's miseries. When Ferdinand von Rhineberg departed this life he left his disconsolate widow the possessor of a fortune which made her one of the richest women in her own right, in St. Petersburg.

There was but one family, however, to whom she was always at home and in whose house she found congenial companionship. Strangely enough, the house was that of Constantine Karsicheff, minister of police. Not that between the cold, haughty and ambitious countess and the warm-hearted and affectionate German lady there could be much in common. The intercourse between the baroness and the Countess Karsicheff was confined to those social amenities and everyday courtesies that pass current in society, and are sometimes mistaken for friendship.

Between the baroness and Olga, however, there was a deep affection. Had they been mother and child it could not have been more profound and sincere. In fact, Olga Karsicheff, loving and gentle as she was by nature, had never felt for her own mother anything like the love she bestowed on the baroness. Nor is this to be wondered at. Katherine Karsicheff was neither of a loving nor a lovable nature, and the gentle Olga could recall the tears shed in childish sorrow at many a repulse of the girlish affection offered to her mother or only to be refused. And so it happened that the baroness became the repository of Olga's childish affections.

Always earnest and thoughtful, Olga now seemed to be under the influence of a deeper feeling than usual. With affectionate concern the baroness could not fail to perceive that Olga was daily becoming more and more preoccupied with her own thoughts, and that on more than one occasion her reveries were ended by a sigh. She knew Olga's melancholy to be due to the odious position in which she was placed. She was merely used as a pawn in her mother's social game, and compelled to marry a man in the selection of whom she had neither voice nor choice.

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"Olga," soliloquized the baroness as she again glanced over the letter, "has not seen Alexis for two years. She doubtless feels that the rough and stirring life of the camp may have changed him since they parted—since the time when she had been informed by her mother that she was destined for the wife of Alexis and forbidden to refer to the matter again in any way, other than to regard it as a fact, settled beyond controversy. Alexis," the baroness recalled, "had been urged by his father to propose as a matter of form, and Alexis had proposed in a perfunctory way, been accepted in a half-hearted, listless style as something that could not be helped, and then he went off to the wars to win the glory that had glided his career ever since."

The baroness sighed. Her mind went back some two and twenty years to another marriage de convenience—to another drama of high life in Europe in which she herself had played a part. Then there came across the vista of vanished years the memory of a young student.

A knock at the door interrupted the reverie.

"Come!"

Marie, the baroness's own maid, entered and presented a salver upon which was a card bearing the name:

"Prof. Nicholas Kasovitch,"

"University of St. Petersburg."

"Herr Professor waits in the library," said the maid, "and begs the honor of a personal interview with Madame the Baroness."

"Very well. Say that I will come," the great banker Von Rhineberg had been all his life a devoted bibliomaniac, and his reputation as a col-

lector of the rare and curious in books and prints was well known. Hence it was no uncommon thing for the possessor of choice literary treasures to call to dispose of works that possessed sufficient value to be deemed worthy a place in such illustrious company.

When the baroness entered, a tall man, bearing in his every appearance the marks of the student and scholar, arose and bowing respectfully said: "I have taken the liberty, Madame Baroness, of calling to ask your gracious inspection of this work"—laying a large book elegantly bound on the table. "It is a present to me from an English friend—Professor Muller of Oxford. My circumstances are such that I am obliged to part with it—for—'for'—and a suspicious buskiness in his voice gave evidence that some strong emotion was struggling for expression.

The baroness became interested at once. "Pray, sit down," she said kindly, pointing to a chair.

There was silence for a moment. "You were about to say—" the baroness sympathetically suggested. Then waited.

"I need the money this work will



"IT IS A PRESENT TO ME..."

bring to send to my brother who is—who is—" and the voice became lower—"a political exile in Siberia."

"Poor fellow!" the baroness sighed. "What is the value of the work?"

She had not even asked its name. The story—rather the manner in which it had been told, for the story was an old one—she had heard it a score of times—had touched her.

"That is for Madame le Baroness to decide."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed the baroness. "I could not think of such a thing. Besides," she added, "I am no judge of the value of rare books."

"We professors have heard differently, madame, and it would be difficult to make the literati of St. Petersburg believe it of the possessor of the finest library in the city."

"What is the book?"

"A volume of the poems of Alfred Tennyson, and the rarest and most valuable edition published. It is too great a treasure for a humble professor like myself to possess, however much I may appreciate it. And," he added, after a slight pause, "its value will enable me to be of service to my poor, poor brother."

A sudden impulse moved the baroness. "I will gladly give you the amount you desire for the work—and you can keep the book if you—"

The old professor rose to his feet. "Pardon, madame," he said, with a touch of sad dignity in his voice, "I am poor, but I am not asking—"

"Pray, don't mistake me," interrupted the baroness, "and believe me, I had no desire to hurt your feelings in the slightest degree. But since you decline to place a price on the work, of the value of which I am totally ignorant, what am I to do in order to serve you?"

The professor paused a moment. (To be continued.)

Remarkable Game of Chess.

A game of chess under extraordinary conditions was played a day or two ago at a fashionable London club by some ultra-smart men. Sixty-four squares were chalked out upon a billiard table, and the pieces were represented by bottles containing wines of various qualities. Champagne was the king, claret the queen, Burgundy the bishops, port the castles, Madeira the knights, while pint flasks of common Hungarian vintages stood for the humble but effective pawns. The most remarkable of the rules laid down for observance was that which rendered it obligatory upon every player making a move to empty his piece at a draught. Faithful compliance with this ordinance, however, was found upon experiment to interfere somewhat prematurely with the progress of the game, for by the time the opening moves had been executed upon strictly Bacchanalian principles the players were under the table.

Woes of Authorship.

Mr. William Dean Howells' daughter when a very little girl made a childish literary venture in the form of a book of verses. The lines were copied out in a round, unformed schoolgirl hand and the sheets sewn together, a labor of weeks. The volume was put on sale at a church fair. The day after the fair the little girl sought her father to tell her experience with heart-breaking sobs. She had stood all day watching the book. A few had glanced at it, but no one had bought it. Mr. Howells soothed her. "My dear," said the distinguished novelist compassionately, "you are becoming acquainted too early with the woes of authorship."

WITH THE WORLD'S BEST WRITERS

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

The Decalogue is as good a labor platform as any. Law has always failed to adjust wages. In practical religion we find the highest form of solution yet offered.—Carroll D. Wright in a public address in New York.

It is an old thought that if employers, instead of thinking how low wages they could pay, would think how high wages they could get, and if employees, instead of thinking how high wages they could get, would think how low wages they could take, there would be no room for dispute. Each side would then be doing its best for the other.

Human nature, however, is selfish, chiefly because all men think that they are better than other men. Therefore they demand larger shares of the earth's fruits and of their greater ability as men, but because they think they are better than other men as men.

Those who wish to live in the world will, of course, have to keep on dealing with human nature as it is made by this universal delusion, at least until the millennium comes. As the millennium is universally deemed desirable, it is evident that the quickest way to bring it in is to endeavor to overcome this delusion by every man's doing his best to treat every other man as not inferior to himself, but as just a man like himself.

The "practical religion" which Dr. Wright, after years of study, finds "the highest form of solution yet offered" is merely the gospel of the Man of Nazareth.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

THE RUSSIAN PERIL.

Whenever Russia does wake up, then, indeed, beware of the Russian peril! Peasant France, freed, overrun Europe, ignoring the boundaries of kingdoms as if they were chalk marks, and upsetting thrones as if they were toys on a nursery floor. In three years the revolutionists made more great generals "out of mud" than the monarchy had made out of porcelain in three centuries, and from their loins sprang Napoleon and his marshals.

To-day only a few thousand persons constitute Russia. No one else has anything to say or anything to do, except to pay the bills and carry the guns. But when the more than hundred million Russians each becomes an active unit in the nation, when their energies, pent up and denied for centuries, are loosed in the service of their country, Russia then will realize the great picture which Milton drew in these memorable lines:

"A noble and puissant nation, rousing herself like a strong man after sleep and shaking her invincible locks."—Boston Globe.

THE PRICE OF FAME.

When one considers how much the people love to be humbugged, it is surprising that there are not more people engaged professionally in the business. A man with a very brilliant mind may make a brilliant address before a brilliant audience, and there the brilliancy stops; but a man with a mind about the size of a shriveled walnut, may talk a lot of nonsense to an audience of no—or of average or unusual—intelligence, and immediately he becomes famous. An educator in a recent religious meeting told a fairly intelligent audience that dancing was the closest approach to Paradise, and to-day his name and theory is known from Maine to California. A University of Chicago professor tells wherein Rockefeller is superior to Shakespeare, and while the old magnate modestly protests, the professor's mail is overwhelmed with requests for photographs and locks of his hair.

A Harvard professor, who teaches Slavic literature, and who is a native of Russia, expresses the hope that his fatherland will be defeated in the Eastern war, and he gets half a column of attention, where his sensible utterances had never won him more than very moderate attention. And so, if a man must simply be foolish to become famous, is it any wonder that almost everybody to-day is famous?—Baltimore Herald.

PREPARATION FOR TRAVEL.

"There is one thing which is of great importance if one wishes to benefit by travel," says Rev. Minot J. Savage in the Four-Track News. "One should make sure what he is going to see before he leaves home. The story is told of Humboldt, the great and wonderful traveler, that on a certain occasion, he was talking to a friend who had just returned from Palestine. As the great scientist talked about the points of interest, mentioning buildings and streets and ruins in the most familiar way, his friend asked him when it was that he had been there. He replied that he had never been there, but on a certain occasion he had expected to go and had read up in regard to it by way of preparation. In London, for example, or Paris, there are many streets, buildings, monuments, pictures, historic spots to be visited, that no man can expect to be otherwise than lost as in a wilderness, unless he has read and studied beforehand and knows what he wishes to see."

OUR BAD COLLEGE SPELLING.

Much is said in the papers about college English, says Leslie's Weekly. The people within and without college walls declare that students write badly. But there is a thing more fundamental than their poor English style; it is the matter of their spelling. Many college men, as proved by their essays, cannot spell. They frequently make the mistake of transforming writing into writing, and of dining into dining—an echo probably of the noise of a college dining-room.

But poor spelling is not confined to college students. College professors are not free from the blame. A letter lies before the writer in which the distinguished head of a most important department in an American college declares that a certain candidate, whom he has recommended, is competent. A New England college professor has recently said that in making application for a place in English, several candidates wrote of the salary. Of course, also, a man may lack culture and spell correctly. Spelling is more or less a matter of an arbitrary bit of knowledge. But whatever may be the psychological relations of the art, the schools should teach boys and girls to spell. By incorrect spelling the higher ranges of learning are rendered less impressive.

A STRIKING SUGGESTION.

In a very interesting table showing the accumulations of monthly savings of one dollar to twenty dollars, when interest is compounded semi-annually at the rate of 3 per cent per annum, it is shown that a monthly saving of only five dollars a month for ten years amounts to \$699.58. In ten years ten dollars saved monthly amounts to \$1,395.38, and twenty dollars to \$2,798.98.

Thrift is not one of the American virtues. Most American families throw away enough food to keep a French family, for example, in health and comfort. Nor is it characteristic of Americans to save money. We have about us so many instances of great wealth rapidly acquired, the country is so prosperous and money so easy to get, that we do not count the pennies or the dimes, but scatter them right and left in the serene though insensate confidence that we shall find dollars growing on the trees at the next turning in life's pathway.

Our habits, too, are luxurious. We all buy things continually for which we have only a momentary desire and no need whatever. Do we not all know of at least five dollars we have wasted every month?

It is not necessary to argue as to the folly of this national weakness, for its folly is self-evident. Nor is it necessary to point out the advantages of thrift and economy.

It is suggestive enough to call attention to the fact that self-denial to the extent of a very few dollars a month will in a short time fortify a man against the sudden assaults of adverse fortune.—Chicago Journal.

SUBATOMIC ENERGY.

The disintegration of a gram of uranium, or thorium, or radium, sets free at least a million times as much energy as that which is represented in any known chemical change taking place within a gram weight of any known compound substance. The experiments of the last eight years have then marked a remarkable advance in science, in that they have proved the existence of an immense store of subatomic energy. It seems highly probable, however, that this energy can ever be utilized on the earth to serve man's economic needs, for thus far we know of but three substances which are disintegrating, and these are changing so slowly that the rate of evolution of energy is almost infinitesimal. Radium may possibly prove to be of some practical value in the cure of disease, although it is too early yet to assert even this with certainty. But even if no practical application of these discoveries should be found, radio-activity will nevertheless have served one of the most useful of all ends, namely, that of enlarging man's knowledge of the ways of nature and of deepening his insight into the constitution of matter.—Prof. R. A. Millikan, in Popular Science Monthly.

THE BLESSING OF FREE LABOR.

The highest development and the widest distribution of wealth have been secured where labor was free, and the least where slavery prevailed. The efforts that are being made by organizations of work people to load themselves with despotic restraints are the result of wild dreams that they can impose their restrictions upon others and leave themselves free. Such a state of things can never be realized. Even if the socialistic notions could be carried to the extent of securing for the whole people control of all the machinery of production, and a distribution of all wealth, the conditions of equality would not last a fortnight. In a very brief time there would arise a class that was fast monopolizing the wealth and exercising all the public power of control.—New Orleans Picayune.

NOT A TEN-WORD SCOLD.

Angry Wife Needed More Than That to Do Subject Justice.

There were little red streaks in her face and a blaze in her eye as she came into the telegraph office and said:

"I want to telegraph to my husband."

"Yes, madam," responded the operator, handing her some blanks.

"How much will it be?" she inquired.

"I don't know, madam," replied the operator with keen politeness and a faint smile.

"Don't know!" she exclaimed. "What are you here for?"

"To send and receive messages, madam."

"Well, why don't you know how much a telegram will cost?"

"Because, madam, I don't know where it is to be sent."

"Well, you needn't be so smart," she snapped. "It's to go to Chicago."

"Then it will cost 40 cents."

She made no further remarks, but took the blanks and in the course of time returned with about six pages of rather closely written matter.

"There," she said, laying four dimes down with the message, "send that."

"But, madam," explained the operator, "it is 40 cents for ten words."

"What!" she ejaculated, "you can only send ten words for 40 cents?"

She looked him square in the face as she tried to suppress her feelings. "Are you a married man?" she asked.

"Yes, madam."

"Well, you must be very stupid if you don't know a woman can't give her husband a piece of her mind in ten words," and without waiting to hear anything more she glided out of the office, taking her message with her.

DEATHS FOLLOW DOG'S HOWL.

Tom Sawyer's Theory Vindicated by Strange Occurrences in Maine.

A black dog whose owner is unknown has been howling for two weeks around Elm street, Saco. He sits in front of a house with his head turned skyward and keeps up a continual unearthly howl, which can be heard within a radius of a quarter of a mile.

There have been an unusual number of deaths in this neighborhood recently, and it is claimed that this dog has howled in advance in front of every house in which a death has occurred. The superstition has held good in six instances, and Saturday the dog was dividing his time between two houses in which there is sickness, howling for a while before one of them and then taking his station before the other. Some people in the neighborhood are a good deal worked up about it.

Nobody has been able to get near enough to the dog to get a shot at him, and when driven off he soon returns. The superstition is as old as the hills. It is claimed that within a radius of 200 yards from a central point in that neighborhood twelve deaths have occurred within less than that number of months.—Bangor News.

The Ridiculous in Poetry.

It is the custom of the American journalist, who respects nothing and invents little but his facts, to enliven his pages about this time of the year with ridicule of "the spring poet." Poetry seems to the trans-Atlantic newspaper mind especially ridiculous. And, indeed, there is something patently old-fashioned in the bard sitting down to string rhymes together on the fact that for nobody knows how many thousandth time the days have grown warmer and longer, and the leaves come out and the flowers peeped in the hedges and over the meadows. Besides, when the spring poetry appears in a monthly magazine readers will remember that it was probably written during the autumn of the year before last. That is about the time that the vine of poetry takes to filter through the editorial strainer.—London Tatler.

Our Tasks.

For what we cannot do, God never asks! Beyond what we can bear, He never tries. In sweet fulfillment of the little tasks, We make our preparation for the skies.

The restless heart seeks to do something great, And lets the common things of life slip by. Forgetting that the trifles indicate Which path we're taking for eternity.—London Sunday School Times.

They Belonged There.

At the latest of the ladies' clubs a "pets' room," with little stalls for dogs and cats, lemurs and lizards, all the small creatures that a lady finds necessary as companions, is provided.

One of the most enthusiastic members was showing her friends of her sex over the establishment, and opened the door of the "pets' room" with proper pride.

There, in the center of the room, on two chairs, sat two immaculate clothed young men, grave of face, but with a wicked twinkle in their eyes.

"Don't you know this is the ladies' 'pets' room?" asked the enthusiastic member, with some acerbity.

"That's why we are here," replied the more serious of the two young men, with becoming gravity.—Sporting Times.

Reforming Colorado Boys.

Hundreds of boys from the Denver Juvenile Court will be sent into the sugar beet fields near Longmont, Colo., to work. The boys will be sent out in parties of twenty-five each, in charge of a probation officer, and will be equipped with tents and camping outfits. They can earn from \$1.20 to \$2 a day each.