# THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, MAY 4, 1890.

## MANY FEMALE FACES

Sam's Treasury.

HANDLING BOGUS MONEY.

Sewed in a Skirt.

LADY COUNTERS AS DETECTIVES

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. ] WASHINGTON, May 3.

> Capitol? A woman! Who lost Mark Antony the world? A woman! Who was the cause of a long ten years' war, And laid at last old Troy in ashes? Woman! Destructive, damnable,

There are few crimes so great that women are not mixed up in them and there are none so small that woman has not had her share in their origin. This is true with counterfeiting, and the Rogues' Gallery of the Treasury contains scores of

female faces. Old women and young girls look out of the frames surrounded by the most noted counterfeiters of the world, and a Psyche or a Venus shows forth in a group of women more horrible than the witch of Endor. Some of the women are mothers, and a few have babies in their arms. Most of them are intelligent women, and a few might pass for literary characters. The majority, however, have a cunning, depraved look about their faces, and the elderly ones among them have crows' feet at their eyes and the wrinkles of fear and care in their

Nearly every gang of counterfeiters has one or more women connected with it. They are much more successful than men in putting the stuff on the market, and they can pass a bad bill or a counterfeit coin ten times where men can pass them once. Counterfeiting is of such a nature that it can only be carried on in secret, and as a rule whole families are mixed up in it. Colonel Brooks, the old head of the Secret Service,



Ann McCormick and Annie Kelly PAMOUS SHOVERS OF THE OUTER. once told me that he found that counterfeiters ran in families, and that the making of the "queer" and passing it was done by father and son, daughter and mother, through generation after generation.

THIRTY THOUSAND IN A SKIRT. The wives of counterleiters are most frequently used as the passers of the money for there are few women who possess th requisite skill to engrave a counterfeit bill. They are very cunning, however, in passing them and they are less suspected than the men. It was on this account that Russo, the great Italian counterfeiter who is now awaiting trial, tried to force his wife to put his counterleit certificates on the market. He had 30,000 of these certificates which be made in Paris, and he had been in prison a number of times before for counterfeiting. His wife had helped him to pass his counterfeit money and she was with him when they left this country and started for London to get up the stuff for a new raid upon the public They lest America in 1887, and gave their friends to understand that they were going to California. In fact, however, they sailed for London, and there found the Italian en-

graver with whom they plotted to make this money. Mrs. Russo could tolk French as he would murder her if she did not, so she made a gingham skirt fitted with pockets, and in this she stuffed away the money and carried it to London. She was badly frightened by meeting so many customs officers. and when she got to London she refused to

CHLOROFORMED HIS WIFE. The engraver then advised Russo to kill her, but Russo chlorotormed her one night when she was asleep and robbed her of all her money and jewelry. He and the en-graver then sailed for the United States, graver then sailed for the United States, leaving her a pauper in London. In some way or other Mrs. Russo got enough money to come to America. She looked up her husband and threatened to expose him un-less she was taken into the gang and given a share of the proceeds. In company with Russo she then began to put out the New York City was soon flooded with it, and they passed bills at 13 stores in one day. They were shadowed, however, by the Secret Service detectives, were followed home and were arrested. A number of counterfeits were found upon them, and

upon trial they pleaded guilty.

Russo was given 12 years and his wife four years, and an attempt is now being made for a new trial on account of Russo's simple-mindedness and poor health. The detectives of the Treasury say that this is all a sham, and they state that Russo is one of and that his wife is not far behind him Italians are the most cunning counterfeiters among the foreigners who are engaged in the business in the United States. During the past year 165 foreigners were arrested for counterfeiting, and of these 76 were Italians. In all there were 437 countereiters arrested, and 206, or not quite half, of these were of American birth, 20 were Germans, 18 were negroes, two were Greeks and one was a

NELSON DRIGGS' WIFE.

One of the most dangerous counterfeiters now under arrest is Nelson Driggs, and his wife has been implicated in his crimes, has altogether put about a quarter of a million of dollars into circulation, and he has a history which reads like a romance. He began his work as far back as 1845, when be had a little variety store in an Ohio willage and there put out bad bank notes until he was forced to leave. In 1853 he was arrested in Chicago with \$30,000 worth of State bank notes on his person and was he had abandoned his trade and was going until he was forced to leave. In 1853 he was arrested in Chicago with \$30,000 worth

sent to the penitentiary on a sentence for ten-years. He was pardoued after a time and shortly after he got out he began to counter-In the Rogues' Gallery of Uncle

In the Rogues' Gallery of Uncle

Story after he got out he gan to be dead to be gan to

At the time he was captured \$100,000 in counterfeit money were found buried in the woods near the place where he was taken and his wife was with him. She was arrested as his accomplice, and it appears that the two fell in love with each other when in Thirty Thousand Dollars in Bad Bills

The wollen in love with each other when in jail at Cincinnati. They got married as soon as they were released, and she was a valuable assistant to her loving husband.

She will probable on to the reliable to the reliable of the reli She will probably go to the penitentiary with him after the trial has come off. A KING AND HIS QUEEN.

In the annals of Treasury crime there is no more noted counterfeiter than Pete McCartney, and, like Driggs, his wife has been his chief assistant. His lost arrest was for raising one dollar bills to fiftles. He took the "50" figures from a tobacco stamp and by pasting these over the "ones" was able to make them look for all the world like \$50 bills. He passed a number of these, and he also raised \$2 bills to twenties. He has been a counterlieiter all his life, and he has had a career leiter all his life, and he has had a career which would make a dozen dime novels. He has reformed a number of times, and his wife, who was engaged with him in counterfeiting for a long time, plead with him to give up the business. He would not do so, however, and she went in with him. It was through her that he often escaped



Almirinda Boyd. Lucy Ingersoll. Rosa Russo. Catherine Biancalini. Mary E. Hardin.

NOTED FEMALE COUNTERFEITERS. from prison. In 1866, when he was in jail at Springfield, Ill., she appeared on the scene with \$2,000 in her pocket. A week later McCartnev's cell door was found open and he and his wife had disappeared. It was supposed that the sheriff had been bribed. After this McCartney became a photographer, and later on opened a livery stable at Matioon, Ill. One day a secret service agent came to hire a team and Mc-Cartney recognized him. He made some excuse, and taking all the money from the cash drawer skipped out the back door of his livery stable and escaped.

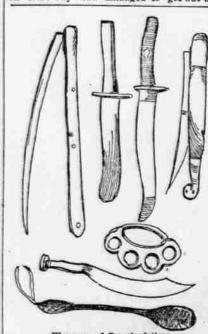
ONE OF THE FAMOUS GANGS. At another time he was running a counter-At snother time he was running a counter-feit workshop in an old log cabin in the lit-tle town of Osgood, Ind., and Mrs. Mc-Cartney was helping him. There were two other women connected with the gang and among its members were Fred. Biebusch, a capitalist of St. Louis, and an old man named Levi and his son. These two latter were determined counterfeiters and the whole Levi family engaged in counterfiiting. When the old man died one of the girls presided over the establishment. She was robust and handsome and a daring manipulator of bogus money. She was very lady-like, I am told, and her bright blue eyes gave no evidence of the secrets which she carried. With this gang Pete McCartney and his wife stayed for some time, and in 1870 he was arrested with a great lot of bogus money on his person. He escaped again and shortly after this he was again arrested and taken into the same Springfield

jail from which he had escaped. While he was here one of the chief de-tectives of the Secret Service called upon him and had an interview with him. Dur-ing the interview McCartney said: "You don't intend to leave me here, do you?"

"Yes, I do," said the detective.
"Well," replied McCartney, "I can get
out of here easy enough. I have done it before and I can do it again. At this the detective laughed, but Mc-Cartney inquired his hotel and room and said he would return the call that evening. At 10 o'clock that night the detective, it is said, heard a quiet rap at the door.

A DETECTIVE SURPRISED. "Come in," he called, and McCartney entered. The detective sprang to his feet and covered his visitor with his revolver, but McCartney quietly said: "I merely called to pay my respects and I am going back. You do not need to shoot me."

The greatest caution had to be exercised in the care of McCartney at this time and he was usually searched after his wife had paid him a visit. At one time after she left a well as she could talk Italian and they made small bar of lead was found upon him and Paris their workshop. After they had enhe would probably have escaped had this Paris their workshop. After they had engraved the plates and struck off \$30,000 not been discovered. One of his former they started for America. Mrs. Russo was escapes he had nade by means of the tin airaid to carry the money, but Russo said foll which was wrapped around his chewing tobacco. He had pressed it into shape and



Weapons of Counterfeilers. eans of it. At another time he disguised himself as an old man and a third time he escaped while in the keeping of two United States marshals.

A reward of half a million dollars wa once offered for him, but he was not found, and when he was arrested six months later this reward had been withdrawn, and only \$1,000 was standing. McCartney paid his captors \$2,500 to get off and thus obtained his freedom. He was captured in Indiana some years ago and put in the penitentiary, and it was here that he had to serve out his sentence. His term was 15 years, but he got something off for good behavior. During his imprisonment he offered the marshal \$1,700 for a steel saw, but the official was honest and would not give to him.

A MAN OF WONDERFUL PARTS. McCartney at one time lectured on coun-

to be a good boy for the rest of his life. He passed out counterfeit bills to the people who bought his tickets, however, and he who bought his tickets, however, and he supplied other counterfeiters with plates which he engraved on the sly. He was a man of wonderful parts and during his life acted as an artist, a miner, a livery stable keeper, practiced medicine and acted as a

keeper, practiced medicine and acted as a commercial traveler.

He came of a family of counterfeiters and his brother-in-law, Miles Ogle, was a noted counterfeiter. His grandfather, tather and brother had all been engaged in counterfeiting and his first experiments were as a boy in changing one dollar bills to tens. He was connected with another noted counterfeiter named Ben Boyd, and he had a number of women acquaintances who were number of women acquaintances who were counterfeiters. Among these were the Ackerman girls, Martha Ann and Almitanda. Mrs. Ackerman was the widow of a counterfeiter and her daughters were both bright and skillful and Martha Ann had been engaged in printing counterfeit bills in her father's house when she was only 11 years of age. McCartney fell in love with Martha Ann and married her and it was this same girl who so often aided him in his escapes above mentioned.

A FAMILY OF COUNTERFEITERS. His mother-in-law married again, and her new husband was a counterfeiter. The re-sult was that all of his family connections were professionals. Almiranda Ackerman, who had also been engaged in the business, married Ben Boyd, and she was connected with him and his interesting career. It was from Ben Boyd that McCartney learned how to engrave, and he was apprenticed to him as a boy. Ben Boyd was associated with him in most of his schemes, and the two sisters who helped their father and mother in their counterfeiting schemes, worked to-gether in aiding their husbands.

The making of counterfeit money requires a number of processes, and the women con-nected with the families have much to do with it. The money is not as a rule passed out just as it comes from the press. It is desirable to make the bills look old and to give them the appearance of having been handled. They are sometimes dipped in weak coffee to give them a brownish tint. Oil mixed with dirt is used to produce the finger marks and the bills are rubbed this way and that until they are soft and lose their rustling nature. It is a great deal easier to pass an old counterfeit bill than a new one, and the work of making the bills is no light matter. One of the Secret Service officials tells me that it

REQUIRES EIGHT MONTHS to get up a counterfeit note that will have any chance of passing. The engraving must be done by an expert, and a good counter-feit plate will sell to the shovers of the queer for hundreds of dollars. I looked over the scrap-books of noted counterfeiters to-day, and I was shown some bills the au-thors of which have never been discovered. One of the best counterfeits in existence is a \$20-greenback, and it is not known whether it was made by a man or a woman. It is not engraved, but it is drawn entirely with a pen, every line and dot with all the shades black and red of the regular \$20 bill are seen upon it, and the Treasury Department has been searching for years for its maker, It often goes through many hands before it is detected.

The rogues' gallery has a number of faces of women who have been arrested for shoving bogus silver dollars. One of the most striking of these is Anne Kelly whose face shows that a nip of flesh has been taken out shows that a nip of hesh has been taken out of her nose, the work of her counterfeiting husband during a fracas over the spoils. Anne Kelly was only 28 years old when she was arrested in 1887 and she is now serving a four years' sentence in the Monroe county jail. She had been making silver collars and when arrested she had some counterfeits in her pocket and a number of bogus dollars were found in her house. One hundred and thirteen bad dollars were hidden away in a hundred and thousen the same and t in a bureau drawer and these were in an un finished condition.

All the tools of counterfeiting were found in her rooms and it seems that she was both method is that the counterfeiters do not pass their own product. They sell the stuff to others who pay about 25 cents on the dollar for it. Great quantities of these bogus dol-lars are captured by the Treasury in partment and though in some few cases va. thle metals are used, as a rule the counterfeits are made up of the poorest stuff and the mixture is not worth the trouble of assaying. COMPOSITION OF ROGUS DOLLARS

Antimony, block tin, pulverized glass and sheet silver are the principal elements of a counterfeit dollar, and the greater part of those struck off are made from molds taken from a genuine dollar in plaster of paris. The milling is the most difficult process, and it is very rarely that a counter-feit dollar has milled edges free from flaws. some silver is always used, and the way is to take sheet silver and plate the coins, Silver-plated spoons are often used, and the silver from these is taken off by an electric battery, and by means of electricity is pisced upon the coin. The base metal of the spoons is then used as a part of the material other coins, and the cost of making these bogus dollars is practically nothing. The old trade dollar was counterfeited a number f times, and one of the leading passers was Mrs. Annie McCormick, who has served her term in the penitentiary, and is now at liberty. Her husband was a noted countereiter, and he is still in jail.

Gold coin is seldom counterfeited, for the reason that it takes some gold to run the business and the machinery for doing the work is expensive. Gold coins must be made from dies and not cast and, while almost any mechanic can make a silver dollar, it takes a good deal of an artist to get up a counterfeit \$5 gold piece.

DANGEROUS GOLD COINS. I am told that only one bogus \$20 gold piece has ever been discovered and this bears the date of 1850. In this case a genuine double eagle was split in two and as much gold as possible was scooped out of the inside of it. Other metal was then put in to make up the weight and the coin was then put together again. It was a filled coin rather than a counterfeit and was actually worth about \$7. Several \$10 gold have been counter eited and the most dangerous is that of 1847. The first \$5 gold piece was issued in 1850 and about 22 other

ssues have appeared since then.

The most skillful countereits in gold that were ever made are dated 1882. The Chinese are adepts at filling gold coin and they will take 1,000 silver dollars and get a grain or so out of each one and think they are making money by passing them again. Women have little to do in the filling of coin and such filled coins as are in circulation are made by men. The Secret Service Department of the Treasury has requently to use women as detectives or assistants to to use women as detectives or assistants to other detectives. Many of the counterfeits are detected right here in the Treasury Department and the lady counters of the Trea ury surpass the bank eashiers in their

DELICACY OF TOUCH and the accuracy with which they pass upor the genuineness of a bill. All bank notes are strained through the tellers and cashiers of the various banks before they come here and these girls pass upon the strainings. They note to an atom just how the paper on which the bank notes are printed should feel and I have heard it said that there is one girl in the treasury who once detected ounterfeit in the middle of a pile of money six inches thick by merely seeing the thin edge of it. This may not be true, but equally wonderful things happen in this big noney mill every day.

These counters get only \$75 a month, and

many of them save the Government more than that in the counterfeits which they detect in a week. Women have to do with estroying the bad bills, and all counterfeits which once get into the Treasury never ge out again. The letters "Bad" are punched into them by a patent punching machine over which a woman presides, and the American female thus acts here as the god-dess of justice as she does outside among those gargs of thieves as the goddess of vice. A LAUNDRESS' HAVOC.

Her Habit of Mixing Up Her Contributions Caused a Tragedy.

A HEAVY VILLAIN EXTINGUISHED.

She Gave Him a Big Man's Shirt and He Disappeared in Its Folds.

THE UNDERWEAR PUZZLED A CORONER

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) woman had a large

laugh. The second half of the secret is in selling the production for more than it is worth. This makes the humorist laugh. My late washer-

grasp of both these necessary elements. I don't think I ever laughed so painfully in my life as I did when I endeavored to sort out the first week's washing which she brought home to me. There were 13 stockings of different hues in the bundle, and I had never seen any of them before. They ranged in size any of them before. They ranged in size all the way from a little one belonging to my landlady's infant phenomenon up to the stocking which she herself used to hang on the chimney piece of her home in Chicago every Christmas, as a delicate hint to her husband that she would like a piano for a

SEARCHING FOR FRAGMENTS.

When I called my late washerwoman's attention to the peculiar job lot she had brought me she apologized, and said that she would go around among her other customers and collect my property, even if they had to go barefoot while she was finding theirs. After this tour she brought me 11 stockings of much better quality than the original 13, but only 3 of them were mates and none of them were mine. And the wash, taken altogether, was decorated with pearly

and none of them were mine. And the wash, taken altogether, was decorated with nearly all the names and initials in the directory.

And then her bills! They were something magnificent. She would tear a garment in two in order to get an extra "piece" into the list, and when it couldn't be conveniently brought up to a satisfactory figure in that way she



would put in imaginary articles and promise to bring them when she came next time It used to amuse me to see her get away after collecting one of these bills. At such times she would be in such a hurry that the soiled clothes she was carrying away in her basket couldn't keep up with the prowake like wreckage in the track of I once traced her for ten cross-town blocks in this way, when I had forgotten to in-quire whether she could recover one of my dress shirts in time for an evening recep-

SHE KILLED A MAN. And speaking of that reminds me of the the entertaining tragedy, which is the ex-cuse for this narrative. Right across the hall from me, in bachelor quarters similar to mine, lived a young man of diminutive stature, whose name was Sydney Dale. was all the time getting his clothes, and he was getting mine. This was bad enough for him, but it was worse for me, because, while he could wear my clothes by taking three or four reefs in them, I couldn't get into his with a search warrant and a file of police.



Sorting Clothes. change so frequently that, after awhile, when either of us had to dress in a hurry we usually found it most convenient to do so in

the other's room. One evening Sydney had an engagement to play the heavy villain in an amateur theatrical performance. As I subsequently learned, he got to his room in a great hurry, with about 20 minutes' time to get into a dress suit and escape to the scene of his his trionic triumphs. By this time his stock of underwear had been very nearly exhausted by the depredations of our washerwoman and he discovered, to his horror, that he had only one dress shirt in stock and that was mine. It called for a No. 16 collar and the sleeves were about a foot too long. They say that Sydney was almost the maddes man that had ever been seen or heard in the Capricornus Flats. It happened that I was away and the door of my room was locked so that he couldn't extend his search for raiment beyond the boundaries of his own apartment. He had to make the best of it, and pin up my sleeves to the required length as securely as might be.

HIS ONLY HOPE. I attended the performance, and was well repaid for my trouble. Just before the curtain went up an usher brought me a note

from Sydney, asking me to come to the dressing room. I did so.

"Old man," said he, in an excited tone of voice, "have you any of my clothes on?"

"Only a few," I replied, "and I don't think they're what you want."

"Don't tell me that shirt isn't mine," he cried, "it's the last chance I've got."

"Sorry for you, old fellow," said I, "but it belongs to a gentleman named Smitzberger, who lives in our block somewhere, I understand."

"How big a man is Smitzberger?" he fal-

tered. "Taller than I am," I replied, "and nearly four times as big round. He has got to get his collars made to order. It's nonense, my boy; you'll have to go on as you He groaned; but just at that minute the curtain went up and Sydney had to take his

place in the wings. I returned to my seat in was a humorist. She had a fine idea of the anatomy of a that anything was the matter except once, joke. Half the secret of humorous work is in skillful combined to the skillful combined to the skillful combined to the same amusement, and led the audience to hope that something funny might happen

combining of the incongruous. This makes other people laugh. The second of the laugh that something fully higher happen laugh the fourth act. The villain is always especially offensive and pitiless about this time, when his down-



fall is drawing so near. The herome was kneeling at his feet begging him to be merci-ful, and not to disclose the fatal secret that would blast her father's good name and send

He put on his most heartless frown, and threw out his right arm with a gesture expressive of boundless ferocity. Unfortu-nately he threw it out a little too violently. A pin gave way somewhere, and apparently about a yard of my shirt sleeve flew out from under cover and then fell limp around his hand. Just then the here rushed in to the rescue. He was a somewhat spasmodic young man, and he seized Sydney by the back of the neck so realistically that he pulled the number 16 collar entirely over Sydney's head, and the unfortunate young man disappeared entirely in the folds of my

too ample garment.

The audience applauded wildly. They had probably never seen a stage villain so completely and satisfactorily wiped out. He had withdrawn into his shell. The entire company was called before the curtain before the assembled multitude would stop. before the assembled multitude would stop

A PERPLEXED CORONER.

But poor Sydney never recovered from the humiliation of that episode. He disappeared, and I did not know what had become of him. Several days later I received a note from a coroner. He had only recently been naturalized. He asked me to call at accident. I am Count Vladimir Lanin!" the morgue and see if a body lying there was mine. I was suspected of being the remains because my name had been found on the shirt of the deceased. He added a request that I would hand the note to one of my relatives in case I had really committed suicide as he suspected, in order that I might be identified at the earliest possible moment. In New York public documents of this

nature are frequently confusing, espe-cially when they have to do with legal formalities. However, I went to the morgue and inspected the shirt with my name on it. I also saw a stocking marked T. M. Jones, and another, much smaller, stamped A. D. T. The collar of the deceased was marked R. D., and the euffs respectively P. D. Q. and John Brown. Three handkerchiefs in the pockets of the remains bore nine different in itials, and the Coroner didn't seem to know just how many inquests he ought to hold. He was really perplexed.

But I was not. I recognized the handi-

work of my washerwoman, and when I gazed upon the face of the dead I was not surprised to find that it was Sydney Dale's, HOWARD FIELDING.

### AN INNOCENT FISHERMAN.

He Illustrates How Trout Cau be Taken Backwards and Fills His Creel. New York Herald, 1

I had been fishing all day with indifferent success, had taken numerous tumbles, and was wet from the soles of my feet to the nape of my neck; my flask was empty and my fish basket so nearly so that it was no fun at all to return to the hotel and suffer the slings and arrows of my fellow boarders. In the dusk of the evening I halted by a wayside tavern, with a large drunking fountain in front, and happening to look into it I saw several fine fat, speckled trout-beauties they were-half pounders and pounders, and just enough to fill my creel to the bursting

point. I looked at them carefully to see that they were not branded with the name of anybody, and when I found that they were not I turned my back upon the trough and fell into an abstracted mood wondering how I could catch them. Insensibly to myself, of course, my line with baited hook attached f ll into the fountain. Suddenly I felt a e rific tugging and wrenching as if some on was trying to take my pole away from me. I seized it valiantly, and the next I knew a fine fat trout lay gasping and somersaulting on the highway, I looked around to see that no one was looking and hastily ransferred the beauty to my basket, and in a moment or two I was off in another fit of abstraction with my back to the fountain. That night I had the boarders green with envy. I did hear that the landlord of a cer-tain wayside inn indulged in a terrific swearing bee next morning, and said something bout city thieves and blackguards.

### SUNSTROKE AND MEMORY.

One Victim Could Not Tell Who He Was for Four Days After the Attack.

Prof. H. S. Wood, in The Century for May, says: "During the Centennial Exhibition a big, burly Scotchman was brought to the hospital unconscious from sunstroke. I plunged him into a mass of slush and ater and piled great masses of ice about his head. As he gradually struggled back to consciousness, his first sensation was that he was packed away in an ice-box and

doomed.

"When he came more fully to himself his first inquiry was, 'Who am I?' I said, 'Who are you?' This he could not answer. For four days that man lay in the hospital, apparently perfectly rational, wondering who he was. During all this time his friends were searching, and had detectives looking for him all through Philadelphia. At last his recollection came back, and he was able to give his name."



A ROMANCE OF RUSSIA AND SIBERIA.

BY PRINCE JOSEF LUBOMIRSKI,

Author of "Safer-Hadji, a Story of Turkistan," Etc.

TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN FOR THE DISPATCH BY META DE YERA.

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 certifully hate each camp of the Emperor, evers ampreted that Schelm knows nothing of. Count Lanin, aid-decamp of the Emperor, evers ampreted that Schelm knows nothing of. Count Lanin, aid-decamp of the Emperor, evers ampreted that Schelm knows nothing of Palkin, in reward for his skill, and a censure upon Schelm for his ignorance of the conspiracy. Janus is the daughter of wealthy Alexander Wernin. Count Vladimir Lanin is consured the Schelm, as the Alexander Wernin. Count Vladimir Lanin is masked Wernin for Jana's hand. She, throking to Schelm has asked Wernin for Jana's hand. She, throking to Schelm hand. Wernin learns of the insult just too late, trees to intercept the invitation, but falls. 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'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 Popoff was not at hand just as he wanted him. Schelm discharges him. Of Popoff are dependent his aged mother and her child, living in one of the poorest districts of the city. Popoff returns to them desperate. His sweetheart, Helen, and Miller drop in and Miller leaves all that is left of the money Visching and him lay so a solutive, and thus becomes the tool of Schelm in a which are to the s

When the first surprise was over all the conspirators, with the exception of Lanin, who did not know what was going on, and of Miller, who had quickly recovered his ordinary crimness, crowded toward the cor-ner of the hall. The man called the "Ten of Hearts" fell with his sword upon one of the gendarmes, but instantly a shot was heard and he fell weltering in his blood. The others were unarmed and easily secured.

All this was done in an instant. The conspirators did not utter a sound; they were terror-struck. At this moment Lanin, who could not yet find out what it all meant, felt a brutal hand on his shoulder. Now only, he awoke and recovered his usual

accident. I am Count Vladimir Lanin!" His voice was so clearly the voice of truth that the soldiers stopped. At this moment Ten of Hearts, who was lying wounded or the floor, raised his head, looked at Lanin so contemptuously that Palkin laughed aloud and said:

"Ha! ha! Ace of Clubs is innocent! That is news indeed ! . I swear-" Now Palkin also looked at him with con

em pt. "Go on boldly!" he called out to Lanin; "he who engages in such matters must take the consequences. I was present downstairs when you called yourself the Ace of Clubs.' "But I only came-"

"Quiet! Enough of that! Tie his nouth !" Lanin tried in vain to resist; the gendarmes seized him, tied him, and actually gagged him. Soon all the conspirators were lying on the carpet by the side of the wounded Secretary. Viadimir, dazed by wounded Secretary. Viadimir, dazed by the occurrence, thought it all a horrible

highly rejoiced, with a portfolio under his Vladimir looked instructively at this portfolio, and read there in large letters the

dream. At this moment Schelm entered

words: "Conspiracy Lanin." Now he comprehended, and Schelm's disbolical smile told him the rest. The words of old Wernin came back to him. He gave himself up as lost. He looked reproach fully at Miller, but his face was turned the other way; he could not see his features. "To the fortress with them all!" ordered Schelm. "To-morrow the investigation will begin."

In the meantime Jana and Mme, de Dugarcy had reached the theater. The Countess went to her box and was surprised not to find her husband there. 'The gentleman may have gone out to smoke a cigarette," said Jana. "Oh, certainly!" replied Mme. de Du-

The arrival of the two ladies caused great commotion in the theater. Prince Max was one of those men who love to enjoy the missortunes of their friends. After having in vain looked for the unknown man in the pit, he could not refrain from telling everybody he met the strange story of Count Viadimir and his wife, together with the commission he had received. Now, when Jana entered, all eyes were directed to her box. Although the young countess was accustomed to receive such homage, she still wondered why the admiration should be so marked to-night. The French woman, who possessed more knowledge of the world, felt at once that something extraordinary must have occurred, and some thing that concerned herself. After having looked around once more she said to her companion:
"They stare too much to-night." Jan:

shrugged her shoulders contemptuously. e must not mind it." The first act was ended. During the short pause all opera glasses were directed to their box and remained fixed there so long that even Jana began to resent it. She felt, be-side, troubled, because neither Vladimir nor Miller showed himself. "Something must have happened to them,

she said to her friend. "My heart feels oppressed. I cannot imagine why the gentle men are not here."

In the middle of the second act Jana sudlenly rose and said: "Pardon me, but I must go home."

Mme. de Dugarcy reflected a moment.
"I dare say you are right. It is evident something has happened that concerns one of us. Ordinarily our box is full of visitors!

to-night not a soul comes here."
"I can bear this uncertainty no longer.
Good night!"
"Will you permit me to accompany you?" "Oh, certainly, with pleasure. I do not know why, but I feel as if I should not like to be alone."

When they reached the palace no one

knew anything. Jana could get no answer to her questions. Jana was perfectly help-

is full of gendarmes."

At that moment Jana remembered her At that moment Jana remembered her father's prophecy. Schelm's miserable figure appeared before her mind's eye and she fell into a chair with the cry:

"My God! We are lost!"

"Lost? Why?" asked Popoff. "The coming of the gendarmes is surprising but by no means necessarily terrifying. They perhaps look for a criminal who has hid have."

"Do you not know," said Jana, "that my

woman disappeared gradually. All of a sudden Popoff rushed in like mad and "The police are here! The whole palace

in full dress passing him without minding his threats the mun hesitated to use violence. The weak woman compelled the strong man to respect her!
"Colonel!" he called at last.

sent to jail?"
When the lady saw Palkin she said:



"YOU CANNOT LEAVE HERE, MME. DE DUGARCY."

No doubt he has been arrested. I recognize Schelm's revenge. Popoff sprang up.
"Did you say Schelm? Do you know

Schelm? "I know him and have mortally offended him. My father predicted that he would avenge himself and he was right."

In an instant everything that had so long been a mystery to Poposf-Miller's sudden wealth, his intimacy with Vladimir, those letters, "Lu...." on the certificate of the Chief of Bureau—all became clear to him. Popoff was endowed with rare energy and no small acuteness. Since they attacked Lanin they would attack him also. At

once he formed his decision. "I think you are mistaken," he said, after a short pause. "But caim yourself. It may be that I can be practically useful to He had suddenly secured a great influence over the mind of the frightened ladies and sat

down by them while he poured out a cup of tea for himself. "When the gendarmes come please say I am your guest." This whole consultation had not lasted two minutes. Popoff was just putting sugar into his tea when the door opened. Palkin

entered and brutally asked: "Which of you is the Countess Lanin?" Jana, whom nobody had ever addressed in this way, forgot for a moment her trouble and proudly asked: "And who dares to speak to me in this

Palkin threw himself insolently into an armchair and said: "Oh ho! the worthy wife of a man guilty of high trearon! That is not the way to speak to an officer of gendarmes who has just arrested your husband because he has conspired against the

Jana had anticipated this news, and yet she trembled as if the blow had been unex-

"My Godl!" she exclaimed, "is it really Palkin looked sharply at the Countess,

who had thus been thinking aloud.
"Ah!" he said, "you seem to have known what was going or." Mme. de Dugarey looked scornfully at

"You must know," she said to him in French, "that I understand a little Russian, and that I find you behave very indecently. It looks almost as if you were to examine "Are you going to use force?" asked Jana.
"No, although I have the right to do so.
I send for the men to post a sentinel atevery

He noticed Popoff.
"What man is that?" he asked Jana. But before she could answer Nicholas said very

Palkin turned to the foreigner and an-

swered in the same language:

"And who is this? No doubt a governess.
But mind, there are prisons for such birds also, and nothing is easier than to send you to the frontier. Enough of this. What is that door there? he asked Jana, who in the

meantime had recovered her composure and ordinary dignity.
"I shall naswer," she replied, "when you speak as it is becoming you should speak in

Palkin cast a threatening look at the un-

ortunate woman.
"This manner neither benefits you nor

your husband. You can do, however, as you choose. Hallo!" he said to the gendarmes at

"My name is Popoff; an invitation—"
"You keep bad company, young man,"
interrupted Palkin. "But I must have seen you somewhere."

He had no time to ask more, as the gendarmes entered just then. Palkin turned to the door leading to Jana's sitting room.

The proud woman was burning with indig-

"That is my own room!" she exclaimed. Palkin shrugged his shoulders without looking at her. He disappeared behind the velvet portieres and left the two ladies under

guard of a gendarme with Popoff.
"Countess," said the latter in French, "I must get away from here at once and speak to your father. I know that nothing can be found here and you will be free soon, but the gendarmes will remain. To-morrow Schelm himself will appear here to examine, and he would, of course, recognize me instantly. If I am to serve you I must be very cautious so as not to lose my free-

dom."
"Oh, God! what a terrible catastrophel He is, of course, innocent. I cannot doubt it for a moment!

"No doubt, but a denunciation by a man like Schelm is all-powerful. Still, I do not give up the hope of saving the Count. Keep up your courage."
"Courage I have," replied Jana. "You

have seen that. I must save my husband or perish with him."

Now Mme. de Dugarey also took part in the conversation. She looked a different person. Indignation glowed in her eyes, her whole carriage spoke of courage and resolution.

"I'll take you away from here. Give me your arm, Jana," she continued, kissing her friend, "be of good courage. I shall always watch over you and go myself to see the Emperor to save your husband. And now let us go!" Leaning on Popoff's arm, she turned to the door. On the threshold the gendame stopped her with the world:

she turned to the door. On the threshold the gendarme stopped her with the words:

"You cannot leave here."

The lady did not look at him even.

"I may go where I choose, I am not a Russian subject."

"You cannot!" repeated the soldier, but in vain, for Mme. de Dugarcy seemed not to hear him. At the sight of a fair lady in full dress passing him without minding

Palkin appeared at once, "What is it? Miss, do you wish to be

"Order this man to let me leave? I advise you, moreover, to be more polite or I shall complain to His Majesty the Emperor.

I am Mme. de Dugarcy of the French Le-Mme. de Dugaroy was at that time one of the most brilliant stars in the great world of St. Petersburg; her name was on every-body's lips. Palkin knew her relations to the Empress very accurately. He bit his lips and said:

personally I shall send a gendarme with you. As soon as your indentity is estab-lished I shall not fail to apologize at your Embassy. I regret I cannot act differently, but duty first." Then bowing coolly he told the soldier:

"Of course that changes matters. But as I do not have the honor of knowing you

"You are no longer needed here. Follow this lady and do not leave her for a moment. "Yes, Colonel." "Madam, you can go now. That gentle-man, however, will stay here till further

"Pardon me," said the lady, very firmly.
"Mr. Popoff's arm and protection are indispensable to me. I must take several important steps to-day, and your gendarme cannot well pay visits with me."

"You forget that the gentleman is a Rus-

sian subject," said Palkin impatiently.
"A truce to these formalities," said Mme.
de Dugarcy, haughtily. "Mr. Popoff is
just now under the protection of France. He gives me his arm and that settles the question. Use force if you dare." "Cautious, madam; be cautious. Diplo

matic privileges do not go quite so far. The Emperor shall know all."
"What!" exclaimed the young lady. Now you threaten me with the Emperor? Very well, I shall drive from here directly to the Winter Palace and explain it all to Emperor. Gendarme, get me a coach.

"You will not take your eye from this person!" said Palkin, bowing.
She motioned to Jans, who, half fainting, swaited the end of this scene to keep up her courage and went downstairs, leaning on Popoff's arm- The gendarme had brought a droschke, she took a seat and ordered the

coachman to drive as fast as he could to the Winter Palace.

They had barely left when from the opposite direction another droschke appeared, and Schelm, with a huge port/olio under his

arm, got out.

It was, perhaps, 2 o'clock in the morning, when Count Wernin's valet waked him from profound sleep and announced that a strange lady, in company with Count Lanin's secretary, wished to see him. A gendarme, he said, accompanied her.