

DARKEST RUSSIA

BY H. GEATTAN DONNELLY.

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CHAPTER III.—Continued.

"Is there no person with whom you are acquainted who is familiar with English literature, and who—"

"To be sure. My secretary, Herr Ivan Barosky. If you care—"

"It will give me great pleasure, and I thank you from the bottom of my heart, madame, for your kindness."

The baroness touched a silver call bell, which stood on a table near. A servant entered. "Say to Herr Barosky I wish to see him here."

"Pardon, madame, but Herr Barosky left the house an hour ago, saying if he were asked for that he would soon return."

"How unfortunate," began the baroness. "I—"

"If I might be given the permission to wait and to glance through these priceless treasures," suggested the professor as he cast a wistful look at the well-filled shelves.

"By all means," said the baroness, and rising she said that she would send Herr Barosky to him on his return, and then withdrew.

Making a low bow, expressive of his gratitude, the professor stood until the door had closed, and then a startling change took place. Instead of the slow, deliberate movements of the old scholar, Michael Radaloff, with a gleam of triumph in his eye, once more was the alert and active agent of police. Going tiptoe to the door with catlike motion, he listened for a moment, and then with rapid movements he proceeded to a desk which stood in the apartment, and producing a bunch of skeleton keys soon had its contents at his disposal. A hurried examination of one paper after another followed. The face of the searcher was a study. Eagerness, disappointment, anxiety, anticipation—one expression after another chased itself across the earnest face.

Suddenly he uttered an exclamation. A secret drawer had rewarded his search. He grasped the papers the receptacle contained.

A great flush of joy passed over his face.

The drawer was speedily closed.

Another moment, and all the documents in the desk were rearranged as nearly as possible in their former order—all but two—the two found in the secret drawer, guarded by the concealed spring.

Then the lock was locked.

Radaloff, drawing himself erect, stood for a moment like some conqueror who had won a great victory, and as a great flash of exultation lighted up the sallow face, he exclaimed, "By Holy Nicholas, the game is mine!"

CHAPTER IV.

The Student of the Polytechnic.

Five minutes later, a young man, apparently of some two or three and twenty years, of singularly easy and graceful bearing, entered the room.

The learned professor was too deeply engrossed in an examination of a superb copy of Schiller to notice his entrance, and his eyes were only lifted from the page when the young man spoke. "Is this Herr Professor Kasovitch?"

The "Herr Professor" was deeply embarrassed. He arose and apologized for his preoccupation.

Mr. Barosky, with a glance at the card he held in his hand, said in a pleasant tone, "Pray be seated."

Radaloff took in every feature of



the young man before him. Then he picked up the volume of Tennyson and said: "Knowing the reputation of the Baroness von Rhineberg as a connoisseur in works of this kind, and being in need of money, I wished to dispose of this book."

"The baroness explained to me," said the young man, and began an examination of the work.

While he is thus engaged let us get better acquainted with the young man who has just been introduced. He is destined to play no small part in the drama of "Darkest Russia," and it is well that we should know who and what he is at the start.

About fifteen years before our story opens here lived in St. Petersburg a famous teacher of music, named Michael Barosky. He was a man of brilliant attainments, having traveled much throughout Europe, and having a wide acquaintance among some of the leading musicians of the principal cities of the continent. An offer, through an English nobleman of high rank, who was his admirer, induced Barosky to visit London, where he speedily became known as one of the great masters, and where on more

than one occasion he had been "commanded" to play before the queen. This signal recognition of his abilities opened his career under the most flattering auspices, and Michael Barosky, within a year after his arrival at the English capital, found himself well advanced on the highroad to fame and fortune. Within twelve months after his first arrival he sent for his wife Alexandrine and his two children—Ivan, a boy of eight years, and the bright-eyed little Ilda, who was two years younger—determined to make his home permanently in London.

Several years of peace, prosperity and happiness went by. Then there came a change, as all things human change—during the fourth year of his life in England an event occurred which forever darkened the life of Michael Barosky. Alexandrine, his young and beautiful wife, caught a severe cold. It developed rapidly, and in spite of all that the highest medical science could suggest, she sank rapidly, and in less than a fortnight died in the arms of her agonized husband.

Michael Barosky and his motherless children embarked on the remains of the beloved wife and mother for Russia, and Alexandrine was laid to rest in the little village of Fretrof, where she was born. Two days after the funeral Michael Barosky was stricken down by illness, and for weeks hovered between life and death. His recovery began at last, but life brought no joy to the stricken man, for he was blind!

In this hapless state he again returned to St. Petersburg. The loving kindness and tender solicitude of Ivan and Ilda softened the cruel blow that had thus befallen him. But even this consolation was not of long duration. In the archives of the secret police of St. Petersburg were certain reports of conversations overheard in Barosky's house in London—of threats against the czar, of conspiracies, of revolutionary schemes discussed and projected. It was not pretended that Michael Barosky himself was responsible for these utterances. But he had harbored beneath his roof those who had spoken and who were enemies of the state, and to this extent was particeps criminis.

So it was, that one eventful evening, as Michael Barosky sat listening to his little Ilda playing on the violin, there was a violent knocking at the door. It was opened by Ivan. Another moment, and there entered an officer accompanied by four soldiers. Going up to the blind man, the officer, placing his hand on his shoulder, said: "Michael Barosky, I arrest you in the name of the czar!"

All the demands for a statement of the crime of which he stood accused were denied, and five minutes later the unfortunate father was torn from the grasp of his children, who with cries and shrieks clung to him in very agony of childish despair.

In less than an hour the gates of the great Petropaulovsk prison had closed behind him, and Michael Barosky was dead to the world.

Before leaving London Michael Barosky had deposited a very large sum of money, the results of his brilliant professional career. This money had been made payable by exchange on the great banking house of Von Rhineberg, Strauss & Co. After waiting for some time, and receiving no word from their blind client, the bankers instituted a search for him. Then came the intelligence of his arrest.

In his earlier days Michael Barosky had been the teacher of the children of the Banker Strauss, who entertained for him a high regard, and so it was but natural that on hearing of the misfortune of their father that the care for the children whose fortune he had in his keeping. The result was that Ivan, the boy, now about approaching his twelfth year, was placed in an excellent private school, and the little Ilda received a warm place in the banker's family.

Ivan proved himself an earnest student, and at the time when we first meet him he was one of the most brilliant graduates of the St. Petersburg Polytechnic. It was while in the home of Banker Strauss that the Baroness von Rhineberg first met him, and it was at her desire that he had engaged to translate into Russian some English books. He rapidly gained the respect and esteem and confidence of the baroness, and at the time when he enters upon our horizon, was trusted with the direction of her correspondence.

Ilda Barosky, at the time when her father had been so ruthlessly torn from her children, had just entered her tenth year. The cruel separation had made a profound impression upon her. She had been her father's idol and, since the death of the beloved Alexandrine, his heart-strings twined themselves more than ever around his motherless little daughter. Early in life Ilda had given evidence of the possession of musical talent of a high order, and as soon as she was able to hold an instrument her father had begun giving her instructions on the violin. The result was that she was now something of a musical prodigy, and Banker Strauss took care that the child's musical gifts should be carefully fostered and developed. Ilda began her career as a student at the Conservatoire soon after her father's arrest, and it was not long until her talents attracted attention. The result was that, even before she graduated she was frequently given opportunities of displaying her talents before many brilliant assemblages of the Russian aristocracy. It was while here that Ilda Barosky formed the acquaintance of a fellow student, Anna Dorski, and the friendship of the young girls ripened into a tender affection for each other, Ilda took up her home in the Dorski's house and for years lived as one of the family. Anna's father, like the father of Ilda, was an eminent musician, and when any specially elaborate fete or celebration was given in St. Petersburg, it was considered incomplete unless the musical arrangements were directed by M. Dorski.

We have thus given in brief, an outline of Michael Barosky and his family, and will now return to Ivan and M. Radaloff, and follow their conversation.

Radaloff, while Ivan hurriedly glanced through the book, sat watching him with intense interest, but there was no indication of it in the appearance he presented when Ivan raising his eyes from the book met those of the supposed professor.

"This book," said Ivan, "while a volume of Tennyson, is incomplete in the fact that several works are not included."

"I was not aware of it."

"The baroness, I think, said that you received it as a present from a friend in England."

"From Professor Muller of Oxford."

"Indeed." There was something in the intonation of the word that put



Radaloff on his guard in a moment. He felt that in some way, he knew not what, he had made a blunder, and he waited with anxiety the discovery of the particular point in which he had erred.

"May I ask if the Professor Muller of Oxford is in St. Petersburg at present?"

"Oh, no, in England; at Oxford—at the university."

"But he has been here, in Russia."

"Perhaps—not lately to my knowledge; we met in Berlin last."

"Then the book was sent to you from England."

"Pardon me, I think I already mentioned that," Radaloff said, with some impatience. He felt sure he was being cross-examined for some purpose he could not fathom. Did Ivan suspect him? What if he had ever seen him before and had penetrated the disguise!

(To be continued.)

THE FINE WAS REMITTED.

Lawyer's Assurance Saved Him From Deserved Punishment.

Representative Henry of Texas, discussing the Cockran-Dalzell incident in the House, was telling how Thomas Fannin Smith of Texas was accustomed to bullyrag the judges before whom he practiced.

"Does counsel think this court is a fool?" asked the judge of Smith after a particularly boastful statement that had been made by counsel.

"I should not like to answer your honor's question, and would be glad to be excused," Smith answered, "as I might subject myself to contempt of court."

"You are fined \$10 for contempt," the judge answered.

With a great display of bills Smith paid the fine to the clerk, at the same time muttering: "Anyhow, it is \$10 more than the court can show."

"You are fined \$50 additional for contempt," the court ordered, and as Smith did not have this amount he was to raise it before the next day or go to jail.

"Your honor," he finally said, "in view of all the circumstances, I am convinced your honor was joking about that \$50 fine, and I move that it be remitted."

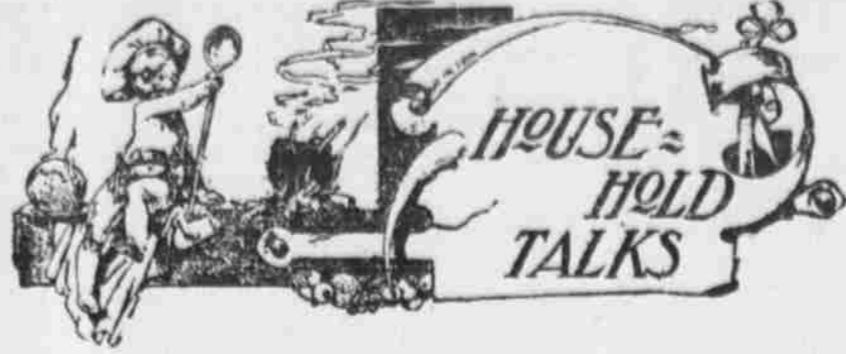
Smith's assurance was so great that the judge remitted the \$50 fine.—New York World.

Atrocities in the Congo Region.

In an account of a journey made last year in the Congo Free State the Rev. A. E. Scrivener, of the Baptist Missionary Society, of England, thus comments on the treatment of the natives by the agents of the State: "It all seemed so foolish to kill the people off in the wholesale way in which it has been done in this lake district because they would not bring in sufficient rubber to satisfy the white men—and now here is an empty country and a very much diminished output of rubber as the inevitable consequence."

Pastor Changes Faith.

Rev. William T. Brown, formerly the pastor of Plymouth Congregational church at Rochester, N. Y., who created such dissatisfaction by his socialist sermons some four years ago, that he was compelled to leave the pulpit, has united with the Unitarians and assumed the pastorate of the Church of Our Father at East Boston, Mass.



A Rosebud Luncheon.

At an attractive spring bridesmaid luncheon the color scheme was rose pink and green. An embroidered center-piece with a border of pink roses was laid on the highly polished mahogany table, and on this a tall, cut glass flower vase filled with an immense bunch of pink bridesmaid roses. Near each corner of the table were slender glass vases with the same roses, and these smaller vases were connected with the center-piece by long streamers of smilax.

The place doilies were rose-shaped with an open-work design. At each place was a full-blown paper rose, revealing within its leaves salted almonds; each place card had a most natural looking paper rosebud tied to one corner by a bow of pink baby ribbon. Little silver bonbonnières held pink and green candies.

The rose-bud idea was carried out as far as possible throughout the various courses. The chine had rose decorations. Even the soup-cream of salmon was pink. The punch, which followed the bird course, was served in little pink crepe paper boxes, surrounded by wreaths of small pink roses. The ice cream was in the form of pink roses laid on a stem and bud of tissue paper. The cakes were covered with pink and green icing.

New Laces and New Collars.

With the washable shirt waist suit there is worn the wide folded girdle of silk. And there is worn the wide silk sailor collar, and there are the deep silk cuffs, which can be pulled on at will, adjusted and fastened with small pins. When thus finished the suit has a certain dressy air which it would not otherwise have.

The popular laces include all the laces that come from the looms, for there is no such thing as an unfashionable lace. Particularly are the Valenciennes laces in these revival days are particularly well liked. Little Val ruffles are almost a necessity with the thin gown. The other laces much worn are Alencon and Swiss laces. Irish laces are also seen in profusion, and for dressy gowns there is an arrangement of black Chantilly, over which is set cream guipure with very telling effect.

Blouse or Shirt Waist.

This shirt waist will be found most excellent for all the waistings of the season, cotton, linen, silk and wool and is as smart as it is simple, besides suiting stout figures well, there being no greater mistake extant than that such are at their best in plain waists.

The wide tucks at the front that give ample fullness below the stitchings, and the broad box plait at the center are both new and desirable and combine most satisfactorily with the plain back. The model is made of chevrot, white with lines of blue, and is worn with a blue linen stock. But this last can be anything one may prefer, or can be omitted altogether in favor of ribbon tied in a big bow, although it really is admirable both for this special waist and as a model for the odd ones of which there never can be too many.

The waist is made with fronts and back, that are fitted by means of shoulder and under-arm seams and is gathered at the waist line, the back being drawn down smoothly, the fronts made to blouse over the belt. The sleeves are the accepted ones of the season and are finished with straight cuffs and the shaped stock finishes the neck.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 4 1/4 yards 21 inches wide, 4 yards 27 inches wide or 2 yards 44 inches wide with 3/4 yard of any width for stock.

Jewelry in Smart Styles.

Pretty pieces of jewelry in smart styles shown in the best department shops are brooches in bird design, peacocks, swans and flying storks, not large and in natural colors. While these do not rank with the high-priced jewelry, they are cleverly made and not inexpensive.

In the fine jewelry a beautiful spray of diamonds for the corsage is a cluster of violets. This spray is some five or six inches long, the flowers and leaves set solidly with the jewels and the stems slender threads of platinum.

In rings where the broad effect is desired, lines of stones are set across the back of the ring, these three or five deep, according to the size of the stones. Diamonds are most often used in this way.

Frocks of Val Lace Rumored.

Allover Valenciennes is to be used a good deal for the more expensive summer frocks. It is rumored, A couple of exceedingly lovely frocks of this exquisite material seen the other day help to confirm the rumor. They were not inexpensive frocks, or ones that would bear copying in very

cheap goods; but the woman who expects to entertain during the country house season or to dress well at the seashore hotel will be interested. The skirts of the two frocks seen were formed by a succession of deep flounces of the allover lace. The sleeves, which were close-fitting on the shoulder and upper arm, were merged at the elbow in a scarf drape of the lace deep enough to cover the hand.

Misses' Collarless Jacket.

The collarless jacket marks the season for young girls as well as for grown folk and no better model is shown than this one with seams that extend to the shoulders at front and back. The stylish one which served as a model for the drawing is made of tan colored cloth with handings of fancy braid and a handsome pearl buttons overlaid with gold, but all the materials used for jackets suit the model equally well.

The jacket consists of fronts and side-fronts, back and side-backs, with double under-arm gores that allow of careful and successful fitting. The mandolin sleeves are made in one piece, but the plain ones consist of uppers and unders in regulation coat style.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (14 years) is 3 1/2 yards 27 inches wide, 2 yards 44 inches wide or 1 1/2 yards 52 inches wide.

To Freshen Kid Slippers.

An economical woman has discovered another little way to make the most of what she has.

White or colored kid slippers often become shabby in appearance because the kid has been peeled off the heels. If the slippers are otherwise in good condition the heels can be made to look like new by cutting from the top of an old glove of the same color a piece of kid large enough to stretch and paste about the heel. The upper edge can be securely pushed under the sole of the shoe and neatly trimmed at the bottom. If not worn until perfectly dry the result is most satisfactory.

Hints for New Gowns.

One of the loveliest shirt waists of the season was made of champagne colored mull. It was trimmed with ivory white lace and piped with pearl white bands. A deep girdle of opal yellow chiffon velvet confined the waist.

They say there was never so many new colors as this year. And, not only are there many new colors from which to pick, but there are many revived tones. Among the shades which are either new or revived are opal yellow, pansy purple, orchid purple and the new dark pink. These tones suggest a great deal in the line of harmony.

Useful String Bag.

Keep a string bag. It will be found most useful in the kitchen. It should be hung up in some special place and all pieces of string that come tied around parcels should be put in it. String is constantly required and it is far better to know exactly where to find a piece than to be obliged to hunt about and waste time in searching for this necessity.

Misses' Skirt.

Full skirts that fall in soft graceful folds appear to gain in favor day by day and are peculiarly becoming to young girls. This one can be gathered at the upper edge to form puff shirrings, or once only and joined to a contrasting yoke, but in either case, the fullness is made to form box plaits at the lower edge. The model is made of embroidered batiste with a band of heavy lace applique but all the pretty soft stuffs, silk, wool, cotton and linen are equally appropriate. The shirred yoke is much liked and is always pretty when the figure is slender but when, as often is the case in young girls, additional bulk at the belt is to be avoided, the plain yoke made of lace or of other fancy material is to be preferred.

The skirt is cut in one circular piece, straight lengths of the material being sewed together to give the necessary width, and when shirred is arranged over the foundation that also serves for the plain yoke when shirrings are not used.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 6 1/2 yards 21 inches wide, 5 yards 27 inches wide or 3 1/2 yards 44 inches wide with 4 1/2 yards of applique and 1/2 yard of all-over lace when yoke is used.



Convinced at Last.

Tommy—Smokin' cigarettes is dead sure to hurt yer.

Jimmy—G'on! Where did yer git dat notion?

Tommy—From pop.

Jimmy—Aw! he wuz jist stringin' yer.

Tommy—No, he wasn't stringin' me; he wuz strappin' me. Dat's how I knows it hurts.—Catholic Standard and Times.

A Long-Felt Want.

"This," said the dealer, "is a wonderful thing; the very latest. It's an alarm clock with a phonograph attached."

"Ah! the phonograph yells 'Get up!' I suppose."

"Oh, no; you only turn on the phonograph when you go to bed. It sings lullabies to you and puts you to sleep."

Swept the Deck.

Guyemoff—I bought a tray of diamonds for 50 cents yesterday.

Japalak—Say, you take my advice and stop hitting the pipe before it's everlastingly too late.

Guyemoff—It's straight goods. I not only got the tray of diamonds, but the other 51 cards in the deck, also.

Preparing for the Worst.



Miss Prim—O, I just know you are going to take this dime and get terribly intoxicated.

Rummy Robinson—Yer, do, mum. Den yer might hand over a dollar, so I can take a Turkish bath an' straighten up afterward.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Doesn't Like to Guess.

Pretty Daughter—I'd rather marry the worst man on earth than the best one.

Horrified mother—Good gracious! Are you crazy?

Pretty Daughter—Not necessarily. You see, I'd know then right from the start what I was up against and wouldn't be kept guessing.

High Finance.

"He's a splendid financier, they say."

"Yes, indeed. Why, he can manipulate the assets of a corporation in which you are interested so cleverly that you continue to feel grateful toward him when you wake up and find you have lost everything."

Possible Explanation.

"Ignorance," remarked young Saphead, "they say is bliss."

"That," replied Miss Caustique, "accounts for it, I imagine."

"Accounts for what?" queried the youth.

"Your apparent blissfulness," she replied.

A Boomerang.

Stringem—What kind of a cigar do you prefer?

Witcus—A dark cigar with a light end. See?

Stringem—That's all right, too; but when you're smoking it is light at both ends.

Disturbing Peace.



"Did your daughter's musical training cost you much money?"

"Sure, the next-door neighbors have sued me for damages."

Juvenile Theory.

"Nellie," said a mother to her 5-year-old daughter, "what's the reason you and your little brother can't get along without quarreling?"

"I don't know, mamma," replied the small miss, "unless it's 'cause I takes after you and he takes after papa."

Russia and Japan.

"It is a sort of a bric-a-brac war, isn't it?"

"Fur rugs and bric-a-brac, you might say."—Indianapolis Journal.

Partial Eclipse.

Ernie—And did you hide your face when he kissed you?

Belle—Well, I had on automobile goggles.