

DARKEST RUSSIA

BY H. GRATTAN DONNELLY.
Copyright, 1906, by Street & Smith. All rights reserved.

CHAPTER XII—Continued.
The conspirators found in this place, the hurried report which reached him said, were evidently the head and front of the whole conspiracy, and he had given orders to have them brought before him, so as to make a terrible example of them all before proceeding to dispose of the rank and file. With such damning evidence of their guilt there would be no need for delay, and he would act at once. Those guilty of the capital crime he would commit to prison for trial that would surely end in their conviction and ignominious death; the others he would summarily sentence to Siberia.

He fairly gloated over the prospect, and cast eager glances at the clock awaiting the news that the daring and desperate leaders would soon stand before him. "By Heaven!" he exclaimed, "after this there can be no barrier to my successful advancement. The czar cannot afford to pass without signal recognition this evidence of my zeal and ability, and to reward it as it deserves."

He was in this delightful frame of mind when suddenly the door leading to his private apartments opened and the countess entered the room. He turned. "Congratulate me, Katherine!" he exclaimed, and then suddenly stopped.

His wife's face fairly frightened him. Katherine Karsicheff as she entered the room was deathly pale. Her eyes, beneath the contracted brows, shone with a fire that was almost of a greenish tint. Her features twitched convulsively, and her whole manner betrayed such a frenzy of anger that her husband stood aghast at the terrible appearance she presented. In her hand, crushed and half torn, she held an open letter.

"For God's sake, Katherine, what has happened?" at length said Karsicheff, after the countess, in a very paroxysm of passion, brought down her hand on the table till it quivered, and then sank into a chair, overcome for an instant by the violence of her agitation.

"Disgraced before St. Petersburg—humiliated before Russia—oh! but it shall not stop here—I will go to the czar myself—the insult must be avenged—the I will have satisfaction—thus the countess raved in broken sentences, and this was her only reply to Karsicheff's inquiry as to the cause of her agitation.

"What does it mean?" thought Karsicheff. "Surely she can have heard nothing of the czar's growing impatience with my administration. Even so, the events of to-day will set all right again."

The countess broke in upon his surmises. Rising to her feet, she came to where he stood expectant, and in a voice choking with rage said: "You are my husband—Olga's father—what can you do to avenge this insult?" and she thrust the letter into his hand.

Karsicheff glanced at the paper. It was the letter written by Alexis Nazimoff. He could hardly trust himself to speak. To give utterance to his own feelings, which were scarcely less intense than those of Katherine, would be to fan the flames of her raging anger to uncontrollable fury, and Karsicheff well knew, that once worked up to a pitch of hysterical passion, his wife was about as easily controlled as a hungry lioness.

He waited and said nothing. Katherine watched him for a second. His silence had exactly the opposite effect upon her to that which he had anticipated. He had made a mistake.

"Why don't you say something, you imbecile!" she screamed at him. "Does not this insult even stir your sluggish blood? Oh!" and as she spoke her teeth grinded until Karsicheff's nerves were unstrung; "oh! why didn't God give you some of the spirit of a man, you coward?"

"Katherine!"
"Don't speak to me!" the countess went on; "don't you see that Alexis Nazimoff, by this act, makes us the laughing stock of all Russia—humiliates, disgraces, degrades us. This insult to me—to Katherine Karsicheff—and she drew herself up—"must be avenged." She approached him where he stood writhing under her insulting, burning words. Then, raising her hand menacingly, she shook it at him fiercely, and went on: "You must call him out—you must

shoot him like a dog—you must—"

The violence of her feeling was too much for her, and she sank into a chair, vainly trying to find words to express the rage that was choking her.

Karsicheff, now that his wife had ceased speaking, sat regarding her with mingled anger and apprehension. He felt, as has been said, the insult, but he doubted the wisdom of resenting it there and then. Before he could decide what to do, the door opened and Nicholas entered.

Katherine, with her face turned away, rose and without a word left the room. She would not betray her bitter disappointment even to her own son.

Nicholas watched his mother with painful anxiety. He could not fail to notice that she was deeply agitated. "What has happened?" he said to his father; "surely she has not heard it yet?"

"Heard what?" asked Karsicheff. "Something in the tones of Nicholas' voice struck him with a feeling of apprehension. "Heard of what?" he repeated.

Nicholas turned. "The—the rumor—that—"

"Go on! Good God, don't mutter and stammer like a child. What is it?" asked Karsicheff, in a fever of impatience.

"The rumor that you have already been deposed, and that Nazimoff has been appointed your successor."

"My God!" Constantine Karsicheff pressed his hand to his heart as if he had been shot. Nicholas sprang forward and supported him to a chair. Karsicheff gasped painfully for a moment, and then with an effort said: "Is it—is it true?"

"I fear it," was the reply. "Another emissary of the Nihilists has been at work, even in the imperial palace, and the czar has summoned a council of ministers. Nazimoff was sent for by his majesty early this morning. Some account of the occurrences of last night at the Nazimoff palace has reached the czar this morning, and he sent for him to thank him in person for resenting the refusal of the girl to play the national hymn. He was furious when he learned that the affair occurred in your presence, and that the girl was permitted to escape by you. He feels convinced that had she been arrested, she would have been found to be an active Nihilist."

"But my arrests—the wholesale raid I am making to-day?" eagerly inquired the minister.

"All St. Petersburg is talking of it, but the opinion seems to be that you waited too long for your own welfare. You should have done something before."

"Done something!" These words, uttered by his own son, brought back to the mind of Karsicheff the fact that as nothing had reached the palace yet of his great work, there was still hope. The reflection gave him a grain of comfort. He rose to his feet.

"All is not lost," he said, with an assumption of confidence, "all is not lost. I have dealt Nihilism its death blow. The czar must recognize that. Meanwhile, I will order more arrests and begin the summary disposal of the Nihilist leaders. Your mother's influence at court is still powerful—we must summon that to our aid. No, all is not lost! We can yet be saved!"

Even as he spoke the bell connected with the ante-chamber of his office sounded, indicating that some of his subordinates desired an audience. He gave a word of caution to Nicholas to keep silent about the disquieting rumors to his mother, and then gave the call-bell on his table a single stroke. It was the signal to enter.

Radaloff appeared. "Your orders have been carried out, your excellency," he said, "and the prisoners are on their way here."
"Very well, bring them before me the moment they arrive," said the minister, and his subordinate withdrew.

"Now," exclaimed Karsicheff, "I shall be in a position to ask an audience of the czar, but it will be after I have begun my work of punishment as soon as these wretches arrive. And, by Heaven!" he went on excitedly, "I shall not spare them. Go to the palace, find out what you can, and spread reports everywhere of my work. Give it to be understood that I shall show no mercy, and take care that you spread the report so that it will reach the czar."

Nicholas, glad in his own mind to get away from his father's presence, instantly departed. He had scarcely quitted the room when the countess again entered. This time she was in a different mood. A calm determination was expressed in her voice and by her actions, and she came at once to the desk where the general sat. He feared another outbreak, and was silent.

"Constantine," she said, "have you told Nicholas anything of Nazimoff's letter?"

"Nothing."
"That is well," continued the countess. "Then the secret is known only to us. Let it remain a secret. Now listen: This letter from Alexis Nazimoff bears traces of having been written hurriedly. There was no indication in his manner toward Olga—toward us—last night, that such an idea had entered his mind. What caused the change? The appearance of the girl Iida Barosky. Now is Iida Barosky and the student of the Con-

servatory, with whom he was infatuated two years ago, one and the same? I have no doubt of it. So it was the appearance of this girl that has caused Alexis Nazimoff to thus wantonly outrage my feelings—yours—to insult us all. There is but one thing to be done. This girl must be removed—from my path—from his life—removed at once and forever. This done, he will have no motive to refuse marriage with Olga, and all will be well. But we must act at once!"

"But," ventured to suggest Karsicheff, "he does not love Olga, or he would never have written that letter, and Olga may not love him. Suppose—"

"I care not whether he loves Olga or not, or what her feelings are. I have announced this marriage to the court, to society throughout Russia. My mind has been fixed on this match for years. I have sworn that Olga will become the wife of Alexis Nazimoff, and I will move heaven and earth to that end. Iida Barosky is



"I DEMAND THAT SHE BE RESTORED TO ME BY FORCE!"

at present the only obstacle in my way. I demand of you that she be removed from my path."

"But how?" asked Karsicheff.

Katherine regarded him with a look of supreme contempt which she made no effort to conceal. "You ask me this question!" she exclaimed. "You, the minister of police, with an army of spies and gendarmes at your command, and you invested with unlimited powers by the czar! You ask me, having a city infested with Nihilists at your mercy, and a cause to suspect the girl in her disloyal refusal to play 'God Save the Czar!' Give me an order for her arrest at once. I will see that it is executed."

Constantine, swayed by the imperial will of the countess, mechanically drew a sheet of paper toward him, and began to write. Suddenly he looked up.

"Will not the arrest of this girl fan the flames of Alexis' passion?"

Katherine saw the point. "You are right," she exclaimed. Then she sat in thought a few seconds. "I have it," she went on with marked exultation in her voice. "Let me write." She seized the pen and dashed off a few lines. It was the work of less than two minutes. Then rising with the letter she said, "Ring the bell."

"What would you do, Katherine?" began Karsicheff. "I—"

"Ring the bell. I will carry out my plan."

Karsicheff saw that further resistance to the iron will of his wife was useless.

He rang the bell at once. Radaloff entered.

"See that that letter reaches its destination and bring the person here," said the countess.

Radaloff bowed and looked toward Karsicheff. But he got no look in return.

Katherine spoke again. "You have heard my command—obey it. Go!" Radaloff made a low bow and retired.

(To be continued.)

SEES A VAST RAND OUTPUT.

London Promoter Predicts That Gold Product Will Be Trebled.

A circular sent out by a large and respectable London house predicts an annual output from the Rand before long of £50,000,000. The best record for all South Africa is £16,500,000.

"It is reckoned that five years after the resumption of normal conditions some 18,000 stamps—four times the present quantity—will be at work, and that the gold mines of the Rand alone could by that time employ 40,000 additional skilled white and 300,000 additional unskilled colored laborers. The mining companies in which this company is mainly interested have at present only 38 per cent of the unskilled laborers required, to say nothing of the number which will be necessary when the expected expansion of the Rand industry takes place.

"Within the next ten years—given favorable conditions—the output may increase to as much as £50,000,000 per annum. Just as the flow of gold resulting from the Rand's large production in 1898 and 1899 had a markedly beneficial effect on the world's money markets, it is probable that the considerable advance we confidently expect as soon as we have secured a plentiful supply of unskilled labor will, in a much more accentuated form, benefit the world at large and foster trade, commerce and industry."

Naturally this prophetic announcement is accompanied by offer of "Kaf-fir shares" for sale.

The One Thing Needful.

There is little doubt that the ideal form of government is a despotism—if one could only find the ideal kind of a despot.

LUCKY SHOT SAVED HUNTER

At Mercy of Infuriated Buffalo When Gun Was Fired.

A hunter in South Africa tells the following story of an adventure with a buffalo: "I was in the act of descending the bank when Prinsloo, a Dutch hunter, who was lower down the slope, saw the dark outline of the buffalo standing at bay behind the screen of reeds. Next instant, seeing it about to charge, he shouted, 'Daar kom hij' ('There he comes'), and fired, rather at random, I am afraid. Then, rushing down the path by which he had advanced, he threw himself headlong into the reeds on the left. This all happened in a few moments, but I had sufficient time to raise my rifle to my shoulder and fire as the enraged bull rushed straight at me through the reeds with nose thrown forward and horns back. As I fired I endeavored to jump aside to escape the charge, but my feet got entangled in the matted grass and I fell on my back, luckily, however, retaining my hold on the stock of my rifle. My first shot seemed to check him for a moment, but the next he was rushing up the slope at me. I shall never forget the look in his fierce eyes. It was but a moment's work to draw back the bolt of my Mauser and to close it again, thus pushing another cartridge into the breach. I had no time to raise the rifle to my shoulder. There was barely time, just before he was within striking distance, to pull the trigger, with the stock under my armpit, while I lay on my back on the top of the sloping ground. Without so much as a groan he fell in his tracks and rolled over into the muddy water two yards below with a great splash, shot through the brain."—Montreal Herald.

HIS MEANING ALL RIGHT.

Colored Preacher at Least Knew What He Was Praying For.

Caroline Abbot Stanley, in her new book, "Order No. 11," treating of the deplorable state of affairs in Missouri during the rebellion, when old friends became enemies and homes were burned and the country desolated, introduces "Uncle Reuben," an old darky preacher, who was coachman and general "Man Friday" for "Mahster Trevilian" and the family. The bishop tells about being down at one of their meetings in Virginia once, and the old preacher, anxious to do his best by them, prayed that God would send down His "sanctum sanctorum" upon them.

Next morning the bishop thought he would get Uncle Reuben's idea of what he meant, and said: "Uncle, I was very much obliged to you for all the good things called down upon me last night, but I want to ask you just what you meant by His 'sanctum sanctorum'?"

The old darky scratched his head a moment, and then said: "Well, master, I don't jes exacly know what dat word do mean, but I know what I meant by it."

"Well, what's that?" asked the bishop.

"I meant give 'em de bes' you got!"

Good News for Anglers.

A new type of fishhook, the invention of E. Hindon Hyde of New York, shows how even the simplest thing of common life can be readily improved. The improvement consists in transferring the barb of the hook from the inside of the point, that is, between the point and the shank, to the opposite side of the point, so that it lies on the outside of the hook. The advantage of the new hook is that it renders it much more difficult for a hooked fish to release himself upon a slack line. This is due to the fact that the new location of the barb creates a bar to the extraction of the hook after it has penetrated, and also to the fact that the barb, instead of playing against the soft mucus membrane of the mouth to prevent release as in the old style of hook, presses against the hard epidermis.—Scientific American.

Shows Importance of Food.

Dr. Yorke-Davies tells this story: "Many years ago when a great English contractor had to lay down a long line of railway in France he employed a number of English and of French navvies. He found that the Frenchmen could do only half the work of the Englishmen and being a shrewd man he concluded it must be due to the difference in their food, so he put the Frenchmen on the same diet as the Englishmen, with the result that they were able to do as much work as the Englishmen. It showed how important a factor food was in the production of muscular power."

Those Who Love the Best.

The choicest garb and sweetest grace
Are oft to strangers shown.
The careless men, the frowning face,
Are given to our own.
We flatter those we scarcely know,
We please the fleeting guest,
And deal full many a thoughtless blow
To those who love us best.

Love does not grow on every tree,
Nor true hearts yearly bloom,
Alas! for those who only see
This truth across the tomb,
But soon or late the fact grows plain
To all through sorrow's test,
The only ones who give us pain
Are those who love us best.

Child's Rebuke.

Little Boy—Mamma, why are you so cross at me all the time?
Tired Mamma—Because you keep doing wrong, and I want to make an impression on your mind.
Little Boy—Well, Mamma, I guess if you'd be good-natured just once it would make a bigger impression.

Turtle Has Town Scared.

Brewer, Me., people are staying in at night for fear of a 34-foot turtle which has escaped from captivity and is said to be more dangerous to meet than a bull dog.

HORTICULTURE

The Codling Moth.

The codling moth is without doubt the most important insect enemy with which apple growers in the United States have to contend. The pest does not at the present time appear to have reached all the apple growing regions of the United States, notably some parts of the northwest regions of the country, including Oregon and Washington. Yet how soon it will become a destructive pest there no one can tell. The insect is easy to distribute, as everyone that has purchased apples can well understand, for the worm travels incognito in the fruit itself. The part of the apple with the worm in it is thrown out on the ground and in due time the moth emerges. This is doubtless the way in which the pest has been spread. Of course no man in making a shipment of apples has taken a second thought of this matter. When fruit is shipped long distances in boxes and barrels the worms have frequently emerged from the fruit and spun cocoons in the corners of the boxes and the moths have come out before the apples were disposed of. When the boxes were opened the moths, of course, went out and sought the nearest apple trees. Where there are large commission houses the larvae crawl out of the apples and often get into cracks and under boards and spin their cocoons, and thence the moths emerge to become the means of infesting the orchards in that vicinity. When the spreading of this pest is so easily accomplished, it is a wonder that any part of the country remains where the codling moth is not.

Had our people at first well understood the importance of this pest and the method it uses in spreading from locality to locality it would have been comparatively easy to have prevented its spread altogether, for then only perfectly sound apples could have been shipped to new localities. But with this, as with most of the other pests that have made trouble, we ourselves imported it and carried it about with us, never thinking about the possible results. Now it must be fought and at great expense year by year in a million orchards. Our improvidence is costing us dearly. The spraying of the trees with arsenical poisons at the time the codling moths are laying their eggs is the only remedy that is very effective.

Guard Against Forest Fires.

Many readers of The Farmers' Review have small wooded areas that are of value. It has been shown that the greatest injuries come to these areas from fires, which not only kill the standing trees, but, when they are well fed by underbrush and loppings of trees cut down, so destroy the soil that little will grow on it for many years. Too often these losses are occasioned largely by the negligence of the farmers themselves, who take no precautions to keep the dried branches away. The time of the year is here when fires are annually reported in large numbers. The first thing to do at this time is to collect all the loppings of the trees and either draw them to the house to be used for kindling and fire wood generally or pile and burn them in places where a conflagration will not result. This is easy enough to do, but if they are left uncared for the whole wood lot is liable to suffer to the extent of hundreds if not thousands of dollars. We hear annually of a great many fires, but we must remember that only the largest fires get into print. The little fires that destroy only a few hundred dollars' worth of trees are never reported outside of the local press, as a little item of news. Thus it seems likely that there are in the country thousands of wood lots ruined by fires every summer. Now is the time to take precautionary measures.—Farmers' Review.

Patent Absurdities.

If farmers would read more they perhaps would be caught by the sharpers less often than they are. It seems of little use however to warn farmers against being caught by the various swindles that are being worked; for the reason that the farmers that are the dupes are the ones that do not read agricultural papers. We believe that very few of our readers are food for such sharks. Some time ago a farmer in Oklahoma was worked by a man that was selling patent rights for a preparation that he claimed would, if put on trees, kill all the borers and that if buried in the ground of an orchard would cause all the gophers there to leave. He also told the farmer that the experiment station had offered \$3,000 for a half interest in the patent. The farmer wrote to the Oklahoma station asking if the thing was a fraud and received a reply that it was. The remarkable thing about such games is that they give enough revenue to keep the men that work them in good condition. This does not speak well for the acumen of the farmers that are swindled. The truth should be patent to all that there is no "cure-all" for any disease or insect. Gophers do not care what is buried in the ground an acre away and the borer does not care what preparation is put on the tree, so long as it is kept out of his hole.

It is believed that the value of cheese exported from Canada last year will prove to be about \$30,000,000, though the figures have not yet been compiled.

How Air Affects Cream.

A French savant claims to have found out that air affects cream very detrimentally on account of the oxygen in it. Perfectly pure air he would have us believe so affects the upper layers of cream that has stood for any time that to get the best results in the matter of flavor these layers must be skimmed off and not used in the making of butter. This is drawing the line very close, and we are not sure that he is right. In fact our scientists have looked into these matters very carefully and are of the opinion that perfectly pure air does not affect cream detrimentally. There is, however, room for further investigation.

Seedlings grown in the shady and sheltered woods have their organs for transpiration, assimilation, etc., developed for that condition, and when brought out to a light, exposed place, are unable to cope with the new conditions and die.

FARM MISCELLANY

Different Kinds of Dairy Associations.

There are a good many kinds of dairy associations, most of them entirely trustworthy and others not so much so. In the main, when dairy men go into an association it is with some high object in view. We notice by the dairy exchanges that in Wisconsin an association is trying to come into existence that is looked upon with a good deal of suspicion by men engaged in dairy work in the state. The cause of suspicion is always found in some way of making money for the promoters. In this case the association, which is for butter and cheese makers, starts out to get 1,000 members each one of which is to pay \$5 entrance fee and \$2 per year. The officers of the association are to have for their compensation such fees and dues as remain after paying operating expenses. In the case of securing 1,000 members this would mean receipts the first year of at least \$5,000, which might leave a very handsome purse to be divided between the three or four men that comprise the officers. An investigation into the personnel of the association showed that none of the officers were engaged in the making of butter and cheese, one being a station agent, another a hotel keeper and another a postmaster. The intentions of the organizers may be of the best, but they will certainly be under suspicion till they have proved that they are not trying to work simply a money making scheme.

Molasses for Milk Production.

Molasses for milk production is perhaps a new idea with most of our readers. In various parts of the tropical lands where molasses is very cheap, being a by-product of the sugar mills, it is being fed quite extensively, if we can speak of any dairy operation being extensive in a land where dairying is little practiced. In England and some other European countries experiments are being made with it, as it is quite cheaply obtained in some localities near beet sugar factories. It is not fed clear, but is mixed with various absorbents, among which are sphagnum moss and ground corn stalks. It can be fed only to the extent of one and two pounds a day, but is said to be very palatable and to be greatly liked by the cows. Probably if dairying develops much in the South, especially in the cane growing regions, we will hear of the increased use of this by-product for the feeding of dairy cows, as it is now being quite extensively used in the feeding of horses.

An Unsolved Problem.

There are a good many problems connected with the feeding of swine that have not been solved. One of these is why a certain combination of foods will give better results than certain other combinations. Thus it is discovered that skim milk and corn fed together give greater gains than when fed separately. One hundred pounds of skim milk has been fed to a growing pig and five pounds of gain made from it. After that 100 pounds of corn has been fed and a gain of ten pounds made with that. Then we would naturally think that the feeding of the two together would give fifteen pounds of gain. But this does not prove to be the fact. When these are fed together the gain in weight is eighteen pounds instead of fifteen, showing that three pounds was the result of the combination. With pigs as with other animals and as with man a variety of foods gives a better result than one alone, even when the one is very evenly balanced.

Lousy Swine.

Because the hog is a thick-skinned animal the impression prevails among farmers that he is little likely to be troubled with lice. In fact, we have known farmers that never in their lives did anything to assist the hogs in ridding themselves of vermin. Yet it often happens that lice get onto swine in such number as to greatly check the growing of the pigs, and the well-being of the old hogs is also affected by the same cause. The presence of lice is sometimes not noticed till some of the hogs get weak enough to die and some do die. Lice of any kind on any kind of animals can be killed by applying grease; for by the grease the breathing pores of the vermin are stopped up. Yet this work must be supplemented by a thorough cleaning of the quarters inhabited by the swine.

How Air Affects Cream.

A French savant claims to have found out that air affects cream very detrimentally on account of the oxygen in it. Perfectly pure air he would have us believe so affects the upper layers of cream that has stood for any time that to get the best results in the matter of flavor these layers must be skimmed off and not used in the making of butter. This is drawing the line very close, and we are not sure that he is right. In fact our scientists have looked into these matters very carefully and are of the opinion that perfectly pure air does not affect cream detrimentally. There is, however, room for further investigation.

Seedlings grown in the shady and sheltered woods have their organs for transpiration, assimilation, etc., developed for that condition, and when brought out to a light, exposed place, are unable to cope with the new conditions and die.



"FOR GOD'S SAKE, WHAT HAS HAPPENED?"

imbecile!" she screamed at him. "Does not this insult even stir your sluggish blood? Oh!" and as she spoke her teeth grinded until Karsicheff's nerves were unstrung; "oh! why didn't God give you some of the spirit of a man, you coward?"