"All the speculators, army purveyors and persons interested in army contracts awaited Rasputin with an impatience which surpassed every description and then surrounded him at once and laid siege, not so much to his person as to the influence which he was supposed to possess."

The Result of the Attack Upon Rasputin by His Enamored Victim Was to Place Him Once More in the Center of the Spotlight and to Give Him That Publicity So Essential to the Success of a Person of His Character and Particular Appeal

When Gousiewa Finally Found Her Opportunity to Avenge Herself "Gricha" and Illiodore Had Fallen Out, and the "Blessed Gregory" Made Every Effort to Link His Enemy With the Plot-In This He Had the Aid of the Secret Police

CHAPTER V—Continued

THE care that was taken of Rasputin soon restored him to his usual health, and he became at once a martyr. When the first moment of fright-and, being a great coward, he had been thoroughly frightened-had passed away, he felt rather satisfied at the fuss which was made about him, and more grateful than anything else to the woman Gousiewa for having given him such a splendid opportunity to recover some of his popularity, which he had feared might decrease during his absence from St. Petersburg. The fact that his attempted assassination had brought his name and his person once more prominently before the public pleased him, and his natural cunning made him at once grasp the whole importance of the event and the capital that might be made out of it. He was the first to plead for indulgence for his would-be murderess, perhaps out of fear of the scandal which a trial might produce, a trial during which a lawyer might be found daring enough and enterprising enough to speak openly of the reasons which had driven the accused woman to this act of madness, and to disclose certain episodes in the past existence of the "Prophet" which the latter would not have cared at all to become the property of the public. On the other hand, the authorities, too, felt that a public trial would only cause a most painful sensation, by the mention of names which it was of the highest importance to keep outside the question. The culprit herself insisted upon being brought before a jury, declaring that she had sought publicity and that she would not rest until she had it; that, moreover, she did not intend to be cheated out of her revenge or prevented from exposing the man in whom she saw the most flagrant and daring impostor, a creature for whom nothing in the world was sacred and who would not hesitate at anything in order to come to his ends. She insisted on the fact that she would have rendered a public service to the country had she killed him, and that, whatever happened to her personally, the vengeance of God would one day overtake "Gricha" and his wickedness, and that others would be found who would follow the example which she had given to them and not fail as she had failed.

Gousiewa told all this to the examining magistrate to whom had been intrusted the preliminary inquest, and she persisted in her allegations, notwithstanding all the efforts and even the threats which were made to her to induce her to retract her first deposition.



A typical Russian crowd gathered in the Nevsky Prospekt, Petrograd, such as welcomed Rasputin back to the capital after he had recovered from the knife wound inflicted by an outraged woman.

The authorities found themselves in a dilemma from which they did not know how to extricate themselves when Rasputin himself me to their rescue.

"The woman is mad," he said. "All that she relates is but the ravings of a madwoman. Lock her up in an asylum, and let us hear nothing more about her!"

This piece of advice was considered to be the best possible under the circumstances, and Gousiewa was placed first in a hospital for observation and then a few months later adjudged insane by order. She was removed to a madhouse, no one knows exactly where, and there she probably is locked up to this day unless death in some shape or form has overtaken her and removed her forever out of a world which certainly had never proved a kind one for her.

In the meanwhile her victim was mending rapidly, and three weeks after his accident he was removed first to Tobolsk and then to St. Petersburg. His disciples were preparing a great reception for him, and he himself was openly talking of all that he would do on his return and of the revenge which he was going to take on the people to whose influence he attributed the "mad" act of the woman who had attacked him. He made the greatest efforts to connect Illiodore with the attempt of Gousiewa, and he was quite furious to

see them fail, declaring that when he was once more in the capital he would make it his business to find out whether it was not possible to discover some points of association between the unfrocked monk and the woman whose knife had been raised against him. He further made no secret of his intention to obtain the proofs which he needed, thanks to the intelligence and with the help of his friend Mr. Manussewitsch Maniuloff. Whether he would have succeeded or not, it is difficult to say, because when Rasputin returned to St. Petersburg and was enabled to visit his friends at Tzarskoie Selo once more, there were other preoccupations which were troubling the public more than anything connected with his individuality. War had broken out with Germany.

CHAPTER VI

IT WAS perhaps a good piece of luck for Rasputin that he was not in St. Petersburg when Germany attacked us so unexpectedly. It is quite probable that if he had found himself in the capital at the time he would have intrigued in so many ways that he might have put even the sovereign in an embarrassing position, in the sense that any hesitations which might have produced themselves in the decisions of the Government would have been attributed to

the influence of the "Prophet." At this time of national crisis, it certainly would have been a misfortune if anything had occurred likely to endanger the prestige of the dynasty. But in regard to Rasputin himself, it is likely that his absence delayed the conspiracy which resulted in his death, as he was forgotten for the moment, so intensely was public opinion preoccupied with the grave events that were taking place.

The War Versus Rasputin

Later on, after the disaster of Tannenberg, the friends of the "Prophet," in order to win back for him some popularity, spread the rumor that he had from his distant Pokrowskole written to one of his warmest patronesses, Madame W., that he had had a vision during which it had been revealed to him that the Russian armies were to march immediately upon eastern Prussia, where it would be possible to deal a decisive blow at the enemy, and to do so with all their strength. Now this is precisely what was not done, owing to the military misconception of the Russian General Staff, which for political reasons started to proceed to the conquest of Galicia, that could have been delayed with advantage until after the Prussian monster, if not killed, had been at least seriously damaged.

The enemies of the Grand Duke Nicholas, of whom there were plenty, seized hold of this rumor, and rallied themselves round Rasputin, declaring that once more God had intervened in favor of Holy Russia, in blessing it with a prophet whose clear glance and visions could be relied upon far better than the strategical combinations of the Grand Duke that had proved such a complete failure. The Grand Duke was accused of having dispatched two army corps into the Mazurian region without having taken sufficient precautions to insure their safety, and it was said that the only one who had seen clearly the disaster which had overtaken these corps had been Rasputin, and that it had been revealed to him direct from Heaven even before it had taken place.

All this was great nonsense, of course, but nevertheless it did a considerable amount of harm. One must not lose sight of one fact when one judges the whole history of the impostor who for so many years contrived to occupy with his personality the attention of the Russian public, and that is that his sermons and utterances appealed to that mystical side of the Slav character which in all hours of great national crises and misfortunes asserts itself in a manner which to the Occidental mind seems quite incomprehensible. It is sufficient to have looked upon the crowds kneeling in the streets of St. Petersburg and of Moscow during those eventful August days which saw the breaking out of the catastrophe, to become persuaded of the fact that they reckoned more on God's intervention on their behalf than on the efficacy of any guns or soldiers to insure a victory for the Russian arms.

Rasputin for a short period became once more a national hero, at least in the eyes of the select circle that had first brought him prominently before the public, and they began to say among this circle that until one followed his directions and gave oneself up entirely to the service of God in the manner it pleased him to recommend, the campaign that had just begun would never be won. For other people, too, the return of the "Prophet" to Petrograd, as St. Petersburg had been rechristened, was also a boon. All the speculators, army purveyors and persons interested in army contracts awaited him with an impatience which surpassed every description, and they surrounded him at once and laid siege, not so much to his person as to the influence which he was supposed to possess.

(CONTINUED MONDAY)

Convright, 1917, Harper & Bros.

CHAPTER IV—Continued WHEN Esteban saw how pale his sister had grown, he took her in his arms. mying, gently: "I'm sorry, dear. It's all Then to the merchant, "It "Ha!" Don Mario fanned himself. "I'm

good thing to have the right kind of a friend. I'll marry Rosa within an hour, and I fancy my name will be a sufficient shield-"

Rosa turned to her elderly suitor and made a deep courtesy. "I am unworthy of the honor," said she. "You see, I-I do not love you, Don Mario."

"Love," exploded the visitor, "God bless you! What has love to do with the matter? Esteban will have to ride for his life in ten minutes and your property will be seized. So you had better make yourself ready to go with me."

But Rosa shook her head.

"Eh? What ails you? What do you expect to do?"

"I shall go with Esteban," said the girl, This calm announcement seemed to stupefy De Castano. He sat down heavily in the nearest chair, and with his wet handkerchief poised in one pudgy hand he stared fixedly at the speaker. His eyes were round and bulging, the sweat streamed unheeded from his temples. He resembled some queer bloated marine monster just emerged from the sea and momentarily dazzled by the light.

"You- You're mad," he finally gasped. Esteban, tell her what it means."

But this Esteban could not do, for he himself had not the faintest notion of what was in store for him. War seemed to him a glorious thing; he had been told that the hills were peopled with patriots. He was very young, his heart was ablaze with hatred for the Spaniards and for Panche Cueto. He longed to risk his life for a free Cuba. Therefore he said: "Rosa shall do as she pleases. If we must be exiles we shall share each other's hardships. It will not be for long."

"Idiot?" stormed the fat man. "Better that you gave her to the sharks below San Severino. There is no law, no safety women outside of the cities. The island is in anarchy. These patriots you talk about are blacks, the mulattoes, the -lowest, laxiest savages in Cuba."

Don Mario Withdraws

"Please! Don Mario!" the girl pleaded. "I cannot marry you, for-I love "Eh?"

"I love another. I'm betrothed to O'Reilly, the American—and he's coming back to marry me."

De Castano twisted himself laboriously

He was purple with rage and mortificase: "Very well, then. Go! I'm done with both of you. I would have lent you hand with this ruscul Cuteo, but now he heir to your entire property. In a time for bandini 1-1-7 within of a parting speech sufficient

sunlight, muttering and stammering to | He did gain courage, however, by think-

himself. Asensio and Evangelina; for it was his going. The picture warmed him magthither that they naturally turned. It ically, and it was with a restored deterwas well that they had made haste, for as they rode down into the valley, up the other side of the hill from Matanzas came risd you appreciate my efforts. It's a a squad of the Guardia Civil, and at its head rode Pancho Cueto.

CHAPTER V

A CRY FROM THE WILDERNESS

NEW YORK seemed almost like a foreign city to Johnnie O'Reilly When he stepped out into it on the morning after his arrival. For one thing it was bleak and cold; the north wind, hailing direct from Baffin's Bay, had teeth, and it bit so cruelly that he was glad when he found shelter in the building which housed the offices of the Carter Importing Company. The tropics had thinned O'Reilly's blood, for the Cuban winds bear a kiss instead of a sting; therefore he paused in the lower hallway, jostled by the morning crowds, and tried to warm himself. The truth is, O'Reilly was not only cold, but frightened.

He was far from weak-hearted. In fact, few O'Reillys were that, and Johnnie had an ingrained self-assurance which might have been mistaken for impudence but for the winning smile that went with it. Yet all the way from Havana he had seen in his mind's eye old Sam Carter intrenched behind his flat-topped desk, and that picture had more than once caused him to forget the carefully rehearsed

position as an employe and his prospects as a son-in-law. O'Reilly in New York

speech in which he intended to resign his

That desk of Mr. Carter's was always bare and orderly, cleared for action, like the deck of a battleship, and over it many engagements had been fought, for the man behind it never shirked a conflict.

His was a vigorous and irascible temperament, compounded of old-fashioned, slow-burning black powder and nitroglycerin-a combination of incalculable destructive power. It was a perilously unstable mixture, too: at times nothing less than a flame served to ignite it; on other occasions the office force pussyfooted past Carter's door on felt soles. and even then the slightest jar often caused the untoward thing to let go. In either event there was a deafening roar, much smoke and a deal of damage. O'Reilly felt sure that whatever the condition of Mr. Carter's digestion or the serenity of his mind at the beginning of their interview, the news he had to impart would serve as an effective detoall of his chair and waddled toward the nator, after which it would be every man for himself. It was not the effect of his report concerning the firm's unprofitable tion. On the threshold he paused to Cuban connections which O'Reilly feared would cause the decks to heave and the ship to rock-Samuel Carter Sould take calmly the most disturbing financial reverse it was the blow to his pride at

ing of Rosa Varona as he had last seen Within an hour the twins were on their her, with arms outstretched, with eyes way up the Yumuri, toward the home of tear-filled, with yearning lips aquiver at nination to make a clean breast matter and face the worst that he took

> The office force of the Carter Importing Company looked up when the firm's Cuban representative entered the door, but its personnel having changed as the result of one of those periodical disruptions that accurred in the inner office, he was not recognized until he presented himself to Mr. Slack, Samuel Carter's private and intimidated secretary.

> Mr. Slack smiled wanly and extended a clammy, nerveless hand as cold and limber as a dead fish.

for California."

"We were afraid you wouldn't get out of Cuba; thought we might have to get

portant.

"Oh, you're the office pet, and well you know it." Mr. Slack's pleasantry was tinged with envy, for he had never been able to appreciate O'Reilly. "Conditions are bad, eh?"

"Yes. Anyhody can leave," the other told him. "It's getting back that's difficult. The Spaniards don't like us, and I dare say they have good reason, with all this talk of intervention and the secret help we're lending the Insurrectos. They held me up in Havana; tried to prove I was a spy. They were positively peeved Spaniards."

The secretary glided unobtrusively toward marches to execution.

he received, for the importer gave him a veritable embrace; he patted him on the back and inquired three times as to his health. O'Reilly was anything but cold now; he was perspiring profusely, and he felt his collar growing limp. To shatter this old man's eager hopes would be like kicking a child in the face. Carter had never been so enthusiastic, so demonstra tive; there was something almost theatrical in his greeting. It dismayed O'Reilly immensely to realize what a hold he must have upon his employer's affect tions. Although the latter had a reputation for self-control, he appeared to be in a perfect flutter now. 'He assumed a holsterousness which seemed strained and wholly out of keeping with the circumstances.

the elevator.

Trouble Ahead

"You're expected," said he. "Mr. Carter is waiting to see you before leaving

"Seeing me won't make his trip any pleasanter." O'Reilly said, somberly.

the American consul at work."

"Really? I didn't know I was so im

when they failed. Snippy people, those

"Well," I'll tell Mr. Carter you're here." the private office, disappeared, glided softly into view again, and waggled a boneless forefinger invitingly. O'Reilly went to meet his employer as a man

His heart sank further at the welcome

His actions vaguely reminded nunger man of an ambling draft-he By REX BEACH Author of "The Spoilers," "The Barrier," "Heart of the Sunset"



A novel of love, hidden treasure and rebellion in beautiful, mysterious Cuba during the exciting days of the revolt against Spain.

THE STORY THUS FAR

DON ESTEBAN VARONA, one of the wealthiest Spaniards in Cuba, has hoarded the jewels and gold acquired through the sale of slaves and the profits derived from his extensive sugar plantations in a secret chamber at the bottom of a well. Rumors of his treasure have spread throughout the land, and after the death of his first wife, the crafty, scheming Isabel

finally becomes the second Dona Varona. SEBASTIAN, Esteban's most trusted slave, is the only one to share the secret of the hoarded wealth, and Isabel vainly tries to get information She even seeks to get at Sebastian by suggesting that from the black. Esteban sell the slave's daughter Evangelina. This the master steadfastly refuses to do, until one night, after he has become drunk in attempting to escape his wife's nagging, he places Evangelina as the stake in a game

ROSA and ESTEBAN, the children of the distressed planter and his first wife, leave their beds and appear in the room before their father to beg that Evangelina, their nurse, be retained. But their prayers are to no avail. When Sebastian pleads with his master not to let his daughter go, Don Esteban, infuriated, turns upon the slave and for the first time in his life

has the black chained to a window grating and flogged. Sebastian is dying from thirst and the torture of the flies upon his wounds when Isabel appears at the window and asks him again if there is a treasure. He finally says yes. But further information she fails to When Esteban once more attacks Sebastian the slave tears free, kills his former master and several others before he is finally shot.

PANCHO CUETO, manager of the Varona plantations, also feels certain that there is a treasure, and he lays plans to get it. DON MARIO DE CASTANO, a wealthy sugar merchant, calls upon Isabel to ask for the hand of Rosa. He is fat, unattractive and well along in years, but is conceited enough to feel that his wealth will win the stepmother's support. But despite the latter's willingness, she holds out little

. Rosa loves another. OHNNIE O'REILLY, more commonly called THE O'REILLY, is a young American representing a New York firm in Cuba. He is Rosa's lover. While the two are talking in a secluded part of the estate Esteban joins them and confesses that he is a spy for Colonel Lopez, leader of the Cuban ins prectionists.

Isabel, in a desperate attempt to gain information, accuses Pancho Cueto of mismanaging the estate and of stealing the profits. The latter admits his guilt, but defies Isabel to bring him to justice. With no deeds left to indicate the rightful owner of the property, he has the upper hand. That night Isabel walks in her sleep to the edge of the well and falls in.

Her body is rescued by Esteban, who is instructing a messenger ordered to carry information to the rebels. In the excitement the letter is dropped and Cueto picks it up. He denounces both Rosa and Esteban as conspirators and Don Mario rushes to the quinta to warn them of their impending capture.

nie's dismay turned to amazement. With | said. "The rebels have overrun the easta heavy playfulness Mr. Carter at length ern end of the island, and when I left remarked: "Well, my boy, you made a fizzle of it

didn't you?" The tone was almost complimentary. "Yes, sir, I'm a bright and shining failure," O'Reilly acknowledged, hope-

Discussing the Rebellion

fully.

"Now, don't 'yes sir' me. We're friends, aren't we? Good! Understand, I don't blame you in the least-it's that idiotic revolution that spoiled our business. I can't understand those people. Lord! You did splendidly, under the circumstances."

"They have reason enough to revoltoppression, tyranny, corruption." O'Reilly mumbled the familiar words in a numb paralysis at Mr. Carter's jovial familiarity. "All Latin countries are corrupt," an

nounced the importer; "always have been

and always will be. They thrive under oppression. Politics is purely a business proposition with those people. However, I dare say this uprising won't last long." O'Reilly welcomed this trend of the conversation; anything was better than fulsome praise, and the discussion would delay the coming crash. It seemed strange, however, that Samuel Carter should take time to discourse about generalities. Johants wondered why the old

Maceo and Gomez were sweeping west."

"Bah! It takes money to run a war." "They have money," desperately argued O'Reilly, "Marti raised more than a million dollars, and every Cuban cigarmaker in the United States gives a part of his wages every week to the cause. The best blood of Cuba is in the fight. The rebels are poorly armed, but if our Government recognizes their belligerency they'll soon fix that. Spain is about busted; she can't stand the strain."

"I predict they'll quit fighting as soon as they get hungry. The Government is starving them out. However, they've wound up our affairs for the time being, and"-Mr. Carter carefully shifted the position of an inkwell, a calendar and a paper-knife-"that brings us to a consideration of your and my affairs, doesn't it? Ahem! You remember our bargain? I was to give you a chance and you were to make good before you-er-planned any-er-matrimonial foolishness with my daughter."

The "Shock"

"Yes, sir." O'Reilly felt that the moment had come for his carefully rehearsed speech, but unhappily he could not remember how the swan-song started. He racked his brain for the opening

lent. He opened his lips, then closed ration.

each other expectantly. Another moment dragged past, then they chorused: "I have an unpleasant-"

Each broke off at the echo of his own

"What's that?" inquired the importer. "N-nothing. You were saying-"

"I was thinking how lucky it is that you and Elsa waited. Hm-m! Very fortunate." Again Mr. , Carter rearranged his desk fittings. "She has deep feelings -got a conscience, too. Conscience is a fine thing in a woman-so few of 'em have it. We sometimes differ, Elsa and I, but when she sets her heart on a thing I see that she gets it, even if I think she

oughtn't to have it. "What's the use of having children if you can't spoil 'em, eh?" He looked up with a sort of resentful challenge, and when his listener appeared to agree with him he sighed with satisfaction. "Early marriages are silly-but she seems to think otherwise. Maybe she's right. Anyhow, she's licked me. I'm done. That's why I waited to see you at once. You're a sensible fellow, Johnnie-no foolishness about you. You won't object, will you' We men have to take our medicine."

"It's quite out of the question," stam

mered the unhappy O'Reilly. "Come, come! It's tough on you, I sputter. Johnnie had a horrified vision the altar. "Elsa is going to have what If you'll be sensible I'll stand behind you like a father and teach you the business. I'm getting old and Ethelbert could never laws set: his eyes began to gleam angrily.

O'Reilly. "Why, dammit! He's the fellow I've been telling you about. He's not so bad as he sounds; he's really a nice boy-" "Elsa is in love with another man? Is

that what you mean?" "Good Lord, yes! Don't you under stand English? I didn't think you'd take it so hard-I was going to make a place for you here in the office, but of course if- Say! What the deuce alls you?"

Free for Rosa

Samuel Carter stared with amazement, for the injured victim of his daughter's fickleness had leaped to his feet and was shaking his hand vigorously, meanwhile uttering unintelligible sounds that seemed to signify relief, ple_sure, delight-anything except what the old man expected. "Are you crazy or am IT" he queried.

"Yes, sir; delirious. It's this way, sir. I've changed my mind, too." "Oh! You have?"

"T've met the dearest, sweetest"-O'Reilly choked, then began again-"the dearest, lovellest-"

"Never mind the bird-calls-don't con! get enough of that at home. Don't tell me she's dearer and a ceter than Elsa. Another girll Well, I'll be damned! Young man, you're a fool,"

them, Both men, after an awkward pause, | than I thought. Why, I-I was posicleared their throats in unison and eyed tively terrified when you walked in. And to think you didn't need any sympathy!"

> "I do need that je's, though. It will enable me to get married." "Nonsense! Better wait. I don't be-

eve in early engagements

"Oh, yes, you do." "Well, that depends. But, say-you're pretty nervy youth to turn down my daughter and then hold me up for a job, all in the same breath. Here! Don't dance on my rug. I ought to be offended, and I am, but- Get out while I

telephone Elsa, so she can dance, too," O'Reilly's Letters

O'Rellly spent that evening in writing a long letter to Rosa Varona. During the next few days his high spirits proved a trial and an affront to Mr. Slack, who, now that his employer had departed for the West, had assumed a subdued and gloomy dignity to match the somber re-

sponsibilities of his position. Other letters went forward by succeeding posts, and there was no doubt now that O'Reilly's pen was tipped with magic. He tingled when he reread what he had written. He bade Rosa prepare for his return and their immediate marriage.

The fun and the excitement of planning know, but-" The fuse had begun to their future caused him to fill page after page with thrilling details of the flatof himself being dragged unwillingly to hunting, home-fitting excursions they would take upon their return to New she wants, if I have to break something. York. He wrote her costatic descriptions of a suite of Grand Rapids furniture he had priced; he wasted a thousand emotional words over a set of china he learn it. Otherwise-" The old man's had picked out, and the results of a preliminary trip into the apartment house "Who is-Ethelbert?" faintly inquired district required a convulsive three-part letter to relate. It is remarkable with what poetic fervor, what strength of feeling, a lover can describe a five-room flat: with what glories he can furnish it out of a modest salary and still leave enough for a life of luxury.

But O'Reilly's letters did not always touch upon practical things; there was s wide streak of romance in him, and much of what he wrote was the sort of thing which romantic lovers, always writetender, foolish, worshipful thoughts which half abashed him when he read them over But that Rosa would thrill to them he had no doubt, nor had he any fear that she would hesitate to leave her nativaland for him. O'Reilly's love was unlimited; his trust in the girl was absolute He knew, moreover, that she loved and trusted him. This, to be sure, was a miracle-a unique phenomenon which never ceased to amaze him. He did not dream that every man had felt the same vague wonder.

And so the time passed rapidly. But, strange to say, there came no answer to those letters. O'Rellly chafely he ou the revolution which had me nication so uncertain; at length he but still days dragged on with no r Bradually his Impallence gave