

DARKEST RUSSIA

BY H. GRATTAN DONNELLY.

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CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

Radloff had no idea of the contents of the letter. But when Iida and finished reading it he gave the "waiting" signal, and in response to the single stroke of the bell entered the office to meet the Countess Karsicheff, with the result already described. In vain he attempted to explain to the countess that he found Iida a prisoner, she having been captured in the Nihilist rendezvous, but the haughty and insulting manner in which he had been interrupted each time he began his explanation, had prevented him from giving that important information. Thus it was when Iida entered her presence the countess knew nothing of her arrest.

The two women stood face to face—alone. Each measured the other with a glance, and as their eyes met there was exchanged a look which meant that henceforth and forever these two were enemies to the death.

For the moment, however, the feeling that controlled Iida Barosky was one of deepest love for the exiled father whom she was to clasp to her heart after the long and bitter years of separation. She cast an anxious glance at the countess, who stood regarding her with a feeling of bitterest hate. Katherine saw before her her deadliest foe. It was to this girl she owed all the humiliation she had felt, all the deep disappointment in store for her, if Alexis' marriage to Olga should not take place.

"My father—he is here?" said Iida, "and I shall see him? I shall see him once again?"

"That depends upon yourself."

Katherine spoke these words, looking at Iida. There was something in the tone and in the look that placed Iida instantly on her guard. She felt, she knew not why, that she was to be made the victim of a cruel lie. With an effort she suppressed her feelings and said: "I do not understand you, madame."

"I am the Countess Katherine Karsicheff, wife of the minister of police, and it was by my suggestion and at my desire that your father has been brought here to receive his pardon."

"When was he brought here, madame?"

The question annoyed Katherine.

Iida noticed the effect and her suspicions became stronger.

"That is not for you to know," said the countess, after a momentary pause. "It is sufficient for you when I say he is here and that his pardon will be granted on one condition."

Iida's heart beat rapidly. "And that is?"

"That you leave Russia at once and forever—alone!"

Iida's lips became compressed. Her face turned a trifle paler. "Let me see my father—let me hear his voice—let me feel the grasp of his hand before I answer."

"It is impossible. Your answer must be given here and without delay."

"I will not answer until I have seen my father."

Katherine's face deepened in color, and her eyes flashed. "You are here to sue for mercy," she said, "not to make conditions."

"I am not here to sue for mercy. I am here by the written request of the minister of police. His letter

insulted his father, and humiliated his guests last night to save you from the lash you deserved, he simply played the mock heroic to win a smile and the reward from a wanton."

"It is false! He loves me! I shall be his wife!" cried Iida.

"His wife! Ha! ha! ha!" Katherine's ironical laughter was almost maniacal in its wildness. "His wife! The only intention Alexis Nazimoff ever held regarding you was to make you his plaything—not his wife!"

"Woman, you lie!"

Iida, roused to uncontrollable passion by the stinging words of the countess, hurled the lie in her teeth with a fury equal to that of Katherine herself, and with heaving bosom she stood gazing defiance at her madened and baffled enemy. At the same instant the door opened and General Karsicheff entered from the library, while Nicholas, who had just returned, appeared at the other door.

Katherine, wrought up to uncontrollable frenzy, caught the arm of her husband, and in words so shrill as to be almost a scream of rage demanded instant vengeance. "I accuse her," she exclaimed, pointing to Iida; "she insulted the czar last night, I accuse her. She is here—in my power—punish her—I demand it; punish her now! Do you hear now, with the whip. She must feel the lash till she writhes beneath it, till she crawls on her knees for mercy to me!"

"Katherine, for God's sake, control yourself," appealed Constantine.

"Your voice can be heard in the square," he said.

"Then act—act now!" yelled Katherine.

The door leading to the library opened.

General Cobb and the baroness appeared.

"Hello!" said the American, as he caught sight of Iida and recognized her as the girl of the night before—the woman whom Alexis vowed should be his wife—"It is Iida Barosky."

Iida, hearing her name in no unfriendly voice, turned to the speaker, and hurriedly stepped to his side.

"Help me," she appealed, "help me! I am in their power without a friend."

"Well, not while I am on deck," said Cobb. "What is the matter?"

"Stop, sir!" commanded Karsicheff. "This is the private office of the minister of police. You have no right here. I demand that you withdraw!"

"Certainly! But first I must hear what this girl has to say. She has appealed to me for protection."

"I have been brought in here by a trick—by a letter signed by the minister of police," hurriedly began Iida.

Nicholas springing forward stopped her. "Hold! you have no right to speak—I command you to stop. You, sir," he continued, "you have heard my father's order. Leave the room—leave the house!"

"Read that, sir," said Iida, attempting to hand the letter of the countess to General Cobb.

Nicholas rushed between Cobb and Iida, and holding her at arm's length, he said: "You cannot give that letter to any one. It belongs to the minister of police. I again command you," he said, addressing Cobb, "to leave the room."

The baroness quickly passed back to Nicholas, and taking the paper from Iida, handed it to Cobb with the remark: "The letter is on ze go!"

Cobb opened the paper instantly. "Hello," he said, "the girl's father here—where is her father?"

Katherine, who had been almost suffocating with rage all this time, now found her voice again. "Ruffian," she shouted, shaking her fist at Cobb, "ruffian, leave the room or we will have you arrested."

"Look here, General Karsicheff," said Cobb, "this girl has been made a victim of a trick for some object that I do not know. She is here friendless and powerless, and it is my duty as a man to stand by her as any true man should stand by a woman in distress. Now, sir, I say, produce her father, or I will arraign you before Russia—before the world—as a high official who can use his public position to vent his private spleen upon a poor girl."

"I'll hear no more!" shouted Karsicheff, stung to madness, and he sounded the bell.

Radloff entered.

"Take this girl into custody!" shouted Karsicheff.

"Pardon, your excellency," replied Radloff, "she is already in custody. She was one of the prisoners captured in the Nihilist headquarters this morning. The others are below awaiting your excellency's pleasure."

Radloff laid his hand on the shoulder of Iida.

Now for the first time Katherine saw that she had committed a stupid blunder in sending the letter, but she saw also that Iida was thoroughly in her power. "You hear, general, you hear," she cried, pointing to Iida. "There she stands, arrested this morning. She is a traitor—an assassin! You are the minister of police. Act at once. Sentence her now—I demand it!"

"Stop," cried Cobb, "there is no proof on which to sentence her."

"Pardon," said Radloff, advancing. "Where this girl was captured there was found a mine, a score of dynamite bombs, and a tunnel leading to the street along which his majesty the emperor was to have passed today."

"It is enough," triumphantly exclaimed Karsicheff.

"Iida Barosky, you have been found plotting the assassination of the czar. I sentence you to ten years' imprisonment in Siberia!"

"Good God, man," cried Cobb, "you are inhuman on such testimony to pass a sentence like that!"

The baroness, overcome by excitement, sank on a lounge and Cobb flew to her assistance.

"What of the others, excellency?" said Radloff, addressing the minister. "They are in the courtyard below. Shall they be sent first to the fortress, or shall they be brought before you. Her brother is among them!"

Her brother!

The words caught the ear of the countess. "Her brother is also arrested! You hear, general, her brother! He, too, must suffer! Sentence him, too—sentence them all."

Karsicheff gave a silent signal to Radloff, who retired.

"Action now—merciless severity," whispered Nicholas, "it is your only hope, and," he added in a lower tone to himself, "but a faint hope at that."

A tramp of soldiers outside caused all present to turn their eyes in the

direction of the ante-chamber. The door opened. Radloff stood on one side and then appeared two soldiers and two police guarding Ivan Barosky. The clock now showed about twenty minutes of twelve.



"I SENTENCE YOU TO TEN YEARS' IMPRISONMENT IN SIBERIA!"

General Karsicheff took his place behind the desk.

Ivan was brought before him.

"Your name?"

"Ivan Barosky."

"You were captured this morning in the Nihilist rendezvous?"

"I was arrested this morning," was the reply of Ivan.

"You admit then your guilt?"

"I admit nothing."

"What! Do you deny that you were in this den of assassins?"

"I deny nothing."

Karsicheff became furious. "I shall find a way to make you speak, traitor!" he exclaimed; "meanwhile pending further inquiries, you are sentenced to twenty years in Siberia."

"Poor Ivan!" It was from the baroness. She heard no more at the time, for her sympathetic heart was overstrained and she had fainted.

Ivan had turned to Iida. They were clasped for a moment in each other's arms, for both well knew that in a few minutes more they would be torn apart, in all probability to meet or earth no more.

But the vengeance of Katherine Karsicheff was not yet sated. She leaned over the desk and hissed the words into the ears of her husband—"The others, her friends, sentence them all, do you hear, all! I would have my revenge complete. Do not dissipate me, Constantine, or I swear you will regret it to your dying day!"

Constantine Karsicheff needed no urging.

(To be continued.)

Damrosch Can Be Sarcastic.

Walter Damrosch, the musician, delights to talk music, but only with those who have a technical musical education. He has no sympathy with the amateurs who do not understand music, just as the painter Whistler had no sympathy with the amateurs who did not understand the technique of color harmonies and of brush work. Not long ago, at a dinner party in New York, a voluble man bored Mr. Damrosch with a long harangue on music. This man said "Home, Sweet Home," would live longer than the bird music of "Siegfried," and that "After the Ball" had more depth than the melancholy Mark motive of "Tristan and Isolde."

Finally the man turned his attention to the sentimental song, "Once I Was Pure as Thou," which has of late grown popular in certain humble classes of society.

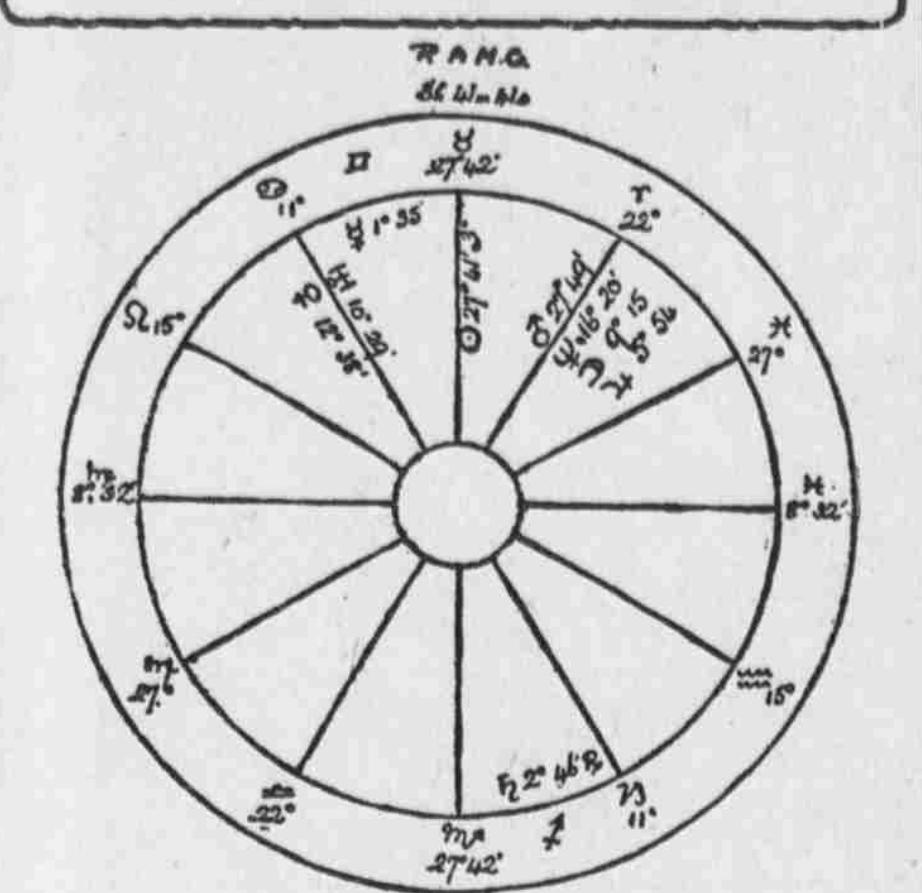
"Once I Was Pure as Thou!" he exclaimed, almost smacking his lips. "Ah, that's a song. Whenever I hear that song it carries me away."

"Will some one sing 'Once I Was Pure as Thou?'" said Mr. Damrosch, looking anxiously up and down the table.—Boston Post.

Submarine Experiments.

An important series of experiments with submarines is to be carried out at Portsmouth. One of the principal tests will consist of "fishing" for submarines with a wire net. For the purpose of the experiments a netting 200 feet long, made of thin but strong steel wire, is to be attached to three steam pinnaces, and by them drawn under water at the depth which it is known submarines usually travel. When one of the little craft becomes entangled in the meshes the two outside boats will close in around it, and so force it to come to the surface or sink.—London Engineer.

LOOKS DUBIOUS FOR CZAR



HOROSCOPE OF THE CZAR.

At this time when the eyes and attention of the entire civilized world are focused on Russia, the czar and his great army in the far east, the horoscope of Nicholas II. should prove of interest, even to those who do not believe that the position of certain planets about the time of a person's birth has anything whatever to do with the ups and downs of life.

The czar was born at St. Petersburg, May 18, 1868. The time of day was noon, or to get the time down to astrological nicety at 11 h, 56 m, 14 s, a. m., St. Petersburg time. According to a horoscope published in an astrological magazine called "Destiny," there were untoward aspects in the heavens about that time which determine that the czar at this time is in a most terrible position.

An evil influence has been at play about him all his life. Simple and un-

assuming in manner, with both the ability and the desire to do his duty, he stands surrounded by friends and counselors who are false and deceptive, and by enemies who are powerful and unyielding.

He is not a robust man, and his constitution is by no means strong. His nervous system is weak and deranged, and he lacks stamina and force of will. Heavenly signs at the time of his birth foreordained that fate would be too powerful for his weak frame and feeble will to stand against.

All of these doleful, dubious signs the astrologer who ciphered out the horoscope interprets as disastrous. The portents point to the defeat of Russian arms in the present struggle with Japan, internal eruptions in the great empire of the bear, humiliation, dismemberment, and death of the czar.

Small Boy Was Wanted.

Demand for Sustenance Evidently Fruitful of Results.

He was not more than six. He stood on the curb in front of a large hotel at Thirty-sixth and Chestnut streets. His sturdy little legs were bare and brown, and he looked a healthy youngster, with his arms akimbo and a shock of curly brown hair blowing to the breeze.

"Maw! Oh, Maw!" he yelled with all the strength of his young lungs at the upper stories of the hotel. The policeman on the post stopped, two maids who were rolling perambulators halted in their parade, the passengers on a passing trolley craned their necks, and two curious teamsters pulled up to see what was the matter.

"Maw! Oh, Maw!" yelled his cubship, louder and more petulantly, all oblivious of the attention he was attracting. The voice reached its mark. A window in the fifth story shot up; a woman put her head out. At sight of her the youngster, with all his strength, cried out:

"Oh, Maw, throw down my hat and a piece of bread and butter with sugar on it inside!"

The head at the window disappeared, the maids turned away, the passengers on the car laughed, the cop grinned, and the tradesmen were just saying "Gilt up!" to their steeds when a bellboy appeared. As he towed the small boy into the hotel he said significantly, "Your mother wants to see you."—Philadelphia Press.

GERMAN BICYCLE PATROL



This contrivance is used by German soldiers in guarding the railways along the frontiers.

Germans in Samoa.

The German occupation of Samoa does not appear to be a success. The landed proprietors, unable to make money out of their estates, are emigrating to America, and the heavy freight rates and import duties are a serious matter to the smaller business people.

terms. The exchange was \$285, making the total price Uncle Sam was asked to pay \$80 a ton, and we were using 400 tons a day running at moderate speed.

"After a run of ten hours the ship's officers held a consultation. The almost impossibility of reaching the cape without coal was only too clear, and if a storm should come up the ship would be absolutely helpless. It was a hard thing to do, but there didn't seem to be any alternative. The ship was reversed and put back to St. Helena. 'Scotch' was occupying the identical position we had left him in on his black gold mine. This time he was a trifle more interested, because he knew we were going to trade with him. He gave us his philosophy in this way: He had been sitting on that coal pile for eighteen months, waiting for a ship to come that had to have it. He observed from the height of the Vanderbilt above the water that she came in light, and that her officers would not dare risk a storm while she stood up so high. Our return did not surprise him a bit, and he soon got his men to work and loaded 1,000 tons in the hold, for which the federal government paid \$80,000. He said somebody had to pay for his tobacco and his patience, and we happened to be the victims. He admired the United States and sometimes felt sympathetic—but sympathy wouldn't buy whisky and things like money would."—Kansas City Journal.

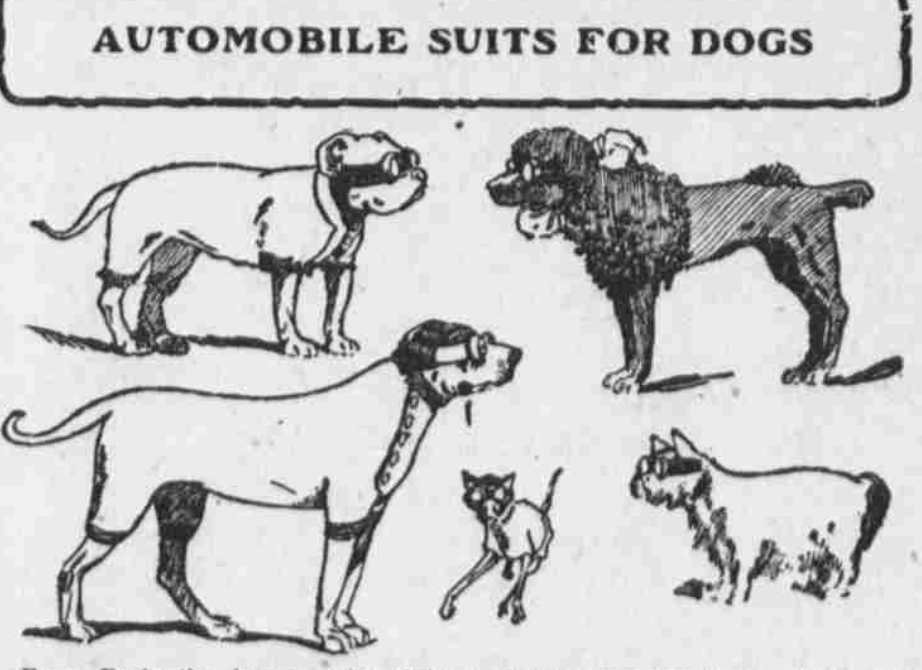
Taught by Phonograph.

A book agent recently obtained admission to the office of Thomas Edison, and assailed him with such an aggregation of arguments in favor of the publication she represented that the famous inventor hurriedly subscribed. After a gradual restoration of his energies Mr. Edison asked:

"How did you ever succeed in mastering such a long and convincing speech as that?"

"Oh, our speeches are taught us at the home office," responded the lady, sweetly, "by means of the phonograph."—Harper's Weekly.

Automobile Suits for Dogs



From Paris the latest automobile fad has come, and the dog that goes motoring with his master or mistress will hereafter wear goggles, coat and cap in New York just as his European brother has been doing for several years.

Women will be very prompt to take up this new fad, the automobile supply dealers believe. It has long been a custom in France to protect pet dogs with the peculiar outfit of the automobilists, and it is contended by those who have set the fashion that a dog needs such protection quite as much as a human being. It is argued that the dog's eyes are even more susceptible to the injurious effect of wind

and dust than are those of the automobilist, and for this reason he is entitled to the protection afforded by goggles.

Lap dogs, accustomed to the atmosphere of a house, cannot stand the chilling effect of the draught created by the swift motion of the automobile on country roads, it is asserted, and for this reason they must have an automobile coat.

So the New York dog that goes riding in a touring car henceforth, if he be a real stylish dog, must put on all the "toggerly" of his master or mistress, be he pug, bull terrier, greyhound or Great Dane.—New York Press.

HE SOLD HIS COAL

SCOTCHMAN "HELD UP" UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.

War Vessel in Pursuit of the Confederate Cruiser Alabama Filled Its Bunkers with Fuel at a Cost to Uncle Sam of \$80,000.

"One of the peculiar businesses that grow up as a result of the civil war was the establishment of private coaling stations in all sorts of out of the way places," remarked E. McKee, late of the United States navy. "You see, the government could not tell on what part of the earth's surface its war vessels might have to cruise in their chase for privateers and other craft menacing its operations, and, of course, could not make arrangements for coal. As a consequence the captains were authorized to secure the best bargains they could at such ports as they might touch when a supply was needed. Thrifty ones in the most unfrequented waters prepared for a possible visit from a United States war steamer with low coal bunkers, and when the fish entered their net they charged up for the time they had to wait. They were not patriots, but were on earth strictly for the root of all evil."

"I was a marine on the Vanderbilt during her 25,000-mile chase after the confederate cruiser Alabama. We left the port of New York in 1862. We took Capt. John A. Winslow to Fayal, in the West Indies, where he took command of the Kearsarge, the vessel that eventually rounded up the prey. At that time the ocean was dotted with the ships of Uncle Sam in quest of the greatest and most formidable of the enemy's cruisers."

"At nearly every port we stopped we would get more or less misleading information, and would hopefully follow every clue. While in the South Atlantic we heard from what appeared to be a most authentic source that the Alabama was at the Cape of Good Hope. As we approached St. Helena, Napoleon's island, the coal bunkers got low, and we stopped there, and opened negotiations with a Scotchman for a new supply. He serenely demanded \$30 a ton in gold, without going to the trouble of removing his pipe while stating his outrageous



"THIS PARDON WILL BE GRANTED."

states that my father is here. I demand to see the minister himself."

The countess drew herself up haughtily. "Insolet girl," she said, "you forget yourself, as you did last night. Remember that you are in the presence of the wife of the minister of police, Countess Katherine Karsicheff. I am not used to brook insolence from inferiors."

Iida's eyes flashed with anger. Meeting the malignant glance of the countess with a look of defiance, she replied: "I am not your inferior, madame. You are not my equal. You have taken advantage of my position to work upon the affection of a child for her father, for your own ends. Your trick is too transparent. It has failed. I can see the lie upon your face—my father is not here!"

Katherine lost control of herself. "Daughter of the gutter," she hissed, "you are in my power here. When you leave this house it shall be for the prison. You are not now in the house of Count Nazimoff and Alexis is not here to save you."

As the countess spoke of Alexis, Iida instantly divined the object her enemy had had in view.

The countess continued: "You fool—when he disgraced his uniform,