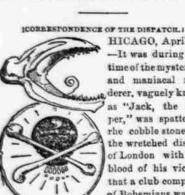
SKULLS THAT

Look Down on a Jolly Party of Chicago Bohemians

ORGANIZED INTO A CLUB

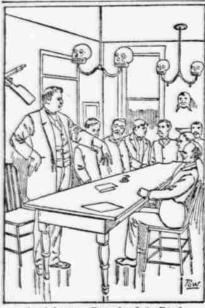
Named After the Favorite Haunt of Jack the Ripper.

GREWSOME RELICS ON THE WALLS



HICAGO, April 19. -It was during the time of the mysterious and maniacal murderer, vaguely known as "Jack, the Ripper," was spattering rhe cobble stones of the wretched district of London with the blood of his victims that a club composed of Bohemians was or-

ganized in this city. There was a promsnent newspaper man at one end of the table and facing him was a famous lawyer. Between these two men were two other men. One was a doctor; the other an artist, A miserable woman had been slaughtered



An Arkansaw Story by Opie Read. in London by the Ripper. Ragged news boys who ran through the alley which stretches like a black aisle through the heart of the city and which is dark and dreary beside the windows where the four mians sat, bawled about the Whitechapel murder. The roar was deafening The tragedy was sensational news. From the cry came the name of the most remarkable club in the United States. The organ-ization which had been formed while the newspaper presses were printing the fragmentary news of the latest butchery was christened the Whitechapel Club.

EARLY DAYS OF THE CLUB. The four professional men who had organlittle room in the resort. The artist made rough crayon pictures and hung them upon the wall. The lawyer sang o'nights as the doctor and the newspaper man told stories over their beer until the night grew old. Thus the club, now scarcely known beyond its own den, lived until other professional men sought membership. A charter was received from the Secretary of State. President, a Secretary and a board of eight directors were elected. There was no Treasurer for the reason that there was no work for such an officer. There were no written rules and no constitution for the reason that it was the determination of the lounders to made the club so exclusive and so small in membership that all who belonged to it would understand the obligations it imposed without reference to books or pamphlets.

There was at this time no initiation fee The club's membership was limited to 25. To become a member of the organization one had to be a man who had won his spurs in his profession and who was a Bobe

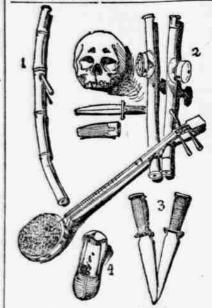


by birth, a gentleman by instinct and a good fellow at all times and in all places. The rigid observance of this rule made many enemies for the club, because scores of applicants for membership were rejected for the reason that they were lacking in one or in all of the essential points. But the de termination of the members to uphold this rule has doubtless proved the salvation of the club, for if a bar had been let down it would have been a matter of a short time

when the club would have foundered. BALLOTING ON APPLICANTS. The method of election is novel. The candidate's name is posted for three weeks. If, in that time, no objection is filed with the directory against the applicant his name comes to a ballot. The lights in the skull chandeliers are turned low. The members who are known by numbers sit in long lines at the club's table. A single black ball re-jects the applicant for all time. The ballots are matches. As each member votes favorable for the candidate the head of the match is broken off and the white stick cast into an urn. If a black ball is used the per-

cussion head of the match is cast. The steady growth of the Whitechapel Club in the face of tremendous, and at times malignant opposition, soon became the talk of all Chicago. Its applicants for membership included Congressmen, jurists and men of all professions. The little club room, with its rude decorations, was abandoned and a large room secured. Observing the true spirit of Bohemianism, the members began to hang the walls with the most grewsome relies. They wanted no carpets; no portiers. Good oak flooring, with blinds upon which the dust of a dozen years had settled, were good enough for them. Skulls of train robbers, of suicides and of persons who died suddenly were nailed upon the walls. Then came the ashy bones of Mound-Builders and of Indians, with dead men's shoes here and there, some of them bespattered with blood, to relieve the stare of so many vacant eyes.

bones of a gallant trooper in General Cus-ter's command was laced in a niche beside a flattened riffe bullet that had also been picked up on that famous battlefield. Bombs, guns and daggers, some of them wrenched from anarchists during the riots of 1886 and others used to kill and maim, hang like a glittering fan upon one wall.



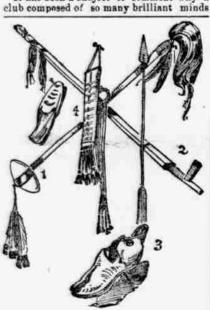
The San Francisco Panel. Chinese water pipe. 2. Onium pipes. 8.
 Highbinders' knives. 4. Blood-stained slipper

found on Pung Garp, a Chinese merchant, mur dered by the Highbinders. Some of the knives are still stained with the blood of their victims. Bits of rope that choked conspirators and murderers from August Spies, the anarchist, to the Chinaman who perished six weeks ago on the gallows in San Francisco are nailed upon another panel. Bludgeons and all the terrible contrivances of safe blowers and highwaymen are clustered in one cor-

When the room had been thus decorated new rules were made. One of these was adopted to accentuate the exclusiveness of the club. It prevents introduction of any stranger into the club rooms on any day except Saturday unless perchance the visi-tor is from out of town. If he is a stranger in the city he is welcome at all times. An initiation fee of \$10 was also adopted. This fee has since been raised to \$25.

When the new room had been heavily decorated with its hundreds of historic and grewsome relies, and the club had begun to mb rapidly to the first phalanx of Bohemian clubs of the world, the members began to give weekly entertainments to their guests. These symposiums were held for three months every Saturday night. Many of the most famous professional men in the country have sipped their beer, smoked their church warden's pipe and participated in the whirlwind of wit, song and oratory which has so often swept over the somber board on these meeting nights. A card was never turned nor a dice thrown in the club room, and a woman has never been permitted to step inside the ghostly portals of the

It has been a subject of comment why a



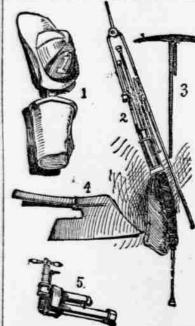
Indian Relica.

Ancient and valuable war implement. 2. Red Wing's pipe. 3. Since with enclosed skeleton of foot found on Custer battlefield. 4. Tobacce pouch.

should cluster about itself remembrances of the grave, of social strife and of horrid crimes. This is easily explained. The old adage that "in the midst of life we are in death" is exemplified in the skulls and skeletons hauging upon the walls. The relics of tragedies and social upheavals are merely the result of the whims of Chaplers to gather tangible evidences of the workings of vicious or mis-guided minds. The club itself is generous, honorable and loyal to all good people, is not the blatant or silent champion of any

Advancing upon rules already outlined the club was finally compelled to secure another room which in its decoration is the antithesis of the chamber where the gray light from the alley streams upon glistening bones and crimson-dyed knives. The new room is draped in fluted red cloth with paintings and etchings nestling in the crimson folds. Beautifully decorated Iniian relics from the reservations of the Sioux and Cheyennes form one panel while the mantelpieces are filled with bric-a-brac from the Zuni villages to the graves of Aztecs. There is a billiard table in the center of the room and a massive piano stands in a corner close beside a grate where a log crackles merrilly these cold, raw

nights. A CHAIR FOR MR. DEPEW. Chauncey M. Depew's chair stands in another corner. There is a human bone or



Hat and leather bucket from Long John's fire brigade of 1843.
 Irish bagpipes 300 years old.
 A pickax with a record.
 A Norwegian shipbuilder's adz.
 Fart of safeblow-

two in the upholstering but the chair is soft and easy for all that. When Mr. Depew, who has spoken many kind words for the EMBLEMS OF WAR AND RIOT.

A cavalryman's shoe filled with the foot chairs in the room. All are easy and not

easily filled. The light from Wnitechapel court streams through the stained windows, Everything is mellow and soit as old wine. Here the Chaplers lounge and discuss the questions of the day. There are files of all the morning papers and bookcases filled with classic literature. The dissimilarity of the two rooms is so great that one passing from the gray and the black of the banquet hall into the blazing fiery chamber, where even the faces of the members reflect and clow is tor an instant blinded by flect and glow, is for an instant blinded by

the change.
The Whitechapel Club, although but seven months old, is known all over the country. It gained its popularity and reputation by the wise exercise of judgment, by cutting away from the conventionalities of other clubs and by the unique hospitality it has extended to all of its guests. There are at the present time 30 active members with an inert or honorable list of five. On eptember 1 the club will give its first pubic entertainment at the Auditorium.

C. S. P. A. TWO MILLION ON DEUCES.

One of the Heaviest Games of Poker on Record, With Confederate Bills. New York Herald. 1

"We were in winter quarters in 1862 at White Oak Church," said an old veteran sitting in a game of draw the other evening, 'when my corps captured a paymaster's wagon containing I cannot say many millions in bills and bonds. It gave my company the opportunity for playing the heaviest game of poker ever heard of. The ante was \$100 and there was no limit.

"In the foray something like \$5,000,000 of the stuff came into the possession of myself and my three tent mates, and as soon as we stories of the noted homes of Washington got back to camp we started the game. I are as well furnished as their dining rooms,

up my hand I found the invariable deuces. The man next to me opened the pot for \$1,000, the next man and myself saw him, and then we drew. Each of the others took three cards, but I contented myself with one. When it came to my turn there was \$2,000 to put up, and without lifting my hand, I raised the last better \$2,000,000. This drove the man next to me out and left the field clear for myself and one opponent. He deliberated for a long time, counted over his pile—which contained just a little more than the amount of the bet-and then

threw up his hand.
"When I looked at my cards I found that I had not bettered my two dences. My op-ponent threw down a pair of kings. I as-certained later that at that very time certain Southern sympathizers in Baltimore were paying 5 cents on the \$1 for Confederate having known it sooner."

ney, and I wanted to kick myself for not

GUARDING THEIR JEWELS. System of Signals in Vogue in Most of the Large Jewelry Stores.

New York Press. 1 Jewelers have a sort of cipher they use for protection. A lady was examining some jewels in a down-town store yesterday when the salesman was called to the safe.

"Examine them at your leisure." he said ddressing the lady. Then to an assistant: 'James, did Jones get his watch this morn-

James bobs up from some other part of the store and replies: "Not yet, sir; but I am expecting him in

secure a new tray of pearls for the inspection of his well dressed female patron, and James apparently busies himself with various duties at another counter. But his keen eyes never leave the woman who toys with the costly trinkets before her, and every movement of her dismond ringed hands i noted with close and trained scrutiny. The color landscapes. They are all framed in salesman comes back and remarks:

"I think, James, you had better send those unset stones over to Mr. Williams, at the Hoffman. It is not policy to wait any longer, for he may go out this afternoon. Now, madam, here are some very choice specimens that I think will suit you."

She doesn't know it, but the woman has been under surveillance, and the order was given right before her face by the polite and smiling attendant, who so obsequiously received her commands. When the salesman asked, "Did Mr. Jones call for his watch?" the word "watch" was the only one in the stence of value or meaning to James. When the salesman returned and said, "It is not policy to wait any longer," he mated to his companion that he ceed with his other duties.

COULDN'T RESIST NATURE

Three Young Squirrels Abandon a Home for the Woodlands.

In March a year ago, Farmer Wat, of Brighton township, Beaver county, found three young squirrels in the top of a tree he had cut. The youngsters were taken home and the little Wats soon found them agreeable playmates. They were fed with a spoon and the house cat took kindly to them caring for them as she would for her young. The squirrels found a hole in an old pear tree in the yard, and fixed themselves a nice nest in it. As regularly as meal time arrived the trio came hopping into the house, placed themselves in a row and took their rations in a spoon. They soon knew every nook and corner of the house and barn.
One day the squirrels were nowhere to be found. Weeks passed and they were al-most forgotten when all three suddenly appeared at the door. Of course they took the house by storm and had a jolly romp with the children, the dog and their old friend, tabby. After a good dinner they slipped off never to return. Several months later Farmer Wat saw a squirrel looking rather

woods. He called to it as he used to when they were at his home and to his surprise it came scampering down. It shyly held out its nose as if to beg for a square meal, but would not allow itself to be caught. This

DEPEW ON SUPERSTITION. he Grent Orator Will Not Sit at a Table With Twelve Other People.

onesome on the branch of a big tree in the

was the last known of the these popular

New York Press.i "I am not superstitious," said Chauncey M. Depew yesterday. "I do not believe in witches, sprites, elves, vampires, ghouls or ghosts. Nor do I believe in an evil genius, the evil eye, a bottomless pit, or a devil with horns and a cloven foot. I would not pass a night in a church or graveyard with a corpse, because that would be an unpleasant and unprefitable way to spend a night. I would wear nothing in the nature of a talisman or mascot and never carried a lucky

"As to sitting down with 13 at table, that is one thing I would not do. But I respect the superstition, not because I am superstitious, but because I do not want to feel uncomfortable. A good dinner coasists in something more than things to eat and drink. Its pleasure depends more on the subtler elements of good company, minds at ease and attuned to harmony with the spirit of the occasion. If your dinner is to be made uncomfortable by a mournful or un-pleasant feature of this kind you might better stop at a restaurant and swallow a dozen oysters. You could at least then have a pleasant chat with the man behind the counter while he opens your oysters."

PEEPS AT BOUDOIRS.

Bowers of Beauty in the Fashionable Homes of Washington.

MISS LEITER'S LOVE FOR OLD GOLD.

A Pretty Little Bedroom That Was Planned by Mrs. John A. Logan.

GRUESOME TRAPPINGS IN A GARRET

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH, 1 WASHINGTON, April 19. "A BOWER of beauty!" "A bedroom for a Princess!!" "A home for a goddess!!!" So spoke one of the

ladies of the diplomatic circle as she stood in the boudoir of the daughter of a wealthy Western Senator last night. There is no truth in the sneering fling of the English writer that Americans put all their money on their persons and their parlors; that everything is for show and nothing for comfort. The upper

had fairly good luck at the start, but after a while the pasteboards went back on me, and I rarely got a pair bigger than deuces.

"This went on until my pile had been brought down to about \$2,000,000. There was a \$1,000 "jackpot," and when I picked by the start of the room above spoken of is a sample. It is an irregular room with a deep fireplace and two or three all the room above spoken of is a sample. It is an irregular room with a deep fireplace and two or three all the room above spoken of is a sample. It is an irregular room with a deep fireplace and two or three all the room above spoken of is a sample. coves. At the right, on entering, is the couch, and instead of being tucked and huddled into a corner, as in former days, it stands well out in the room with almost an equal space on either side. The frame is formed of slender white poles, tipped with gold, and from them hangs pendent the fleeciest of blue Canton crepe, the part against the wall being quilted. The coverlet is of white lace over blue crepe, and the long roll, which is used instead of pillows, is stuffed with softest down. The sheets have the maiden's name embroidered in the right corner, and have woven hems, each sheet being a complete web. There are no blankets on the bed, but two downy blue comforters, which pile up as weightless as

THE OTHER FURNISHINGS. On one side of the bed is a door leading into the bathroom and on the other side is one connecting with the room where the girl's pretty gowns are hung. Across the room from the bed is a wide divan covered with French cretonne of white and blue. It stands diagonally in the room and is piled up with cushions. The bureau is of white and gold, the handles being entirely gilded. It is a low affair with swinging egg-shaped mirror. On it are perfume and jewel cases of solid silver and in the low dresser, which is just opposite, the rage for silver articles is further illustrated, for there are dozens of pieces, brushes, combs, nail files, powder boxes, button hooks and hand mirrors, all finished in solid silver. The dresser has a deep valance of blue chintz.

Beyond it is a writing desk of white and gold, with silver candle-stick, ink tankard and boxes of tiny note paper with the owner's monogram, which shows her to be just up to the fad, for the lettering is an The jewelry salesman goes to the safe to lines of a letter. The rug is all in one color, a deep violet, and the wall dade has the same color, the ceiling being blue with silver cob-webs wrought in it. A buhl table in the center of the room has prettily bound copies of Undine, Rasselas, Picciol and other harmless volumes. There are not more than six pictures in the room, of which two are Madonnas and the others waterwhite and gold, MISS LEITER'S BOUDOIR IN OLD GOLD.

The heiress, Marie Leiter, has a dove cote worthy of her loveliness. It is on the sec-ond floor of the red brick mansion which James G. Blaine built ten years ago, and in which he lived but a short time, preferring modest quarters and the \$10,000 rental which the Chicago merchant pays for it. Every window and the plate glass doors have the initials "J. G. B." cut into them, and leading up to the boudoir of the daughter of the house is a stairway which Blaine himself designed and above it the rarest bit of stained glass in any house in Washington. The fair maid Evangeline is the device, and though passing it a dozen times a day one would still involuntarily bow the knee before the lovely thing.

The room is just beyond the broad land-ing in the rear of the house and from its windows old Georgetown, with its college, its quaint churches and narrow, Holland-like houses can be seen. There is an effect of depth and size to the room which is increased by the almost tintless graining of the walls and the deep alcove opening upon a Juliet-like balcony. Miss Leiter is a belle brune and instead of mawkish blue her surroundings are daring yellow, not pale as primrose, but deep as daffodil. The ed floor has a perfect riot of rugs in which the wonderful tone of yellow pre-dominates. The couch is in a white and gold frame uncanopied and with a coverlet of white lace which fits above the soft roll and almost touches the floor on either side The posts are high and slender and on each halfway up is a gigantic yellow bow. MIRRORS FOR AN HEIRESS.

A Mexican onyx table of the kind which the Germans call "little night table," stands at the right, bearing upon the marble slab, which is barely a foot and a half from the ground, a silver lamp; the standard slim and graceful, and the shade of pale yellow. Mirrors on dressers and bureaus are no longer a la mode. They are still there, but are made wholly for ornament, most of them being odd affairs, shaped like an egg, and so high up that little Miss Muffet couldn't see the tip of her nose in them. Instead, the fashionable woman uses a long cheval, swung in a frame, and in which she can see everything from the butterfly in her hair to the buckle on her slim foot. Miss Leiter' cheval glass must be eight feet high and three feet broad. It is swung in a gold frame, and is so adjusted that it mirrors nearly all of the lovely room. On either side of it, hung by gold chains, are small lamps, such as one sees in Roman Catholic churches on the Continent, and which are called "eternal lamps."

The dresser is richly fitted with silver ap-

pointments, and is canopied in white lace caught back by yellow bows as big as a child's sash bow. A white and gold chair stands before it, where the young girl sits to have her hair dressed in the chaste Ophelia fashion which she has adopted. One of the daintiest things in the room is the secretaire, at which are written all the pretty notes of invitation and acceptance. Near it is a small table, where bowls of flowers and low dishes of bonbons are kept, and where at night after ball or dinner the mistress of the room always finds a glass of rich milk which she drinks to refresh her before sleep

A PIANO IN THE ALCOVE. Miss Leiter is a music lover, and she has an upright piano in the alcove of her room which is always littered with favorite opera scores, for she practices singing as indefa-tigably as if she meant one day to make her fortune by her voice. There is a private bath room for the apartment, and in it are two or three affairs which look like hat racks but which are really for hanging ball dress es, so that they will neither be crushed against the wall or crumpled by packing in boxes. They are all shrouded in cases made for the purpose. A little ante-chamber con-

ing.

tains the bed of the French maid Lotta, who is expected to serve her young mistress at any hour she may come in from ball or

Another boudoir that is all in yellow is Miss Wanamaker's, the Postmaster General's oldest daughter. The color here is almost as pale as primrose and consequently much more of it can be used in decoration. All the furnishings were made especially for the room and the mountings are all of brass. The rarest bit of furniture in the room is a Henri Quatre desk which was pur-chased in Paris for Miss Wanamaker. It chased in Paris for Miss Wanamaker. It is of the slenderest proportions and everything about it suits the present demand for dwarfish appointments in all appertaining to letter writing. Beyond the boudoir are dressing and bathrooms and further away, but within call, the little room of Therese, the French maid. That dressing room has seen a sight that perhaps no other in the country has seen, for before the season began it contained six long narrow boxes bearing the mark of a famous Parisian dressmaker, which remained unopened for two weeks. Fancy a girl having six lovely new gowns and not looking at them for a fortnight.

PLANNED BY MRS, JOHN A. LOGAN. Mrs. John A. Logan is noted for her in-terest in young girls, and her love for them goes beyond superficial courtesies. There is one little lass here who proudly announces that her dainty bedroom was designed especially for her by Mrs. Logan. She is Elsie McElroy, the daughter of Colonei John McElroy, of the National Tribune, and the room was furnished for her under Mrs. Logan's supervision two years are when Miss Elsie was 14. It is years ago, when Miss Elsie was 14. It is all in baby blue, and is simple and sweet as a Puritan maiden's. It was Mrs. Logan's idea to have the room suggest spring and to typify the hallowed time of maidenhood. To carry out the idea the rug, which nearly covers the floor, has a moss-green ground with the pink trailing arbutus and fragile bluets interwoven. The walls are so fly tinted in blue, and the broad dado shows the same design as the carpet, the ceiling repeating the design of the rugs and wall in

The bed is all of white, blue and gold, the blue chintz canopy having a deep valance of silk wrought in shades of blue. The low washstand has a set of oddly-shaped china bearing hand-painted designs of arbutus and bluets, while about it reaching to the floor is the quaintest valance of blue chintz in the style of Mrs. Logan's girlhood days. Near it is a blue and gold dresser as simple as the one before which Faust watched Marguerite. Two or three slender chairs, a tall dresser covered with silver-backed brushes and manicure implements, a secretary littered with invitations. choolgirl essays and the appliances of amateaur photography completed the furnishing of the room which all will pronounce the ideal one for a girl of 16. To show the young girl that even that which no one could see should be beautiful, Mrs. Logan had the bureau drawers taken out and the pine painted a soft blue with border of gold. SHE SLEEPS IN THE GARRET.

People like individuality in a room, and an unending vista of blue and white rooms shrouding lily-white girls grow monoto-nous. It is the proper thing, but I know I was glad when I came across a girl who had the nerve to depart from it. Her name I the nerve to depart from it. Her name I dare not tell, for her courage does not go that far. She said that she got so tired of tame people and tame amusements that she was bound to have something startling about her. She got her father's consent to have the garret of his big mansion, and she fitted it up in a way that would make a tiger shiver. It is an uneven room, dark even at noonday, for the window panes are hardly bigger than the palm of the hard hardly bigger than the palm of the hand. The floor is covered with leopard skins from which the round, beady eyes stare in an un-comfortably fierce way. A big gray owl perches in a dark corner, and below it is a dusky black couch with drapery above it that looks for all the world like a glowering big bat. The doors into the alcoves are hang with the skins of the Rocky Mountain lion, and from the sides of the room above from the mouths of which dart lights in a ashion entirely too realistic for comfort. Instead of a stately samovar there is a regular witch's cauldron in one corner, in which the mistress of the room concocts

harmless tea for those of her friends who are bold enough to visit her there. By every chair are low tables covered with ooks, and the very titles of them would make a proper miss swoon away. There is Frankenstein, Poe's Black Cat, Zola's "L'Assomoir," Mlle. de Maupin, dozens of Maupassant's, and the lighter and wickeder French novels. A COFFIN AND A SKELETON.

The girl has at once courted and defied superstition, for while her toilet appointments, paper knives, etc., are all in horseshoe shape or have for handles the left hind feet of rabbits, she has a weird, moonshaped clock from which the ill-omened cuckoo announces the hours. The most orrible corner of the room she rarely shows, for it represents an unsulfilled purpose. A year ago when she furnished the room she decided to have a coffin in it a la Bernhardt. She went to an undertaker's, was measured, selected the style of casket and then told the undertaker to have it sent to her boxed so that no one would know its contents. The poor man was as scared as Tam O'Shanter when he saw the witches at Alloway Kirk. His fair patroness belonged to a large family, and he knew he would lose all the chance of future patronage if the father got wind of it, so he went to him and told him of his daughter's strange freak. There was a breeze in the house that night when the father gave his daugh-ter the choice of his money or her coffin. That is the reason one corner of her root has no tenant save a skeleton and a blackdraped dais which was to have held the sell all I possess and to deny myself everycoffin. The girl who designed this horror oreeding room has been a belle for two ser ons, and people seeing her child-like face would take her for an artless debutante.

Fresh, breezy rooms are the boudoirs of the two Misses Patten, who are the best horsewomen and greatest dog-lovers in the Capital. Their distinctive features are the riding whips stacked in the corners, and the pictures of favorite horses and dogs, of which there are so many that one can easily guess the tastes of the sisters. MADAM ROMERO'S MEXICAN BEDROOM

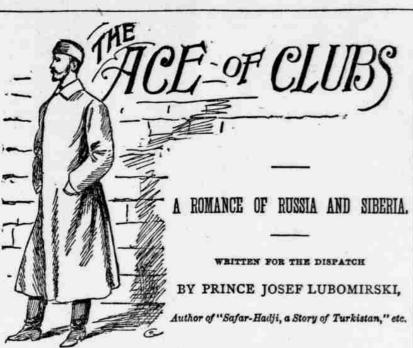
A boudoir equally distinct, but in a different fashion, is that of Madam Romero, the wife of the Mexican Minister. The prettiest American rooms would hardly equal it in ichness, for the wealthy Mexicar furnish the private rooms of their wives and daughters. Madam Romero's room is modeled exactly after the one in her home in the City of Mexico, and most of the furni-ture was brought from there. The bedstead s so delicately wrought that it makes the finest of ours seem clumsy.

Almost as regal in its appointments is the

boudoir of Mra. Hammond, the wife of Dr. William Hammond. It is the gem of all the handsome apartments in Belcourt, their new home on Columbia Heights, and was designed by Mrs. Hammond herself, to represent a section of the Alhambra. The floor is perfectly bare.

Another matron who has a boudoir fit for

princess is Mrs. John B. Henderson, the wife of the American delegate to the Pan-American Congress. An especially rich effect is given to it by the silk web on the walls, not paper, but genuine silk, which wealthy people to-day use to cover the square yards of wall space. It scares one to think of the cost, but I venture that the covering for walls in this day costs more than the finest Wilton carpets. The design of Mrs. Henderson's silk paper is in blue bands with tiny nosegays of pink roses, the striped effect giving height to the room. Mrs. Harrison has the little room at the southwest corner of the White House for her boudoir, and she has it charmingly fitted up. She lives in it more than in any other room and has in it her desk. Near her is a small table containing pictures of her children and grandchildren, and down the length of one side are tall wardrobes ing the dresses of the mistress of the House, MISS GRUNDY, JR.



SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

The story opens in St. Petersburg with an interview between Colonel Palkin, aid-de-camp of the head of the gendarmes, and Mr. Onophri Schelm, head of the division of political affairs under the Minister of the Interior, Count Perowski. Both are ambitious and cordially hate each other. Palkin announces a conspiracy that Schelm knows nothing of. Count Lanin, aid-de-camp of the Emperor, enters announcing the order of St. Vladimir for Palkin, in reward for his skill, and a censure upon Schelm for his ignorance of the conspiracy. Jana is the daughter of wealthy Alexander Wernin. Count Vladimir Lanin is in love with her and she accepts him. Previously Schelm has asked Wernin for Jana's hand. She, thinking to humble Schelm, has Count Lanin send to him an invitation to their wedding, as her answer to his request for her hand. Wernin learns of the insult just too late, true to intercept the invitation, but fails. Schelm receives it, and his anger knows no bounds. Wernin trembles, for Schelm's power is almost absolute. An old schoolmate of Schelm's, Miller, of Millertown, evidently in abject poverty, calls on him and asks a loan to put him in shape to attend a law banquet. Schelm abruptly dismisses him. Miller goes to Vladimir, who accommodates him and goes with him to the banquet, There they meet Schelm, who hides his bitter anger successfully and alludes to the wedding invitation. Because Nicholas Popoil was not at hand just as he wanted him, Schelm discharges him, On Popoil are dependant his aged mother and her child, living in one of the poorest districts of the city. Popoil returns to them desperate. His sweetheart, Helen, and Miller drop in and Miller leaves all that is left of the money Vladimir gave him. Nicholas vows revenge on Schelm. Miller dulls on Schelm, again penniless and hungry. Schelm gives him 10,000 rubles for which Miller binds himself to his service absolutely.

As soon as Schelm was alone he looked at the door to make sure that it was locked, then he drew curtains and portieres closer together, opened a drawer and began to examine Miller's acknowledgement of debt most carefully.

"One agent I have," he said to himself. "but that is not enough. He shall serve my personal revenge. He is right when he says it will be easy for him to play the part of a sister to authorize my using such a large sum friend. Then a closer intimacy must, and no from the secret fund?" friend. Then a closer intimacy must, and no doubt will, spring up. So, that is settled! But it has cost dear. In order to attain my ends I want more: I must have a regular organization. But how? It must be donefor the Minister was very cool last night."

While thus thinking aloud Schelm pressed a spring in the portrait of Alex-ander; it turned itself half round and reander; it turned itself half round and revealed a secret compartment in the wall.

In the same moment Nicholas Popoff had opened the door without making the small
The silence of Schelm up to this point had receipt under the press, copied it into the

may I then hope that you will restore me to my former position?"
"Is that what you want?" asked Schelm,
very much pacified. "We'll see, we'll see!

What else have you to say?"

"Your Excellency, I have long been employed in the Finance Department. I know, therefore, that the Treasurer has secret funds which are at the disposal of the Ministry of

the Interior. The present Treasurer knows me very well."
"I know all that and very accurately," said Schelm. "But how can I get the Min-

"Your Excellency has only to permit me to continue. The Treasurer pays out these funds upon the signature of the head of the bureau, even if the Minister consents only by a marginal note. How does he express his consent? He writes on the margin nothing but his name, as evidence that he has read the paper and grants the demand. Now, it is not difficult to imitate such a sig-

table, this time unhindered by Nicholas. He promptly wrote this certificate:

Upon this voucher the Treasurer will pay to Mr. Popoff, my private secretary, the sum of 100,000 rubles, from the secret fund. I need this amount in order to ascertain the character, etc., of the conspiracy. La—.

The Head of the Division for Pol. Affairs,

SCHELM, Privy Counc "Is that satisfactory?"

"Truly, your Excellency."

"Then you do not go to the Minister; you forge his signature, keep back 20,000 rubles and bring me the remainder!"

"Very well, your Excellency."
Popoff wrote the usual exequatur, with siguature of the Minister, and then handed Mr. Schelm the paper.
"Excellent! Now go to the Treasury!
Our compact is concluded!"
Popoff seemed to be usual!

Popoff seemed to be unwilling to go.
"Your Excellency will have the kindness

to appoint me your private secretary."
"Well," said Schelm, and rang the bell. The old invalid appeared on the thres-

"Call the head of Bureau No. 7."

The soldier appeared instantly.
"But will the thing succeed. Your former chief is perhaps no longer at the Treasury at "We need not fear. The Treasurer lives

in the Ministry, and even when he goes out he always leaves word where he may be found; such are the regulations. The man knows me personally and will make no dif-

The Head of Bureau No. 7 entered the room. At the sight of Popoff he was greatly surprised, but his astonishment grew when

surprised, but his astonishment grew when he heard Schelm's words:
"I did Mr. Popoff wrong, and to make amends I appoint him my private secretary. He will, however, belong as heretofore to Bureau No. 7, and only draw a large salary. And now, my friend, go to the Minister and attend to my commission there!"
"I thank your Excellency!" said Popoff, bowing.

bowing.

Schelm dismissed him with a friendly

gesture, but retained the Head of the Bureau No. 7, who was also about to withdraw, After he was sure that Popoff had reached the end of the passage he quickly locked the door and turned to the other man: "You will receive a letter from me, which

you will have to send instantly to the po-Then sitting down at his table he hastily

Then sitting down at his table he hastily wrote these words:

The Head of Division of his Excellency Count Perowski directs the attention of the police to the official Popoff. He is a dangerous man; he cherishes revolutionary ideas and is dishonest. He has just stolen 20,000 rubles in the Ministry. As the matter is secret the Head of Division requests His Excellency, the Chief of the Police, to have Popoff arrested to-morrow and quietly to be put aside.

After signing these lines Schelm ordered the official to jump into a cab and drive at

the official to jump into a cab and drive at full gallop to the police.

Popoff, in the meantime, had become thoughtful.

"It is, at all events, better for me to be private secretary of the Head than to seek a place at the hands of an utterly unknown Count. But one cannot be too cautious in having to deal with a man like Schelm."



JANA, DO YOU KNOW WHAT JEALOUSY IS?

toe. Schelm had neard nothing. He drew a small package of writings from the niche and added Miller's paper. Then he touched the spring once more—the portrait moved back to its place. Deeply absorbed in thoughts, Scheim sat down on a chair near

by and said to himself: "I must have money. This rascal has cost me already 10,000 rubles; if I were to thing I could hardly scrape together twice as much. And what could I do with that? I must absolutely have 100,000 rubles to carry out such a gigantic intrigue as this. Where can I get it?

Where can I get it?
Nicholas, who was standing close to the wall, purposely made a noise. Schelm jumped up and fell upon him like a tiger.
"Who are you? How dare you enter here?" he cried, beside himself. "Answer! I must know you. What is your name?"
"My name is Nicholas Popoff and till "My name is Nicholas Popoli and the yesterday I had an office in the Ministry of the Interior," said Nicholas quietly. "Popoff!" cried Schelm, furious. "Did I not have you turned off? How dare you reappear here? This is open rebellion! You

shall pay for that!" A sudden thought flashed through his "How long have you been standing "One moment and I heard your Excel-

lency's words."
"Heard them? You confess that, you inolent rascal."
While uttering these words Schelm turned to his table to seize the bell that was stand-ing there near at hand. Popoff did not let him do it—he placed himself between his former chief and the table. Schelm turned

you want to die under the knout?"
"More calmly, Your Excellency," replied Popoff, not without a slight admixture of "I came to render Your Excellency a great service.' "A great service? You to me? Hallo! Is anybody there?" His voice, however, hardly penetrated the

pale with fury.
"Insolent fellow!" he cried again. "Do

heavy portiere, and besides, there was ne-body in the adjoining room. The man on duty had left Popoff in his place and had "I can furnish Your Excellency the money you want." The firm voice of his former subordinate calmed Schelm and let him re-

"Speak! What do you want of me?"
"Your Excellency has sent me out of the Ministry, when I was supporting my mother and a younger brother out of my modest pay. I want to recover the lost place, be-cause I need it absolutely. I propose, therefore, to Your Excellency this: If I suggest means to secure the sum of money you want,

est noise and had entered the room on tip- made Popoff think he would listen still further. Hence, the affected indignation made no impression npon him, and he went

"Your Excellency will write the receipt and I will forge the signature of the Minister. I can prove to Your Excellency's satisfaction that I am able to do it. We amuse ourselves in our leisure hours in the offices by imitating various signatures. And, later, Your Excellency will have no difficulty in proving that you did not forge the writing."
"But what are you really aiming at?"
asked Schelm cautiously. "Your offers are

very far reaching." "I beg leave, therefore, to propose to Your Excellency the following compact: You ap-point me your private secretary and send me apparently to the Minister to obtain

"Go on!" "Suppose your Excellency should want 100,000 rubles, I bring you the money; but the story goes that I have only gotten 80,000 rubles because the Minister thought that would suffice for the purpose in question. In the receipt this purpose has to be mentioned, I believe."

"Cetainly—but go on."
"Your Excellency knows, moreover, that the secret fund is only examined once in three years. The last time this was done was in November. We have consequently, more than two years before us. If we succeed no question will ever arise as to the means by which that purpose was accomplished and the Ministers will be glad enough to make matters easy. Should we fail you could, in the worst case, accuse me of having kept back 20,000 rubles and of having forged the signature. Appoint me, therefore, your private secretary and pay me a handsome salary, so that I can spend a good deal of money. Such a change in my mode of life will coincide with the date of the whole affair, besides the experts will easily recognize my handwriting. Then comes the accusation. I am tried and sentenced in contumaciam, for your Excellency is kind enough to give me timely warning and let me escape abroad with some little means of

living."
Schelm had attentively listened to this exposition and patted his former subordinate on the shoulder.

"You are a cunning man and I am sorry I did not know you as I do now. I cannot conceive, however, what your personal advantage can be in this matter."

Popoff looked at him firmly and fixedly.

"I do not want my mother to suffer any longer from hunger and misery. I sacrifice myself for her, and I offer your Excellency my services because I know you are wise and cunning, and I believe in the success of all your enterprises and intrigues. I propose an immoral thing, because such things alone pay, for a moral and good thing a nod of the head is thought to be ample reward."

Schelm made no reply, but went to his to give to you, together with this letter."

book and tore out the sheet which he had taken from the blank part of the book and carefully put it in his pocket.
"Thus," he said, "I shall secure a feeble but still very weighty weapon for my de-

the money and returned in order to fulfill this part also of his compact with Schelm. As he, however, passed the invalid who slept on his beach, he looked almost unconsciously at the staircase, and noticed how the head of his bureau, with a letter in his hand, was hurrying away.
"My chief at this hour running down a staircase that is not his! What can that meen? Evidently he has but just left

Schelm's bureau and the two must have dis-A sad foreboding overpowered him. Instinctively he felt a great danger hanging over him. His first step was to rush downstairs and to follow his chief. He saw him

race down the street and take a cab. Popoff. hiding behind the other backs, heard him say, "To the police! At full gallop!"
That was enough for Nicholas. He hurried back to the Ministry, approached a table in the passage on which paper and envelopes were always kept lying for those who came to ask for an audience. He selected five large envelopes, put one-fifth of the sum of money he held in his hand into each one and directed a sixth to "Mr. Schelm, private and confidential." Then he hastened to Schelm's ante-chamber, where

there were always two officials and a servant on duty. Popoff said to himself: "Evidently Scheim has asked the police to have me arrested at once. But he will not have it done here—I shall, therefore, have time to await the return of my chief." He sat down on a bench and waited. Half an hour later the official appeared. Popoff stepped up to him, handed him the six en-

velopes and said: "Here is the money which I was to hand to His Excellency; also a confidential letter. His Excellency ordered me to wait for you here and to hand you the money. You were to be so kind as to carry it to him at once in his private room. The amount is 100,000 rubles; His Excellency will have the kindness to count it over in your presence. I mysel! have important business to attend and must leave."

"Very well, Mr. Secretary, I'll fulfill your commission at once!"
Popoff left the building slowly, but as soon as he reached the first corner he beg to run as fast as his feet would carry him. In the meantime Schelm was impatiently walking up and down in his room, when

chief of bureau was announced.
"Your Excellence's demand will be car-