

INTO THE INTERIOR.

The Scientific Expedition Penetrates Africa.

SLAVERY IN A NEW FORM.

The Vices and Superstitions Peculiar to the Natives.

FEROICITY OF THE CROCODILES.

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.)
CAPE TOWN, S. AFRICA, February 22.

NE of the kindnesses on the part of the Governor of the Province of Angola, referred to in my last letter, was the presentation of a railroad pass to those of the scientific expedition, who remained at St. Paul de Louisa. These were available for all the time we should spend in the province. Saturday, December 14, was the day agreed when the naturalist and anthropologist, accompanied by assistants, and other members of the expedition, were to start on the interior. At 10 o'clock on the previous evening we reached on the railroad superintendent that a special train would be ready to take us and our baggage, of which there were many hundred pounds at 6 in the morning. We arose early and three cars were secured. First after tank of alcohol, boxes of arsenic, photographic outfits, rifles, guns and ammunitions, quinine and other fever preventatives and remedies were loaded on them to be taken to our special train which stopped at the crossing of the street near us.

We are behind, the oxen are slow and are urged by the goods of the sticks in the hands of the native drivers. In a few minutes the cars are reached and the unloading of the carts and loading of the cars are done. But we now notice that there are only two coaches present for the rest of the special train has gone further ahead to receive freight (a special train, remember). Of course, you being an American would say wait for the locomotive to come back for our coaches; but this is a Portuguese railroad, in a Portuguese country, so all hands, including less than a dozen natives, will unite and

up to the rest of the train. It is up grade, but we can, by hard work, keep going very slowly and in time reach the train ahead. The rest of our special train consists of only two coaches present for the rest of the special train has gone further ahead to receive freight (a special train, remember). Of course, you being an American would say wait for the locomotive to come back for our coaches; but this is a Portuguese railroad, in a Portuguese country, so all hands, including less than a dozen natives, will unite and

PUSH THE COACHES.
The road is narrow gauge, the rails being three feet three inches apart, and it is not a smooth ride. The road is mostly level, with patches of woods here and there, tall grass everywhere. Many of the trees are quite beautiful—the castoreo, euphorbia tree, for example. Groves of these are often seen, and a vague idea of their appearance may perhaps be obtained from the cut here given.

Then there are the famous baobab trees, with their huge triangular trunks and whitish bark, distinguishable for a considerable distance. It is these trees in which monkeys delight to dwell and eat of the fruit, as I am told. The mango and coconut, loaded with their splendid fruit, are common, as also is the cajou or cashew tree. In fact, the road is very pleasant and refreshing, and is much enjoyed by all people. I know of no fruit to which it can be compared. Its acid has a peculiar taste,

and is regarded quite healthy. The soil along the railroad varies in color from a dark reddish to black. Much of it is very rich, but almost none is cultivated. Many birds, both large and small, attracted our attention, because of their beautiful plumage and sweet singing.

SLAVERY STILL EXISTS.
The first stop that we made was at a small village where considerable salt is mined. Upon noticing a large yard surrounded by a high fence and containing as many as 40 small houses arranged in two rows, I inquired what they were. The reply was that road officials present was that they were slave houses, and he invited me to go and see them.

"Is it now forbidden by law in Angola," I asked, "to have such slave houses?"
"They don't call them slaves, but they really are," was the substance of his reply in rather broken English. "They voluntarily hire themselves by contract for a term of years," said he.

"Are they in any sense free or are they wholly under the control of the man to whom they hire?"
The answer was that they are entirely subject to the command of their master, and have no liberty whatever. The reply on this point at some length, because of the fact that the Government of Portugal has passed a law absolutely forbidding slavery in all of its provinces, and that the officials of Angola always strenuously deny the existence of slavery in this province whenever opportunity offers.

Shortly after leaving this station we reached the village of Quifundoque. Here we observed a large crowd of natives standing under some trees several hundred yards away, and we judged it to be market day. Very soon, however, our attention was drawn to a number of women who rushed up to our car, and with numerous gestures so characteristic of the West Africans exclaimed "caym!" a word which we did not then understand. But we knew that they had something to show us, so we followed to the crowd.

A CAPTIVE CROCODILE.
Here we found a large crocodile, fully 15 feet long, chained to a tree. This creature had been trapped in this way during the night, and as the crocodiles are a terror to the natives and the Government pays a bounty for every one caught, the capture of one was a matter of public interest. This was evident from the excitement and pleasure displayed by the natives of the vil-

lage as they stood close by gazing at the huge animal so much dreaded by them.

One o'clock saw us at Cahiri station, where we were to take a much desired breakfast. Five hours later we reached the end of the first division of the railroad so we were obliged to camp here for the night. There were six of us, and all were tired, so the question of the necessity of guarding the camp during the night arose. The recollection of a refusal of some natives to come to the camp was determined by Mr. Watson, the fear of the dangerous Angolan buffalo, the reports that wolves, jackals and hyenas prowled around about and the presence of some 50 natives near us, assisted in the decision that it was necessary to hold watches. The night was divided into six watches of 1 1/2 hours each and the watch of each man was determined by lot. My watch was the first, so at 9 o'clock I took my stand armed with a large revolver and fully determined to shoot any man or animal that should molest us. All others appeared.

Everything is quiet. Only the jibbering of natives is heard. The dew falls fast and soon everything is fairly wet. Meanwhile I put on a rubber coat and carefully placed my revolver in the outside pocket. It is strange that a friend of a revolver seems to be under certain circumstances. I march around the tent keeping a sharp lookout. What do I hear? A low noise which may be that of some animal. I look cautiously about and listen. The noise increases and seems to approach. I am ready for the emergency and wait. The noise does approach, but I see nothing. It is close around me. Still I see nothing. Presently I feel a stinging bite upon my hand, another upon my face. I soon discover that the offenders are—mosquitoes.

THE AFRICAN MOSQUITO.
And they were mosquitoes, African mos-

quitoes. O how they buzz and bite. During the remainder of my watch I heard nothing but the buzz of these pests and the noise made by the men being relieved from the watch I filled the tent with smoke in order to drive out the mosquitoes. I retired and covered myself with two thicknesses of netting, fully believing that I should not be annoyed. But alas, how mistaken! I could not sleep, not because of any bites, but because of the continual buzzing on the netting. It seemed as if they were tugging at the netting, trying to remove it. This continued all night. Not a man of us ever forgot that night. Not one slept for a minute during the whole time. In addition to the attacks of mosquitoes, fleas or some other equally troublesome insect managed to bite each of us, in spite of all the precautions we could take.

In the morning it was necessary to have our luggage taken over the gap between the two divisions of the railroad, and a train would be in waiting to convey us to Cunga, the present terminus of the road. By 2 o'clock we were on our way, and a glad farewell to "mosquito camp." We found the train, and Cunga was reached after 6 o'clock, when camp was set up on the flat open. During the night a heavy rain fell, and little rest was had. We were up early Monday morning, and took a survey of our surroundings. A few feet south was the Quanza river. On all other sides was very low vegetation, consisting of thick woods, in which were many beautiful birds.

WEATHER OF THE COAST.
We were told that the summer season was just about on, but it did not seem to be already at hand. A few words give a correct idea of the climate of the West Coast of Africa. The sun is never seen to rise behind the cloudy sky. While the rain remains it is cool, and one can move about with comfort, but about 10 o'clock every morning the sun appears and the heat is then intense until the afternoon, when it again becomes cool. In the evening a breeze usually springs up, so that it is comfortable for the night. A very heavy dew falls during the night, and the atmosphere is so wet by morning that you are likely to suppose rain fall.

Our party remained at Cunga for two weeks. During that time the naturalist made large collections of fish birds, insects and a few large animals. Gama is plentiful in this vicinity, but time is necessary to secure many large animals. The Quanza river is the home of many crocodiles and the bathing place of numbers of hippopotami. The crocodiles are very bold, and often attract persons who go near the edge of the water. One day we saw that several natives did not lose their lives at Cunga by being caught by these animals. I remember upon one occasion, when passing in a canoe through the river, a crocodile, hearing a loud voice which sounded like the wailing of a woman. It was very similar to that I had heard at a native funeral a few days previous, and suspected a death had occurred here. Upon inquiry of the natives who were paddling the canoe I learned, through many gestures and few words, that a woman had been killed by a crocodile. I had the canoe stopped, and went up to the houses. Here I saw women with painted faces, dancing and uttering undecipherable wails.

Again gestures were brought into use, and the house containing the body was discovered. Upon entering I was shown the body of a woman, with several large lacerations on her face and neck. The body was in the same time explaining the native word for crocodile. I afterward learned from men who could speak English that on the evening before a woman had gone to the edge of the river to fill a jug with water, and as she stepped over, a crocodile grabbed her in its mouth and started for the opposite bank. When it came near the middle of the river it raised its head above the water and actually shook the woman in the air. It then went on the shore opposite, where four or five others of its kind were closely watching. It devoured the body, and would have done so had not some men closely pursued the crocodile with a canoe and driven them away, thus securing the body badly mutilated. I doubted partly, but with women was fully corroborated by several men. There is no doubt about the boldness of the animal before us, but the natives here, and natives refuse to cross a small stream by a narrow bridge a few feet above the water for fear crocodiles would attack them.

AFRICAN SUPERSTITIONS.
It is impossible for one to learn much of the meaning of fetishism or of the religious ideas of natives, unless he has a long and friendly intercourse with them. They will not reveal, as a rule, their beliefs for fear of being ridiculed, and will often attempt to deceive by answering incorrectly. Missionaries have the best opportunities for securing information regarding fetishism and religious beliefs, but unfortunately too few of them pay any attention to the subject, considering as they do, that all native religious beliefs and practices are the works of the "devil," instead of viewing them as attempts to build up a religion. There are several possible partial explanations as to how an object becomes a fetish. The object may be one that belonged to some ancestor who was believed to possess the power of curing disease, or of attaining almost at wholesale. Bric is growing richer all the time. He is at his Wall street office daily. As Chairman of the Democratic National Committee he will be a conspicuous political figure in 1892.

DEACON WHITE'S METHODS.
Deacon White derives his sobriquet from the fact that he was treasurer of Henry Ward Beecher's church. He was fairly successful as a lawyer. He says that he saw other people making money in Wall street and concluded that he would go and do likewise. He "busted" two or three times before he got a start. His first success was in the great "galico pool" in Lackawanna stock, in which he made something over \$2,000,000. This was called the "galico pool" because the syndicate was organized by Donny White, made up to "bull" Lackawanna in the stock market, one of the leading members was the late H. B. Clafin, the dry goods king. He has been known to have estimated, \$6,000,000. His particular hobby is astronomy. He has an observatory at his residence on Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, and spends a good share of the clear nights stargazing.

The hippopotami spend the daytime in high grass and laze about on the river. At night they go to the river to bathe. There is no difficulty whatever in finding them, but to shoot and kill them is another thing. Their skin is so tough that a bullet unless shot with a large quantity of powder will not penetrate it, and the bones are so thick that they can be broken in only a few places.

The natives here, as in other parts of Angola, live in mud huts of the plainest kind. Their manner of living is very simple, for their only desire seems to be to live.

The average native is content to possess a hut and a canoe, if he lives near a river. They usually raise a few potatoes, for his vegetable, together with four made from manioc root, and fish constitutes his bill of fare. The flour is called terena, and when prepared by cooking is "fungi." This healthy food is used extensively by both whites and blacks, and the stranger soon acquires a taste for it.

ROSCOE CONKLING'S EARNINGS.
Roscoe Conkling earned \$100,000 a year after leaving the United States Senate, and coming to New York to practice law. He was better lawyer in the city than Mr. Conkling, but there were few who could command as much attention in court. He had a great reputation as a statesman and orator, and what he lacked in one way he more than made up in another. His strength lay in his ability to convince judge and jury by the manner in which he conducted a case. He was another lawyer might excel him in the presentation of the law points. Another politician who has made a great deal of money in the practice of the law in New York is ex-Governor Hoody. He joined a firm of corporation lawyers not long after leaving the gubernatorial chair in Ohio. His individual income must be \$30,000 a year, and he has been busy mainly "preparing cases" for his firm.

MR. CLEVELAND'S LAW BUSINESS.
The greater part of Mr. Cleveland's income is derived from the preparation of opinions on important legal questions for corporations. Mr. Cleveland also draws up a great many contracts and agreements covering extensive business. He has an office in William street, close to Wall, but does most of his work at his home in Madison avenue. His office there is almost constantly interrupted by callers.

THE BUZZARD LOPE.
A New Dancing Step That Has Captured the Whole Georgia. New York Tribune.
An aged Georgia darkey had lost his mule and went one Sunday to bury him. Arriving within sight of the body he came upon a group of 49 buzzards. Forty-eight of them flew away. The 49th, whose feathers were gray with age, or early piety, or something, declined to retire. Looking straight at the old darkey he spread his wings, and in a twinkling he was tucked his tail under his body, drew in his chin and proceeded to lope around the dead mule.

The old darkey had been a wonderful dancer in slavery days, and prided himself on knowing every step that anybody else knew. But here was a brand new step. It wrenched his soul to see that ancient buzzard dance at his case, as he had never dreamed any creature on earth could do. He stood aghast. The spade fell from his shoulder. He spread his arms, bent his knees, and in a twinkling he was joined except those at the elbow, wrist, ankle and knee, and forgetting both the day and the place, followed the buzzard around the most vulgar and disgusting leaping step with his wings and went to roost, while the old man loped home, feeling ten years younger than the young darkey in the country.

Such is the legend of the "buzzard lope." The step captured everybody. Clubs were formed all over the State to learn it, and many were being set up. It is a most popular and interesting dance, and is being taught all over the State.

BEECHER LOVED JEWELRY.
A Spectacular Ring Which He Admired and Gave to Ellen Terry.
Henry Ward Beecher loved jewels. The Ladies' Home Journal prints an enthusiastic letter he wrote in acknowledging a gift of a sapphire ring. It is now among the most beautiful pieces of jewelry of Ellen Terry, the actress. Mr. Beecher gave it to her one day when she and Henry Irving were dining with him at his Brooklyn Church where they had been to church. Mr. Beecher saw the ring, and he drew it from his finger and presented it to her. Miss Terry was in ecstasies. "Why, Mr. Beecher, does he hear him present me with a ring of such beauty?" she asked. "The ring was made in good faith, as I put it on her finger, and wears it still in memory of a pleasant present from a well-beloved friend, who is, alas! no more."

THE NON-MAGNETIC WATCH.
It was discovered recently that the balance wheel spring, which is of steel, is the part of the watch affected by the influence of magnets. It is known as a palladium, and all that is necessary is to have a palladium spring substituted for the one in an ordinary watch, and then it is non-magnetic.

LAWYERS AND LAW.

Their Defects Pointed Out by Famed David Dudley Field.

CONSERVATISM A GREAT FAULT.

Two-Thirds of the Jury Should be Able to Render the Verdict.

THE INCOMES OF NOTED ATTORNEYS

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.)
NEW YORK, April 5.—It is the hope of some rather than fortune which animates the young man who takes up a study of the law. Yet fame brings fortune to the lawyer. There is probably no profession so greatly overcrowded as the legal profession. Where one succeeds in 100 fail, or at least attain neither fame nor fortune. Lack of ability is probably the chief reason for failure. There are hundreds of practicing lawyers in New York City who make even a decent living, but there are others who make a fortune every year.

It is the "corporation lawyer" who makes the most money. By the term "corporation lawyer" is meant the lawyer who conducts the legal affairs of a railroad or other corporation and not the counsel to a municipality. A New York City lawyer, who the lawyer whom it pays a fixed annual sum to which are added contingent fees that may double or treble the first sum. The fixed amount ranges from \$5,000 to \$20,000 a year. The "docket room" of a corporation lawyer costs from \$5 a month to \$60 a year and there are others who have offices that cost them \$25,000 a year. The offices of one firm in New York City cost \$50,000. The building cost them the last named sum and their other office expenses make the total about \$30,000 a year. The income of this kind of law practice is understood to be \$200,000 a year.

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make a good lawyer. First, the aspirant for a position at the bar ought to be taught in a law school, and then have a training in a lawyer's office to acquaint himself with the practical part of the profession. I should say that at least two years ought to be spent in a lawyer's office, and a lawyer's office. When I was young there was scarcely any instruction except in lawyer's offices. There were very few law schools in those days. The most prominent one was perhaps in Litchfield, Conn. I think the law schools have been a great benefit to the profession. Still they fall short of what they ought to accomplish.

I am decidedly of the opinion that the improvement of the law has not come from our law schools. Unlike the law schools of Great Britain they are not to be trusted. Our law schools are too apt to fall into dead conservatism. When I consider what they do for the young man who enters their portals, I am much surprised that they are not closed. We are, for instance, the same bonds, contracts, bills of lading and other legal forms that our ancestors did 100 years ago. The ordinary business of the law is a dead, lifeless and outlandish affair. The law schools ought to teach not only what the law is, but to point out its defects. At present they teach only the law as it is.

SPECIALITIES IN THE LAW.
The lawyer's requirements have expanded considerably during the past few decades. Several new branches of the law, for instance, have been created by the development of new industries. There are different branches of law, and it is a matter of preference which one the lawyer takes up. One turns to patent law, and another to real estate law, the same as one doctor pays attention to the treatment of some special branch of medicine. It is a matter of preference which one the lawyer takes up. One turns to patent law, and another to real estate law, the same as one doctor pays attention to the treatment of some special branch of medicine. It is a matter of preference which one the lawyer takes up.

LAWYERS ARE TO BLAME.
"In all this I think lawyers are greatly to blame, and fall of their duty to the State. The lawyers are not only greatly in fault for the defective nature of the law, but also for the deplorable delays in the dispensation of justice. The great delay, in fact, is the great defect in our legal administration. It is greater, I believe, than in any country in the world, and is a grave reproach to our lawyers.

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FACE OF CLUBS.

A ROMANCE OF RUSSIA AND SIBERIA.

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH
BY PRINCE JOSEF LUBOMIRSKI,
Author of "Safar-Hadji, a Story of Turkistan," Etc.

"I pray, Colonel—"
Behind a table, covered with documents and papers of all kinds, sat Mr. Onopri Schelin, Head of the Division of Political Affairs under His Excellency the Minister of the Interior, Count Perowski. His study was large and comfortable; the furniture covered with green velvet; thick curtains and portieres at all the rooms and windows; a thick carpet covered the floor. Two enormous paintings, representing Alexander I. and Nicholas I., looked down upon a desk in oak, standing in the center of the room. A mysterious, dim light reigned in the apartment; a half-covered lamp on the writing table and a flickering fire on the hearth stole up these dark walks, out of which the stern figures of the Czar of all the Russias seemed to step forth.

"Mr. Schelin was still young; he could hardly be more than thirty but his features looked worn, full of wrinkles and without expression; his complexion was yellow, his parchment, and his hair, carefully oiled and brushed, could not quite conceal a premature baldness. His small gray eyes looked keen and sharp around him. Herr Schelin, however, subdued his glance by wearing large spectacles.

When the head of the division was alone he frequently took off his glasses to wipe the perspiration which continually shone on his forehead. These Mr. Schelin, who was positively fearful; his eyes flashed lightning, the red lids opened wide as if he wished to draw breath; the dark mark which the spectacles made on his nose turned bright

red, and the nose itself looked not unlike the beak of a bird of prey; an uneasy smile played around his pale, firmly closed lips. Schelin felt in such moments that he was looking at a man who was a rival to himself, and his eyes turned from his own person to the forms of the all-powerful rulers of Russia, which he had continually before his eyes.

As soon, however, as somebody entered he closed his eyelids and hid behind the spectacles, as square down in his arm chair and assigned, with his ink, crooked fingers, to each visitor his place, as if he did it not from courtesy, but in wrath and indignation.

"The Minister! I crave your pardon! A misfortune! He is not here, for the present moment. Those who have anything to do with him must demand an audience. The Colonel looked anything but patient. As the official spoke to him in a somewhat bold tone of voice and did not by any means bow before him, Schelin was fully aware of this; quiet conscious, in fact, that he liked it. It gave him a kind of joy and he took it almost amiss if anyone did not seem to be afraid of him and to tremble in his presence. In the meantime our officer had not in the least changed his appearance; he remained as cold and unapproachable as before. Upon a sign from Schelin, who seemed to ask permission to finish the perusal of certain papers before him, the Colonel answered with a slight bow, threw himself into a comfortable chair, put one leg over the other and looked at the ceiling as if studying the stucco ornaments. Schelin noticed all this through his spectacles. The head of a division under Count Perowski was a great man and almost omnipotent in the Ministry. The Emperor knew him personally and occasionally deigned to have him near him. The Colonel was a terror for everybody, and therefore, and in order to give him a little lesson he seemed to be absorbed in his papers.

"The Colonel waited patiently five minutes, looking fixedly at the ceiling. After five minutes more he looked fixedly at the writing desk. Schelin pretended to read, but in reality he did not cease watching his visitor.

"Schelin's eyes opened to the ceiling and at the same time began to whistle very softly. When the head of division heard these subdued, measured notes, he jumped up from his chair and began to cough aloud. The officer coolly continued a familiar Italian air, but getting louder and louder. Behind one of the portieres suppressed laughter could be heard.

Angriely Schelin threw away the documents, arranged his chair so as to face his visitor, and said rather roughly:

"What is your desire, Colonel Palkin?" Palkin answered with a homely smile: "I desire to see you. The head of the division has charged me to inform His Excellency the Minister of the Interior of the arrest of Count Prossoff and Prince Marini, who are supposed to be conspiring against the Emperor."

"The Emperor sprang up, and forgetting his usual caution, beat the table so that several papers fell to the floor.

"Palkin!" he exclaimed.

"You are not expected to be a spy, only watchful! You are not a spy, only watchful!" he added, without concealing his scorn. "Only with this difference, that Colonel Palkin has known how to watch. His Majesty the Emperor has therefore ordered

ered without your knowledge and your assistance."

Schelin turned pale; he was furious, and entirely lost his self-control.

"Or which you pretend to have discovered?" he asked.

"Mr. Schelin!" exclaimed the officer threateningly.

The head of the division replied in the same threatening manner:

"Mr. Palkin!"

Their eyes glowed with hatred and thus they measured each other for some minutes. At the same time the folds of the Emperor's portieres moved gently and for a second the face of a curious official peeped in. The two adversaries saw nothing; they were on the point of delivering their message to Count Perowski, who, however, resumed his seat and laughed aloud.

"Your insults do not reach me and I should be foolish indeed to feel annoyed. It provokes you to find that we are cleverer than you! I understand your anger and can easily explain it!"

"Cleverer?" repeated Schelin; "my, rather, greater intriguant!"

"Oh, call it what you choose!" replied Palkin, shrugging his shoulders; "I will not discuss that with you. I have been ordered to deliver that message to Count Perowski, and as this affair concerns you likewise—or rather mainly—I have done my duty as promptly as I could. Your criticism does not concern me. I repeat, therefore, that I have been ordered to report. Last night the police occupied the house of Prince Marini; after a long search documents were found there which strongly commit the Prince as well as Count Prossoff. Both have been arrested forthwith; the examination will take place next Monday. The conspiracy seems, however, to extend over the whole province, and hence the head of gendarmes requests the Minister of the Interior to take charge of this matter as soon as possible. The papers and documents on the question will be sent to-day."

"How can a conspiracy that never existed extend to the province?" Marini is known to be a drunkard, Prossoff a philosopher. The sole affair reminds me curiously of your last conspiracy, which ended in sending 12 young men to Siberia, who every week gave a dinner to battle danciers. You, however, stated at the time that the regularity of these meetings looked very suspicious and little was wanting or you would have convinced yourself that the ballet dancers talked politics."

"That was a plausible pretext," said Palkin. "The Agent Disack himself heard how one of those men called the Czar ought to give Russia a Constitution."

Schelin clapped his hands in apparent indignation.

"And that was enough for you to send 12

men to Siberia. And you have the face to acknowledge it?"

Palkin laughed bitterly.

"This bold indignation is exceedingly becoming to you, but also very necessary. I warrant you it will be useless. The Czar is high above us, as the eagle above the toad! He knows nothing of us and if he ever should hear anything his contempt would hurl both of us into eternal oblivion. Our superiors do not wish to soil their hands with this profession and bear with us, because they must have tools—tools that are very useful, but also very necessary—tools that are too much despised to be easily replaced. Your possible report passes through the hands of my superior, as mine passes through your hands. Where others would be punished we receive a reward. But that you must know even better than I do."

Suddenly an official interrupted them, opening the door and announcing:

"Count Lanin, aid-de-camp of His Majesty the Emperor."

Schelin and Palkin rose quickly and bowed deeply.

The Imperial Adjutant noticed their submissive bows with contempt and said in a haughty tone:

"Glad to find you here together, as I have important orders for both of you from the Emperor."

Schelin and Palkin, who had risen again, bowed once more to the ground.

"Too much grace and happiness," they exclaimed.

The Imperial adj, hearing the two voices blending so closely that no separate voice or single word could be heard, could not resist his temptation to laugh.

"Colonel Palkin," he said at last, "the Emperor sends you word through me that he is well pleased with you, and as a token of his favor he bestows upon you the order of St. Vladimir."

"Excellency!" was all Palkin could utter, so overwhelmed with happiness was he.

"For you, Mr. Schelin, I have less pleasant news. You know nothing about the most important events and affairs of the most important of the empire is in danger, and yet the high office which the Emperor has entrusted to you ought to have spurred you to be unceasingly watchful."

"Your Excellency, the secret police is active in my hands."

"Adjutant did not let him finish.

"You are not expected to be a spy, only watchful! You are not a spy, only watchful!" he added, without concealing his scorn. "Only with this difference, that Colonel Palkin has known how to watch. His Majesty the Emperor has therefore ordered

ered without your knowledge and your assistance."

Schelin turned pale; he was furious, and entirely lost his self-control.

"Or which you pretend to have discovered?" he asked.

"Mr. Schelin!" exclaimed the officer threateningly.

The head of the division replied in the same threatening manner:

"Mr. Palkin!"

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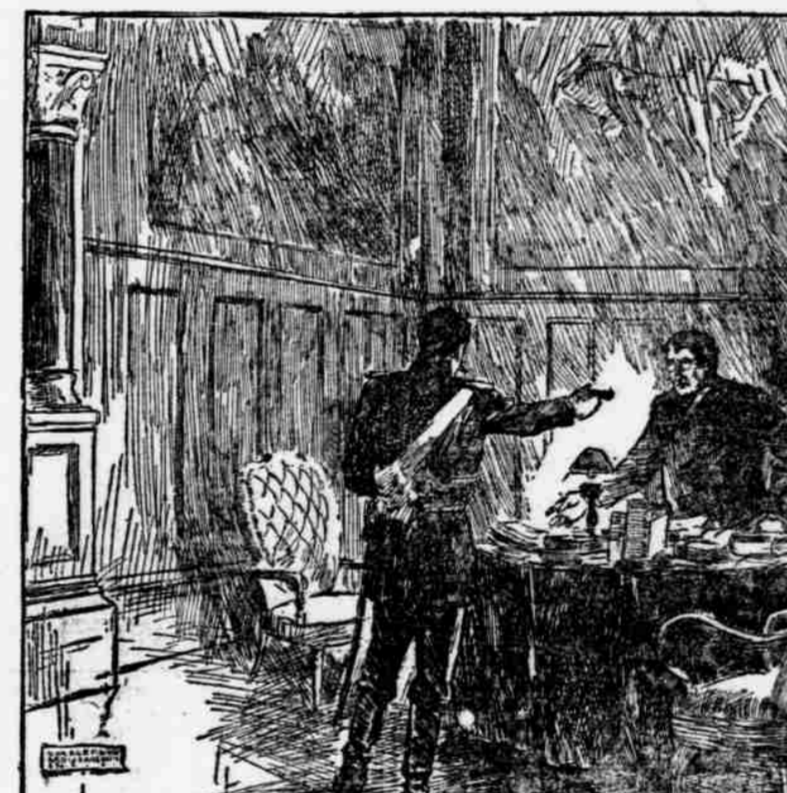
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THE QUARREL OF PALKIN AND SCHELIN.