'TIS A GOODLY LAND INDEED.

The Truth About the Country Called the "Sand Hills."

A DEEP AND FERTILE SOIL.

Copious Showers and an Abundance of Running Water Make This Region an Inviting One · For Homeseekers.

Beyond the Sand Hills.

CHADRON, Neb., March 17.- | Special Correspondence of THE BEE. |- Extending in irregular form, but, generally speaking, in a diagonal direction from northeast to southwest, nearly if not quite across the state, and near the northwest corner of Nebraska, is a range of prairie undulations which, for want of a better name, have been called "sand hills." 'The actual hills are principally of red sand, and the soil thereof contains a large amount of vegetable mould, so that they are not barren by a long way, but the sandiest of them are covered with tall bluejoint, low buffale and suxuriant grams These peculiar formations were most probably thrown off originally by the action of the receding and returning waves of a sometime turbulent and tempestuous sea. After the waters receded, for many centuries, perhaps, the wild winds swept the particles together, mixing them with other things cast off by the tillows into great heaps, leaving the hard clay valleys between. Then these valleys became fertile by gradual growth and spread vegetation, decaying and growing again, and finally climbing the hillsides and spreading its summer green carpet over all that great "shore line" of centuries ago. In places there are great cavernous openings in these hills called "blow holes," where the winds have blown out the sands revealing wonderful geological deposits, and not in-frequently large logs of pine, thus proving that the section was once covered with tim-ber and that the great trees finally bowed and fell before a mightier forest of destroy-ing flames. The valleys are of various ex-tents and are very fertile and are well watered by the Niobrara and its tributaries as well as by the tributaries of the Loup and and Platte rivers, together with numerous lakes. These are great resorts for ducks and geese and grouse and are destined to be a field of sport for hunters. Now there are many deer and antelope but these are rapidly passing away before the encroaching settlements. Within the past few years hundreds of families have found homes in these numerous valleys and their cattle gather food for bone and flesh on the thousand hills. and Platte rivers, together with numerous Beyond these nearly if not quite misnames "sand hills," on the north extending to Da kota and on the west to Wyoming, and upon a somewhat higher elevation, lies one of the garden spots of the world—a rich, black, sandy loam and porous clay subsoil, reposing in flat bottoms or table lands or rising in gen tle undulations or towering in broad lofty hills. A soil as fertile as the most fertile, moistened with frequent and gentle showers, springs and streams of water as clear and bright and refreshing as ever flowed; timber ugh for present needs, an atmosphere the purest of the pure, a dry mountain wind warmed with Pacific breezes—all these and many other desirable conditions conspire to make it one of the grandest countries naturally which the sun ever shone upon. It is not possible to define by the lines drawn on not possible to define by the lines drawn on maps, the exact metes and bounds of the section referred to or to reveal except to the present eye, just where the sand hills, so called, leave off and the better country begins, but for the needs of this article it may be said that the counties of Sheridan, Dawes, Box Butte and Sioux in the extreme northwest part of the state comprise most of that portion of this fertile garden spot which lies in Nebraska. Beyond Nebraska it extends north and west, more or less broken by spurs of

and west, more or less broken by spurs of mountain ranges or spots of "bad lands" of sun baked ciay, far into the "great west," However, it is the intention to confine this article to that portion situated in Nebraska and for the purposes of general description to treat it at present as a whole. necticut and Rhode Island and in the same latitude. The distance from east to west across it is one hundred and two miles and north to south seventy miles. The altitude is from 3.700 to 5,000 feet above the sea. In the southern portion the surface formation is fairly well described by the appelation of level. Toward the north it becomes first gently rolling, then expands into wider and higher swells, and in the northern portion is broken into the lofty hills, and deep causus, and wide rolling table lands of Pine Ridge, and everywhere, or nearly everywhere, the soil deep and black and rich in alluvial deposits. Except where broken abruptly into bare and

Except where broken abruptly into bare and precipitous sides, the hills are seldom steep. It is a country of "magnificent distances," where the hills, though high, are of gradual and long ascent, great, broad fertile slopes reaching upwards by easy gradution to lofty heights.

Flowing east through almost the center of Flowing east through almost the center of this lovely stretch of country is the beautiful Running Water river, the principal stream. Its waters are sparkling and pure as are also those of all its numerous tributaries. The White river, so called because of its white clay bauks, precipitous in places, rises near the west line and flows nearly across the section described. Numerous "babbling brooks" of crystal purity flow into the latter, or northward into the Cheyenne, or southward "go on forever," to join the waters of the majestic Platte. There is no alkali or other unusual chemical impurity in any of streams, but the waters are pure, beautiful and healthful.

streams, but the waters are pure, beautiful and healthful.

This country was, for no one knows how many years, the home of the Indian, untrodden by the feet of white men, and its natural solitudes, disturbed only by the rude occupations or barbarous warfare of its savages. Traditions of their powerful tribes, their populous villages, their great councils, and their mighty battles may be picked up by the investigating student.

Places of interest because of such traditions may even be found and, he who chooses, may visit their deserted villages and find unistakable evidences of their former occupancy, or he may walk over their tradi-

mistakable evidences of their former occupancy, or he may walk over their traditional battlefields and, by a more or less patient search, be able to carry away with him
as a memento a part at least of some rude
implement of early Indian warfare. But a
few years ago the Great Father took the
country from the red man, after a proper
treaty of course, and now the dusky savages
only visit it as trespassers to behold with
wonder the development of a civilization they are too ignorant to appreciate,
and too weak to participate in—a
curious race rapidly passing away to their and too weak to participate in—a curious race rapidly passing away to their destiny. Ignorant, treacherous, murderous, seemingly unable to be otherwise, they will soon live only in the dim traditions of a country that not long ago resounded with the shouts of thousands of them.

country that not long ago resounded with the shouts of thousands of them.

Five years aro, in the winter of 1883-4, the only human inhabitants in this section were a number of persons engaged in the stock business on a large scale and generally the employes of wealthy individuals or companies in the east, the soldiers and attaches at Fort Robinson and a few squawmen whom the energetic, affable and able Dr. McGilllycuddy, then Indian agent at Pine Ridge agency, had expelled from the reservation. By squawmen is meant men who took squaws to their homes in the capacity of wife. Such men, by reason of their superior intelligence, were no doubt often able to secure great influence among the Indians. Some such incurred the enmity of Dr. McGillycuddy for various reasons and to do that when the worthy doctor was chief of all the Sioux drawing rations at Pine Ridge agency meant to get quickly out of the reach of his power or suffer unpleasant consequences. The quickest way to accomplish the feat was to come over the state line into Nebraska, and at different times perhaps a score of such persons and their families and sympathizers settled along the White river and its tributaries and started a mutual grievance society and everlasting indignation meeting. As the days passed by they gathered a little stock about them and accumulated other property by trade and barter with their dusky relatives. Most of these people have gone farther west, drawn by their own irrepressible spirit of adventure, but a few of them remain and are among the wealthy, influential and worthy citize as, and will smile with us at their old time troubles with the willy agent. In those days Fort Robinson was the gathering point for whatover enlightened society there was in the

It was where there was any considerable number of people residing and was often the scene of social rallies, when those often the scene of social rallies, when those residing at the different stock ranches came together for dancing and other amusement or hilarity. Old Red Cloud Indian agency was at one time near to where the fort is built, and crimes of the most terrible nature were of frequent occurrence. The section immediately tely surrounding the fort is pregnant with reminders of romantic incidents and associations, and of awful crimes committed by Indians, cowboys or desperadoes. If some padians, cowboys or desperadoes. If some pa-tient scribe could gather up the records of those early years of life and death at Fort

Robinson, the results of his labors would be perused with lively interest.

As before intimated the industry of the country at that period was the production of stock, principally cattle. This was for a few years carried on upon a large scale, only a few parties comparatively being engaged in it, but their berds numbering thousand of head. Some of the cattle were brought overland from overcrowded Texas, and I have seen thousands of the bighorned, ungainly-looking cattle. They roamed at will summer and winter, un sneltered at all times, and were "rounded up" once a year for the purpose of branding the caives. Except in the extreme western portion of the territory, being described in the county of Sioux, where the stockmen by banding together have been able to secure and maintain "free range," the business of holding immense herds of cattle has passed away with the absence of settlement and agricultural pursuits which made it possible. The business was very profitable to those engaged in it up to the spring of 1884, when the land seekers began to arrive and the immense herds of cattle at the same time began mense herds of cattle at the same time began moving westward. By the beginning of the following season, except in the county men-tioned, they were all out of the country, and in their place were hundreds of smaller herds, the beginning of a new and better system of stock raising carried along together with the natural association of agricultura pursuits and cultivation of the soil.

In the early summer of 1884 the writer first visited this section, coming into it from the east and passing over a very large portion of it. It was then a country almost desolate of human habitation, except as above noted. There were some land seekers exploring the country with a view of possible future set-tlement. Occasionally a family could be found that had made more or less permanen arrangements to remain. Near the center o the territory a small colony from Missour was located on Bordeaux creek, and away east on Antelope creek was a small colony from Indiana. During the season of 1884, however, hundreds of people came into the territory, not a few to remain permanently and others to "take claims" of government land and return east for their families. In the winter of 1884-5 several well-informed parties estimated the population of the coun-try beyond the sand hills, aside from the sol-diers and attaches at Fort Robinson at about four hundred souls. The Fremont, Elkhorn & Missouri Valley railroad extended west to Valentine, and next west were ninety miles of almost interminable sand hills, and beyond them a country filling the heart of the agricultural land seeker with delight. Those who came in 1884 and returned east went telling almost everywhere marvelous stories of its beauty and worth. It is doubtful whether the immigration that followed in the seasons of 1885 and 1886 was ever excelled in proportionate volume to any purely agricultural country. In the summer of 1885 the railroad was extended west into and nearly across the section to White river, and thousands of people came, and spreading out over the country, began to make themselves homes, erecting houses and barns, and breaking the land and planting crops and doing the thousand and other things in-cident to pioneer life. All, or nearly all, were content, and the almost universal exclamation was "Surely, this is God's coun reference to the country were apundantly realized. The clouds delivered the "early and the later rain," and the soil yields to the farmer's touch the full rich measure of its garnered fertility. Towns sprang up, local governments were organized, churches were built, schools established. Rapid, wonderfully so, was the development of the country in the ways of enlightened civilization. The old landmarks were in many instances obliterated, the old trails were broken up, the grand and beautiful picture of lonely desolation passed away and in its place came a more grand and beautiful panorama of happy, contented and prosperous homes and busy

It is not the purpose of this article to trace tory of the county, nor to te indeed, all that has been accomplished in the four busy years of its development, but rather by brief contrast of the "then and rather by brief contrast of the "then and now," to reveal its intrinsic worth as well as by recounting its natural advantages and its pristine beauties. Four years and a half ago the writer crossed the level plateau where Chadron, that "magic city" of the plains, is now situated, and the "nearest house" was miles away. Now there is a city of about three thousand population—permanent city with away. Now there is a city of about three thousand population—permanent city with great, massive brick, stone, marbie and iron buildings, and hundreds of presperous business enterprises growing right along. East of it are the villages of Gordon, Rushville and Hay Springs; south those of Alliance, Heningford and Nonparell, and west those of Whitney, Crawford and Harrison, properous and busy villages all of them, and around them an equally presperous and raaround them an equally prosperous and ra-pidly developing country. These things could not be and remain if the sturdy set-tlers were not satisfied of the worth of the country. Permanent prosperity must ever rest upon a substantial basis. This is a loverest upon a substantial basis. This is a lovely agricultural country, and for four years the farmers have sown and planted in confidence and gathered and harvested with satisfaction, not infroquently wondering at the bountiful productions of vegetables, corn and grain. The cultivation of wheat has especially been proven profitable, both by reason of the superior quality produced and the often nearly marvelous yield. In all respects nature has been wonderfully prolific of her flavors to these deserving people who are changing the country beyond the "sand hills" into prosperous homes, and there has been and remains a constant stream of immigration. prosperous homes, and there has been and remains a constant stream of immigration. But beyond the "sand hills" is a big country, there being over seven thousand square miles of it, and a large amount of excellent government land is yet vacant and open to settlement, especially in the western portion, and openings for successful business enterprises occur right along with the increasing population and consequent growing necessities of the country. The Burlington & Missouri railroad is now building across the country from southeast to northwest and it is confidently expected that the coming season will be one of busy dovelopment and that its close will witness the addition of many hundreds to

industries

the population.

The future of such a country as has been briefly described can only be grand and glorious. A country with a beautifully fash ioned surface, a fertile soil, graced with fair streams, euriched with timber, having a beautiful climate, tried and not found want-ing, rapidly filling with an enlightened people, such is northwest Nebraska. Beyond opmputation is the distained development of mighty treasures of wealth and worth in the mighty treasures of wealth and worth in the country beyond the "sand hills."

vitness the addition of many hundreds to

A NIHILIST.

Cincinnati Enquirer: "The Cossacks are upon us," shouted a young man as he rushed into the hall of the university at Tver. The annou didneement not create a panic. 'Tis true the cheeks of the youths assembled there became a shade paler, but there was also an ele-vation of the head and a kindling of the eye which spoke volumes for their cour-

"What is our danger?" asked one o the young men who appeared to be the leader of the assembly. "The zasodatel with his men and

company of Cossacks are in line on the Strastnoi Boulevard. They are waiting for the command to march upon the uni versity."
When the speaker paused a murmur

ran through the crowd, which was interrupted by the leader.
"Those who fear the attack," he said.

"have still time to retreat. Those who are ready to sacrifice life and liberty for the cause will remain,"

Not a man stirred.

"It is well. You Dmitri and Ivan will guard the main gate. Take with you as many men as you think necessary. Vladimir and I and the rest will Dmitri and Ivan stepped forward and

quickly selected twenty of their fellowtudents and formed in line. "Nifont Dolgopolof, we are ready, said Dmitri, ready to depart with his

little troups.

"Go, and may God be with you." After their departure every thing be-came bustle and activity within. Tables and chairs, desks and benches were drawn to the windows, which could be scaled from without, and all the doors excepting the main entrance were barricaded. The rebels against Russia's rule were ready to oppose, sword in hand, the insolence of tyranny.

The scene above described took place in the City of Tver, in European Russia, a short distance from Moscow. The students of all the universities of Russia had revolted at the despotism of the Tsar and the bloody uprising of the 28th of November, 1887, at Moscow, was but the prelude to like affairs throughout the length and breadth of the land. Tver university was no exception, and from the day the students received the news of their brethren's revolt at Moscow, meetings were held, which increased in revolutionary in tensity as time wore on. The faculty was powerless and the threat to close the university was only laughed at. Organization among the students was complete. They were well armed, each having besides his rapier, one and even two revolvers and amunition in abundance. There were 300 students at the university. Nifont Dolgopolof, a medical student of great promise, was their chosen leader. He was a handsome youth, about twenty-six years of age, in stature towering above his companions. - His black piercing eye and curling black hair gave him a martial appearance. As he stood there by the window peering out into the gloom beyond for the approaching danger there was something noble

and grand in his bearing.
"What will the issue be?" he soliloquized. "How much longer must Russia suffer through her tyrants? Will the day of her release never dawn? know that this resistance is useless. No; not unless it will be an example for her future sons to emulate. And Valeska, my poor sister, will I ever see

Nifont's self-communion was inter-rupted by the entrance of Petrowski, the men who assisted in guarding the main gate under Dmitri and Ivan. "Nifont, the soldiery is approaching,"

he said. "Have you any further com-mands?" "None," answered Nifont, after some

reflection. "Be guided by events, but say this to our friends, that death is better than life in Sibera."

Petrowski departed in silence. The preparations for defeuse were resumed by the rebellious students, and when these were completed several groups were formed who discussed in low tones the coming events. Suddenly in the distance the faint sound of approaching footsteps were heard. Nearer and clearer came the sound which could not be misunderstood. It was the regular even tread of a large body of men-Nifont ordered silence, and, mounting the platform at the lower end of the hall, addressed his comrades as follows:

"Brethren, we have borne the yoke

too long. We must either submit for-ever like slaves, or assert our manhood by an emphatic resistance. The lesson will not be lost upon our tyrants, even though we perish in the attempt. As Nifont was speaking a tumult arose on the street below. Angry voices mingled with the clang of sabers could be heard. In the hall the lamps were extinguished with the exception of solitary light near the stairway. Nifont

opened a window overlooking the court yard.
"Open the gates in the name of the law," came a voice from below, aclaw," came a voice from below, ac-companied by heavy raps with a saber hilt on the closed portal No response was made to the sum-

"That's the chief of police," said Nifont in a whisper, turning to his companions grouped about him near the window.

Twice the demand was repeated with the same result. Then came a succession of blows upon the gate which threatened to shatter it.

"The zasedatel means business," ob-served Paul Palowski, one of the most eager of the students. "Why don't they open up and give him a chance?" -Even as he spoke a battering-ram was applied to the gate. One, two, three blows and it came down with a crash. Then followed a struggle which the per is too weak to describe. Twenty-two desperate men fighting for life or exile staring them in the face. Short was the combat. The groans of the wounded and dying, intermingled with the shouts and curses of the soldiery, were heard by their comrades above, and sent a chill through many a brave heart. Al-

ready the victors ascended the stairs.
"Forward," shouted Nifont.
Almost before the words were out of ais mouth, the students pushed to the stairs only to be met with the bayonet and sabres of the assaulters. What folfowed beggars description. 'Nifont and his friends fought like lions. The effort was futile. Those that were not killed outright were placed hors-decombat and made prisoners. Nifont was among the latter. When morning broke it was found that ninety-eight students had paid the penalty of their rashness with death; forty-seven with wounds more or less serious, and fifty awaiting them. The police and soldiers lost twenty, and about forty were wounded. Thus ended one of the most sanguinary internal struggles of modern Russia.

In the sitting room of a pretty cottage the Alexandrovitch road, on the third morning after the stirring events above narrated, sat a young girl clad in deep mourning. She could not be older than nineteen years, and the extreme palor of her beautiful countenance was heightened by her dark garments. Her eyes were full of tears. This was Va-ieska Dolgopolof.

"My God! help must come from you to save my brother. Doubly orphaned if I lose him. Oh! wretched girl that I am."

In the ecstasy of her sorrow the young girl threw herself upon a divan and convulsive sobs shook her frame.

A knock at the door roused her, and her tremulous "Come in" was followed by the appearance of Marie, Valeska's maid. Her eyes were also red from weeping, and the sorrowful accent of her voice showed the sympathy she felt for the unfortunate girl.

"Miss Valeska, Governor Dombrowski is in the drawing room, and begs per-mission to see you," she said. At the mention of that name Valeska raised her head.

"What! that man here at such an hour?" she asked, indignantly.
"I should not have allowed him to enter, miss." said the maid, apologetically; "but I thought he was the only man whose influence could save your brother."

For a moment abhorence for the man and love for her brother struggled for supremacy in the young girl's heart. Love gained the mastery.

"Let him enter," she said, and she again relapsed into her former attitude. A moment afterward Imri Dombrowski, governor of Tver, stood on the thresgovernor of Tyer, stood on the thres-hold. He was a typical Russian. His

massive frame was awkward and named the ball and the like a bull, flabby cheeks, thick, sensual lips, broad nose, black eyes, with beetling brows. A shock of black hat and coarse beard of the same color did not add beauty to of the same color and not and beauty to a truly repulsive countenance. As he stood there looking at the girl, who was still unconscious of his presence, a sar-donic smile overspread his countenance, which quickly disappeared, however, when Valeska turned her head.

"Miss Dolgopolof," he began. "You

will excuse this intrusion upon your grief when you learn that only the most kindly motives actuated it. As Valeska only answered with a contemptuous and half-incredulous

smile, he continued: "Nifont is doomed. No one under heaven can save him, except I. Re-pulse me now, as you did three months ago, and you are your brother's mur-

Dombrowski paused to note the effect

of his words, gazing earnestly at Va-leska all the while. That mobile countenance did not betray the emotions within her breast. In a tone which she in vain tried to control, and in which offended womanhood, grief and indignation were all concentrated, she said "Imri Dombrowski, your words would be an insult to the lowliest maid in Russia. You are not to be misunderstood nor is this a time for evasion. You are a married man and come to me with professions of love. Three months ago you made the same insulting offer of your love, and I only refrained from telling my brother because I did not wish bim to kill you and because you promised never to repeat the insult. Coward like, you see me now defense

Leave this house, which your very presence disgraces." Like an enraged goddess the maiden looked as with extended finger and scorn upon her lips she pointed to the door. The command was lost upon

less. The man who would have whipped

you like a cur in prison, you force your

vile proposals on me a second time.

Dombrowski. "Valeska, you are charming in your rage," he exclaimed with a coarse laugh. "Listen before I go. The tri-bunal meets to-morrow. I sit as presiding judge, and you are sufficiently familiar with Russian justice to know how swift its proceedings are. Your brother will be condemned to death, and you, by the very fact of that rela-tion, will be sent to Surgut or Bezerof under administrative exile. Upon certain conditions I will furnish you the release for your brother, a passport to permit his leaving the city and a trusty servant, whom you shall name, shall carry them to the jail to-morrow night. His disappearance I can explain to my super-iors. As for you, my love shall guard and shield you, and your daily life shall be one of luxury and easy."

Valeska several times attempted to interrupt this flow of words, every one of which was a knife thrust to the sensitive girl. "Do not decide now," he said. "If

you accept my offer send Marie to my office to-morrow," Without another word, and before Valeska could reply, Dombrowski stalked from the room Left alone Valeska's grief, shame and

indignation knew no bounds. When Marie entered a few minutes later she found her young mistress in a stupor. Her coaxing and caresses gradually soothed the distressed girl. Nature at last asserted her rights, the hours of anxious watching were succeeded by a restless sleep, in which in dreams Valeska lived over again the horrors of the preceding days

Meanwhile Nifont lay in his dungeon, racked by pains of the body and agony of the mind. Around him alay his wounded comrades, whose moans struck morning broke and the first gleams of daylight flashed through the narrow grating of the prison window, it was a relief to him. At 9 o'clock the prisoners were assembled in the yard and heavily manacled, they were marched to the court room. Space will not permit a description of the trial. Suffice to say that by 12 o'clock the majority of the prisoners were tried, condemned and sentenced to be shot or exiled to Siberia for life. Nifont, Dinitri and Ivan, as the ring-leaders, remained to the last. The latter soon heard their sentence—it was death. Not a hope now remained to Nifont when the crier

"Nifont Dolhopolof, step forward." With head erect. but without the fear nor without the bravado that betokens

the criminal, Nifont obeyed the call. Just then a messenger entered the court room, and approaching the judge's bench, handed Governor Dumbrowski a sealed note. Dumbrowski opened it hastily. A smile of triumph overspread his hideous countenance as he read the contents, which consisted of a single

"Your request is granted." VALESKA. Turning to his associates on the bench he said: "I have just received advices from Moscow: Dolgopolof will not be tried to-day. Let him be remanded to

prison. The judges silently acquiesced in their superior's decision, and Nifont was conducted back to the dungeon vainly trying to find the solution for this strange proceeding.

Hastening to his office Dombrowski

found Marie waiting. Dashing off a few lines on a stamped paper he handed 'Take this to your mistress, and also

this packet," he said, "and tell her to leave the rest to me."

"My mistress told me to give you this key," replied Marie, handing Dombrow-

ski a door-key, "and to request you to be at the house by 11 o'clock tonight." "I'll be there, my jewel of a maid," replied Dombrowski, attempting to pinch Marie's cheek, which attempt, however, proved a failure, as the girl slipped quickly out of the door."

Next morning early risers in the neighborhood of the Dolgopolof residence were surprised to see the form of man lying in the doorway of the house. A crowd soon gathered, and when several of the more curious made their way into the grounds they were horrified to see a pool of blood coilected near the prostrate man. The watch was hastily summoned, as no one dared to move the dead body, which lay prone upon its face, and a cloak thrown over it so as to effectually conceal the head. When the "pisars," headed by the "Chinovnik," arrived, the crowd, which had now grown to large proportions, made room for the officers. The Chinbody face upward, throwing back the cloak as he did so. A cry of horror went up. That ghastly face was familiar to all. It was Imri Dombrowski. governor of Iver. A small dagger, a woman's weapon, was driven to the hilt into the left breast of the governor, and told the tale at once. A stream of blood followed the withdrawal of the dagger, and showed how true the blow was which penetrated the heart, and must have caused death at once. The officer examined the weapon carefully; on the hilt, which was of pearl, the name 'Valeska'' was engraved. Dispatching a "pisar" to the jail to notify the officers in charge of the murder that had been committed, the Chinovnik searched the premises, with the aid of the Cpisars Nothing was found which could furnish a clew to the perpetrators. No one was about the house, and everything was in perfect order and giving no evidence of a struggle. When about to leave the sitting-room, which was the last apartment visited by the chief, he noticed a piece of paper lying on the table. Picking it up he read:

"I have killed Imri Dombrowski with my own hand because he was bent upon my destruction. "VALESKA DOLGOPOLOF."

The official put the confession into his pocket and stepped out into the grounds where the messenger since returned from the jail was awaiting the ap-pearance of his chief. The Chinovnik was surprised to learn that Nifont Dolgopolof had been released from the jail the same night wherein the murder had been committed, under an order presented by Valeska and signed by the man who now lay cold in death. A sotnia of Cossacks soon arrived and transferred the body of Dombrowski to the palace of justice. The news was spread like wild fire and soon the murder was upon everybody's tongue. Investigation by the authorities after many months gave no clew to the whereabouts of Nifont and Valeska. All that could be learned was that on that eventful night or rather morning, they had boarded a train on the Nikolaievsk railroad, and there all trace of them was lost.

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