

# DARKEST RUSSIA

BY H. GRATTAN DONNELLY.

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## CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

"My dear sir, you are very welcome, believe me. My son in his letters from Asia had already spoken of you in terms which show his high regard and esteem, and believe me, it would have been a matter of sincere regret had you not given me an opportunity of expressing my thanks in person. Karsicheff!"

The general had been observing the scene and approached. "You remember meeting General Cobb at the American minister's?" And the ice thus broken, General Cobb was soon introduced by the count to most of the celebrities present, and particularly to those with whose fortunes we are more immediately concerned.

It was now approaching half-past eleven.

General Karsicheff, leaving the American enjoying a tete-a-tete with Baroness von Rhineberg, who, after vainly endeavoring to converse with the stranger in French and German, had fallen back on English, walked across the room in obedience to a glance from his wife, who had just rejoined her daughter.

"It is true, papa, and will Colonel Nazimoff not arrive to-night?" asked Olga, as her father approached.

"Oh, not so bad as that; the train is late, that is all. Why do you persist in speaking of your future husband as 'Colonel' Nazimoff, Olga? He was 'Alexis' to you before. Surely nothing—" and Karsicheff paused, looking his daughter full in the face.

A servant approached as General Karsicheff spoke, and bowing respectfully said: "Pardon, your excellency, but a gentleman from 203 desires to see you."

"203?"

Radaloff's official number on the private lists of the ministry of police.

"Olga, remain with your mother; I will join you presently," and so saying Karsicheff followed the servant from the room.

He had forgotten Olga's rather cold expression, "Colonel Nazimoff;" had forgotten the half-formed thought that began to take shape in his mind; had forgotten Olga herself—everything but Radaloff, the man upon whom all depended now.

The servant led the way to a small apartment adjoining the library, opened the door, and General Karsicheff and Radaloff were face to face.

In a few brief words Radaloff told of his discoveries; of how in the Baroness von Rhineberg's house he had found the evidence which connected her secretary, Ivan Barosky, with the nihilists, and as he spoke he exhibited the documents taken from the secret drawer in the desk. One was a copy of the intercepted Geneva publication, and the other!

Could Karsicheff believe his eyes? A list of one hundred and sixty-three names of "Friends of Russia!"

The great prize! With this in his possession he had it in his power to strike nihilism a death blow, and by the immediate and simultaneous arrest of all whose names were on the paper there was reason to believe that he could stamp out the revolutionary fires in St. Petersburg at once and forever.

What wonder that when Constantine Karsicheff entered the salon again he seemed transformed. There was an energy in his step, a firmness in his voice, and a glitter of triumph in his eyes that spoke volumes.

"At last," he kept repeating to himself, as if finding pleasure in the words; "at last I can do something."

To-night—before another dawn—he would deal nihilism such a blow as would destroy it; he would make all Europe ring with his praises as the great official of the empire who had saved the czar!

As his imagination pictured the



GENERAL COBB

gratitude of his sovereign, there broke upon the night air the sound of distant sleigh bells coming nearer and nearer.

A flutter of excitement began among the throng of guests.

Paul Nazimoff, his face flushed with pleasure, suddenly appeared. "Alexis is coming," he announced.

The sleigh bells sounded nearer. There was borne across the frosty air the cheery "hi, hi" of a driver and the quick echo of the hoofs of flying horses as they approached the Nazimoff palace.

The guests crowded to the doors and the band, the famous band of Dorski, struck up the welcome march.

The foaming horses stopped, the sleigh bells gave a last merry jingle, and, as a loud cheer broke from the

crowds of servants gathered at the entrance, Alexis Nazimoff sprang out, and in another moment was clasped in his father's arms.

## CHAPTER VI.

### Alexis Nazimoff at Home.

Alexis Nazimoff was a splendid specimen of the young Russian officer, and as he stood by his father a moment after his arrival and received a greeting from the Karsicheffs, whose welcome quickly followed his entrance, he looked the ideal of the dashing cavalier. His great coat, cap and sword had been handed to a servant, and his finely proportioned figure was revealed to a perfection in the uniform which became him so well.

His dark eyes, softened by the expression of the emotion with which he had met his father's greeting, lighted up a face of singular attractiveness. His hair, of a deep chestnut-brown, matched well the sun-tanned complexion; and the slightly aquiline nose, finely chiseled, indicated at once the high birth and the strength of character; while the well-formed mouth showed under the dark brown mustache such lines of decision as to indicate that once the lips were drawn together in evidence of a purpose formed, that purpose would be carried out at any cost.

Alexis, after greeting his father, had turned to Olga, whom he kissed on both cheeks, but those who noticed the salutation could hardly help coming to the conclusion that there was little of ardor in the act. It was rather the perfunctory salutation of a sister than the ardent greeting of an affianced wife after a presumably cruel separation of two long years. As he was greeted by one friend after another, Alexis' face indicated the pleasure he felt at the warmth of his reception. He was the center of a group, most of whom were old acquaintances, when his father, who had observed General Cobb standing half-concealed at a curtained window as he talked to the Baroness von Rhineberg, approached the latter.

"My dear baroness, you must not be last with your welcome to Alexis—he was always a favorite with you, and general Cobb. Come along!"

So saying, Paul Nazimoff, offering his arm to the baroness, escorted her down to the group where Alexis stood the central figure in a joyous throng.

"My dear baroness," was the hearty greeting of Alexis, as he recognized her, and he was about to continue when his father spoke:

"And here is another old friend—"

He had no opportunity to finish the sentence.

Alexis turned and saw Cobb.

His face fairly glowed with pleasure as he impulsively sprang forward with outstretched hands.

"What, Cobb! my friend, my dear friend! Here, here, beneath my father's roof. This is indeed a pleasure! Welcome ten thousand times. To find you here when I thought you back in America makes my happiness this night complete!"

The warmth of Alexis' words, no less than the evident pleasure and sincerity with which they were uttered produced a feeling of profound surprise in the assemblage.

With the exception of the meeting with his father, when his emotion was apparent to all, Alexis had given no evidence of other than the natural pleasure with which he had met the welcome of his friends. His manner was not wanting in warmth, but in no case had he shown anything like the spontaneous and heartfelt pleasure with which he had greeted Cobb.

There were glances of surprise and inquiry between the guests, and on the face of the Countess Karsicheff there was an expression of annoyance which she found it impossible to avoid.

Four hundred curious eyes had seen the meeting of Alexis and Olga, and she felt that gossip would be busy with its significance in a hundred places in St. Petersburg. The warmth of Alexis' greeting to Cobb made his coldness before doubly apparent, and Katherine Karsicheff, raising her haughty head, made no effort to conceal the significance of the inquiry which her eyes directed to those of Alexis.

Alexis quickly realized that some explanation was required. Taking General Cobb by the arm he advanced from the group. "Father, friends," he said, looking at the company, "has he not told you? do you not know?"

The puzzled looks answered the question.

"Evidently not," proceeded Alexis, as he stopped the protest of Cobb. "Then I shall tell you. Aid me to show my gratitude, your regard to my friend, my preserver!"

"His preserver!" Astonishment gave way to curiosity, and an eager expectancy pervaded the assemblage as Alexis spoke:

"Ay, my preserver, the man but for whose steady hand and resolute heart I should now be filling an unmarked grave in Asia."

"Oh, come now, none of that," began Cobb, "I—"

"The story—tell us the story."

The request came from a dozen voices.

Paul Nazimoff, as Alexis spoke of Cobb as his preserver, laid his hand on the arm of the American with a kindly gesture, while the baroness, with an eagerness she made no attempt to hide, exclaimed: "Preserver? the brave American!"

Alexis began: "About a year ago, while our command, under General Kaufman, was pushing its way across the Tartary steppes, we had a sharp conflict with a body of Turcoman cavalry. We were apprehensive of an attack by the enemy in force, and promptly took a position to repel any advance. Night fell, and my troop was assigned to outpost duty. I was ordered to advance as far as possible, so as to get some idea of the Turcomans. If they should prove to be in force, we fell into an ambush, and I was captured and hurried to the Turcoman headquarters, where I was thrust into a tent and my fate speedily decreed. In the conflict of which I have spoken, the Turcoman chief's son was killed, and it was determined to kill me by way of reprisal.

"While deliberating on my fate, I overheard the Turcomans allude to another prisoner whom they captured, and his death too was urged. It was pleaded in extenuation that he was not a Russian; that he was a civilian and that he would evidently be heavily ransomed. Toward daylight I became



"203 DESIRES TO SEE YOU!"

conscious that some one was gaining entrance to my tent from a tent adjoining, and I received a whispered word of warning in English to preserve silence, that the intruder was a friend. There in the darkness I felt the grasp of a friendly hand, and soon the stranger began to unfasten the bonds which held me fast, hands and feet.

"While thus engaged, he muttered 'hush,' and silently drew back into the darkest part of the tent. A movement at the entrance caused me to look in that direction. There, as a silhouette against the light of early dawn, stood a Turcoman. His face gleamed with deadliest hate. It was the chief whose son had been killed, and who had demanded my life. In his hand he bore an uplifted dagger. I could see the gleaming steel. He advanced. I closed my eyes, murmured a prayer, and waited. I could almost feel his hot breath on my face! Suddenly there was a flash and a report. The Turcoman fell, shot through the brain. At the same moment our troops with a wild cheer charged the Turcoman camp, and we were saved. Cobb, my friend, my dear friend here, was the man who fired that shot and saved my life at the risk of his own!"

"Bravo! Bravo!" "Brave Cobb!" "Noble American!" "Gallant soldier!" were some of the exclamations which followed the recital of Alexis' thrilling adventure and rescue. As he finished he turned, and grasping Cobb warmly by the hand, he added:

"Now friends, aid me to show our brave American that we Russians are not ungrateful!"

(To be continued.)

## PIRACY IS THE BOY'S IDEAL.

All Lads at Some Time Long to Become Scourges of the Seas.

There comes a time in the life of every boy when he wants to run away from home and be a pirate, or a street car conductor, or a politician, or something. Usually when he makes his ambition known the old man puts him down with a stern hand, and emphasizes his warning with a strap or a switch, and when the boy does run away he is ashamed or afraid to come back again, feeling that he'll be whipped within an inch of his life. How much better would it be if the father would take the aspiring son into the barn and commune with him as friend to friend. "By all means," says the wise old man, under the circumstances, "go and be a pirate."

"It is the great affliction of my life that my own business cares and responsibilities have prevented me from securing a long, low, rakish craft, and becoming the scourge of the seas; I believe that it is the duty of every well-regulated boy to serve an apprenticeship upon a pirate ship, and I would be the last to prevent a son of mine from following up such an ambition. Any help or encouragement I can give you will be freely tendered. But remember that if you need a season of rest and relaxation, you'll always have a cordial welcome at home."

The boy thus addressed might run away from home, but he wouldn't go further than the next town; as soon as he grew weary of the enterprise he would remember the good old man at home and the pleasant times around the fire in the evening and he would decide to postpone his piratical enterprise for at least a few years.—Nebraska State Journal.

## The Important Thing.

Billy—How does a fellow catch the grip?  
Joe—That's easy; but how does he let go of it?—Cincinnati Tribune.

## AT PORT ARTHUR

GEN. KUROPATKIN WILL MOVE FOR ITS RELIEF.

## HIS ARMY IS ON THE MARCH

A Maneuver for Attacking in the Rear the Japanese Now Besieging Port Arthur—London Receives Reports with Skepticism.

LONDON—Telegrams from different points seem to confirm the rumors that General Kuropatkin is attempting a diversion in the direction of Port Arthur. Russian reinforcements, according to a dispatch from Tien Tsin, are moving southward from Kaiping toward Wafangtien, under General Stakenberg. They comprise a battery of artillery, four Siberian regiments and a company of Cossacks, aggregating 12,000 men. Another brigade is following, the intention being to engage in their rear the Japanese now attacking Port Arthur.

The Standard's correspondent at Tien Tsin, sending the same news, says: "The Russian force in the engagement at Wafangtien May 30 was supposed to have been formed of four Siberian regiments which were reported to have left Tachahochio May 28, being the first portion of a relieving column for Port Arthur. The railway is fairly intact from the north

## NEBRASKA DEMOCRATS MEET.

Delegates to National Convention Named, with Bryan Leading.

Delegates-at-Large—WILLIAM J. BRYAN, Lancaster. W. H. THOMPSON, Hall. C. J. SMYTH, Douglas. WALTER PHILLIPS, Platte.

Alternates-at-Large—J. M. GILCHRIST, Douglas. H. G. WARD, Johnson. J. A. COVERWATHE, Holt. H. C. DAVIS, Richardson.

Delegates, First District—JOHN A. M'GUIRE, Lancaster. FRANK E. MORGAN, Cass. Alternates, First District—LOGAN ENYEART, Otoe. D. L. GREENFIELDS, Pawnee.

Delegates, Second District—JOHN A. CREIGHTON, Douglas. W. H. DE FRANCE, Douglas. Alternates, Second District—DR. J. P. CLARK, Washington. HOWARD WHITNEY, Sarpy.

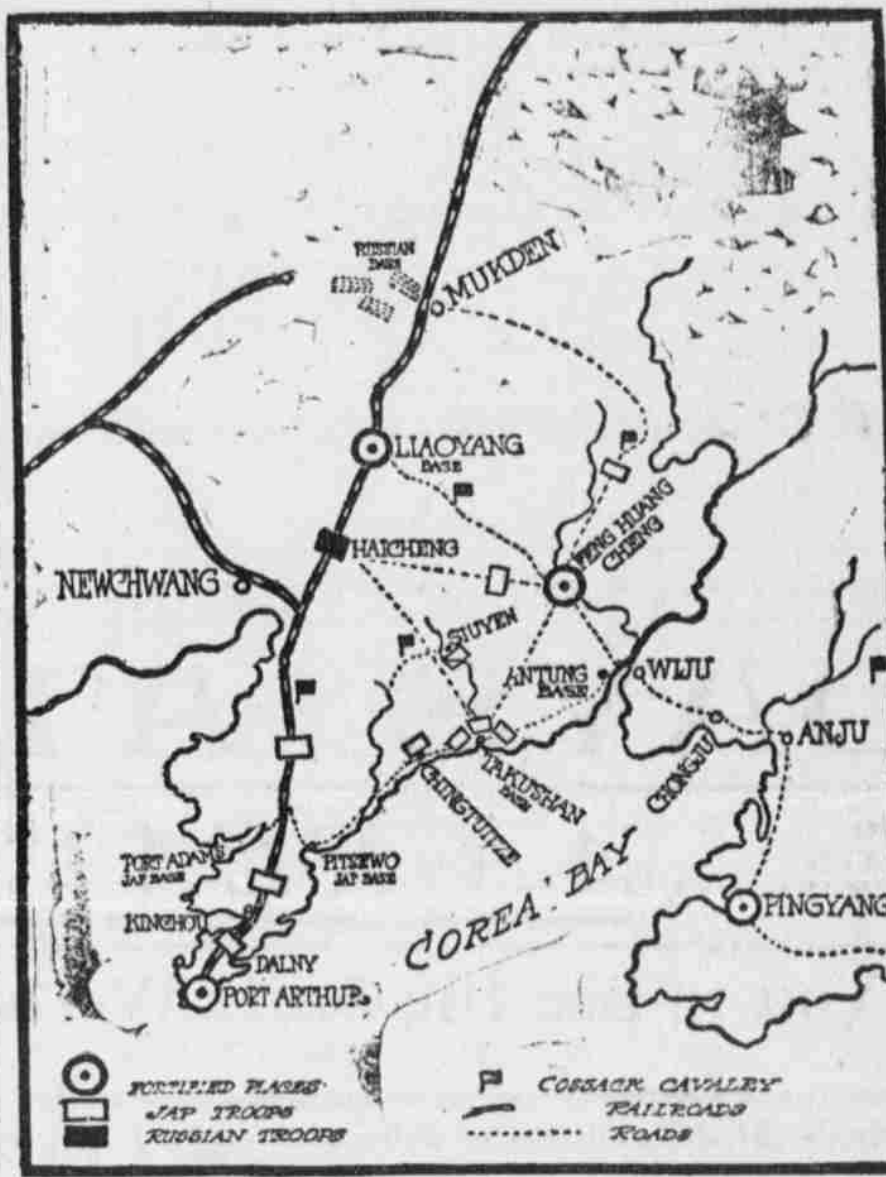
Delegates, Third District—J. G. HESTE, Cedar. DAN V. STEPHENS, Dodge. Alternates, Third District—W. H. GREEN, Knox. PATRICK GLEASON, Burt.

Delegates, Fourth District—C. D. CASPER, Butler. DR. C. F. FALL, Gage. Alternates, Fourth District—C. W. NUNAMAKER, Saline. THOMAS HENNAHAN, York.

Delegates, Fifth District—J. O. WALKER, Fillmore. DR. J. H. ENGLAND, Kearney. Alternates, Fifth District—DR. E. C. CASE, Frontier. H. W. RISLEY, Hall.

Delegates, Sixth District—T. J. O'KEEFE, Box Butte. J. J. WILSON, Custer. Alternates, Sixth District—

## MAP OF THE THEATER OF WAR.



of Wafangtien, but is completely destroyed from there to Pulantien.

"The Japanese are unconcerned over this demonstration, being convinced that it will be impracticable for the Russians to move a sufficient force to prove effective."

These reports are received with a certain measure of skepticism in London. The belief here is that if General Kuropatkin is undertaking such a desperate move he can only be doing so in deference to the strongest political pressure and against his own better judgment.

No further news of any kind has been received about the movements of the Japanese forces. Both Generals Kuroki and Oku are working in the utmost secrecy.

The Daily Telegraph's well-informed Tokio correspondent estimates the total defending force at Port Arthur as 30,000. "This is a most formidable army," he says, "and it will be a marvelous achievement to carry by assault such a place with more than a score of great landward forts, disposed at a distance of fifteen miles from the harbor. Still, the reduction of the place undoubtedly can be accomplished."

According to the Chronicle's Tokio correspondent, the Russians have cupled eleven fortresses at Liao Yang and are laying mines at a distance of 5,000 feet around them.

## Fleet Will Stay at Tangier.

LISBON, Portugal.—It is stated here that the United States cruisers Baltimore, Olympia and Cleveland will not come to Lisbon, but will stay at Tangier pending a settlement of the difficulty arising out of the detention of Ion Perdicaris and Cromwell Varley.

## Perfumery Overcomes Firemen.

NEW YORK—Six firemen were overcome Friday by the fumes of perfumery while fighting a fire in a building in Duane street, in which Lazell, Dalley & Co., manufacturers of perfumes, occupied the fifth floor. Several carboys of perfumery were broken open during the fire. The liquid ran over the floor and into the flames, producing fumes so overpowering that the firemen were reportedly driven away by them. Six of the firemen were carried out unconscious, but were revived.

C. E. SPENCER, Dawson. X. PIASECH, Howard. For National Committeeman—JAMES C. DAHLMAN, Douglas.

OMAHA Neb.—The democrats of Nebraska, in convention here Wednesday, elected as delegates to the national convention the men whose names are given above, and adopted a platform which deals unequivocally and comprehensively with national questions, besides being, in the language of Mr. Bryan, "so plain that he who runs may read."

The delegates are uninstructed, but they will vote under the unit rule.

Congressman C. F. Cochran of St. Joseph, Mo., delivered a speech of almost an hour's duration. Mr. Cochran's speech was an earnest plea for the democracy of state and nation to stand firm against the insidious aggressions of the trusts and corporations and continue to be the unwavering and undaunted champion of the common people.

The four delegates-at-large were elected without opposition and by acclamation, there being no other candidates in the field. A similar honor was accorded James C. Dahman for national committeeman.

Repeated cheering greeted Mr. Bryan when, as chairman of the resolutions committee, he appeared on the stage to read the platform, which was unanimously adopted.

The convention adopted, amidst cheers, the following resolution, offered by W. H. Thompson of Grand Island:

"Resolved, That we are proud of and most heartily endorse the record of Hon. G. M. Hitchcock, our democratic congressman from this state, and pledge him our most hearty support in his re-election."

## Officers Fight Horse-thieves.

BASIN CITY, Wyo.—Sheriff Webb and posse, accompanied by Deputy Sheriff Beard of Johnson county, fought a battle with two horse-thieves near the Putney ranch. The thieves, members of the old gang of which "Driftwood Jim" McCloud, now serving time in the penitentiary was the leader, stole two horses from the Teasdale ranch on May 10. The officers had been following since May 14. One of the thieves was wounded, but escaped with his companion to the bad lands of the Big Horn.

## THE ODD CORNER

### To a Cigar.

O. Panatella, you are blent / With much of human element, / And when your form and fate we scan / We think how you resemble man.

We judge you by the wrapper, which is often compelled to be / As plain, to honor custom's due / He must provide much revenue.

Although man at his fortune mocks, / Like you, he's sometimes in a box; / Like you, his maker's cunning hand / Determines what shall be his brand.

Sometimes you are domestic. He is made for some one's pleasing; / And man—by outer garb of his / We reckon what the filler is.

And man—like you, a helpless thing— / Is made for some one's pleasing; / Like you, some day he meets his match; / Like you, he many dreams will hatch.

O. Panatella, you and man / Indeed fulfill the selfsame plan. / For in the end aside you're cast / And come to ashes at the last. —Chicago Tribune.

### Paris' Ancient Watch.

One of the curiosities of Paris, Me., is an ancient watch which has been in one of the leading families for generations. Gen. Farwell carried this watch during the war of 1812. Its previous history is unknown, although it evidently came from England at a much earlier date.

The dial is ivory and upon it is a hand painting in colors of a fort with soldiers in the bright colors of the British uniforms drilling in the foreground. Sentinels in red coats stand upon the walls.

The door to this fort is cut through the dial and connected with the mechanism in the interior is a wheel, on which are soldiers in colored uniforms. As this wheel slowly revolves, privates and officers appear to pass through the door of the fort at regular intervals.

It is said to be the only watch of the kind in existence.

On the interior of the case several watchmakers, who have repaired or cleaned it have engraved their names. Among these is Oliver Gerlich, Portland's first watchmaker. When he repaired this watch the only jewelry store in the Forest city was in an unfinished chamber. The proprietor had no showcase or counter and kept his money to make change in a wood box in the brace of a beam.

Another man who repaired this watch was Waldron of Norway, who was the first watchmaker in Oxford county.

### Vegetable a Dwarf Giant.

Dr. Welwitsch brings news of a wonderful tree which he found growing in the west of Africa and named for himself, the Welwitsch. The extraordinary proportions of a trunk four feet in diameter, with a height of only one foot, make the plant look like a round table. The tree never has more than two leaves, and these are the seed leaves, which appeared when the plant first began to grow, and which it never sheds or replaces with others. They are in themselves remarkable productions, often attaining a length of six feet, with a breadth of from two to two and a half feet, each being cut into numerous ribbon like segments. The flowers form crimson clusters something like those of the larch. These trees form forests on a tableland some six miles broad, at a height of from 300 to 400 feet above the sea on the west coast of Africa.

### Figures Centuries Old.

The famous great gallery at the base of the towers of Notre Dame cathedral, Paris, is decorated with curious grotesque figures which have been made familiar by thousands of reproductions and copies for centuries. The statues were carved and put in place during the twelfth century, yet they still stand exactly as they were placed in position. The frosts of time and weather have not served to destroy their original lines. As with the statuary of the cathedrals of the middle ages, these statues differ slightly in form, even though they are supposed to be symmetrical.

### Opium Smoking in China.

It is generally understood that a large percentage of the Chinese are addicted to the use of opium. This is a misconception. The belief that the Chinese of rank and culture use the drug is due to the prominence given to the cultivation of the plant and the manufacture of opium in the Celestial empire. As a matter of fact, a native who uses opium is looked upon by his superiors as we discuss and classify our drunkards.

The idea that a pill will produce an exhilarating effect on the beginner is also erroneous. One must be accustomed to the use of the drug to get the pleasant effect. The first pipe to an American produces nausea. Two or three will make him sick. If he can stand eight or nine of these "pills" he is apt to dream, but the awakening is always an unpleasant reality.

### "Brands" His Hens.

A man at Deering, Me., who has found that some of his hens look a good deal like his neighbors' hens has adopted a unique method of identification. In short he paints a wide red collar around the neck of each hen. And the hens, true to their sex, enjoy the frill.

### "Bouncing" Boy, Indeed.

The Missouri baby record was severely fractured, if not broken, when Mrs. Holder, living at Avila, Jasper county, gave birth to a sixteen-pound boy.